

# Hide and Seek – part 2 – 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](https://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](mailto:nikhilparekh99@gmail.com) or [indianpoetnikhilparekh@gmail.com](mailto: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](http://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](http://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](http://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](http://nikhilparekh.org) .

## **About The Poetry Book**

This Book which has 50 differently titled Poems , is actually part 2 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. FANTASY SELDOM BECOMES REALITY**

I thought of nose diving from the 100th floor of the edifice,  
shivered incessantly when perched right on the top,  
abruptly changed my decision as i stared in deathly horror,  
at the fathomless distance between the ground and my silhouette.

i visualized trespassing through amber flames of the bonfire,  
as they licked barren arenas of the misty blue sky,  
i vehemently changed my outlook; as i actually felt their savage heat,  
refrained from venturing even miles near the conflagration.

i perceived chewing brittle shards of broken glass,  
disintegrating them firmly with my teeth,  
dreaded visions of blood gushing from chambers in mouth engulfed me,  
as i formally held a solitary chunk of glass in my palms,  
prompting me to dismiss the obnoxious idea from my mind.

i envisaged riding on the silken body of blue ocean whale,  
admiring the scenic beauty of the captivating Atlantic,  
ghastly images of its canine teeth petrified me in entirety,  
with hollow kingdoms of its mouth relishing my bones,  
causing me to instantaneously relinquish the fantasy before it took firm roots.

i imagined conversing with the magnanimous princess,  
floating high in the clouds with her mesmerizing grace,  
i then looked down at the torn lace of my shoe, infinite stains in my vest, the  
emptiness of my purse,  
the visions of blossoming romance died there itself,  
and i admonished my mind stringently saying to myself,  
that fantasy seldom becomes reality.

**2. FARMER RELISHES SUGARCANE JUICE**

Rotten leaves lay in dark corners,  
soggy mud was sprawled through acres of land,

rusty barbed wire lined vast expanse of territory,  
dull roots of juicy cane plant projected from the mud,  
a strong pair of black bull bathed in rain ponds of wet mud slurry,  
infinite earthworms popped from beneath cocoons of ground,  
long snakes buried themselves in dark holes,  
multilegged caterpillar crawled through open skin of wild flower,  
a family of untamed rabbit trespassed for nibbling fruit,  
the apple trees swayed with gusty currents of humid wind,  
as ripened fruits incorporated with natural sweet juice,  
fell in paltry amounts from the angular wood branch.

the golden Sun rose behind the V shaped hill,  
cast its first burning rays on the fertile land,  
gradually awakening the husky farmer,  
tossing in blissful fantasies of sleep,  
to start his routine ploughing activity for the succeeding day.

the mesmerizing sunlight took its toll on him,  
he looked drowned in jubilation amidst the tall cultivation of sugarcane,  
red ants greedily sucking his seasoned blood,  
as he strained his eyes to devour the breathtaking scene,  
of sunshine, scarlet apple, juicy sugarcane, chocolate brown mud,  
and gushing waters through gigantic cloth pipes,  
it took him a lengthy amount of time to drift into reality,  
and when he did, he saw precious hectares of his own land,  
floating with wealthy crop, tonnes of haphazardly strewn crimson apple,  
he now took a slender pair of shears along with bare blades of country knife,  
sliced ripened sugarcane crop, blended the ravishing juice oozing,  
into his large mouth chambers, thoroughly parched in the dazzling Sun.

### **3. FEAR**

The twin horned cow prays to God,  
for fear of not producing frosty rich cream milk.

the scorched patch of infertile land prays to God,  
for fear of not yielding consumable grains of food.

the large butcher knife prays to God,  
for fear of not being able to slain obdurate chunks of meat, a cluster of spruced  
vegetable.

the devilish chain of mountain prays to God,  
for fear of collapsing, when struck by cyclonic wind and rain.

the enchanting elevation of the edifice prays to God,  
for fear of being charred by flaming fires, transiting into realms of dilapidation.

the light brown crab on the slippery beach prays to God,  
for fear of being trampled to death by bulky soles of inarticulate feet.

airborne birds in the sky pray to God,  
for fear of snapping their wings, nose-diving thereby towards the uncouth surface  
of earth.

the juicy fruit of apple prays to God,  
for fear of being pecked by venomous reptile injecting paltry vials of poison.

innocent orphan children pray to God,  
for fear of being stashed like truckloads of garbage.

immaculately white satin cloth prays to God,  
for fear of developing disdainful blotches and stain.

the lush green blades of grass pray to God,  
for fear of being devoured by the roaming stray cattle.

the ornately exquisite mercedes prays to God,  
for fear of being brutally bashed by tankers holding grease.

the emerald green waters of ocean pray to God,  
for fear of being contaminated by gun powder and residue of missiles.

appetizing slabs of pure chocolate pray to God,  
for fear of harbouring an army of red ant and insects.

suspended wires of cable pray to God,  
for fear of electrocuting all those in proximity after fresh spells of monsoon.

the croaking frog in the lake prays to God,  
for fear of being swallowed by killer lizards on the prowl.

humans existing on this earth pray to God,  
for fear of losing their lives,starving like the desert camel bereft of fodder.

i pray to God,  
for fear of being seperated from the person i loved, the ones i really cared for.

#### 4. MAN HAD

Man had the ability to walk on articulately carved feet,  
man had an uncanny knack of tackling problems.

man had large palms which could be curled into a fist,  
man had sharp beads of visual apparatus distinguishing between good and evil.

man had lips which turned scarlet when he chewed green leaves of betel,  
man had eardrums detecting the minutest of sound.

man had the capacity to perspire in the flaming Sun,  
man had twin pair of nostrils which excreted snores at night.

man had a mass of shiny hair projecting from shaven scalp,  
man had finger nails blended with several coats of white calcium.

man had bulging arm muscle raising cotton fabric of his shirt,  
man had a bunch of well chiseled teeth biting through the hardest of sugarcane stick.

man had built palaces with silver granite and volumes of red brick,  
man had bathed for centuries in water extracted from earths crust.

man had the prowess of memorizing long stanzas of numeric verse,  
man had a body which had evolved from the primitive ape.

man had a voice that could be synthesized into melodious notes of music,  
man had acquired occult powers by incessant worship of the divine Creator.

man had the infinite power of bringing stars to the earth,  
man had ruled over all living and created for centuries since he was born.

#### 5. ANGRY YOUNG MAN

I struck my tender fist vociferously against the hard wall,  
round globules of indignant anger welled up in my eyes,  
mighty pounds of fresh air died a gruesome death in my lungs,  
tapered outlines of my toe fingers took a vice like grip of the floor,  
crimson blood traveled multiple times faster through my veins,  
snow white pearls of my eyes acquired streaks of corrugated scarlet,  
dozens of my teeth clenched themselves to form a formidable fortress,  
infinite hair on my body stood up in hostile acrimony,  
the tiny blob of Adams apple oscillated violently like a parasitic leech,  
amber fumes emanated in quick successions from my nostril,



a volley of profound abuse escaped through the luscious envelope of my lips,  
gallons of adrenalin flowed intermittently via my kidneys,  
feeble muscles of my persona transited to taut balls of anguished fervor,  
i gnawed my nails raw of rich calcium,  
chewed my thumb for times immemorial,  
staring unflinchingly at my adversary who had humiliated me a few hours ago,  
had also evaporated traces of exorbitant felicity that i was besieged with.

i couldn't bear it any longer,  
my entire silhouette radiated with waves of demonic anger,  
prompting me to punch stringently with my rock hard palms,  
into the supple core of his solar plexus,  
evacuating tons of air trapped in his flatulent belly,  
annihilating forever the ostentation he displayed in ridiculing the youth of my age.

## **6. TYRANNIZED SHEEP**

Woolen threads of cozy winter wear,  
forming bundles of warm noodles,  
interstitched to furry proportions,  
tasteless and tailored to high degrees of bitter cold,  
sheared with large cleavers,  
from skins of fat mountain sheep,  
wandering in abundance on hilly terrains,  
in search of leafy shrub and small prey,  
shielding freezing winds in their natural dress,  
with woolen sprouts in clusters since birth,  
long drooling ears, effusive bleats of denial,  
gnarled teeth, stamping of feet on white ice,  
diffusing chinaware of snow into fragments,  
but alas! at last they succumb to brutal force,  
of breathing hearts, and reasoning brains,  
the most supreme form of godly creation,  
with trillions of activated brain cells,  
decades of smartest existence, as man,  
utilizing animal comfort for human greed,  
stripping them of their only defense,  
to manufacture, snow white cardigans,  
long spun robes with internal heat,  
royal caps with woolen skin,  
well spun socks with breathing pores,  
flexible hand gloves deactivating chill,

embroidered scarves with sheets of wool,  
and a host of winter wear, to numb cold,  
nip it in its frozen buds,  
with rich stripped wool of innocent sheep

## **7. FLAGRANT IMAGINATION**

I toss around with lazy energy,  
beads of water run down my mane,  
my head burns like a piece of coal,  
to conquer life is my ultimate goal,  
my feet yield to unsustainable pressure,  
trampling cold sheets of marble chips,  
aggrandizing my tryst with misfortune,  
my close rapport with ill luck.  
{1}

i gnaw my nails with great tenacity,  
firmly tethered to their cuticles,  
stuck to red raw flesh,  
producing semicircular indentations,  
on the nail and mind alike.  
my pink tongue dances to,  
a pentagon of blatant reality,  
an unsubscribed figment of thought,  
severing rainbows of desire,  
achromatic saliva dribbling from my mouth,  
a simple case of flagrant imagination

## **8. FLOOD**

Black clouds vomited torrential rain,  
streaks of lightning blazed through the sky,  
bright light transited to doomsday murky,  
flaming sun ball jailed within puffs of grey,  
heat gods fast asleep in guest houses of monsoon,  
as oblong droplets of water tumbled down.  
drenching parched fragments of boiling soil,  
washing tonnes of dust on tree leaves,  
sweeping stubborn layers of noxious debris,  
providing free baths to perspiring humans,  
sprinkling coolant liquid on scorched birds,  
dissipating chemicals from river bed,

depleting fresh whitewash paint off gaudy color,  
prompting rivulets of water, to gush from drainpipe,  
flooding coastal ocean, swelling domestic river stream,  
with sheets of salty water encapsulating low land,  
dismantling weak foundations of cheap bamboo,  
tearing apart tin roofs from thatched hay,  
uprooting tree roots from deep recesses of ground,  
the rain continued with unrelenting fury,  
sparing none in proximity with earth,  
submerging visible land with pools of cloud water,  
revealing passionate creation of water,  
after arduous spells of steaming summer.

## **9. FOUNTAIN PEN**

I scribbled innumerable lines of literature with it,  
it was still ready to execute a umpteenth phrases more,  
being as strong as an ox when it came to decoding thoughts into verse,  
even when tested at bizarre limits of endurance.

i sketched glowing peaks of mountain basking in the golden Sun,  
weaving articulate outlines of the encroaching shadows,  
it yielded to the faintest of my caress; unleashing dark forms with fountain ink,  
a true stalwart engulfing me in the times of difficulty.

i even used it for scraping minute blotches of dirt from my ear,  
delicately tickling the inner soft skin with insipid strokes,  
it obliged pathetically to whatever i did,  
didn't shed a tear from its eye; nor developed a retaliatory hole in its heart.

i filled it with surplus amounts of colored ink,  
sprinkling the same with lots of glee on the faces of my counterpart mates,  
transforming them into jocular clowns,  
with an awe-inspiring caricature of white skin with opalescent paint.

i kept it well stuffed within the interiors of my waistcoat pocket,  
lived with it for all night and Sunlit day,  
it had fulfilled my insatiable desire to explore the world,  
assisted me create the animate;and already burried,  
i hardly skipped exiting my place of dwelling,  
without the reassuring comfort of my chrome tipped fountain pen.

## **10. FREEDOM FROM LIFE**

A trembling little heart,  
unable to express itself,  
capsized by the will power of others,  
waiting to be free from this earthly form,  
feeble to possess it,  
escaping far away from the graveyard of miseries,  
in the midst of tremendous fight for existence,  
breaks free at last from the vice like confinement of self introversions,  
like the core of the hot earth,  
with molten lava gushing out at last,  
after years of struggle and unrelenting strife,  
which soon after eruption gets cooled by mother earth,  
who can't let her surface be full of tears,  
for if she starts weeping,  
who will look after her millions of sons,  
dying every minute of thirst, hunger, and inexplicable pain,  
struck with horrendous grief,  
with a bleak future ahead, and no bright lights  
shining to guide them ahead,  
leaving them alone in a world of blood thirst and corruption,  
to the never ending tale of gruesome death,  
finding the true beating of the heart,  
at least momentarily, in a river of god's love to surround,  
never saying yes to love, peace, affection and faith,  
trailing away from the mysteries of life,  
closing sinful chapters of existence forever.

## **11. GARDEN HOSEPIPE**

Plastic tube of high quality rubber,  
crisscrossed like a reptile across vast expanse of lush green lawn,  
fitted tightly to tiny apertures of gushing liquid,  
sprinkling even sprays of water on irregular protrusions of land,  
washing tonnes of dirt from broad leaf skin,  
submerging patches of fallow land in wet pools of nutrition,  
milking young seedlings with motherly caress,  
filling empty mud bowls for the sparrows to bathe,  
quenching thirst of scorched travelers passing by,  
rendering baked tree branch unsuitable for firewood,  
splashing it fiercely with straight missiles of water,  
producing fountains of water when compressed subtly by hand,  
a portable instrument for conveying gallons of water,  
lambasting the soil with rockets of frothy spray,  
flooding vacant crevices of land with buckets of minerals,

whitewashing walls of the stone brick house of years of accumulated dust,  
enabling flower buds to blossom after few days of application,  
smooth bodied exterior comprising a kilometer of length,  
with several offshooting nozzles vomiting droplets of water,  
having the potential of being used as a sturdy rope,  
lying limp amidst the camouflage of entangled grass,  
is my decade old and tubular green garden hosepipe

## **12. GARLANDS**

Snakes slithered harmlessly in lush green terrains of lawns,  
swishing their tongues viciously in the autumn breeze,  
i stealthily encroached them with nimble feet,  
hoisted them in the air, adroitly snapping their venom fangs,  
wound them round my neck to relish the tender warmth of reptile garland.

the body of chameleon changed color with surrounding foliage,  
its serrations stood erect when tickled by red brick,  
as it glared devilishly at innocuous bunch of radiating insects.  
i punctured its silhouette with needle arrow,  
captured more of its species with meticulous proficiency,  
adorned my slender neck with a garlands of dead chameleon.

i evacuated rich oysters from the caribbean sea,  
pilfered the shells to obtain a plethora of sparkling pearls,  
weaved them with ultra thin floss of honey golden,  
sprinkling the beads with pungent amounts of rose perfume,  
i enveloped my persona with garlands of exquisite glistening pearl stones.

and finally when i engulfed my body in a festoon of her satiny hair,  
a celestial fragrance emanating from the natural sheath of black,  
my heart underwent uncontrollable convulsions,  
finally yielding my entity in complete submission to this inexplicable garland of love.

## **13. FROM DARKNESS TO LIGHT**

Brown smoke rose from the tall chimney,  
sinister eagles glided creating powerful draughts of wind,  
grey lizards swished their tail as they clawed upwards,  
dried moisture from the river bank descended on the tapered structure,  
engulfing parched skin of concrete with paltry amounts of natural coolant.

high up in the tower dwelt a grizzly haired man,  
solitude camouflaged him in totality,

shriveled bones of his body shone prominently,  
silky white beard flowed majestically from his facial contours,  
adorned he was in godly robes of saffron gold,  
each of his finger was studded with a mystical charm,  
there lay a crystal globe abreast of him,  
which he presumed dissipated entangled enigmas of life.

an affluent man met him with loads of hope,  
bereft he was of precious centers of life bestowing vision,  
he had groped about in darkness ever since he was born.  
the eccentric saint stared at him for long hours,  
commanded him to kiss the crystal trophy, containing perfumed mountain shrub  
and water,  
sprinkled all parts of his persona with pinches of turmeric powder,  
smeared his eyes with a paste of rabbit whisker and boiled mushroom,  
chanted spell bounding rhymes with proficient ease,  
swayed like a maniac expending all energy possessed by his wrinkled feet,  
the transformation that occurred was breathtaking, transparent globules of water  
welled up in the mans eyes,  
blurred outlines of the room became slowly visible,  
decades of agony in dark seemed to be fading fast,  
he could now see the razor sharp outlines of ducks in the river,  
as fresh rays of morning Sunlight caressed him with their full might.

#### **14. THE GENTLE GIANT**

They poured buckets of icy water over him,  
drenched his body with steaming hot soup curry,  
added pinches of sea salt on his lips,  
tickled his eardrum with feckless strokes of bird feather,  
left an army of red ant on his body to wander,  
tensured his scalp of thick curls of hair,  
pushed and probed his flesh with red hot pokers of wood,  
ignited a plethora of wax candle on his chest,  
fed hollow regions of his eardrum with a cluster of stinging jungle mosquito,  
lambasted him brutal strokes of the snake leather whip,  
shouted at deafening voices, beating hands in despair on his flabby chest,  
as the unscrupulous giant slept in tranquil peace,  
unperturbed by the thunderous commotion stabbing umpteenth parts of his body.

He had been cast a spell by the goddess of sleep,  
To lie dormant for centuries till he existed,  
Unfazed by all power on earth,  
There was not a soul who could wake him up from sleep.

That's when they executed the following on sudden impulse,  
they laid a drum of cooked sweets beside him,  
Appetizing fruit juice filled in transparent jars,  
Cooked morsels of fish and rice at his feet,  
Round pancakes with frosty butter sandwiched in his hands,  
they poured a river of pure honey on his belly,  
Placed an ornate plate of sizzling turkey caressing his demon lips.

The metamorphosis that occurred placed us in enigma,  
Torrential snores of the giant were now being disrupted,  
The heavenly aroma of food had thoroughly tickled Cupid zones of his heart,  
The smell of boiled toffee exploited his penchant for sweets,  
He flinched a couple of times before regaining wholesome consciousness,  
And when he stood upright, it was an astounding sight for one to witness,  
He stood 100 feet tall, with a long hair cascading down his nape,  
The gentle giant now ate the food with gusto,  
Devouring occasionally mouthfuls of juice,  
Quenching his thirst for the agonizing period of sleep.

## **15. A MODERN KITCHEN**

Round colored balls of crystal glass,  
oval shaped mugs of bone china,  
engraved impressions of fish on thermos flask,  
tiny cutglass bowls for consuming vodka,  
heat resistant specimens of pressure cooker,  
heavy safety valves curbing escape of steam,  
circular rubber rings sewn with fire proof material,  
frozen refrigerators cooling a factory of food,  
hi-tech microwave boilers nursing unburnt meals,  
hollow iron drums storing yearly food grain,  
vibrating grinders for softening curd,  
tetra burner cooking range warming milk,  
large butcher knives for slicing jackfruit,  
sleek bottle openers for releasing tin caps,  
penta cavitied toasters for roasting bread,  
large alloyed vessels for baking egg,  
tri cylinder apparatus for filtering ground water,  
slimy water bowls for wiping utensils,  
corrugated iron sticks for grilled barbecue,  
well spun coarse cloth for rubbing hands and stain,  
shady compartments of exhaust vents,  
obliterating traces of harsh light,

tin metal dishwasher scraping stubborn dirt,  
cane baskets holding a bunch of spoon and fork,  
small cuplets filled with  
chilli ,pepper ,salt, coriander seed. etc,  
multifold light bulbs fastened to ceiling,  
with dedicated housewives preparing mouth watering dishes,  
and a pitcher of beer on the granite slab,  
is a glimpse of the 20th century modern kitchen.

## **16. FREEDOM –PART 2**

I pedal my bicycle furiously,  
at unearthly hour of midnight,  
ripping past juicy breeze of the summer month,  
with increasing pressure on coiled springs,  
compressed in plastic interiors of cycle seat.  
{1}

frenzied movement of muscular leg,  
thorough dismantle of combed hair,  
watery mucus flowing through square nose,  
body sac filled with pouches of exhilaration,  
deactivating tense network of frayed nerve cell,  
releasing trapped energies of my mind,  
sweat drops of hate oozing out,  
venom webs of complication snapping apart,  
stale air gushing from wide open mouth,  
cleansing dirt from contaminated platelets of blood,  
i gradually arrive by the silent river side,  
park my sleek bike on angular stand,  
securing it with locked chain metal,  
descend down the steps of the river,  
splash my feet depleted of footwear,  
with body blows of wind across my chest,  
in the luke warm waters of the holy ganges.

## **17. WHEN GOD OPENED HIS MOUTH**

When the crimson crested parrot opened its mouth,  
gruff sounds; astoundingly similar to humans emanated from its beak.

when the elephant opened its mouth; hoisting its trunk to speak,  
a roaring echo diffused with volatile bursts of emotion.



when the striped black leopard opened its ferocious mouth,  
there came out sounds resembling thunder clashing in the sky,  
silencing all animated commotion prevalent in the township of jungle.

when the slime painted frog opened its cupid mouth,  
disenchanted notes of harsh music flooded the atmosphere.

when the boisterous honey bee opened her tiny mouth,  
sounds of infuriating buzzing dismantled the harmony of air.  
when handsomely coiled reptiles on the ground opened their venom mouths,  
poignant noises of hissing pierced the alacrity of stringent breeze.

when the cow in green pastures opened her amicable mouth,  
timid sounds of indolent mooing blended perfectly with the succulent grass.

when the furry sheepskin dog opened its canine tipped mouth,  
gruesome growls expurgated; initiating infinite hair on body to stand.

when a bunch of humans opened their articulately shaped mouths,  
there came galloping fast; tales of intellect and imagination.

and when the omnipresent personality of Godhead opened his mouth,  
one could see the entire universe revolving inside,  
undulating terrains, turbulent sea's, flaming persona of the sun, silver silhouette of the  
moon,  
dense tropical forests; sparkling waterfalls of crystal water,  
the creator sparingly uttered few words of wisdom,  
embodied with the supreme aura of righteousness,  
which was still the magical verse centuries after he created man to live and let live.

## **18. HABITS**

The crimson grey clouds have an obsessive habit to cry,  
inundate barren regions of earth with surplus amount of fresh water.

the washerman has a stringent habit of washing blotted cloth,  
scraping tonnes of dirt with adroit strokes of wooden batten.

the city traffic police have an impulsive habit of waving their sticks,  
cant help but do so, even when in realms of deep sleep.

the soil has a bountiful habit of giving birth to blades of wild grass,  
when fed with paltry amounts of achromatic water.

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