

Poetry Series

Nikhil Parekh
- poems -

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Nikhil Parekh(27/08/1977)

Nikhil Parekh has authored thousands of Poems on – God, Peace, Love, Anti Terrorism, Friendship, Life, Death, Environment, Wildlife, Mother, Father, Children, Parenthood, Humanity, Social Cause, Women empowerment, Poverty, Lovers, Brotherhood. Some part of Parekh's Books financially selling in the eBook format at Amazon.com Kindle Store in the United States, can be browsed for free. Therefore to read differently titled Poems written by the Poet without paying any money, please visit – amazon.com/author/nikhilparekh. From this website visit any Book. Then on the individual page of the respective Book, click on its cover to browse the free Poems.

Join thousands of the poet's fans and friends at - facebook.com/indianpoetnikhilparekh.

Nikhil Parekh, (born August 27,1977) ,38 years of age, from Ahmedabad, India - is a Love Poet and 10 time National Record holder for his Poetry with the Limca Book of Records India - limcabookofrecords.in, which is India's Best Book of Records, also Ranked 2nd in the World officially to Guinness Book of World Records. He is an author of - ' LONGEST BOOK written by a mortal - COLLECTED POETRY ', which has a Print Length of 5254 pages on the Amazon Kindle.

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

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

- (1) Being the First Indian Poet to be published/featured in McGill English Dictionary of Rhyme which is the World's Number 1 English Rhyming Dictionary- for his poem: Come Lets Embrace our New Religion
- (2) Being the First Indian Poet to have won Poet of the Year Award at the Canadian Federation of Poets which is Canada's National Poetry Body endorsed by Governor General of Canada
- (3) Being the First Indian Poet to be published in a Commonwealth Newsletter for his poem on AIDS which is 'Aids doesn't kill. Your Attitude kills.
- (4) Being the First Indian Poet to win an EPPIE award for best poetry e-

book

- (5) Writing the most number of letters to and receiving the most number of replies from World Leaders and World Organizations.
- (6) Being the First Indian Poet to be Goodwill Ambassador to the International Goodwill Treaty for World Peace - GoodwillTreaty.org.
- (7) Being the First Indian Poet whose Poems have been made into Films at Youtube.com - The World's largest video sharing website.
- (8) Being the 1st Indian Poet to be featured for his Poetry Book - 'Love versus Terrorism- Poems on Anti Terror, Peace', at Wattpad.com - The World's most popular ebook community and largest website for reading books on mobile phones.
- (9) Being the first Indian Poet whose video reciting a Poem on Nelson Mandela, has been placed at the official website of the Government of South Africa.
- (10) Having authored LONGEST BOOK written by a mortal - COLLECTED POETRY - which is of Print Length 5254 pages and currently has approximately 1.15 million words, financially selling in the Amazon.com Kindle Store United States at - amazon.com/dp/B003Y8XLKQ.

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

The Indian Poet's Books and Poems have had Millions of Viewers and Downloads on the internet.

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

1 God – Poems On God, Creator

volume 1 to volume 4 (522 pages)

BOOK DESCRIPTION

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

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

Poems depicting the `Omnipotent` glory of the Creator in an infinite forms that the poet could ever conceive. Natural and uninhibited outpourings of the heart these poems transport the reader into a world of spirituality and magnificence of Godhead. Every poetic piece shows Parekh's unparalleled love for the Almighty and immortalizes the Omnipresent aura of the Lord in a boundless ways and shapes.

This spiritually enriched compendium of poems is for all those who've timelessly admired the miraculous prowess and powers of God at each stage of their lives. Those who've lived each instant of their lives worshipping his Omniscient grace irrespective of the most murderous hell descending around. The poetic imagery brilliantly transcends over every inhibition of caste, creed, color and religion and goes to perpetually prove that all living beings are one and blessed in his fathomless sacrosanct light of truth. The poems depict Parekh's oneness in mind, body and spirit with the Creator.

To browse above described varied Books visit – [amazon.com/author/nikhilparekh](https://www.amazon.com/author/nikhilparekh).

a Poem from the Book -

ALLAH

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

He was the one who embodied in me the exuberance to run; inhaling gallons of revitalizing air into my lungs,
He was the one who taught me to judiciously discern between the good and bad; curtail myself from indulging into the nefarious and licentious,

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Nikhil Parekh

100 Holes

Hide and Seek - part 1 - Rhyming & Non Rhyming Poems (63 pages) , at;
amazon.com/dp/B003XVYJ8C.

a Poem from my above described Book -

If there were a 100 holes in the dry ground,
small rivulets of water would get accumulated after seasonal spells of monsoon,
a blend of mice, rabbit, and ant would continue to live in passionate harmony.

If there existed a 100 holes in the ornately sculptured tea kettle,
Sizzling droplets of brown liquid would ooze as if from a lawn sprinkler,
Scalding all in vicinity with boiling showers of freshly made tea.

If there were a 100 holes in well spun office shirt,
There would probably be no need for fans and large coolers,
Natural draughts of air would pierce sweat laden zones of chest,
Thereby compensating the need for artificial contrivances.

If there were a 100 holes in the base of my leather shoe,
Fresh waves of wind would ventilate through my feet,
Hence filtering tension clogged veins inhabiting the body.

If there were a 100 holes in luxury liner floating on ocean water,
Saline liquid from the sea would painstakingly penetrate,
Ergonomically plush interiors of ship would be flooded with water,
The ship made of the strongest wood fibre would sink to the bottom of the ocean.

If there were a 100 holes in the juicy fruit of african apple,
A cluster of worm would nibble its core,
Rendering it as a commodity to be used as a duplication for stone.

If there appeared a 100 holes in the flaming silhouette of Sun,
The light dispersing on earth would be complete with gloom and haze,
Prompting the young to walk with sticks in their hands groping blindly for
direction.

If there were a 100 holes in my heart,
I would drill it with many more still deeper,
Filling them all with reflections of whom I loved,

Keeping them full upto the brim for the remaining quota of years,
I am destined to tread on the soil of earth.

Nikhil Parekh

A Big No

a victorious moment indeed for me to post a Poem here from my Book titled - ' 1 God - Poems on God, Creator - volume 4 (262 pages) ' ;
which you can browse at -
amazon.com/dp/B013VSJ75Q.

Poetry -

Is there any price on earth that you could ever dream of; to sight the wonderfully resplendent island of milky moon?

Is there any price on earth that you could ever dream of; to romantically philander and enthrallingly admire; the stupendously magical contours of the Sun soaked hills?

Is there any price on earth that you could ever dream of; to relish the tantalizingly ravishing waves; of the exuberantly tangy and undulating sea?

Is there any price on earth that you could ever dream of; to profusely feast on the unfathomably grandiloquent festoon of golden dewdrops; majestically caressing the voluptuous strands of morning grass?

Is there any price on earth that you could ever dream of; to wholeheartedly enjoy under the tantalizingly seductive and torrential cloudshowers of; exotically marvelous rain?

Is there any price on earth that you could ever dream of; to witness unsurpassable flocks of blissful sheep; royally sprint in the ebulliently timeless meadows?

Is there any price on earth that you could ever dream of; to ecstatically surge and bountifully blend; with the charismatically ravishing winds that confronted you in your way?

Is there any price on earth that you could ever dream of; to repay back your divinely mother; for the pricelessly aristocratic energy that she perpetually embedded; in each of your impoverished veins?

Is there any price on earth that you could ever dream of; to substitute the death

of your royally blessed beloved?

Is there any price on earth that you could ever dream of; to award the patriotically valiant soldier; a compensation equivalent to his immortally slained life?

Is there any price on earth that you could ever dream of; to purchase back the smiles of all those children; orphaned in sordidly stinking dustbins; right from the very first cry of their birth?

Is there any price on earth that you could ever dream of; to bask in the glory of the stupendously reinvigorating rainbow; let its magnanimous boisterousness take complete control over your frazzled senses?

Is there any price on earth that you could ever dream of; to incredulously relish your profoundly impeccable rudiments; the trail of inscrutable enigma that you celestially reminisced; on your expedition of tracing your very first ancestor?

Is there any price on earth that you could ever dream of; to sleazily confiscate truth in your impoverished palms; buy it in unsurpassable quantities every day; although with gruesome blackness camouflaging your soul and heart?

Is there any price on earth that you could ever dream of; to witness your child uninhibitedly smile; inundate every miserably incarcerated cranny of your chained existence; with unendingly jubilation and melodious happiness?

Is there any price on earth that you could ever dream of; to transcend past the corridors of divine meditation; wholesomely coalesce your spirit with all mankind; one and synergistically alike?

Is there any price on earth that you could ever dream of; to unequivocally enlighten the candle of blissfully compassionate hope; in every dwelling besieged with traumatically tyrannized agony?

Is there any price on earth that you could ever dream of; to perennially inhale euphorically resplendent air into your puristically humanitarian lungs; quintessentially enshroud your dwindling existence; with thunderbolts of vibrant life?

And is there any price on earth that you could ever dream of; to invincibly dedicate each beat of your heart to the person you irrefutably adored; and I ask

you once again; that is there any price on earth that you could ever dream of; to fall in IMMORTAL LOVE?

For all of you who say YES to the above; I can only convey to you what the Almighty Lord has ordered me to do; that the questions above are unconquerably priceless; and the heavenly answer to all of them is indeed and forever will be; a BIG NO.

Nikhil Parekh

A Gift Called Life

Life = Death - volume 5 - Poems on Life, Death (193 pages) , at;
amazon.com/dp/B014S0W96U.

a Poem from my above described Book -

In order to augment the glory of the crystalline sky; God inundated it with a festoon of enchantingly misty clouds,

In order to augment the glory of the lanky tree; God flooded its barren surface with a blanket of fresh green leaves,

In order to augment the glory of the fleshy palm; God embellished its surface with a myriad of fascinating lines bifurcated into islands and forks,

In order to augment the glory of the plain atmosphere; God deluged its gloomy ambience with sizzling rays of brilliant Sunlight,

In order to augment the glory of the colossal ocean; God imparted its boundless surface with a cavalcade of ravishingly frosty waves,

In order to augment the glory of fecund territories of brown soil; God embodied its surface with a wide fraternity of salubrious crop,

In order to augment the glory of the voluptuously fathomless jungles; God placed a battalion of majestic lions on its rustled paths,

In order to augment the glory of the towering mountains; God embedded their treacherous slopes with compassionate balls of white snow,

In order to augment the glory of the redolently scarlet rose; God granted its demeanor with a seductively exotic scent,

In order to augment the glory of the delectably hidden nest; God filled its empty persona with a cluster of stupendously charming and innocuous eggs,

In order to augment the glory of the placid night; God blessed its shivering persona with amicably twinkling stars,

In order to augment the glory of the gorgeously unsurpassable valley; God lit up

its dolorous space with a boisterously pepped up and a stringent echo,

In order to augment the glory of the innocuously wandering cow; God imparted it with the prowess of oozing life yielding and sacrosanct milk,

In order to augment the glory of cascading rain; God impregnated the cosmos with a spell binding and vivacious rainbow,

In order to augment the glory of mammoth stacks of diamonds and gold; God triggered their periphery with a mesmerizing and perennial shine,

In order to augment the glory of the blind bat; God granted it with the astounding ability to stick wherever it wanted; to sleep upside down,

In order to augment the glory of the blossoming shoots of bountiful grass; God overwhelmed its tips with tantalizingly alluring dewdrops,

In order to augment the glory of true love; God gave it the highest priority on his agendas of this unfathomable Universe; granted it the virtue of being supremely immortal,

And in order to augment the glory of every human; God swamped his dead body with an armory of passionate heart beats; flooded his dormant lungs with gargantuan bellows of fresh breath; bestowed upon him the most wonderful gift existing on this planet; a gift that we all know today as life.

Nikhil Parekh

A Tribute To The Nobel Prize (Nobelprize.Org) - My Humble Salutations.

Poetry written in appreciation of the Nobel Prize; as the world's most coveted honor.

Wondrously transparent was its grandeur- which enamored the world with the charm of invincible substance- for the greatest benefit of the living kind,

Brilliantly optimistic was its presentation- rekindling fresh rays of hope and compassion in a planet usurped within the mortuaries of a meaningless war,

Majestically opulent was its flamboyant demeanor- as it ensured that truth prevailed in its own inimitable aura- and was perseveringly harnessed from its fragrant roots,

Marvelously resplendent was its victorious trail- reaching out to the absolute best and awarding symbiotic humanitarian existence with laurels of humble goodness,

Humanitarianly humble; yet astoundingly mighty were its deeds- as it accredited the true worth of success and insurmountable achievement- with the honor it deserved,

Selflessly sensational were its headlines- as people of all religion; caste; creed and color united under a single roof of unparalleled love- to congratulate a fresh voice of promise,

Gloriously embracing were its altruistic palms- as it unabashedly invited the common man as well as the super celebrity to browse its website- wherein lay the most impeccable pearls of literature on the most fascinating aspects of existence,

Bounteously charismatic were its foundations- which evolved the most idealistic civilization of love; peace; friendship; dignity; integrity; peace and religious equality,

Triumphantly enriching were its medallions- which reinforced faith in the ability to pursue conviction and let it uninhibitedly fructify into the fruits of joyous positivity,

Irrefutably fearless were its decisions- as it poignantly accoladed the most deserving candidates in their respective fields- wholeheartedly appreciating talent and effort where it royally lay,

Marvelously magnanimous were its ceremonies- where the most intrepid of laureates had their own inimitably natural opinions- on their chosen paths in blessed life,

Honestly unbiased were its intentions- as it ingeniously segregated human fields of achievements into the most outstanding categories- defining peace; love; brotherhood and the betterment of the living kind,

Handsomely benevolent were its goals- as it patronized any form of goodness that lit up besmirched darkness with the profoundly sublime rays of togetherness and humanity,

Magnetically alluring was its charm- as it broke barriers of discomfort – facilitating inspired dialogue between you and the individual they crowned as their esteemed laureate,

Ardently persevering were its ideals- as it embarked on its zealously fulfilling mission of instilling solidarity amidst humanity- with its philanthropic commitment to mankind,

Beautifully bonding was its empowering feel- as what transpired at its prize giving function- was the world feeling more resourcefully enriched with the goodness of creation,

Indeed it was as “Nobel” as its name which is the “Nobel Prize”.

It can also be further visited at its website – NobelPrize.org.

And as a true citizen of my sacrosanct motherland India- I, Nikhil Parekh, offer it my humble salutations!

Nikhil Parekh

Aftermath's Of Pinching

Hide and Seek - part 5 - Rhyming & Non Rhyming Poems (95 pages) , at;
amazon.com/dp/B0157BP6SC.

a Poem from my above described Book -

When i sedately pinched an opalescent balloon filled with tons of gas,
pricked it with ultra thin needles coated with scorpion sting,
gave it a volatile punch in its solar plexus,
the colossal ball of swollen rubber burst with obstreperous bangs,
now resembling deflated skin of threadbare junk.

when i boisterously pinched the shell of juicy water melon,
ripped apart the fruit with adroit strokes of the butcher knife,
kneaded the blood red pulp, applying unrelenting pressure with palms,
squashed the residue in compressed interiors of knotted cloth,
a stream of crimson red juice tumbled directly into scorched regions of my
throat.

when i placidly pinched the striped skin coat of a sleeping leopard,
tickled his upright ears with silken camouflage of Falcon feather,
left a plethora of red ant to wander around his slimy nose,
kicked his rear playfully with swashbuckling strokes of my feet,
the beast roared ferociously, jolted from arena's of blissful sleep,
devoured me like an insect, relishing a meal of soft tender bone.

when i vindictively pinched blissfully asleep tunnels of my heart,
poked my ribs with icy cold vegetable of carrot,
turbulent voices advocated my penchant for everlasting freedom,
a mystical aura radiated from my wheatish face,
i wanted to smile with pumped exuberance for the remaining quota of life,
before blending my ashes with the mundane playground of earth.

Nikhil Parekh

As Important

You die; I die - Love Poems - Part 10 (138 pages) , at;
[amazon.com/dp/B01369GHW6](https://www.amazon.com/dp/B01369GHW6).

Poetry from my Book as above mentioned -

For me to bond with her was as important; as was disseminating flamboyant light all day to the gruesomely staggering earth; for the Omnipotent Sun,

For me to bond with her was as important; as was tirelessly showering bountiful droplets of rain upon dreadfully parched soil; for the voluptuously crimson clouds,

For me to bond with her was as important; as was majestically oozing unfathomable tons of sparkling honey with the exuberant breeze; for the boisterously flirtatious honey bee,

For me to bond with her was as important; as was fulminating the inner most arenas of his heart and soul into an unsurpassable valley of vivacious graciousness; for the celestially wandering artist,

For me to bond with her was as important; as was replenishing itself with quintessentially ingratiating droplets of water; for the traumatically agonized and scorched throat,

For me to bond with her was as important; as was enchanting diffusing into an endless entrenchment of astoundingly spell binding rhyme; for the melodiously blessed nightingale,

For me to bond with her was as important; as was ubiquitously disseminating its scent of poignantly handsome friendship; for the vibrantly ravishing and eternally exotic rose,

For me to bond with her was as important; as was iridescently un unfurling into a river of mystically milky pearls; for the gloriously regale and fascinating stars,

For me to bond with her was as important; as was ubiquitously propagating the message of unconquerably heavenly peace; for the harbingers of egalitarian humanity,

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