

Hide and Seek – part 4 – 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 4 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. SCENT AND SPICE

I consumed rice blended with fish curry,
added pinches of salt to exit from realms of bland taste.

i licked bare brick wall coated with sand plaster,
devoured spicy remains of natural plastic paint.

i trampled violently through fields of red pepper,
sprayed finely crushed powder in the vicinity of shivering tongue.

i swam at feverish pace in extreme salty solvent of the Caribbean sea,
wiped myself dry to feel allergic patches of faded red.

i pumped the air with a blend of perfume and green mustard seed,
sat for patient hours basking in a film of spicy atmosphere.

i rolled in clay mud sprinkled with pungent fertilizer,
smeared my wheatish face with semicircular cakes of flavored mud.

i sat on a cushion containing fermented yellow sour cream,
smelt of obnoxious odour all throughout the passing day.

i rubbed naked patches of my skin with hot repellant balms,
danced all day with thunder storms of ecstasy echoing through my eardrum.

i tore big chunks of orange ginger from tender branches of sapling,
drenched myself with a tumbler full of aromatic water.

i desired to breathe in an ambience of ravishing alligator perfume,
swim in colossal ponds of suspended salt for the remaining tenure of my life.

2. SCOLDING

The farmer gaped at crusts of dry brown earth,
acres of land lying fallow in merciless heat,
bountiful crop wilting under stringent light of the Sun,
crevices in land splitting wider by the zipping second,
he then scolded the plain regions of dark blue sky,

for not acquiring ominous tinges of violent grey.

the striped panther rested on moistened portions of land,
snoring chivalrously in a kingdom of celestial sleep,
visualizing a cluster of humans in thick flesh and blood,
pouch bellied kangaroo wiping its brutal teeth,
he then scolded dead rabbit meat, lying well tucked within the hollow of his stomach,
for ruining his perceptions of a royal sized meal.

drenched clothing hung on strong metal ropes,
soaked immensely in sweat and tap water,
fluttering sporadically with agitated outbursts of wind,
and the ambience consisting of dull murky light,
eventuality of thunder showers tumbling from the sky,
the wet shirts then scolded the Sun,
for not hissing fireballs of natural light,
thereby baking the humid persona of cloth with full round beams of Sunshine.

hordes of fish got infected with disease,
gaspd for breath at great depths of the ocean,
lay strewn on the shore thrown by the exotic currents of waves,
the water showed traces of contamination,
black coats of oil and grease were found in gay abundance,
the aquatic family then scolded the impetuous humans,
for polluting its saline composition in the quest for displaying nuclear superiority.

he had simply no inhibitions,
lived life in high esteem and loads of respect,
inspite of not witnessing a single ray of light since birth,
executed all his tasks to immaculate perfection,
leaning heavily on his stick with stripes of white and red,
traversing miles of territory,
with an assemblage of gruesome blackness as his faithful companion,
he thought several times of scolding the creator like his counterpart mates
mentioned above,
although he refrained registering his complaint,
he possessed a rock solid opinion,
it was better to exist being obscured from light,
than not to live at all.

3. SEASIDE HUT

I lived all life in seaside hut,
with frothy spray bearing granules of salt,

dripping through octagon cavities of straw cane roof,
sheets of loose sand whistling past glass pane,
long tapered pine laden with juicy coconut,
showered in plenty with strong draughts of wind,
hairy crabs peeping from wet cocoons of sand,
royal horse carts making spiral journeys in coastal mud,
smart navy ships at obscure distances from humansight,
sleek motor boats churning through white waves,
plaintive wooden rafts with projecting fishing net,
mammoth piers of resistant timber, securing ship rope,
fiber glass stalls selling coconut flesh,
stray vendors mixing iced candy,
toddlers drilling awesome shapes in sand,
teenagers rubbing liquid sun tan lotion,
grey haired masses walking at brisk pace,
fleet of cranes sipping brackish water,
agilitic birds capsizing fish in moulded beak,
acidic sunlight heating ocean in day,
moonlit rays pacifying sea thirst at night,
huge assemblage of waters crashing against black rock,
with sea swelling in leaps and bounds,
in torrential agony of cloud rain,
and warm gulps of herbal tea,
I simply love my seaside hut.

4. SERIAL KILLER

The car shot at high speeds through deserted lanes,
trampling scraps of paper, bushy outgrowths of foliage,
zipping at speeds escalating by the minute,
leaving truck loads of plain golden dust behind.

his hands were smudged with cold blood,
sweatshirt of rich denim clung to his waist,
tinted strips of glass shielded his savage eyes,
stubby fingers poked from tightly stitched leather gloves,
bulging muscle almost tore his shirt sleeve,
streaks of sun tan blended perfect with ruddy complexion,
long strands of auburn hair looked gruesomely brutal,
thick chains of pure gold hung from short neck bone,
uncut fingernails contained crusts of human blood,
a gleaming gun barrel projected from trouser pocket,
heavy perspiration trickled down his arms and cheek,
wailing horns of the police now reached him loud and stringent,

the cops were hot on his trail since decades,
although he eluded them on more occasions than once.

this time the scenario looked dismally distraught,
he knew had few breaths now to breathe,
reminiscences of past misdeeds flooded his mind,
those days of ruling as a professional killer had now faded into oblivion,
the car swerved violently,
came to an abrupt halt striking against heavy tree lumber,
buckets of blood leaked from mutilated parts of his body,
infinite bones of his body lay crushed beneath the burning debris,
slender windpipe of breath now split in halves,
the once saluted form lay completely lifeless,
as a volley of bullets erupted from compact pistol apertures,
aimed at random to assassinate all traces of the serial killer.

5. THANKING THE CREATOR

If i lost a leg in vagaries of disdainful war,
i would limp for the remainder of my disillusioning life,
thanking the Creator for having blessed me with a twin pair of sturdy feet.

if my persona was brusquely submerged in gruesome darkness,
dazzling light of the sun seemed as smudged outlines of molten ice-cream,
i would thank the creator for bestowing upon me the hind sight of hearing.

if daintily painted coats of my nail got severely punctured,
the skin peeling off with droplets of pure blood,
i would thank god for embedding hollow sockets of my arm with iron hands
jutting out.

if infinite hair on my scalp tumbled down in lackluster unison,
rendering my head resembling a barren ocean; bereft of goldfish,
i would thank the almighty for endowing me with the power to regenerate.

if i sporadically lost the gift of eloquent speech,
incorrigibly failing in my attempts to utter the faintest of sound,
i would heartily thank god for showering me with the gift of effusive expression.

if my heartbeats temporarily deserted me at midnight,
my face contorting spasmodically gripped with the onset of deathly paralysis,
i would convey my thanks to the creator; for atleast sparing my life.

and if my beloved departed tragically for her expedition to heaven,

relinquishing me alone in a world of abhorrence and corruption,
with nostalgic memories of the times we laughed,
broke down into tears at the slightest of provocation,
i would still thank the almighty for the time he kept her,
for me to obsessively admire; on this earth.

6. THE FINAL VERDICT

I draped my silhouette in flowing robes of immaculate silk,
With golden brooches extruding out from the exquisitely stitched chicken collar,
An aromatic rose embossed solitarily in the upper pocket,
With the piquant musk cologne diffusing haphazardly from my cheek,
And a conspicuous triangle of sandalwood luminating large on tender regions of my forehead.

When I came in proximity with a leper; he passed eloquent remarks commenting,
On the impeccable complexion exhibited by my radiantly supple skin.

When I confronted a person bereft of sight; he scrupulously appreciated,
The sonorous crispness that was incorporated in my stringent voice.

When I inadvertently collided with a pedestrian; divested of the gift of sound
and speech,
He exorbitantly admired the varity of blended color that was visible to the
naked eye.

When I traversed past a person; walking with crutches to support his mutilated leg,
He cast lingering glances towards the bulging muscle that clung to my impregnable
feet.

When I encountered a ragamuffin beggar; strolling through the vacant street,
He riveted his gaze cupidly towards the prominent projections in my trouser pocket.

When I met an illiterate individual; using his ink coated thumb to sign a sheaf of
documents,
He glanced at me with abhorrent prejudice; cursing my dexterous ability to write
and speak.

When I came in close association with an opulent businessman,
He gauged me suspiciously; contemplating various sources of my possible income.

When I came in cahoots with a professionally acknowledged wrestler,
He clasped my wrist in his invincible grip; thereby testing eventual aftermath's of my
grip.

When I came face to face with a belligerent soldier,
He made ludicrous mockery of my attire; haughtily envisaging his own dress on
the border.

When I came abreast of a rustic villager; carrying a bludgeon in his hand,
He stared unrelentingly; praising the contemporary styling of my clothes.

And finally when I met the girl I loved; she said I was looking voluptuously
enchanting,
Flooding a myriad of open spaces on my shirt with passionate kisses,
I then fell in an enigmatic trance; disdainfully shrugging the opinions of a
host of people I had previously encountered, with bountiful arenas in my mind
considering her remarks as the final verdict.

7. THE DAY – PART 2

the day she sobbed with unsubiding hysteria,
i would try and assassinate the reason for her agony from its very existent roots.

the day she slept barefoot; bearing the tumultuous onslaught of winter winds,
i would cover her trembling body with furry skin of mountain bear.

the day she bruised her skin; with prolific streams of blood oozing out,
i would kiss it with passionate warmth; leaving it for it to heal with bonds of our
omnipresent love.

the day she sequestered herself in realms of isolation,
i would make her violently laugh to exit from vigils of solitary boredom.

the day she sneezed incessantly; with heat soaring to Herculean proportions in her
body,
i would prepare sizzling hot cupfuls of incense tea; for her to get some respite.

the day she complained of her temples throbbing,
i would massage her scalp with deft strokes of my palm.

the day she giggled freely with a pack of lecherous strangers,
i would scold her for betraying me; with my anger rising to unprecedented limits.

the day she seemed exhausted to raise her feet,
i would hoist her on my shoulders to make her witness the outside world.

the day she screamed at me for arriving late,
i would try and pacify her anger by tickling her vociferously.

the day she seemed hapless while knitting me a sweater,
i would try and execute fervent attempts to solve her dilemma.

the day she was struck viciously by deathly fangs of the garden snake,
i would extract the venom with my teeth; bringing her back to consciousness.

and the day she said she wanted to terminate our relationship; leaving me forever,
i would simply have no other option but to die.

8. CRAVINGS

When I lay languidly sprawled on a king poster bed; emollient with a scent of
mesmerizing rose,
There was an insatiable craving in the body to sleep.

When I came in proximity with an appetizing meal of cold salad; blended with
sea petrel,
There were irresistible cravings in the starved bowels to eat.

When there hung an immaculate bandanna at right angles to my vision,
There developed an inevitable craving to expurgate my nostrils; and sneeze.

When I saw white water tumbling down the undulating mountain,
There arose unfathomable cravings in my persona to stand beneath it; and bathe.

When I came in lethal confrontation with a cluster of venomous snake,
There was an indispensable craving in my legs; to gallop at rollicking pace and flee.

When I alighted the majestically strong demeanour of a race stallion,
There was a ubiquitous craving in my mind; to traverse the race course at
swashbuckling speed.

When I jumped aboard the ship; into sapphire waters of the fathomless ocean,
There were desperate cravings that proliferated in my body; to swim.

When my fellow counterparts tyrannized me; victimizing me as the subject of
ludicrous laughter,
There arose sporadic cravings in my tongue to stringently retaliate.

When I was on the verge of freezing in chilly winds of arctic winter,
There arose profound cravings to burn a grandiloquent fire; and warm my numb feet.

When I was chased by a striped leopard in dense camouflage of the jungle,

There was an overwhelming craving to clamber up the tree; and hide in the myriad of branches.

When I walked bedraggled; through silver soil of the scorched desert,
There was an ingratiating craving for sipping cool water; thereby sustaining precious life.

When there were stacks of resplendent gold lying unguarded on the solitary street,
There were intractable cravings to permeate through the heap; and pilfer.

When one of my siblings left prematurely for his heavenly abode,
There were nostalgic cravings in the eyes to sob hysterically and emit water.

And when the ethereal shadow of my beloved unveiled in entirety; before my silhouette,
There was an intransigent craving in my lips to kiss her; and love.

9. WASHING TANK

Crisp cotton shirt had developed stains of spilled coffee,
parallel velvet tie was coated with grease,
white spun vests resembled coal tar dustcloth,
flower embossed handkerchief smelt like rotten fish,
massive piles of square bedsheets showed blotches of saffron oil,
a heap of bandages contained liquefied yellow pus,
wrinkle free trousers had fresh traces of sea mud,
infinite pair of woolen socks lay like decayed brown,
triangular head caps were submerged in streaks of violet sweat,
plush upholstery covers showed smudges of wet muddy feet,
the colossal mansion was in a complete mess,
with dirt converging in animosity on every visible piece of clean cloth.

i took bulky amounts of carbolic powder,
several tablets of rough textured soap,
compact biscuits of chemically charged detergent,
blended the concoction of soap and powder granule,
in a deep tank containing crystal ground water,
stirred elastic walls of the solvent with a wooden bat,
creating gargantuan amount of pungent soapy froth,
dissolved the tonnes of soiled dirt cloth,
way down in the dark slimy interiors of my ever reliable hexagonal washing tank

10. TANGIBLE FORMS OF MUD

White specks of dust were visible floating in the air,
as acrimonious beams of sunshine filtered through the dark room.

golden splinters of sawdust flew in bountiful amounts,
as the serrated periphery of carpenter file, sank deep in the body of rich slabs of
mahogany wood.

granules of silver sand blew gustily in the air,
colliding with the eyeball at turbulent velocities,
as volatile bursts of wind hoisted them high in the air,
blessing them magnanimous degrees of elevation.

morbid chunks of graveyard soil stuck to my boots,
as i trespassed the solitary mass of humid land,
weaving my way through a network of coffins,
bearing crucified souls of those buried alive during war.

i lost ergonomic proportions of poise and balance,
hurtling face down towards rock iron sheets of ground concrete,
as my feet caressed disdainful cakes of cow dung plaster,
the slimy sheath of natural manure prompting me to fall like a pack of cards.

my skin glittered like pure gold,
infinite arenas of my flesh exhibited looks of freshly painted silver,
there was a mystical radiance overflowing from my eyes,
as i soaped myself vigorously with handfuls of richly scented fertile mud.

11. IF THE WORLD WAS UPSIDE DOWN

if gigantic silhouette of the peepal tree was rotated upside down,
countless fibers of moistened roots would shiver in the wind,
leafy bunches of lush green foliage would be buried deep beneath the ground,
with a host of animals living in proximity with the earth.

if the dexterously sculptured flower vase was kept upside down,
soiled extracts of plant water would leak out in ecstatic frenzy.

if conically tapered blocks of the mountain were inverted upside down,
the slender nosed tip would refrain to bear the onerous load of hillock,
and the formidable structure would collapse like a soft packs of playing cards.

if the glass facaded bungalow was revolved upside down,
heaps of furniture would tumble down with a sigh,
water oozing from infinite cavities of the shower would try and kiss the sky.

if princely cars traverse rough carpets of roads upside down,
occupants would solely relinquish ideas of inhabiting hem,
chrome topped assembly of roof would screech in high pitched tunes of discordance.
if the colossal brick structure of the clock tower was placed upside down,
there would be inevitable confusions of time,
with people having to perspire all night and sleep with a perpetual bliss all Sunlit day.

if humans trespassed upside down on the surface of obdurate ground,
they would be in intimate contacts with slithering snake and ant,
growing bald every minute with glistening scalps,
with their legs oblivious to the art of walking ,
baking like unconsumed cakes in harsh rays of the Sun.

12. TAILS

When the rustic horned cow swished its slender tail,
hordes of buzzing flies absconded at fast pace for saving their lives.

when the fur coated sheep dog wagged its angular tail,
there were waves of euphoric ecstasy that hovered around his persona.

when the radiant eyed tawny cat fluttered her bulky tail,
it was an evident signal that she could ferociously attack any moment.

when the acrobatic monkey swayed its nimble tail,
several of its progeny hung to it; making merry in sedative currents of autumn breeze.

when the rubicund complexioned chameleon caressed her tail with ground,
it was a symbol of optimism; highlighting her perennial urge to hunt.

when the serrated skin alligator flashed its menacing tail,
the beast conveyed exorbitant amounts of pleasure; while basking in the midday Sun.

when the fast track stallion batted its aspirant tail,
there was an accentuated indication of his charged emotions; at the commencement of
race.

when a battalion of red ants flickered their tails,
they danced with blissful harmony in a godown stashed full with salubrious
food grain.

when the colossal sized dinosaur moved its Herculean tail,
virgin expanses of solid earth; diffused into inarticulate crevices of gaping hole.

and when the omnipotent demeanour of Godhead lifted his tail,
he hoisted the entire universe with overwhelming spurts of ease,
on which lived the affluent, the poor, the animate and intangible; and a host of
animals which had previously swished their tails.

13. TABLET OF SOAP

Washing tonnes of daily dirt,
a hexagon shaped carbolic bar,
producing gargantuan amount of froth when rubbed vigorously,
obnoxious odour when mixed with fruit juice,
waves of scented euphoria for bulk of the day,
scraping blanket of germs from skin,
whitewashing body with germicidal paint brush,
gently caressing flesh with rich lather,
culminating into elastic bubble spray,
blending superbly with tepid tap water,
fumigating scalp hair, slaying chains of dandruff,
reinvigorating natural electric balance of body,
extremely bitter in taste with a mesmerizing smell,
a thorough essential inhabiting wash rooms,
available in plain, multicolored bars, wrapped in gaudy paper,
transforming breathing idols of dirt, to immaculate Gods,
also used for washing, smudged clothes,
long silky curls of animal skin,
initiating allergic reaction while entering the eye,
is my beautiful red luxury tablet of soap

14. SWIMMING POOL

The crystal water looked marvelously blue,
shining like a glowworm in the infectious moonlight,
filled in a hexagon tank lined with pure sandstone,
with,
stainless metal slides converging down from amazing
heights,
long strips of diving board for a headlong plunge,
crisscrossed threads of netlon bifurcating it into equal halves,
large injections of disinfectant added at fixed intervals of time,
cozy changing rooms stacked with luxury towel,
mega perfume canisters for swimming in ecstasy,
inflated circular rings of rubber for wading through the deep,
an ambience of pine tree and sprawling lawn proved more than conducive,

the swimming pool was a treat to the eye in blistering heat of the summer month.

i couldn't resist any further,
waves of exhilaration dismantled sensible imagery,
as i clambered short rungs of the steep ladder,
gave a shrill scream, relishing thoroughly the icy waters,
after plummeting 50 feet down from,
the ergonomically sculptured diving board.

15. SWEAT

Slender slices of steel acquired the complexion of molten curry,
when amber flames of the fire licked their persona with savage heat.

infinite blades of lush green grass were camouflaged in dew drops,
after blissful long spells of winter night sleep.

brutally scorched skin of desert camel oozed droplets of water,
when struck by incessant heat reigning with immense fervour in all quarters.

ornate petals of the red daisy produced nectar in abundance,
after hosting a cluster of humming bees having fertile sacs of golden honey.

concrete walls embodied with red brick displayed slimy coats of moisture,
after brand new strokes of ravishing wall paint.

the ergonomically sculptured car seat felt amazingly humid,
after i inhabited it, sank on it relishing my posture, for unsurpassable lengths of time.

the surface of earth vomited Herculean amounts of sizzling lava,
imprisoned within its innermost core for decades in strangulation.

colossal masses of rich black clouds excreted gallons of water,
when hovering in close proximity with the green periphery of earth.

wild branches of the raspberry tree expurgated fat globules of bitter milk,
as i adroitly ripped their skins with my fingernails.

my body perspired like hell when thoroughly exposed to currents of warm Sunshine,
as blistering waves of heat sapped reserve quota's of energy,
sweating like an untamed pig all along the sultry ambience of pitch dark night.

16. PERFECT EXAMPLES

Moist lotus flower coated with dewdrop paint,
floating in dark green jungle waters,
faded pink in color, thorny stalk buried in slimy river bottom,
with swarms of honey bees clawing wildly for nectar,
is a perfect example of uninhibited ravishing beauty.

white water springs descending down the mountain slope,
washing tonnes of dirt in its flow,
gurgling mystically while meandering through ground stone,
bacteria free liquid when bottled at source,
is a perfect example of spotless crystalline purity.

dazzling rays emanating from golden sun ball,
imparting heat to all planets in the solar system,
feeding a plethora of green shrub throughout the day,
fumigating disease on earth with stringent pools of Sunshine,
is a perfect example of priceless and abundant light.

hot streams of liquid bubbling beneath parched core of earth,
trapped for years by bulky mass of mud and rock,
gushing velocity causing irregular cracks,
annihilating all life existing, submerging it in oceans of boiler heat,
is a perfect example of unfathomable power of dormant lava.

17. SUN TEMPLE

The atmosphere was enveloped with raspberry essence,
octagon pillars held the vast expanse of egg shaped roof,
mystical scriptures were engraved on stone,
the floor was strewn with century old clay,
the exquisite elevation was an architectural treat,
a trio of saffron flags blew on towering roof,
tubular well was 1000 feet deep in belly of earth,
the dungeons contained armoury of knife, and gleaming sword,
the idol of sun god hissed fire,
the sacrificial altar, was smeared with holy ash,
metal boards showcased clippings of war,
melodious sounds, a ramification of ,
brass tongues striking golden bodied bell,
blistering sunshine baked the structure in day,
effeminate light of the moon embraced it all night,
ivory tusks projected from stuffed elephants in crimson grey,
ornamental doors were embroidered with brass,
a grisly haired guide, held bulky manuscripts,

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