

Hide and Seek – part 7 – 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 7 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. DELIGHTFUL FARM

The placid pebble in blue water,
The yellow Sun evading the skies,
A black cloud of mixed feeling,
The blue tear strained eyes.

The mist hanging in the air,
The white dew drops in the field,
The heavenly smell of thatched hay,
The fathers scattered everywhere.

The delicious smell of baked corn,
The cock singing a perfect rhyme,
The lively squirrel on the tree,
The evanescent rising of dawn.

The hedges covered with green foliage,
The fields to be ploughed at,
The hushed rustling of the trees,
The sweet melody in the air.

2. INNOCENT LIVES

Lunch boxes filled with spicy delicacy,
Children dressed in neat uniform,
Stitched badges identifying institution,

Hung coarse bags filled with textbook volumes,
On rustic shoulders of budding youth,
Polished footwear projecting from cream pant,
Shoelace tied in immaculate fashion,
Plaits of hair brushed meticulously with coconut oil,
Brilliant red tie dangling from shirt collar,
Secured to shirt cloth with metal cufflinks,
Conspicuously large watch dial displaying time,
Elastic socks of white conclude attire,
As group of children board the school bus.

Shouts of laughter; chorused rhymes,
Plodding of feet; biting of nails,
Twinkling smiles; comic faces full of glee,
The toddlers were having a gala time;
With dead drunk driver hands on the steering wheel,
Flashing demon smiles through the rear glass,
Meting personal frustration on gas pedal,
As the bus sky rocketed into daylight,
Leaving unsurpassable tornadoes of dust behind.

Swerving wildly like an African panther,
Ultimately crashing into iron posts,
Marking the outlines of the river bridge,
Shouts of laughter turned to breathless horror,
Metal screeched against solid concrete,
Multiseater bus took a hundred feet plunge,
Chorused rhyme converted into imprisoned cries,
As Innocent lives mercilessly drowned into the savage waters of the amazon.

3. RAINBOW

Violent streaks of nail polish Violet,
Circular shades of flaming Indigo,
Thick envelope of heavenly cloud Blue,
Fat smear of bright parrot Green,
Thin smudges of neglected dirty Yellow,
Peripheral paint lines of blazing Orange,
Encapsulating outlines of deathly Red,
Prompted by brilliant sunshine in cascading rain,
Sky patches of light blue,
Sun ball shining in full heat at boiling point,
Thin wisps of pale white cloud cover,
Dispersed in distant boundaries of the Sun,

Shriveled to an iota of their traditional attire,
Which is dark grey with blushes of black,
Now discharging rain in sunlight,
Forming a perfect vibgyor rainbow,
To the insurmountable delight of living organism,
Existing in spiceless moments of robotically worldly life.

4. INDEFATIGABLE NATURE

The white semi crescent luminates large in the sky,
Suspended in the jet black pool of atmosphere,
The stars glitter in unison,
As black wisps of clouds hang around.

Awesome masses of air blow gustily,
Bundles of molecules gasp collectively,
Stringent voices blow mightily,
As thunderous core of lechery comes pouring down.

Macro droplets of liquid break into frenzy,
Torrential rain cascades all over,
Drenching fresh granules of earth,
Softening parched rocks of violent composition,
Trespassing waywardly through molten fiascos of heat,
Harrowing the elixir of humanity,
Soothing the edifices of brutal racism,
Shattering glass panes of heinous felonies,
As I watch the proceedings in mute silence.

5. YOURS TRULY IN DIRT

Short stubs of sharp black hair,
Sprouting from skin pores of unshaven flesh,
Long hair with untrimmed side locks,
Bearing heaps of white dandruff powder,
Corn dried lips chapped at sides,
Nostrils emitting hardened mass of mucus,
Eardrums filled with coats of sordid yellow wax,
Streaks of dirt lining angular neck,
Pus cells activated in lower eye,
Broken eyebrows curled in disarray,
Uncut fingernails adhered to mud,
Armpits spreading undesirable stench,
White teeth pearls dulled to chocolate brown,

Scribbled writing on all quarters of palm,
Tightly fit bedraggled clothes,
With gaping holes in shirt and vest,
Ants gnawing at chunks of stuck honey,
On projecting wide shoulder bone,
Sports shoe lining coated with coal tar,
I moan in utter dismay and lost hope,
As I stare at my unwashed demeanor; my unpolished body in the mirror.

6. ABBREVIATIOUS BLOOD

The conspicuous blood drop of a wounded man,
Can never fill the brim of an eccentric can.
That molecule of indispensable thought,
Has occasionally brought misery; but broth.
When one roams in this dark world of massacre and pain,
He can conquer everything except mercenary gain.
And when comes the real violent flood,
It leaves behind thick greasy blood,
Thoroughly soaking the surface of parched earth,
To give a vindictive human race birth.

7. BIFURCATION OF THE CHARISMATIC

The elliptical glittering white nutrition,
With yellow sprawled on the inside,
The fragile adumbrate shell,
With flimsy blend of color and white,
Is the best I have ever known.

The ruffled feathered monster,
With its conspicuously red beak,
The protuberance of its chest,
With the cadence of the sung rhyme,
Is the best I have ever known.

The immaculate white pearl,
With glistening sheen of perpetual freedom,
Hovering on the tenterhooks of extinction,
With the splendour of someone possessed,
Is the best I have ever known.

The hazy ray of virgin moonlight,
With the sweltering heat suspended,

The languid chunks of green grass,
Cacophonous with insipid exhilaration,
Is the best I have ever known.

The sparkle of perennial molten liquid,
Forming crevices of incongruity,
The lustrous melancholy of tumbling water,
Drifting mankind onto precipices of jubilation,
Is the best I have ever known.

8. HAZARDS OF CIGARETTE SMOKING-POISONOUS SMOKE

Jaded tobacco flakes in wrapped yellow candy paper,
White and appalling in visual imagery,
Dunloped to high degrees of compression,
Forming tetra inch sticks,
Of ashen grey crusty powder,
Thoroughly malnourished and stale,
A recipe for unending doomsday,
An aftermath of human greed,
Accentuating lecherous desires of eating smoke,
Bitter and contaminated ash,
Ignited by a host of sleazy gadgetry,
Wooden sticks of leaded match,
Producing derogatory clouds of white air,
Floating with fetid fragrance; low vitality,
With occasional butts of red coal falling down,
Diffusing into soft powder,
Carcinogenic to several glands of the living organism,
Chronologically spreading its ghastly effect,
To millions of mouths consuming it,
Chewing it; blowing it; relishing it,
Stitching webs of longevity forever,
Succumbing to something as inconsequential,
As a portable cylinder of pressed tobacco,
Withering mankind to caves of self destruction,
Rendering it the worst of its kind.

9. WHIRLPOOLS OF DESPONDENCE

My mental imagery fluctuates,
As beads of sweat drip down voraciously,
Spearheads of steel stab my skin,
Plucking away huge chunks of my pristine flesh,

Chopping the crux of zealous activity,
Plundering me with the waves of dormant ecstasy,
Admonishing the dexterous web of drudgery,
Impersonation tingling sensations of existence,
Scrapping my reflection from mother earth,
In permanent accordance with the Creator.

10. MY FATHER- DEFINITION OF CLASS

Grey bristles of pointed hair,
Ruddy complexioned facial aura,
Small beads of visual apparatus,
Shrewd silhouette of pink lips,
Portraying firm outlines of decision,
A glittering bunch of 32 teeth,
A long sprawled pungent nose; sensitive to minutest of change,
An eye opening infectious smile,
Hands dangling from brave sockets,
Knotted fingers on the prowl,
With a heart pounding in cavities of innocence,
A coagulation of speedy catalysts,
Primitive bohemian feet clambering up walls of unfettered triumph,
High pitched mental machinery,
Harnessing loads of talent,
Lurking in realms of faith in self,
Thoroughly greased to simplistic proportions,
A gift of precious inheritance,
Combined with onerous perspiration,
With unceasing steps towards overwhelming success,
A diligent disciple of the Almighty Lord,
With burning incense sticks of truth,
Nailed deep to his persona,
A blend of righteousness and dedicated humor,
Short stature compiled with euphoric honesty,
An idol of indigenous prosperity,
Having empathy and compassion to pain,
A gifted molecule of billions existing,
Is how I would like to describe my father.

11. FODDER THROUGH RHYME

Stretching the tendons of my brain,
To ultimate realms of high strung imagination,
Flowing from deep recesses of throbbing heart,

And dreamy lips partially opened to light,
Embroidered with tunnels of abstract thoughts,
Spontaneous ideas on existing life,
Composed in a plethora of style and rhyme,
Absorbing loads of talent and dedicated time,
Spun meticulously with silent aggression,
Unfolding a saga of true emotions,
Portraying a moral and emphasizing love,
Great pains to deliver and derive,
An easy victim of sardonic ridicule,
A truncated version of written prose,
Elaborately expressed in a few lines,
Granting it the status of a glittering fable,
Entangling the mind in an ocean of words,
With equivalent use of punctuation marks,
An inborn skill in some,
Developed to dizzy heights with the passage of time,
A meager source of income in India,
While capturing mammoth audiences in foreign land,
A persevering route of earning fodder through rhyme,
Presented as a pearl of written composition,
Is what we mean by self composed poetry.

12. SOAPY SPRINGS FOR LUXURIOUS CLEANSING

The crystal maze of sparkling water,
Interwoven with threads of molecular attraction,
Adhering to peripheral blocks of scarlet plastic,
With off shooting molecules,
In angled semicircular configuration,
A boisterous echo of soapy texture,
Thoroughly spongy and elastic in dimension,
Bustling with insipidly feverish activity,
Diffusing into minuscule pearls of froth,
Clashing with robust excitement,
As I pour oblong vessels of water,
Drenching my mass of composite flesh,
Strands of curly hair,
With perennial gift of surplus liquid,
Blended with flamboyant antiseptic minerals,
Jutting from the dilapidated steel taps,
With surplus blotches of bronze,
Drawn from amazing depths of the earth's belly,
Finally tumbles down in a united assemblage,

A carnival of frothy soapy spray,
A melodious gurgling spring of purity,
The finest form of luxurious cleansing,
Evacuating encrypted pores of blocked emotions; from deep within hidden
recesses of my body.

13. JOURNEY THROUGH THE ATLANTIC

The vast swirl of Atlantic water,
Nefariously cold with tufts of ice,
Obdurate and strong with the passing of time,
A blend of fish and aquatic shrub,
Incorporating monstrous waves with frothy spray,
Chunks of dead timber drifting in bountiful quantity,
Encroached with currents of drifting seaweed,
Prompting the invincible fortress of inhabitation to waver,
Through lurking masses of undulating water,
Diffusing chains of liquid globules on its way,
Compressing galleries of fern and soft rock,
Crunching primitive icicles of molten snow,
Biting sharply into the vast assemblage of black water,
Piercing the aquatic ambience,
With high strung notes of the fog horn,
Clearing its way amidst heavy mists; and evading moon,
The Sun finally steams through the glass pane,
Ending the tyranny of the ruthless night,
I suddenly wake up with a startled look on my face,
Finding my way out through the furry delights of my cotton quilt,
Rush across to the wire meshed stern,
My hair blowing wildly with the gusty wind,
Transfixing me into a mute personality,
In due admiration of the boundless ocean;
As the salty waves strike; break my celestial reverie.

14. THE EXOTIC EFFECT OF AIR

The cool and stupendous effect the air has,
Can never be got by poisonous nerve gas.
The exotic effect of soft blue air,
Can never be obtained by mechanized gear.
But O! when the air becomes black and swollen,
It yields riches like a dried pollen.
Its lost in its thoughts which never come true,
Due to the incessant quarrel between the two.

The air finally comes down on earth with great force,
To cover the distance of its natural course.

15. ACTS OF COURAGE

He walked adroitly on tight strained cotton rope,
Tied at both ends to the tallest precipice of blood stained rock.

He skydived into dark valleys of nothingness,
Without comfort parachutes buckled to rib cage encompassing his body.

He swam incessantly for long days against chilly currents of the Atlantic,
Had occasional meals of cold sea weed and salt water.

He drove his sports car through winding roads of the mountain,
Applied bare minimum of brake; with mounting pressure on the accelerator

He rode fearlessly on striped panther back,
Slept in the night on a bundle of hay with a family of wild fox.

He consumed long shards of unpolished cut glass,
Cracked a joke a few seconds after relishing the ghastly meal.

He plummeted infinite feet below into savage waters of the river,
Pulled out trapped children from smashed interiors of the dismantled bus.

He trespassed through steaming flames of city fire,
Tried to evacuate people gasping for fresh draughts of breath.

He resolved to climb Mount Everest on foot,
Confronted frozen winds and avalanches of ice on his expedition to the top.

He always decided to attempt the virtually impossible,
To blend white clouds of the sky with earth,
And he knew he would succeed,
As with every step he took,
He was there with himself for his miracle rescue.

16. THE BLUE OCEAN

The vast turbulent waters have a shade of cloud blue,
Possessing strong and high rising waves,
That gives a nice and hearty feeling,
And are unable to touch the highest nail on the ceiling.

The sky laughs at the waves,
Greets them with a lop-sided grin,
Advising them to keep fit and trim.

The advancing waters kiss the shore line,
They want to be near the sand,
To get far and distant from the obstreperous ferry band.
The waters move with the tune of the air,
Creating loud and stringent blares.

The sand seeps gallons of water at the shore,
Acting as a good and natural utility bore,
The colossal sea waters eventually evaporate into a dark cloud,
That gives the sound of loud rumbling thunder,
Pelting down sheets of much awaited torrential rain,
To enrich and develop the oncoming food grain.

17. MY COMPLAINT

My heart speaks in violent fury,
Raging over like wild white fire,
Ruling all emotions,
Holding the pointed time about,
O! I wished with all my energy for a gentle calm voice,
Neutralizing all my sorrow,
Wading past the tumultuous agony that besieges me,
Settling my cumbersome entity on mother earth.

An ardent desire pounding on it for years,
Crushed by the effervescence of fate,
Like a dicey off stand dance,
Glancing mockingly at effort,
Giving a thoroughly dull start,
To withstand truck loads of pain all throughout.

18. PRELIMINARY INVESTIGATION

I silently eavesdrop on my mind,
Wading past a sea of darkness,
Across rash currents of mangled thoughts,
Trying to search for cryptic clues,
Breathing in domains of mystic behaviour,
Breeding in pools of trivial obsessions,

Bleeding at various sensitive junctions,
Weeping every unfolding second,
Proliferating in leaps and bounds; in changing color of the light.

Obsessions they were with iterative hammering,
Struck firmly by 100 pounds of fresh iron,
Submerged in hot cream of fading luck,
Striking soft tissues enclosed in precious brain,
Weak and feeble to resist the mighty onslaught,
Disintegrating into crumbled imagination,
Whipping brutally inactivated zones of subconscious,
Causing downpour of torrential agony,
Cascade of non-existent thoughts,
Finally uprooting all the goodness that ever prevailed,
Mind you friends, This was just a preliminary investigation,
As I stealthily eavesdropped on my brain.

19. THE COLD BLOODED ROCK

The chain of black stretched all over,
The pointed surfaces; the leading of suicidal death,
The tedious climb encircled by emotionless faces,
All of which have a maniacal look,
Abraded exteriors of rock possess shining faces,
Spreading waves of savage delight and brutal splendour,
Trapping innocent prey in their vice like grip.

The air mightily pounds on its surface,
Removing small chunks of graphite powder,
Transporting loose pieces of stone down the valley,
Leaking inside the comfort houses of several ant and white rabbit.

Hollow crevices in the rock are filled with crusty liquid,
Growing in stature by the advancing day,
Bubbling in nervous energy imparted by sheltered warmth,
At last gushing out in frenzy,
Forming volatile springs of boiling lava,
Assassinating possible signs of life in several kilometers of vicinity.

20. IMAGINATION

The string of vivid imagination goes deep,
Flooding the path to a loosened character,
When I pluck it; it gives a shrill resounding noise,
Leading to the mystic cavity of an unruly conscience,

Putting me in a dread.

Those particles of audible sun light filter a way,
Through the tiny blackness inside my mind,
Biting and nibbling the inner elastic heart,
Falling freely like pointed black darts,
Aiming sharply at the sensitive organs,
Nothing more than an inconsequential brawl.

The string finally breaks with a painstaking gasp,
I find myself so empty,
With nothing to ponder on,
Except that crimson blazing light,
Dark tunnels of life then emanate a hearty chuckle,
And leave all those who are bald and shivering with non-existent fear.

21. AMBULANCE

Wailing sirens echo through the air,
Red rooftop lights flash violently,
A big plus sign is stuck to all its doors,
Metal stretchers adorn the interiors,
Oxygen masks hang from plastic chords,
Along with Megan bottles filled with glucose liquid,
Antiseptic stench spreads all over,
Streaks of blood smudge windows,
Bundles of cotton bandages lay in a heap,
Modern computer displays throbbing heart; blood pressure..etc.,
Walkie-talkie antennas sway in animation,
Plastic face masks are strapped for medical inspection,
Power horns blare incessantly,
The speedometer barks escalating speeds,
Acknowledging bystanders shift away,
Portable refrigerator carries patient food,
Consisting of capsule; injection; pacifying ointment; and mineral water,
Patient groans inundate plush interiors,
Wounded and stabbed at umpteenth places,
Dislocated bones and fight for breath,
Head lying in gory pools of blood,
With nostalgic memories of close kin,
And an overwhelming desire to survive like never before,
As the 10 seater ambulance urgently surges forward through crowded roads of the city.

22. KING CACTUS

Parrot green buds of thorn,
Camouflaged in multiple coats of sand,
Having entangled roots in a sheath of loose soil,
Sighted in abundance on colossal plains of parched land,
Required crystal water in paltry amounts,
Thriving in blazing rays of the fiery Sun ball,
Swaying mildly in the rustic dry breeze,
Resistant to termite and large insects,
A specimen of sharp and flexible tentacles,
Spreading its parasitic reach to milligram amounts of starved sand,
Giving birth to flowers after short spells of rain,
Oozing bitter springs of milk when sliced with knife,
Accustomed to soaring heights of mercury all throughout centuries of the calendar
year,
Baked to brittle proportions in oceans of acid light,
a relishing meal for hunch backed camel wandering at leisurely speed,
It has hidden cavities of water in raw pulp shells,
Also the tenacity to wound its prey with a labyrinth of acrimonious sprouts,
A perfect antonym to lush green grass,
Inhabiting umpteenth spots of infertile land,
The King Cactus stands tall and solitary in steaming sand of the Sahara Desert.

23. HANDKERCHIEF

I wound it tightly into oblong ball of soft cushion,
Tossed it high in pools of humid air to play with it.

I tied it on forked branch of the conical tree,
Prayed for unsurpassable wishes to come true.

I pressed it firmly to stop the oozing of blood,
Reinforced it with several of its kind after witnessing its power.

I curled it completely engulfing my slender wrist,
Got ready to face my opponent in the boxing ring.

I painted it dark with streaks of striped violet,
Hung it on the wall adding shades of versatility to the dull ambience of the room.

I used to wipe gallons of sweat dripping down my neck,
Drenched it with ice water generating waves of frozen excitement.

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