

Hide and Seek – part 6 – 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 6 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. TABLE SALT

When I rolled ravenously in it; inscribing incoherent patterns in the powder
with my big toe,
It stuck to innumerable pores of my tender skin; poignantly tickling every part of my
body.

When I smeared a parsimonious amount of it on my tongue; the taste buds
instantly stood up; as if after a marathon period of prolonged rest,
My throat cried for water soon after; to pacify its inevitable thirst.
When I sprinkled it gently in the drifting breeze; it rose high and handsome in the
atmosphere; adhering to the crisp tree leaves,
While some part of it descended down painstakingly; causing my eyes to profusely
water as it barged in forcefully.

When I blended it with pure water; vigorously stirring the concoction till it spewed
bubbles of sparkling froth,
The elixir produced was wholesomely spicy to drink; and I washed my mouth
scrupulously clean; after consuming a few sips.

When I rubbed it fervently against the periphery of succulent fruit; completely
engulfing the same with its surplus fillings,
The berry remained as fresh as ever even after several weeks had elapsed;
unperturbed by the onslaught of deleterious insects.

When mixed it with the chocolate brown soil; it acquired evanescent tinges of cream,
The mud now looked far more enticing; with streaks of impeccable white clearly
accentuated.

When I heated it on the stove to form a composite bar of soap; it willingly underwent
the metamorphosis,
And I felt hot fumes emanating from my persona; when I took bath with it.

When I hurled it mischievously at passing pedestrians; they were partially

perplexed by my uncanny behavior,
Their initial anger soon converted into intense indignation; as they were left
scratching their flesh raw till it bled.

When I dissolved colossal pints of it in the fathomless ocean; it was supremely
grateful,
Thanking me from its heart for submerging it back; in the place it actually belonged
to.

And eventually when I added frugal pinches of it in my food; my supper transited to
the tastiest of all times,
With commensurate proportions of sweetness and spice; overwhelmingly gratifying
the pangs of hunger in my stomach,
It was now that my bottle of table salt had served me to its absolute best;
had indeed embodied lots of color to my spiceless life

2. FOOTPRINTS

When the colossal dinosaur traversed through the marshy soil; there occurred a
deafening roar; the entire family of jungle beasts saluted him,
However he left behind a trail of triangular footprints; bohemian and gigantic; that
made onlookers uneasy; by merely glimpsing the same.

When the hunch backed camel ambled languidly through the desert; I paid him
flowing tributes of adulation; for unceasingly bearing the tyranny of scorching heat,
However he left behind a semicircular array of footprints; which appeared
pretty insipid and nonchalant.

When the stray dog ran across the wet road; he was a sight to stare; with his
furry coat now camouflaged in muddy water,
However he left behind a battalion of messy footprints; which caused disdainful
blemishes on the surface.

When the handsome horse galloped across the racetrack; he looked majestic and
grandiloquent; panting with spurts of exuberant energy,
However he left behind an incongruous design of footprints which were crudely
square in shape; punctuating cavities in the hard ground.

When the olive green and serrated skinned crocodile slithered through the
river banks; he looked domineering and awe inspiring,
However he left behind an armory of deadly footprints; which caused sumptuous
food in the belly of innocuous trespassers to violently churn.

When the protuberant bellied ducks paraded through clayey farm mud; they

appeared a sight to feast on; with their yellow beaks dazzling brilliantly in the Sun,
However they left behind a jugglery of diamond shaped footprints; which perpetuated incorrigible stains in the spotless kitchen.

When the black striped panther aimlessly loitered through the tropical grass; he looked like a royal prince; embodied with the whitest of silken whisker,
However he left behind a fleet of monstrously incoherent footprints; which scrupulously lead the hunter to his den.

When the nefarious robber stealthily crept across the soil; he left me dumbfounded;
clad in the blackest of attire; with a snake hood camouflaging his face,
However he left behind a volley of deplorable footprints; which helped the police to trace and apprehend him.

And when she walked on the cold floor with bare feet; it shivered as if caressed by a celestial fairy; having just descended from the realms of heaven,
Also the footprints that she left behind were perfectly synchronized; were the most mesmerizing that I had ever sighted on the trajectory of this earth.

3. DIVIDERS

A divider of polished bricks separated the road; segregating a battalion of traffic meticulously,
Preventing unruly accidents; ensuring that vehicles traversed at electric speeds.

A divider of thunder clouds separated the crystal sky from earth,
Obfuscating it from indispensable sunshine; inundating its surface with an ocean of stormy rain.

A divider of dense leaf; separated the slender tree from the wind,
Cloistering it from uncouth gaze of trespassers; impregnating it with loads of passionate warmth.

A divider of charged barbed wire; separated the house from the illuminated street;
Harboring its occupants in fortified custody; shielding them from vindictive glances of the society.

A divider of entwined fur; separated the grizzly bear from atmosphere,
Protecting his skin from freezing winds and bitter cold; incorporating his persona with a thoroughly mystical look.

A divider of radiant flowers; separated the orchard from the polluted city,
Flooding the air with a sweet fragrance of piquant scent; attracting scores of bees to hum in rambunctious discordance.

A divider of feathers; separated the majestic peacock from the unethical vulture,
Depicting its magnanimous splendor to all in vicinity; spreading waves of wild
euphoria when spotted in rain.

A divider of blistering sand; separated the desert from common land,
Granting it the status of being virtually invincible; hosting a plethora of kingly cactus
and crab.

A divider of brutality separated; the devil from sacrosanct God,
Assassinating blissful traces of benevolence; rendering the world a disaster to live in.

And a divider of her perpetual love; separated me from the mundane earth,
Saving me from the tyranny of blending with the deplorable; imprisoning me in
bonds of celestial romance.

4. WHEN THE TIME ARRIVED TO SLEEP

The venomous black beetle stung naked patches of innocuous skin; injecting paltry
vials of its poison,
Was considered a deleterious hazard; had people swishing at it with entwined
broomsticks,
Yet when the time arrived to sleep; she took refuge in the dainty petals of crimson
rose.

The alligator revealed its ghastly teeth in the brilliant Sunlight; decimated the animate
and inanimate in its proximity,
Mercilessly slaughtered scores of humans; clusters of big fish,
Yet when the time arrived to sleep; it took refuge in the sedately tranquil waters of
the jungle stream.

The multilegged spider entangled innumerable insects with glow; devouring the same
with tumultuous relish,
Annihilating its prey; submerging it in its piquantly bitter juice,
Yet when the time arrived to sleep; it took refuge in the compassionate leaves of the
tree; silken threads of its mesmerizing web.

The mystical reptile slithered stealthily through the bushes; furtively pilfering the
eggs of the mother bird,
Raising its hood high at oblivious trespassers; striking them with its toxic fangs,
Yet when the time arrived to sleep; it took refuge in the immaculate dark burrows of
the nimble ground.

The ruffled grey lizard traversed up the wall at electric speeds,

Capsizing its prey in a vise like grip; crunching it viciously in its jaws,
Yet when the time arrived to sleep; it took refuge in the hollow of the tree;
camouflaged a little by moisture from the soil.

The impeccable little infant cried unrelentingly all day; banging his tiny fists in
the cradle,
Inundating spotless sheets of cloth; with natural spray of disdainful
effluent,
Yet when the time arrived to sleep; it took blissful refuge; nestling within the warm
arms of his mother.

All of us inhabiting the earth inadvertently commit a plethora of mistakes,
Sometimes not adhering to the sacrosanct norms laid by society; indignantly stamping
our feet at frugal issues,
Yet when the time arrives to perish from this earth and sleep; we all take refuge in the
magnanimous shadow of the omniscient Creator.

5. THE TREE OF LOVE

The apple tree swayed frivolously in the air; bearing crimson crested fruit peeping out
from its dense foliage,
However as came freezing winter; its leaves wore a shriveled look; inevitably feeling
the chill and sporadically falling to the ground.

The cherry tree looked awe inspiring and magnificent from a distance; with succulent
balls of incongruous shapes clinging to its tendrils,
However as the wind blew mightily; stormy currents of air collided with it; infinite
berries fell down on earth; rendering it as a pathetic sight to witness.

The coconut tree appeared domineering; standing at unprecedented heights from the
mud; firmly holding its ground in the tenacious ocean breeze,
However as I shook it; exerting all my power assiduously assisted by my fellow mates;
the hard shell fell with a thump on the floor; snapping apart into scores of
asymmetrical halves.

The maple tree looked like an angel descended from the sky; with its golden leaves
shimmering in the sunshine,
However as the vigils of autumn took over; it now resembled a threadbare urchin;
shivering incessantly as the slightest of current struck its naked persona.

The mango tree appeared enticing and voluptuous; with a conglomerate of brilliant
shell adhering to it faithfully,
However the same replicated and impoverished beggar; as a battalion of red ant and
woodpecker; nibbled passionately at its flaccid fruit.

The fir tree looked enchanting in the moonlight; producing sweet volley of rustling voices,
However as snow fell unrelentingly from the sky; its branches drooped towards the slope; unable to bear the tyranny of ice any longer.

The Banyan tree appeared impregnable; with its century old roots dangling impeccably like compactly entwined threads,
However it developed a series of gaping holes in its silhouette; as a fleet of parasitic termites attacked it voraciously from all sides.

The Fig tree looked a sight to feast under the blistering Sun; with rubicund slices of fruit embellishing its persona,
However as the diabolical owl inhabited it at night; people shirked away from it in utter abhorrence; as much as they had initially loved it.

The Lemon tree growing in my backyard appeared pretty phlegmatic; slowly gyrating with the breeze; bearing a bunch of poignant fruit,
However it soon dried up into a mangled heap; when I inadvertently forgot to feed it with salubrious manure and water.

And the Tree of Our Immortal Love looked the most splendid of them all; bearing perennial fruit in all seasons; unhampered by the onset of the most thunderous rain and snow; unperturbed by the pandemonium going on in the world,
It had stood the test of all times; stood as formidable as the Omnipotent Creator; for fathomless centuries; even after we had evacuated the soil of this earth.

6. FIREWOOD AND BEER

When I lit a fire in the peak of sweltering summer; with the Sun dazzling to a fiery radiance in the sky,
Amalgamating pieces of dry logwood and scores of incongruously shaped leaves,
Adding several sheets of crumpled paper along with a plethora of dilapidated brick,
The conflagration caught fumes rapidly; with amber flames leaping at electric speeds towards the clouds,
However I soon extinguished the blaze splashing gigantic buckets of river water; as I could no longer bear the tumultuous heat; with large beads of sweat trickling down my nape.

When I lit a fire under the ominously dark sky; with the thunder clouds partially obliterating my gaze,
The Sun playing hide and seek like a frivolous maiden; appearing for flash seconds; then disappearing again for marathon hours of time,

An ambience of ethereal blackness encompassing the atmosphere; with birds making their journeys homewards,
The majestic peacock spreading the plumage of its kingly feathers; to mesmerizing semicircles,
The fumes no doubt rose to unprecedented heights; however they soon subsided in entirety; as torrential showers of rain came pelting down.

When I lit a fire midway through autumn; with tropical trees sporadically shedding their foliage,
Gathering dead chunks of dilapidated timber; impregnating them with a bulky sheaf of burnt grass blades,
The tepid stream waters gently striking my dreary toes; profoundly accentuated ripples causing high rising waves,
Melodious chirping of the nightingale permeating the air; with a conglomerate of enchanting sounds,
The fumes had a merry time as they swirled in the air; however I annihilated the same; beating them frantically with gunny bags; as they interfered with the moderately cool air hitting my eyes.

And when I lit a fire amidst the snow clad mountain; in the acridly blowing breeze of chilly winter,
Painstakingly managing to ignite the lumber twigs and leaf; rekindling it incessantly with intermittent applications of the rake,
Shielding it from the irrevocable onslaught of gusty winds; camouflaging it under a canvas tent,
A drum replete with lager beer placed by my shivering persona; I felt warm waves of heat instantly soothing the array of goose bumps formed on my skin,
Expressed gratitude from the inner most core of my heart; to the firewood and beer for saving my life from the freezing cold

7. YOUNG AT HEART

The leaves of the tree withered at the onset of autumn; rendering it as bare and a pathetic sight to witness,
Although the body and trunk were still alive; did scream passionately as the wind slapped and caressed them.

The most majestic of reptile shed its skin while undergoing a metamorphosis of seasons; partially annihilating its grandeur,
Although its slithering body still traversed in circuitous routes; and its fangs were ready to strike injecting lethal venom.

The mountain sheep had their fur sheared for weaving thermal contrivances; leaving their appearance as shabbily disgraceful,

Although they still wandered in harmony on the colossal slopes; bleated in unison as dusk stealthily approached.

The austere Sun God shed its brightness as nightfall took over; resembling an insipid reflection of its original identity,
Although it still shone brilliantly the next morning; illuminating stringently every bit of cloistered gloom.

The slender iron nail lost all its gloss as monsoon showers poured incessantly from the sky; giving it a deplorable appearance,
Although it still maintained the capacity of being embodied in the wall; and still had the hostility of piercing the inflated balloon.

The fermented barrel of milk lay bereft of immaculate white color; resembling worthless chunks of flaccid curd,
Although it still produced an extremely piquant taste; had reasonably high levels of salubrious nutrition.

The flying birds sheds infinite numbers of feathers each day; looking bedraggled after being stripped of their kingly plumage,
Although they still retained the power to fly; soaring high up in the air and procreating their progeny.

The banana after peeling its intricate skin appeared as dilapidated urchin; shivering uncontrollably in the wind,
Although it was sumptuous and relishing to eat; and its pulp caused ravishing sensations in the buds of taste.

The biscuits of gold after losing their shine; resembled the mundane coin; failed to captivate attention,
Although they still had the same value; could fetch their owners an astronomical fortune when judiciously traded.

And all the old folks traversing the streets; looked a sight to profoundly sympathize; clinging tightly to their walking sticks,
Although they still had the power to love; the power to overwhelmingly fantasize; as they were young and innocent at heart

8. THE PUNCH

When I punched a bag replete with mud; overflowing to the brim with bountiful food grain,
There flew tones of dust in the still air; of which some settled in my nose; partially obscuring my vision.

When I punched an inflated balloon in its midriff; infinite molecules of gas escaped in fury,
There was an obstreperous sound produced; which almost ripped apart intricate arenas of my eardrum.

When I punched the colossal sized melon with my fists; the shell broke open into incommensurate halves,
A myriad of fleshy splinters flew everywhere in the air; and the slimy juice languidly cascaded down my immaculate face.

When I punched the solid baked brick; exerting tumultuous pressure against its navel,
Shards of disdainful concrete entered my crystalline eye; alongwith a series of fracture that enveloped my knuckle.

When I punched the heavyweight champion in the solar plexus; there was a conglomerate of fetid sweat droplets that stung me with alacrity,
His esteem got thoroughly provoked and he pulverized me to dust displaying his overpowering brawn.

When I punched biscuits of pure gold; glittering impeccably in the enchanting moonshine,
My fingers acquired faint tinges of yellow; and I profoundly regretted the wastage that I had produced.

When I punched the venomous reptile that hung from the tree; trying to frivolously fondle with its skin,
The monster bared its fangs in vindication; hissing vociferously and eventually inserting its deadly poison in my flesh.

When I punched the assembly of scintillating mirror; it diffused into a myriad of minuscule fragments,
My reflection now appeared comically distorted; and droplets of crimson blood oozed from my palms as an aftermath.

When I punched the power horn in the truck; applying unrelenting pressure from my wrists,
There was a deafening noise that was produced; instantly overpowering the natural ethos prevailing in the atmosphere.

And finally when I punched my heart; using the full power of my hands,
There echoed only once voice; there seemed only once face; and there seemed only one God; and all of them were my mesmerizing beloved.

9. COILED SPRINGS

I leapt audaciously from the balcony rail; hurtling at full speeds towards the obdurate ground,
However I escaped without a scar to my skin; and all my bones solidly agglutinated to each other.

I plummeted from the top floor of the edifice; increasing my velocity as I approached the ground,
However I got up instantly a few seconds after the fall; smiling frivolously at the austere Sun.

I jumped from the aircraft flying at unprecedented heights; floating gradually towards the earth,
However when I did land; I thoroughly maintained my stoicism; and refrained to cry.

I plunged from unfathomable heights of the diving board into the pool; cascading as straight as an arrow into the waters,
However as I fell with a thunderous roar; I swam up to the surface feeling unperturbed by the commotion.

I tripped inadvertently from the roof while playing; heading in perfect alignment with the rocky stones,
However my flesh didn't bleed neither did my eyes tear; even after the deafening impact.

I was pushed into the thousand feet deep well by a bunch of miscreants; as my cries echoed through the slimy walls,
However as I tasted the blend of frog and dead fish; I still escaped unhurt and with an enchanting glow in my eyes.

I flung myself from the tall tree to flee from the venomous reptiles; diving head on towards an assemblage of wildly sprawled thorns,
However after landing I gazed pacifically at the opalescent moon; unfazed and relishing my close proximity with the thorns.

I stepped out of the speeding train; catapulting several kilometers before I came to a state of inertia,
However at last when I discovered my breath; there were no signs at all of broken bones or deadly fracture.

Well I think the time is conducive to reveal the secret that lay imprisoned in my heart,
I had worn large rings of coiled springs completely encompassing my back,

Flocculent foams of Dunlop compactly fitted to my persona; with satin balls of cotton clinging like a new born to my cheek,
The cotton and coiled springs had saved me on umpteenth an occasion; granting me a chance to live and profoundly admire the beauty that I saw.

10. QUESTIONS

I asked the road; the things that perturbed her the most,
She replied saying; that she was mutilated every unleashing minute,
By the juggernaut of trucks; and cloud showers of swollen rain.

I asked a cluster of fish in the monsoon river; about the ultimate fantasy of their lives,
The answer that followed was studded with arduous lines of brevity,
As they unanimously dreamt of swimming in stormy waves of the ocean.

I asked the domestic lizard to narrate its tale of woes,
It didn't ponder even for a fraction of a second; curtly saying that it was a paucity of succulent insect that kept her starved these days.

I asked the bleary eyed moon to impassively blurt out its agony,
The celestial figure in the cosmos retorted with a volley of eloquent expletives,
Blaming a fleet of monstrous spaceships; pilfering its exquisite decorum.

I asked the merrily swaying trees; to recount the expeditions of the blistering day,
They retaliated with traumatic screams; with white blood trickling down their entirety,
Rebuking the farmer; who had sliced them down for his daily fodder.

I asked stray dogs in the street about their conditions of blissful health,
They made gallant mockery of my question barking; we aren't fastidious about food;
All we need is a solitary place to sleep.

I then questioned my tangible heart to disclose its candid feelings,
There were mystical vibrations which shook my entire silhouette,
Beads of cold sweat camouflaged my shock of black hair,
As it responded to my query saying; that it wanted to imprison forever,
Possess for times immemorial the holistic form it loved on this earth.

11. THE AIR WHICH MY MOTHER BREATHED

The air leaking from the air-conditioner was ergonomically cold,
Pacifying tumultuous anger of people; frantically quarreling in the acrimonious summer heat.

The air diffusing from the ground; after fresh spells of monsoon rain,

Possessed a heavenly aroma of unbaked grass; tantalizing the nostrils into a partial stupor.

The air emanating from saline waves of the ocean; was blended with fine spray of sand,
Revived nostalgic reminiscences of the evanescent past; impregnating the body with the spirit of adventure.

The air in close proximity with parched sands of desert; was like a sizzling inferno,
Was not conducive to breathe; provoking loud yelps and screams when caressed by nimble pair of feet.

The air prevailing at astronomical heights of the mountain precipice; was astoundingly thin,
Leading to austere problems of suffocation; camouflaging the face with mighty cylinders of oxygen.

The air floating in the dilapidated mansion; was blended with truckloads of dust,
Prompted iterative bouts of sneezing; had an obnoxious stench of dead rat and literature.

The air circulating in the cake shop; was ingratiatingly ravishing,
Inundating innumerable bowels with insatiable hunger; acting as an inevitable stimulant to eat.

The air revolving round the dense foliage of trees; was as pure as an angel,
Expurgating its harmful ingredients into the blanket of leaves; acquiring the sedate calm of shining moon.

The air imprisoned inside a rubber balloon; died a gruesome death every unleashing minute,
Got perpetual freedom in the end; as the contraption burst with obstreperous bangs.

The air that flowed out of humid nostrils; was luke warm in temperature,
Revealing a plethora of passion captivated within the soul; highlighting the zest to lead life.

And the air my mother hissed down my persona; was the most immaculate of them all,
For it was the very air that had created me; the air that had articulately nourished my arms and feet,
The air which had made me actually witness; the atmosphere I was engulfed by; at the reigning moment.

12. I WANTED YOU TO BE

I wanted you to be my godmother; caress me gently in the night; humming a melodious rhyme to put me to sleep,
Prepare appetizing dishes of corn to gratify my gluttony; wipe the tears of my cheek when I was struck with grief.

I wanted you to be my robust brother; tickling me incessantly in my ribs; make me wholeheartedly laugh,
Defending me against all evil prevailing; obliterating me from the remotest of brutality.

I wanted you to be my absent minded father; riding with me through steep curves of the hill on a horse,
Instilling gargantuan confidence in me while I studied; embedding my tender mind with nostalgic reminiscences of the past.

I wanted you to be my innocuous child; crying impeccably as I hoisted you high in my arms,
Melting my heart with your mischievous smile; tugging at my loose beard with your dainty fingers.

I wanted you to be my old grandmother; reciting to me a plethora of mesmerizing fairy tale,
Preparing herbal concoctions to pacify my wounds; admonishing me severely for flaunting with girls.

I wanted you to be my ravishing dreams; tingling dormant arenas of my heart with your stupendous grace,
Radiating perpetual heat in my body all day; leaving your everlasting fragrance close to my soul.

I wanted you to be the blood that flowed through my veins; imparting strength to my fragile muscle,
Purifying every unleashing second as I breathed air; losing refined degrees of control at the slightest of provocation.

I wanted you to be my intricate heart; which throbbed violently when loved,
Imprisoned the deity it worshipped; and was prepared to relinquish life for the ones it really cared for.

I wanted you to be the redness of my lips; which got more accentuated when I rubbed them,

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