

Hide and Seek – part 1 – Rhyming & Non Rhyming Poems

By
Nikhil Parekh

[Note - Currently I seek a traditional publisher for the publication of my above mentioned Book , in the Print form . Published here ; is this Poetry Collection of mine in its entirety , alongwith the differently titled Poems contained in the Book . As of the present moment ; 47 of my Books are available for purchase in the eBook format from Amazon.com Kindle Store United States at - amazon.com/author/nikhilparekh . My syle of Poetry / literature is unique and has never ever been written before or experimented on the mortal planet by any mortal , though my Poetry / literature is normal and natural . **GOD'S** grace on me . i am nothing infront of **GOD** . i am nothing infront of **GOD'S** holy messengers . So any victorious publisher who may want to publish my Poetry in Paperback without Financial Expenditure to me , can directly communicate with me at the address , nikhilparekh99@gmail.com or indianpoetnikhilparekh@gmail.com] . I am Nikhil Parekh , (born 27 August , 1977) , poet and author from Ahmedabad , India . I am also a 10 - Time National Record holder for my Poetry with the Limca Book of Records India , limcabookofrecords.in - which is India's Best Book of Records , Ranked 2nd in the World officially to Guinness Book of World Records . You can visit me at - nikhilparekh.org ; to browse my Poetry on **GOD** , Peace , Love , Anti Terrorism , Friendship , Life , Death , Environment, Wildlife , Mother , Father , Children , Parenthood , Humanity , Social Cause , Women empowerment , Poverty , Lovers , Brotherhood - at this website you can also browse my varied Books , my awards and my National records in Poetry .

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Author Biography

Nikhil Parekh , (born August 27 , 1977) , 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 .

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 EBook

(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 - <http://www.amazon.com/dp/B003Y8XLKQ>".

The Indian Poet has written 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 . His Books and Poems have had millions of viewers and downloads on the Internet .

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 .

The Poet's Poetry has had the patronization of several World Leaders including the Queen of England . Visit Nikhil Parekh at – nikhilparekh.org .

About The Poetry Book

This Book which has 50 differently titled Poems , is actually part 1 of the Book titled – Hide and Seek – Rhyming & Non Rhyming Poems (702 pages) . Parekh's earliest collection of verse. Written in unparalleled fervor, this collection is a delectable blend of topics from love to death, probing into countless infinitesimal aspects of existence which make a significant impact to it. The beauty of this compendium lies in its magical brevity at places and in the most mundane things of life around us brought to the fore like a magicians wand, in brilliant poetic flair by Parekh. Contains poems on topics impossible for one to envisage that a poem could be written about such an inconspicuous little thing-but Parekh evolves bountiful rhyme from the word go and coalesces vivacious color in the little tid-bits of the chapter called life to optimum effect. A must read for all those who find color, charm and significance in even the smallest things of life and are enthused by even the most mercurial bit of stray paper loitering around. A poetic tribute to the ordinary, projecting its colorful extraordinary bit to the planet with raw panache.

This book tingles every living being's imagination to fantasize beyond the ordinary. Look at all those meaningful tid-bits around us which have a complete book written in each one of them. All those joyous and unfortunate anecdotes around us which make us blossom into the true spirit of existence; into the amazing celebration of omnipotent life.

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1. WHEN I THOUGHT

When i thought about filth and dirt,
unethical images of floating sewage blended with feces capsized my mental imagery.

when i thought about transparently luring crystal water,
panoramic visions of undulating mountains besieged me in entirety.

when i thought about finely crushed chowder of piquant salt,
rambunctious memories of the sea flooded desolate regions of my soul.

when i thought about tenaciously blowing coats of wind,
lascivious mass of dense tree foliage revolved subtly through my mind.

when i thought about bountiful springs of frosty milk,
sacrosanct images of the twin horned cow submerged me with glee.

when i thought about swaying my body in animated jubilation,
extravagant pictures of the country barn discotheque gleamed large in my eyes.

when i thought about prolific waves of acerbic heat,
charismatic demeanor of the sun god shot loud and clear all throughout cells of my
brain.

when i thought about praying to the almighty,
omniscient portraits of Christ nailed to bare wood proliferated in my memory.

when i thought about the destitute succumbing to pangs of starvation,
shriveled silhouettes of skinny children instantaneously crept up my scalp.

when i thought about exorbitant luxury with king sized dishes of food,
frivolous images of silken gold took strangle hold of my impeccable heart.

and when i thought about perennial threads of sacred matrimony,
effeminate outlines of the girl i loved delectably settled in topmost compartments of
my mind.

2. 100 HOLES

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 a 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.

3. AUTOBIOGRAPHY

i occur in spots of irregular proportions,
i might be black, brown or blue,
i hold great significance in tuning a human being,
i am present right since the first cry of life,

i am indeed a BIRTHMARK.
{1}.

i have undulating rash waves,
i rise and fall with respect to placement of moon,
i am peculiarly salty in taste,
i am a boarding house for fern and fish,
i constitute more than 70 percent of earths surface,
i am the deep blue ocean smashing on rocks.
{2}

i have brown precipices,
i have loose soil cascading down,
i stand like a fortress amidst a cocoon of clouds,
i am a warehouse of museums of minerals,
i don't like people blasting me with explosive,
i am a chain of mammoth shining rock.
{3}

i have multicolored yellow wings,
i posses stripes of scarlet red,
i feed on minuscule ants and grub,
i perch on dark corners of the room,
i love to fly all sunlit day,
i christen myself the butterfly.
{4}

i emit poisonous smoke,
i know i look like rotten egg,
i cause several diseases and pain,
i lie at the rear of a motorized vehicle,
i want to commit suicide,
i am none other than a circular exhaust pipe.

4. BAR MAGNET

I took a mammoth slab of bar magnet in my hands,
camouflaged within interiors of colored plastic.

traversing through plush lanes of the city,
sandwiched between hordes of building and shopping malls,
thoroughly illuminated in silver light of the moon,
i walked at euphoric pace clad in thin summer clothing,
with the monstrous iron magnet tightly strangled in my palm.

the events that unfolded were a feast to the eye,
slender pins of needle hurtled towards me,
worn out pieces of rusty metal got firmly riveted,
sign boards of metal got uprooted from their concrete base,
reinforced doors of safe deposit vault tore free from barricade of lock,
gates of wrought iron swung open granting me royal access to the castle,
portable canisters of food landed on my lap breaking the display glass in frenzy,
tall poles of gaudy sodium light developed angular curvatures,
rustic candelabrum danced violently on the mantelpiece,
all metal in proximity swayed infectiously,
I then tried to capture the heart of a young maiden,
Loitered around her for humid hours of the day,
Slept a few feet away through the equally breezy night,
Alas! The gizmo had eluded me this time,
It was blended with the prowess to attract the mightiest on earth,
Although the reigning moment it had miserably flunked,
It hadn't succeeded in capturing her tender heart,
Shattering her arrogance like a pack of playing cards,
Drawing her close within millimeters of my vicinity,
The gigantic bar magnet had failed to strike when it mattered the most,
imprison forever the love I always desired.

5. AGONY IN BATHROOM

The newspaper was soiled with moisture and dirt,
long strands of my hair lay thoroughly dismantled,
perfumed cloth of shirt was soaked in pools of sweat,
the nylon vest clung tightly to my broad chest frame,
beads of water trickled down bushy eyebrows,
smudges of condensed vapour adhered to the crystal mirror,
i could see an army of red ant transporting grain,
twin cuckoo birds flying with small pieces of twig and broken straw,
large tablets of carbolic, disinfectant, colored shampoo liquid camouflaged me from
the world,
a solid teak door concealed me from embarrassing gaze,
stingy draughts of air blew from the partially open vent,
hordes of mosquito stung ripe areas of my flesh,
lazy flies buzzed incessantly in the hollow ambience of my eardrum,
my body perspired like torrential rain pelting down,
crisp noises of newspaper shuffling emanated as I read.

there was a shining chain suspended from the roof,
tickling sensitive areas of my nostril,

the minute i anticipated had finally arrived,
the painstaking agony was now on the verge of conclusion,
it was now conducive to flush away the accumulated debris,
consisting of foul Chinese matter which i had consumed the previous night,
i pulled the chain with all my existing might,
gushing rivulets of water flushed the dirt,
infinite bowels in my intestine were now rendered clean,
as i emitted a sigh of relief, a hearty thanks to the Creator,
stripped of natural reserves of energy,
I stepped out of the disdainful interiors of my bathroom.

6. ALL HUNGER QUENCHED BY RAIN

Meteors shot from crystal clear sky mass,
leaped down the galaxy at the onset of twilight,
diffusing finally into fluorescent molecules of shiny light.

parrot green buds ripened on live branches of oak tree,
bushy squirrel flesh kissed umpteenth spots in the hollow trunk,
the living pores of hard wood cried,
when scientists passed spasmodic currents of electricity.

the cows bathed in a cascade of chilly ice-cream,
waded their path through paths of thick curry,
leaving trails of footprints triangular in pattern,
coating their white skin with blotches of clay mud.

the sparrows chirped enchanting rhymes in unison,
hoisted fine threads of bamboo sticks to their place of dwelling,
constructing warm network of crisscrossed twigs,
laid round white pearls of egg with nourishing yolk.

there was thunder accompanied with streaks of lightning,
the shooting stars had fallen hours ago,
soft balls of clouds clashed mercilessly,
parched cracks of earth eventually separated,
to devour hungrily torrential sheets of pelting rain.

7. A PALACE IN STILL WATER

This vast expanse of blue tepid water,
the yellow sun evading the skies,
the beauty all so glamorous,
the shimmering spires of the town.

green pastures ,chirping birds,
colored sands at their perennial best,
puts beautiful palace at incisive test.
stalwarts built it firm and strong,
entrepreneurs decorated it with bronze.
water cascading at umpteenth places,
makes it the darling of all races.
garlanded with human emotions,
looks like a fire ablaze at night,
a real treat to the human eye,
with tawny fishes saying goodbye.
the colorful bonanza of gaudy lights,
the orchestra singing to a perfect rhyme,
the ornamental clock tower gives a midnight chime,
blissful silence descends all over,
as i succumb to the delight of invincible sleep.

8. THREE YEARS

She was all that i ever desired,
her body was engulfed with waves of enchantment,
slender fingers smelt of heavenly nectar,
fleshy earlobes were adorned with beads of gold,
luscious lips murmured fairy tales of uncurbed desire,
angular neck swung instantly to my soft reflection,
daintily carved feet tread on a mountain of thorns,
olive skinned palms spread eagled for everlasting embrace,
silky strands of hair cascaded down her shoulder,
crystal white armory of teeth produced magical
smiles,
she was a Goddess drenching me with rain showers of eternal love.

{1}

Sunlit days sped into gruesome chilly nights,
clock seconds ticked at amazing speeds,
the tyranny of time had taken its toll,
corrupted human mass had rendered me peniless,
there was no scope for employment at distant quarters of society,
strong rooms of currency were sealed with iron bars of denial,
brutal strokes of destiny levered my head down in shame,
i knew she was the queen of my heart,
bound we were going to be in threads of holy matrimony,
empty containers of food grain echoing like dead skeletons,

a labyrinth of sockets in my purse devoid of life bestowing note,
and a dreadful images of newborn offspring's dying of starvation,
slaughtered my ideas of blissful romance,
crippled me in person with spearheads of pragmatic reality,
there was no point in acquainting her with the distraught scenario,
neither did I intend to expose her to harsh territories of life,
prompting me to consume a liter of rat poison,
the venom painstakingly ending three years of our intense love

9. MY MIND

In the darkness that surrounds me,
a light wavers above my head,
maneuvering my thoughts to moonlight,
with a blurred destiny to handle,
through finely stitched fields of a happy pepped up mind.

that light gives me guided hope,
in the black starry night,
reinvigorating my belief in mystic faith,
winding entangled keys of my mind.

the cool air hits my eyes,
tracing salty liquid of complexity,
knocking the healthy blue tinge away,
in that varied shocking manner,
from top compartments of my mind.

those punching thoughts press my mind,
leading me to the abysmal world below,
in an atmosphere of heavily laden gloom,
as i discover my concious breath at last.

10. WHEN I LOST MY LOVE

I drowned myself in large beer cans of alcohol,
lay the whole night on desolate sands of the beach,
traversed bare feet through scorching territories of stone ground,
sang nostalgic rhymes while kissing the winter breeze,
grew strands of unruly beard on the immaculate skin of my face,
stared unrelentingly all night at the cameo of twinkling stars,
consumed food abstemiously with occasional sips of soiled water,
erupted with volatile outbursts of anger at the slightest of provocation,
walked at languid pace with the acerbic sun filtering through my eyes,

wore pure suits of torn jute blended with cheap pieces of leather,
lambasted myself with incessant strokes of the whiplash at dawn,
distributed all my affluence to the needy and impoverished,
disposed my smoke grey sedan in fathomless waters of the ocean,
burnt all novels which contained even minuscule traces of romance,
refrained to cast frivolous glances the charismatic passing by,
sequestered myself from pragmatic realities of life,
spending life like a relic in a dilapidated barn,
ploughing the earth with my pickaxe shovel;the only means of survival,
i had obscure memories of my last laughter,
the last time i had bounced radiantly;blooming with life,
at the present moment though i sobbed all day and sinister night,
i no longer possessed the power to win back my love,
to shrug of the obliterations and make her forever mine.

11. PERFECT SCENERY-CLOUDS END

Here as i sit with network of green to surround,
the Falcon soaring high in the blue sky,
a blanket of dew drops on the fresh green leaves,
shining a perpetual golden brown.

the silence and tranquility of the blissful air,
blueberry flowers on steep slopes of valley,
causing mystical ravines of my heart to flood with beauty and sizzling excitement,
the magic touch of heavenly green spreads all over,
there follows a heavy downpour of tropical rain,
macro droplets of water cascade everywhere,
with the grass blades crying out in anticipation to swallow the rain drops,
clear and transparent, quenching their thirst for divine blessings,
leaving them submerged in a river of celestial love.

tall pine trees had their drooping branches covered with white snow,
shielded the valley in heat with their shade and warmth,
enriching every inch of soil with their overgrown root,
as golden rays of the sun shine on their leaves,
displaying vivid contrasts of velvety green and satin yellow,
obscuring my eyes with film of salty tears,
enjoying this lovely rapturous sight,
fulfilling desires lurking in my soul with vibrant echoes of ravishing nature.

12. THE FLAMING SUN

Red rays of sunlight peep through my window,

focusing a path of mystic beauty,
shimmering into a pool of darkness,
falling directly in my wide open eyes,
tracing a look of abstract fear,
absorbing flimsy shells of courage,
deserting me in a state of speechless exuberance.

the flaming sun i see,
resembles the door of a fresh heart,
throbbing with a mild intensity,
red and gracious in color,
filtering burdened pores of intricate mind,
for a renewal of liveliness,
and powerful glints of hope astride.

the blazing Sun behind me,
pats my back and says,
i want to come down, sit beside you my friend,
to enjoy this world from close quarters,
and lo! behold he is racing down,
his size has shrunken to a podded pea,
the world has turned upon him like a bee,
for if he comes down on earth,
who will give them courage and antiseptic light,
they would be left solitary on ground,
with dampness of humanity to surround.

13. BATH

When i took a bath in red acrylic paint,
my body resembled the sun fading in murky horizons of dusk.

when i drenched myself with coal tar liquid,
snow white patches of my skin transited to ghastly black.

when i sprinkled buckets of rotten vegetable juice in plenty,
i smelt like i had last bathed in innocent childhood.

when i rolled wildly in mud lying in fresh pools of rain,
multiple pores of my body went berserk in heated euphoria.

when i poured large cans of honey extracted from bee-hive,
my body became a breeding place for red ant and worm.

when i swam in white icy waters of the mountain stream,
i shivered incessantly with a plethora of goose-bumps instantly formed.

When I submerged myself in a tank of steaming acid,
soft layers of flesh got denuded of silky hair.

when I engulfed myself in churned green chili juice,
i felt live currents of electricity circulating through my blood.

when I sprayed petrol with high pressured hose,
entangled mass of my intestine vomited settled food granules.

And finally when I stood beneath a shower oozing gold coin,
I felt this bath should go on for decades immemorial.

14. LIFE AFTER DEATH

My eyes open with tremendous velocity,
my lips mumble the essence of life,
my teeth grit, like a formidable fortress,
my body probes with upsurgent fervor,
as i am exuberant beyond capacity.
{1}

the pain subsides to nothingness,
a memorandum of life time cherishment,
as the unprecedented force of destiny,
the curtain spread of wilderness,
strikes a deal with the traumatic cadence of survival,
mesmerized by the amazing body machinery,
dictating a "sizzling new chapter of existence"
{2}

ah! many a lesson learnt,
fiddling with natural mechanisms,
leads to the horrendous path of treacherous agony,
evaporating every ounce of enthusiasm,
drowning 'me' into dark cataclysmic waters.
{3}

the drainpipe of creativity,
finally succumbing to human fallacy,
trying to breathe through minute pores of legitimate versatility,
devastated every minute by the inevitable lechery of self productivity,

with an abysmal desire to challenge almighty,
leading to convulsive repetitions of suicidal simplicity,
finally assassinating the eccentric chapter, of sinful imagination,
dismantling the torrid structure of rigid thought flow,
from its very non existent roots,
accentuating 'harmony with nature' as the ' peak of reality'

15. A HOMICIDAL BEGGAR

A casual glimpse at the beggars face,
can reveal altogether a new case.
its filled with substantial beauties and charm,
the joy hidden in occasionally occurring sleepy trance.
the bone jarring thoughts of his simplistic mind,
involve no trickery plots like the educated kind.
his hands so shabby look black and soggy,
they cant get the ingredients of an ivory flask.
homicidal tendencies crept in his mind,
he held gleaming knives in his hand,
ripped through bulging pockets of passing bystanders,
laughed like a harmless devil sipping icy mouthfuls
of left over food.
his eyes have an uncanny touch of blue,
they don't envisage great ideas of creation,
instead give realistic clues of hunger at its very best.

16. BLAME IT

The rain goes on; blame it on the weatherman,
The mud appears dreadfully scorched; blame it on paucity of water,
The cigarette causes hostile cancer; blame it on fillings of noxious tobacco,
The automobile plummets down the valley; blame it on failure of intricate
brake,
The glistening marble looks untidy; blame it on blemishes of dark chocolate,
The luxury liner sinks in the ocean; blame it on gaping holes in its persona,
The man trips over and bruises his nose; blame it on the loose splinters of
stone,
The contemporary computer closes abruptly; blame it on a plethora of nefarious
virus,
The plush cable car hurtles down the mountain; blame it on the frigid wire,
The deadly poison strangulates breath; blame it on the venomous adder,
The demeanor of white paper transits of disdainful yellow; blame it on the
process of perpetual decay,
The knotted hand pains while hoisting loads; blame it on a network of fracture,

The outlines of objects seems to be fading; blame it on diminishing vision,
Immaculate chunks of rosewood develop an army of indentation; blame it on the
belligerent termite,
The fledglings didn't hatch from the shell; blame it on inadequate proportion
of heat,
The body was grotesquely distorted since birth; blame it on the chromosomes,
Infinite fibers of hair were sprawled with dandruff; blame it on the lack of oil,
The lights on the street flickered violently; blame it on weak current,
The eyes inevitably felt dreary with intoxication; blame it on the honey golden
alcohol,
The soul trembled for mercy; blame it on the sins of past life;
And the heart stopped throbbing;relinquishing to beat; blame it on
the compassionate love lost.

17. BLANKETS

When i slept on a razor sharp blanket of thorns,
tiny buds of needle pierced ashen white regions of my flesh,
painstakingly penetrating pliable arenas of supple skin,
prompting my rudimentary blood to ooze,
keeping me awake all throughout long hours of the autumn night.

As I camouflaged my body with a blanket of flower petal,
A mesmerizing fragrance enveloped sultry cocoons of atmosphere,
The aroma settling placidly under cloud covers of dusk,
truckloads of worries evaporated from top compartments of my mind,
And I felt invincibly drowned in bountiful scent of nature.

When I squirmed violently on a blanket of steaming slippery sand,
Minuscule shards of glass and dirt blended with profusely dripping sweat,
There was a feeling of intense abrasion all over my silhouette,
Accompanied with fiery desires to scratch my skin raw,
I suddenly felt soiled with an ocean of dirt,
Stood under the mountain springs to cleanse every iota of my blotted persona.

When I tossed in quiet contentment on a blanket of authentic cheddar cheese,
There came a battalion of red ant to nibble and gnaw,
King sized mice crept stealthily to devour the feast,
I myself felt suddenly hungry,witnessing the creatures relish their meal,
Thoroughly inspired I tore at solid chunks of salted milk,
Swallowing them with profound glee,satisfying my omnipotent gluttony for food.

I spent all day perched on blankets of perpetual love,
Sharing the traumatic agony of all in vicinity,

Catering to unsurpassable needs of my beloved,
Gratifying impoverished souls with chivalrous smiles,
I finally arrived at indispensable conclusions of clinging hard to this blanket,
For the remaining tenure of years I tread my feet as a human on this earth.

18. WATER

I consumed a meal consisting of crushed chili with poignant fillings of snake brown pepper,
immediately felt the urge to gulp a can full of water.

i abruptly got up from the vigils of sleep; to eructate my inflated bowels,
instantaneously felt the need for gallons of water.

i noticed corrugated blotches of stain sprawling wildly on my car windshield,
prompting me to spray it clean with refined globules of water.

i jogged incessantly through undulating landscapes of the rocky terrain,
felt appeasingly relaxed after sipping crystal water from the monsoon springs.

i woke with terrified jolts; envisaging a horrendous dream,
received instant gratification as i drank colossal pints of flavored water.

i scribbled painstakingly obnoxious pages of the annual exam papers,
reclined back on my rocking chair drowned in colossal pools of coconut water.

i trespassed through arid regions of the sahara desert,
intermittently wetting my tongue with infinitesimal amounts of water.

i perceived utter desolation enveloping my demeanour,
chivalrously swallowed herculean streams of melon water,
to relinquish the memory of my departed beloved.

i felt epidemic fever circulate through entangled capillaries of my body,
flooded my belly with marathon oceans of water to swipe off the deadly infection.

i felt stinging pangs of acrimonious heat strike me in the peak of summer,
felt as if floating in paradise; minutes after drinking farm fresh sugarcane water.

i knew deep inside; that i could live without food for days on the trot,
but to remain divested of ground water even for more than an hour was
disconcertingly impossible.

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