

Hide and Seek – part 3 – 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 3 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. THE INNER VOICE OF MIND

I thought of swimming in the sparkling waters of the lake,
the inner voice of mind held me back saying,
deathly green waters will suck you deep within the point of no return.

i mused on skiing down the ice clad mountain,
the inner voice of mind refrained me from doing so,
as mighty avalanches of snow would strangulate me,
burying me a few feet beneath the frozen coat of spring water.

i pondered on penning a few lines of composition,
the inner voice of mind made strong inroads of denial,
saying that the carbon ink was sure to leak,
creating embarrassed smudges on the flawless sheet of paper.

i speculated on investing in the stock market,
the inner voice of mind guffawed in pools of laughter,
admonishing me from proceeding forward,
as the entire index would collapse within seconds of my investment.

i visualized gulping large barrels of tropical coconut water,
the inner voice of mind stringently halted my stream of fantasy thought,
reinforcing my mind with obnoxious visions of the water containing traces of
snake poison.

i perceived of spending my life with the person who loved me,
as usual the inner voice of mind prompted me to alter my course of action,
acquainting me of the dire consequences likely to follow,
this time though beats of my heart were stronger than tunes of mind,
facilitating me to work antagonistic to the mind,
execute a perception into pragmatic reality,
despite the precarious influence of inner voice of mind.

2. VEHICULAR RUBBER

the inflated swell of vehicular rubber,

with soft rectangular indentations,
help captive in circular hollow of the tyre,
traverses speedily along well binded metallic roads,
crushing dried leaves, trampling unkempt wild weeds,
fixed and stuck to metallic plates,
with radiating spikes, midget spokes of steel,
maneuvering sharply across barren concrete landscape,
with deft strokes to the driving wheel,
firm slanted pressure to the compressible gas pedal,
and coherent articulate movement of the gear shift
machinery,
the tyre treads race through wet mud roads,
leaving behind trails of woven patterns,
resembling dead sticks of unconsumed sugarcane,
a sudden whirring noise encapsulates the atmosphere,
as tonnes of dust blow,
silencing the crux of exuberant activity,
brakes wailing in cacophonous unison,
tyre chunks bleeding against mass of hardened mud,
creating asymmetrical rings of disdainful dust,
the main culprit being,
a cluster of metallic pins, in hot agony,
strewn in savage random proportions,
waiting to trap innocent preys of vehicular rubber,
inserting themselves into thickened rubber flesh,
squeezing out macro plumage of air mass, a
rendering the spongy sheath of solidified rubber,
into distorted piles of mangled junk.

3. IT WAS IMPOSSIBLE

It was impossible to inhale air without twin bifurcation of nostrils,
sustain life with nonchalant ease; for more than an wholesome minute.

it was impossible to walk without angularly sculptured legs,
viciously kick grey boulders of stone; acting as barricade's in unveiling path.

it was impossible to scribble literature without articulate synchronization of hands,
emboss exquisite lines of calligraphy on naked sheets of bond paper.

it was impossible to segregate minuscule threads of color without immaculate vision,
distinguish between the good and gruesomely bad; lurking on this earth.

it was impossible to decimate food into supple chowder; without strong teeth,

produce gregarious smiles in tandem; when frivolously appreciated.

it was impossible to secrete saliva without rosy pink organ of tongue,
rebuke people with loads of spit; in response to their uncouth deeds.

it was impossible to uproot concrete edifices with bare hands,
amalgamate sapphire arenas of sky with the periphery of monotonous earth.

it was impossible to operate the hi-tech computer without a plethora of
software chips,
type a battalion of literature at swashbuckling speeds.

it was impossible to quench thirst without gallons of fresh water,
assassinate intractable blotches of dirt; agglutinated to clean cloth.

it was impossible to die without abrupt closure of tangible heart beat,
infinite cells of animation; freezing in the body.

and it was impossible to live without loving a person in heart; body; and spirit,
dedicating marathon hours in life; harnessing that perpetual affinity.

4. IT WAS NICE

It was nice fondling silken curls of your mesmerizing hair,
it was nice drenching your persona in icy cool pints of jungle water,
it was nice tickling your ear with serrated feather of protuberant crested pigeon,
it was nice painting your cheek with shades of resplendent color,
it was nice hoisting you several floors above the ground on my shoulder,
it was nice blowing puffs of tingling breath in your crystalline eyes,
it was nice feeding your voluptuous mouth; with slices of fresh pineapple,
it was nice embossing preambles of fathomless love in your heart,
it was nice provoking you to pugnacious realms of anger;witnessing your acrimonious
face,
it was nice guiding you past the congested street;claspng your hands in mine,
it was nice slapping you in intense indignation; succeeded by passionate kisses,
it was nice swimming with you through waters of the choppy ocean,
it was nice draping you in grandiloquent floss of silk; staring at you for hours
immemorial,
it was nice camouflaging your profusely bleeding wounds; with strips of my holistic
skin,
it was nice obliterating you from acrimonious beams of light; with my web of scalp
hair,
it was nice instigating you into ludicrous laughter; observing mystical outlines of
your teeth,

it was nice helping you accomplish a plethora of household tasks; prepare sumptuous tea for you at dusk,
it was nice recounting enchanting fantasies; incorporating your fragile brain with tumultuous strength,
it was nice uttering your captivating name every unveiling minute of the day,
it was nice iterating my omnipotent love to you all day,
it was nice pestering you to go to sleep; cuddled like a fairy beneath a golden quilt,
but let me tell you sweetheart it would be nicer still ;if you were to be my lover,
for countless births we traverse on this earth as philanthropic humans.

5. TRACES OF ADULTERATION

Floating specks of dirt occupied drinking water,
paltry amounts of venom seemed abundant in gelatin capsule,
the tribal liquor had extracts of sedative nicotine,
sliding door of luxury car contained an impurity of threadbare plastic,
polished chunks of pure marble had reinforcements of loose mud,
rich granules of food grain were blended with sharp glass and stone,
navy blue solution of carbon ink was filled partially with chalk,
glossy sheets of milled paper possessed tinges of raw jute,
100 percent mixture of concrete had mammoth amounts of burnt brick,
gallons of consumable milk was adulterated with tap water,
finely ironed currency note lived in harmony with its fake counterpart,
natural sea water developed traces of oil and thick grease,
round biscuits of gold reflected sparse territories of faded bronze,
meticulously printed ancient literature was remixed to music album,
fertile clay mud resembled a vast assemblage of strewn insecticide,
winter caves with drooping icicles were displayed in exhibitions,
plastic exteriors of the monsoon raincoat had invisible patches of colored cloth,
a cluster of hybrid mango tasted like acid when dissolved in salivary bud,
there was inflation prevalent in all quarters of global society,
the only thing it was unable to imprison,
was the heart pumping at full speeds, nestling in chamber rooms of true conscience.

6. TORTURE

They made me sit on ugly bare current chair,
clasped my hands with rusty iron wire,
strangled my neck with metal plaster,
dragged my feet in boiling effluent,
tore my scalp with steel toothed combs,
pierced my nail in halves with knife,
coated my face with acidic tar,
broke my nose with gruesome fist blows,

stitched my lips with needle and thread,
engraved designs on flesh with rusty pins,
severed bunch of veins with carpenter saw,
divested me of water for long hours,
enclosed my face in jute bags,
containing an army of African wild rat,
whipped me with leather skin dipped in salt curry,
unclothed me in the chilly night,
sprayed obnoxious petrol with large hosepipes,
punctured my features to look like a ghost,
left me hanging in dangling chains,
in dilapidated comforts of crumbling roof,
i then lost faith in the reigning creator,
who put blood in my flesh, pumped oxygen in my chest,
which now converted into complete shambles,
agony groans echoing through walls of confinement,
my eyes finally closed in submission,
ending the ordeal, sealing bleeding pores of my body.

7. I WAS NOT GOD

I wanted to be like the opalescent flame of the wax candle,
Which burnt unrelentingly; even when caressed by wild draughts of wind.

I wanted to be like the sheet of pellucid glass,
Which didn't diffuse into splinters; even on deafening collision with obdurate ground.

I wanted to be like the tall and majestic edifice,
Which stood like an immaculate angel; even after bearing the brunt of flood and
crimson fire.

I wanted to be like the turbulently moving silver sedan,
Clambering steep slopes of the treacherous terrain; with exorbitant ease.

I wanted to be like the aircraft with twin pairs of ivory wings,
That hovered high in the sky for times immemorial; bereft of life yielding fuel.

I wanted to be like the ship clad in sheets of fortified iron,
Which refrained from sinking; even when attacked by a battalion of blue whale.

I wanted to be like the succulent leaf on the maple tree,
Which remained blissfully green; even when its counterparts withered to the
tyranny of autumn heat.

I wanted to be like the glittering spires of the century old Temple,
Which didn't show signs of rust; even after marathon years of construction.

I wanted to be like the steaming brown filter coffee,
Which never got stale and cold; even after being exposed to the monotony of
atmosphere.

I wanted to be like dazzling light rays of the day,
Which were never obliterated by shadow; fumigating the evil residing in distant
corners of globe.

I wanted to be like the cloud showers of torrential rain;
Which ceased to stop; even when the amber ball of Sun crept up in the sky.

I wanted to be like the articulately molded skeleton key;
That bludgeoned its way; through the most obstinate of lock.

I wanted to be like the saline waters of colossal sea,
Which never evaporated; even when subjected to overwhelming heat.

I wanted to be like the coherently synchronized versatile robot,
Which executed tasks to meticulous perfection; even in times of bizarre catastrophe.

I wanted to lead life on the soil of mystical earth,
As the strongest being ever encountered; with unfathomable capacity of brain.

The very next instant; the creator robbed me of indispensable breath,
Making me realize wasn't god; not even fraction of his celestial reflection,
As I left for my heavenly abode; to sleep peacefully in the arms of the Almighty.

8. JEALOUSY

The opalescent moon was jealous of the flaming Sun,
as the former provided dazzling light; with Herculean amounts of comfort in the day.

the desolate piece of stone was jealous of the colossal mountain,
as it was minuscule in size; often kicked contemptuously by ongoing people.

the perennial jungle river was jealous of the denim blue ocean,
as it was unable to bear the weight of titanic ships; as its counterpart was
able to do with nonchalant ease.

the century old typewriter was jealous of the hi-tech gizmo of computer,
as it was bereft of sparkling chips of memory; considered as outdated by the

youthful chunk of contemporary society.

sapphire blue patches in the sky were jealous of blotted grey clouds,
as they simply didn't have the capacity of blessing the earth with pelting showers of rain.

the ever reliable twin pedaled bicycle was jealous of motorized cars,
as it was divested of powers to transgress beyond extreme speed limits.

the evanescent flames of candlelight were jealous of the ceiling bulb,
as they weren't blessed with the prowess of illuminating acres of pitch dark night.

large jerry-cans of fruit juice were jealous of pure water,
as they stumbled to quench thirst; the mystical way water did.

frigid strands of grey hair were jealous of bulky floss of glistening black,
as they highlighted the old and feeble; which was not even shades nearer to the flamboyant young.

the decade old tortoise was jealous of the aquatic fish,
as it simply couldn't walk fast; perching in its claustrophobic shell all Sunlit day.

undulating moulds of clay were jealous of smooth carpets of road,
as they flunked miserably to impersonate the charisma produced by flat land.

hard slices of bacterial bread were jealous of the chocolate cake blended with plums,
as they lacked the ingredients to deliver appetizing taste.

shiny denominations of coin were jealous of exorbitant currency notes,
as they were maltreated; being stashed in dingy compartments of purse.

the honey colored nimble deer was jealous of the menacing striped panther,
as it was overwhelmingly defeated in its attempts of being crowned the king of jungle.

black complexioned individuals were jealous of their fairer counterparts,
as they were gazed down upon as inferiors; with racial discrimination plaguing them for majority of their lives.

while i was intractably jealous of the boy next door,
who made unscrupulous advances to the girl i loved,
initiating me to stand like a pillar; between her immaculate heart,
and the demonic glare he unleashed intransigently riveted on her persona.

9. FORTUNE STRIKES IN THE DESERT

Volumes of slippery sand escaped from my fist,
parched silver mud devoured me in entirety,
flaming Sunlight stripped reserve quota of energy,
entangled thorny weeds scraped delicate layers of soft skin,
whirlpools of dust blew with turbulent velocity,
strong rooms of blue sky were bereft of moisture laden cloud,
trapped molecules of mercury rose high in compact case of thermometer,
green cover of grass and tree was a rare treat to witness,
large reptiles burrowed themselves in moist recesses of earth,
evil eyed vultures glided across boiling currents of wind,
grandfather tortoise traversed at painstaking speeds,
pot bellied spiders ran in gay abundance,
distant mirage's lured me to add velocity to stride,
undulating terrains of hot sand grain whipped me,
burning heat waves prompted me to melt in submission.

the situation was getting out of control,
secret reserves of stored water were drained with the passing second,
scalp hair were camouflaged with gallons of sand,
my slimy tongue had consumed remnant saliva,
twin pair of feet blatantly refused to hold my weight,
a river of sweat flowed down my armpit,
there was not a soul to be sighted within a million kilometers of vicinity,
when suddenly it seemed my feet struck a light green cactus,
infinite droplets of water oozed out,
charred chords of my throat erupted in wet ecstasy,
guttural sounds emanated as i sipped cool water,
as i deftly chiseled elastic branches of the desert cactus,
with razor sharp edges of my portable knife.

10. KLEPTOMANIA

He had fanatic obsessions for bulging trouser pockets,
overloaded sockets of office shirt,
silver chains fitted neatly to periphery of neck,
all kinds of heavy purse dangling from shoulder bone,
jeweled rings adorning daintily curved fingers,
beads of slim gold riveted firmly to ear lobe,
portable briefcase bags carried by executive staff,
bronze plated ribbons holding a bunch of hair,
he was a maniac patrolling through the busy city streets,
sighting stashed trouser shelves with his hawk sharp eyes,

waiting to capsize on every stealing opportunity that came his way.

the passenger ahead had protruding pockets,
a short thick neck flooded with precious ornament,
he looked like a prince waiting for the bus,
with gold rimmed glasses nestling on his thin nose.

the maniac couldn't resist any longer,
long hours of wait had tantalized burglar zones of his mind,
saliva dribbled from his mouth in plenty,
his eyes lit up like briquette's of burning coal,
sly smiles encompassed wide corners of his mouth,
professional fingers now moved stealthily,
maneuvered skillfully caressing bulging outlines of the pocket,
few swipes with cheap blade finished the job,
the passenger now felt light as he alighted the bus,
great chunks of his wealth now lay in cold hands of the maniac,
all he was left to confront was a big gaping hole,
torn threads emanating from infinite regions of the stripped pant pocket.

11. ICY DEATH

Snow drops fall incessantly,
cloud mass turns blacker in complexion,
as the sun sleeps in cosmic rays of galaxy.
avalanche of ice descends down the slope,
tumbling fast with violent draughts of Swiss wind,
growing larger with every coat of frozen ice,
passing tall Christmas pine,
projecting tracks of ice rail,
hollow caves of mountain bear,
finally reaches lonely stretch of desolate road,
breaking into scattered mass of icy platelets,
diffusing with an echoed thud,
on instants of land contact,
obscuring a furlong of visible concrete,
into multiple bed sheets of frozen water.
i stare in delight from my cottage window,
witnessing the encounter of snow and land,
drag myself into a atmosphere of death cold,
clad in heavy scarf and coat,
with Dunlop plugs embedded in both ears,
gum boots plodding vehemently,
forming triangular treads in crusts of snow,

and cylindrical torch light clearing the smog,
filtering a beam of welcome light,
as i stealthily approach the mound of ice,
make a silent prayer,
take fistfuls of snow in cupped hands,
devour it down my throat,
numbing and choking branched arteries,
slowing down metabolic rates of my body,
imprisoning my heart with a vice like grip.
deathly pall embraces my face,
my legs tremble to hold my weight,
as i finally bid adieu to this world.

12. SCHOOL LABORATORY

Steaming hot acid in glass crucibles,
stone slabs of individual apparatus,
labeled conical flasks with neutral bases,
glass cupboards full of performance journals,
hi-tech microscopes for analysis,
round jars of swimming flower roots,
specimens of algae, rats, and dead frog,
black full-scale charts of chromosome study,
programmed calculators strewn in fluorescent light,
electric meters with voltage fluctuating,
dangling copper wires for connection,
sharpened lead for sketching designs,
steel spheres suspended from oscillating threads,
cross ventilation for absorbing fumes,
mega dissection boxes with scientific artillery,
shaving blades for tearing root,
round the clock botanical demonstrations,
high powered glare bulbs,
bountiful samples of colored compounds,
thickened glass fish aquarium,
shining granite holding multiple computers,
with a host of modern software chips,
black canes of adjudicating supervisors,
ready to slash at instants of wrongdoing,
lavatories blended with pungent antiseptic,
with germicidal tablets of white carbolic,
collapsible springs attached to bar magnets,
the window overlooking bare bricks of school entrance,
projecting from dizzy heights of clock tower,

with blue apron adorning my stature,
a compulsory must during practical hours,
is a first hand discription of my school laboratory.

13. LEAVES

When i burnt medicinal leaves of wild grass in a cauldron,
blending them with sizeable amounts of rusty brown tea powder,
adding paltry pinches of saccharine to the syrup,
stirred vigorously the concoction with an inflated wooden batten,
the outcome was scintillatingly delicious tea; which i sipped with profound
contentment.

when i torched a conglomerate of dead tree leaves,
scorching them with somber sticks of lead match and paraffin wax,
there was a crackling fire that swayed with the breeze,
with menacing flames; making futile attempts to lick the sky,
offering me fountains of compassionate warmth;
sublimating my energy from shivers to blissful sleep.

when i ignited a cluster of rustic cowdung cakes,
occasionally probing the fetid slurry with my big toe,
there were delectable puffs of smoke that originated,
i then aligned a frying pan at right angles to the conflagration,
and roasted for myself a sumptuous meal of baked corn coated with salted herring.

when i set ablaze acres of farmland sprawled with ripened nose buds of tobacco,
submerging the entire region with an ocean of stringent kerosene,
the atmosphere was engulfed with a noxious odour of charred cigarette,
hurricanes of venomous wind annihilated palpable organisms in the vicinity.

and when i burnt infinite leaves of my immaculate heart,
there was a mystical aroma that imprisoned the ambience,
it was a smell that portrayed sacrosanct love,
it was an insatiable odour of her mesmerizing soul thoroughly entwined in mine.

14. LETS LEAVE IT TO THE CREATOR

If someone slapped me with swashbuckling strokes of fingers,
i would retort back a volley of praise to pacify his nerves.

if someone vomited loads of spit on my persona,
i would blend it with my precious blood before returning the same to him.

if someone splashed my exteriors with pails of fuming acid,
i would offer him a large pitcher full of sweet mountain water.

if someone blended sizeable amounts of snake venom in my food,
i would sprinkle sacred ash on his hair, paint his forehead with golden vermilion.

if someone left a battalion of red ant on my bare flesh,
i would offer him a articulately carved oysters containing a plethora of pearls.

if someone rode on my back unrelentingly whipping my skin,
i would carry his load even through arduous spells of steaming summer.

if someone pinched dainty regions of my flesh amidst an ambience of dignitaries,
i would embrace him with open arms pardoning his disdainful deeds.

if someone tripped me midway, left me squirming facedown on the ground,
i would simply wipe the blotches of dust from creases of my attire.

if someone made me lick the mud on road with corrugated flesh of my tongue,
i would reward him with biscuits of bonded gold.

if someone punctured transparent marbles in my eye rendering me blind,
i would bless him with infinite pairs of eyes to envisage perils lurking towards him.

if someone left me unequipped in savage jungles of the African valley,
i would smile all the way treading across den's of striped panthers.

c'mon folks lets be ardently realistic,
the above actions can be replicated by none other than God,
having divine powers to forgive the most heinous of atrocity,
the magnanimous prowess of blessing all animate existing:
we as a bunch of fallible humans would have onerous difficulty in duplicating the
Creator,
some tasks are better left to him, rather than accomplishing them ourselves.

15. TO BE HANGED TILL DEATH

Knotted chords of jute dangle from ceiling,
with large throat sized loop hole,
engulfed in perennial pitch darkness,
freezing cold bare stone walls,
a battalion of mosquitoes hovering around,
bone skeletons partially stuck to floor,
ghastly designs portraying execution,

clouds of dirt, with a backdrop of blood,
the ambience was complete with long iron lever,
compressible at instants of death command.

the courtroom was packed with audience,
uniformed guards, fool proof security,
black coated lawyers, bespectacled judge,
the murderer was in a sandalwood kiosk,
tears oozing from eyes, lips painted with fresh blood,
a volley of arguments followed pursuit,
law professionals displayed tact and eloquence,
with the killer being invited to dilapidated gallows,
ruthlessly hung, with dark hood covering face,
an aftermath of justice ink printing,
to be hanged till death

16. BROKEN BONDS

If i forgot to tightly seal the projecting water tap,
gallons of liquid would dribble unrelentingly,
there would not be a solitary droplet of liquid in the overhead tank,
and my body would acquire an unwashed disposition all throughout the
sweltering day.

if i obdurately refrained from closing my mouth,
flooding the air with cacophonic webs of my husky voice,
intricate regions of my throat would divested of moisture,
causing me to cough and sputter when i needed my speech the most.

if i intentionally kept the fluorescent bulb on in the day,
with acerbic rays of sunlight filtering through my moistened eyes,
the contrivance would shatter to infinite splinters,
portraying a lackluster appearance when i desired it inevitably in the night.

if i heard deafening tunes of blaring music all day,
with the decibels ricocheting to supreme frequencies of intolerance,
my ears would get immune to the fragility of sound,
being paralyzed to decipher the melodious sound of nocturnal cuckoo.

if i consumed mighty barrels of milk; instead of crystalline water,
quenching irresistible pangs of thirst with pints of artificial milk,
my body would expurgate all the richness,
demanding the perennial gift of nature to be fed immediately.

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