

Hide and Seek – part 8 – 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 34 differently titled Poems , is actually part 8 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. FISHING IN MOONLIT JUNGLE

Wild berries fell down from the peach tree,
wide spanned eagles glided harmlessly across the moon,
menacing owl eyes stared fiendishly downward,
bushy squirrels clambered the rock with bustling fervor,
olive green grasshoppers swished their tentacles,
stinging red ants dug small burrows in wet mud,
colored magpie birds sang a perfect sonnet,
lethal alligators swam clumsily through the neighboring water,

sly foxes galloped at rollicking speeds,
the princely lion lurked stealthily in search of rich prey,
huge brown spiders spun their webs in animation,
century old tortoise trampled the outgrowths with its newly born offspring,
mega sized mouse families ran past dungeons buried deep in the ground.

I perched myself on the slippery mud bank of the jungle river,
Levering long fishing rods in the tranquil water,
Scooping out frequently, a cluster of small sized fish,
As the stars glittered in the open blue sky,
Crystal ball of the moon luminated large above my head,
Rudimentary scent of earth tickled my nostril,
Mesmerizing tunes of the peacock drifted in hollow eardrum,
The stillness of water pierced unexplored zones in my heart,
I then lit a crackling fire of quality wood and dead leaf,
Roasted the silver fish in amber flames leaping high,
Slept like an innocent angel all summer night,
Relishing tender bones of my personally prepared appetizing fish.

2. TRULY PROFESSIONAL

There lay a gigantic boulder sprawled in the middle of the street,
draped with an abraded finish of sparkling steel gray,
punctured at infinite spots of its body with a host of serration's,
left solitary on the road without traces of established identity.

A carpenter passing by thought of chiseling it to fine pieces,
with incessant strokes of his tapered hostile saw.

The gardener mused on embossing it with wild cactus,
entangling it with a plethora of thorny shrub and brilliant rose.

The sharp witted pilot envisaged its appearance with wings,
applauded himself for figuring out the supreme innovation.

The watchmaker felt like studding it with a jugglery of slender needle,
reinforcing its base with innocuous amounts of clockwork machinery.

The palmist had an impulse of engraving it with fine lines,
reading aloud chivalrously the waves of destiny hovering around its persona.

The chef of the hotel had a strong stare at it,
decided to lambaste it into dainty slices of fresh salad.

The archaeologist seemed to be reeling in waves of euphoric delight,
commenced to jot down notes regarding the very source of its existence.

The police on the street viewed it with gruesome disdain,
as it obliterated their visions of the flowing traffic.

Groups of lovers paid handsome tributes, assuming it to be an sacrificial altar,
inscribing their names with white sticks of chalk, red blood,
sketching their hearts with slanting arrows ripping through the core.

The writers pen filled sheets of virgin paper with innumerable lines,
portraying the glory of the inanimate object to all.

The most professional of them all was a hungrily starved beggar,
he didn't waste a minute pondering on the stone,
instead constructed his dwelling on the island of amalgamated rock,
slept all night in unperturbed tranquil,
within the rustic interiors of his rock stone ho use.

3. A TRIBUTE TO THE HOME SOIL

There was heavy consternation in the atmosphere,
we hadn't slept all ruthless night,
the floor marble was biting cold with accumulation of winter dew,
roof plaster was on the point of immediate collapse,
there was an obnoxious stench of vegetable food,
the wall had several crevices, in which resided venomous snake,
dark waters lurked in colossal interiors of adjacent well,
the birds had forgotten to chirp their mystical rhyme,
trapped we were in domains of solitude,
in slipshod ambience of primitive hut,
hands tied in rusty iron shackles,
feet wound tight in brutal cold chain metal,
mouths stuffed with fluffs of unprocessed cotton,
tears rolling down our mud painted cheek,
highlighting streaks of fair skin, within wax coated molecules of dirt.
water seemed a remote possibility,
with meager loafs of bread offered at dispersed intervals of time,
the enemy camp made us prisoner,
held us captive for massacring their men,
with our body fortresses, in which flowed blood of true patriotism,
there was no sunshine filtering through,
our bodies lay limp, gasps for breath had receded down,

we knew we were on the verge of extinction,
as we saluted the flag in unison,
took a pinch of soil in clasped hands,
left for long journeys to heaven, drowned in the
fragrance of our home soil.

4. ENTERING THE NEW MILLENNIUM

High pulsating music in country discotheque,
youngsters moving to vibrant beats of sound,
streets decorated with piercing sodium light,
shops flooded with surplus discounts,
array of cars crowding main streets,
rough shod bikes vomiting clouds of smoke,
mega sized parachutes sailing in sky,
televisions displaying a host of programs,
government firms closed for the day,
cable cars conveying loads of passengers,
to freezing precipices of snow clad alps,
bottled champagne flowing in garden parties,
explosive dynamite burnt on streets,
producing cascade of descending fireworks,
cinemas screening titanic full to capacity,
animals released from personal bondage,
scintillating ship cruise of pacific ocean,
incessant ringing of church bells,
athletic sprints in all world existing,
uniformed police having a nightmarish time,
high rise structures a festival of lights,
giant clock towers flashing left over time,
breathless crowds visualizing freedom,
from countless sins of past century,
with all existing youth on bustling streets,
and the old glued to coverage to be telecast live,
billions anticipated the change of century,
the first Sun rays of the brand new millennium.

5. I PICTURED MY ANCESTOR

I pictured my ancestor draped in long flannel cloth,
with thick rimmed glasses caressing his nose,
sturdy stick with curved knight handle leaning across his leg,
a pair of compact denture riveted to his jaw,
historical time piece wound loose on his wrist,

plain soles of rich canvas adorning his feet,
partial stubs of grizzly beard gaining thorough prominence,
angularly crafted slender nose breeding amidst steel Grey eyes,
a bunch of faded parchment stashed in his waist coat pocket,
silken fingers with tiny nail, bereft of shining jewels,
short neck embedded well within shoulder sockets,
a charismatic glow captivating millions of youth in its reflection.

I pictured him sweating like a bull in his days of strength,
pedaling through remote corners of the town,
wrestling with pure professionals in the boxing ring,
earning life bestowing fodder for his army of children,
swimming past stormy channels of overwhelming hardship,
he had lived all life like an unconquered dictator,
never yielding an inch from territories of righteousness,
blaming none other than himself for his balance of misdeed,
with the feather tipped pen lying close to his heart,
and his rocking chair swaying violently still decades after,
he left for his heavenly abode;
O! yes I had a proud premonitions of whom I was a descendant,
as I tried even harder to picture my ancestor.

6. BATTING PRODIGY

He has more centuries than his age,
more international runs than one could imagine,
can execute every definable shot to perfection,
with the straight drive being his favorite,
has hawk eyes sighting 3 ounce leather,
in daylight, and flickering rays of light pole,
dispatching it with utmost ease and brute power,
to deep corners of mammoth sized grounds.
has broken records of all denomination,
prefers to carry the heaviest willow,
pads, gloves, starched white flannels, crash helmet the only make up,
along with spiked shoes, flexible wrist band,
hoisting rising balls for long journeys over jute ropes,
belting terror pace to metal signboards of the fence,
taking evasive action against tantalizing spin magic,
smothering opposition anger with solid batting prowess,
darting like a race car between wickets,
covering the 22 yard pitch with panting breath,
carrying tons of courage and unrelenting desire to succeed,
with an everlasting hunger for runs,

and an insatiable desire to succeed on all tracks,
in chilly cold, and pelting rain,
walking to a thunderous applause in every nation,
endorsing advertisements like a film star,
bearing a thick shock of curly hair,
gifted short stature and brain,
demonstrating sheer class of a sport warrior,
felicitated revolving trophies of ultimate prestige,
hailing from a literary family of Bombay,
compared to legendary Sir Donald,
an absolute nightmare for opposition bowlers,
a devastating hurricane when at his best,
a person of humble simplicity,
a true stalwart of Indian soil,
with millions of fan following his on field fortunes,
all ways taking guard on the third stump,
is Sachin Ramesh Tendulkar.

7. AN ENCOUNTER WITH A MOSQUITO

It ran miles further as I chased it,
faded from vision like a captivating mirage.

It escaped from my tightly curled fist,
survived the injury, changed its place of habitation.

It buzzed incessantly in vicinity of my bare eardrum,
was quiet as an angel when i scratched my flesh raw in
anger.

It multiplied in numbers in stagnant pools of water,
hissed discordant rhymes of exasperating music.
It perched on stale fruit, squashed remains of brown chocolate,
injected its venom in edible items of uncooked food.

It flew at small heights from the ground,
eluded clouds of smoke leaking from modern repellent coils.

It was a carrier of deadly infections,
stung soft flesh rich and pure with youthful blood.

It prompted patches of allergy to spread on skin,
was resistant to the strongest of medicinal balm.

It had caused me many a torturous night,
wrecked me of tranquil sleep from woolen delights of my cozy quilt.

It had surpassed all my imagination to render it lifeless,
had escaped my clutches on infinite occasions of time.

In the end I chalked a plan of action,
of being bitten, rather than spending a lifetime,
chasing the athletic mosquito in vast space of suspended air.

8. CHOCOLATE BROWN PLUM TREE

It offered silken webs of passionate wind,
blessed countless people with tarpaulin covers of cool shade,
stood like a formidable fortress against acrimonious rays of summer heat,
shielded the animate from torrential showers of rain,
served as a greenhouse for passengers dreary from incessant travel,
glistened majestically with sparkling droplets of dew at the onset of dawn,
trembled like a maniac in tumultuous outbursts of breeze,
sobbed with inert emotions when struck by live currents of electricity,
blossomed like a fairy god mother in the mystical ambience of spring,
resembled a ghost; stripped of cloth in the incongruous environs of autumn,
catering to a plethora of wild insect,
with an army of smoke Grey squirrel slithering down all day,
migratory birds nestling in harmony with its hollow belly,
venomous snakes curled tightly in dense regions of its wild armory,
unrelenting hurricanes prompting it to crouch and stoop,
it bore bountiful fruit of olive green plum,
bathed few months in a calendar year with natural water from the sky,
giving regular births to parrot green buds of striped leaf,
inhabiting virtually all corners of the globe sprawled with fertile soil,

spreading its roots deep within unexplored regions of the ground,
with white milk oozing out when sliced with dexterous strokes of jackknife,
I simply had loads of reverence for the chocolate brown plum tree,
saluted its persona with flowing tributes and heaps of adulation.

9. SWEET WATER COCONUT

The Sun blazes in full radiance,
the mercury soars to kingly proportions,
as sheets of dust blow in turbulence,
the parched tarmac bellows hysterically,

trees shriek in disbelief,
vulcanized rubber groans in despair,
as the sandstorm vocalizes its arrival.

Every eyeball gets averted,
to the green tripod of cool water,
stacked in gay abundance on thick jute sacks,
hailing from tall timber with slender branches,
deriving its nutrition from the pure wet sand,
christening it as the darling of all lands.

Colossal crowds flock the asphalt,
drifted by thirst and scorched excitement,
with sweaty palms, icy bandannas,
awaiting encounter with the hard green shell,
fingers clinging currency notes,
the queue shifts at a meandering pace,
as I finally get my chance,
to savor the natural taste in a coconut.

10. SUNDAY

It came after 6 days of grueling work,
6 days of assiduous effort under the scorching ball of Sun,
6 days of unrelenting tasks executed at electric pace,
6 days of insufficient meals blended with stingy
amounts of obnoxious coffee,
6 days of absolution from amicable domains of family,
6 days of sedulous expeditions in packed to capacity commuter trains,
6 days of deprivation from a ravishing game of long tennis,
6 days of obliteration from revitalizing spray of the ocean,
6 days of conscious efforts to wear feckless and spurious smiles,
6 days of wandering in a claustrophobic ambience of lackluster paper,
6 days of monotonous salute to the disillusioning supremo,
6 days of dedicated projects; with eyes incorrigibly glued to the computer,
6 days of incessant perspiration dribbling down crisp shirt,
6 days of onerous struggle to compete with intellectuals,
6 days of nostalgia for peace; weighing heavily on mind,
6 days of obstreperous noise piercing through soft ear,
6 days of aching feet; with spasmodically restless back,
6 days of impatient sigh's and a perpetual longing for melodious sleep.

The seventh day finally did arrive,
I drew back multiple blinds in my apartment house ,

to let sizzling rays of dawn fumigate my persona,
slept late in the morning; oblivious to hassles of mundane work,
consumed barrels of enticing beer; nibbling fresh nut on the silver sands of
the beach,
languidly strolled a few miles with the pungent spray of the water,
stimulating my dreary eyes; as i candidly prayed to the Creator,
to bless me and my family with bountiful more Sunday's.

11. THE INDIAN COW

White skin folds hanging loosely,
curved tusks of ivory jutting from skull,
large ear flaps providing drafts of air,
scaring away hoards of flies,
big eyeballs shining in car light,
nasal apertures covered with secreted slime,
long tail attached to a fringe of hair,
projecting from recesses of fleshy hind-side,
hunched back resulting in slow walking pace,
black hooves stuck to leg cartilage,
working incessantly in undulating hot soil,
absorbing crisp rays of midday sun,
with metal liners fixed to its leg,
irrespective of age, time, health,
giving liters of milk in a single day,
squeezed out deftly from suspended teats,
living on mere grass, a pure herbivorous disposition,
sometimes sighted consuming sewage and paper,
eaten as tasty beef meat in some nations,
considered as sacrosanct on Indian soil,
given the status of milk yielding mother,
grazing quietly on grasslands of fertility,
with occasional baths in monsoon rain-ponds,
the Indian cow sure commands loads of respect.

12. DREAM HOUSE

Heavy metal iron welded to varnished wood,
burglar proof alarm installed to circular bell,
solid teak doors with automatic fasteners,
windows composed of shatter proof glass,
remote controlled maneuvering of gate entrance,
uniformed guards at several check-posts,
car driveway filled with thick gravel coats,

glass facaded greenhouse for manufacture of corn,
majestic pillar supporting ceiling plaster,
nurseries full of blooming flowers,
giant elevations of television screen,
crystal blue waters of swimming pool,
majestic masonry consisting of bare brick,
dark photochromatic rooms, artistic studios,
furniture pieces of polished mahogany wood,
t.v. monitors displaying round the clock guests,
sprawling neem trees with evergreen foliage,
shielding two storied structure from hazardous light,
tall stone walls encapsulating periphery,
luxurious bedrooms overlooking coastal waves,
crashing fiercely on black rock,
hoards of birds chirping in fading light,
impregnable barbed wire spitting electric shock,
galvanized iron gates sliding at entrance,
whispering denial to irate trespassers,
with the first rays of Sunlight lighting my face,
is the house I would like to possess,
the house of my dreams.

13. HAPPY BIRTHDAY

May God bestow upon you bountiful riches,
Bless you with all that is benevolent,
Reinforce your life with surplus number of living years,
Exempt you from all misdeeds you inadvertently committed,
Eradicate traces of hysterical agony from your heart,
Transform the bleary caricature of your face into one with sacrosanct smiles,
Freeze the tears which ooze profusely from your magical eyes,
Safeguard you against deathly mishaps and obnoxious falls,
Fill your belly with sumptuous food every unleashing minute of the day,
Quenching your thirst with immaculate water from volatile springs,
Clear evil mists obscuring your belligerent demeanor,
Evacuate the pointed thorns adhering solidly to your nimble feet,
Endow you with exorbitant charisma; infectiously drawing flocks of people,
Drive away forever; the vindictive ready to strangulate you,
Place you in an ostentatious palace flowing with philanthropic riches,
Revitalize your soul as the sun dazzles bright every dawn,
Gift you with the magical prowess of turning threadbare mud into gold,
Here's my friend; wishing you and all those born on this day,
A very celestially happy and gratifying birthday.

14. ROCKING CHAIR

When I sat on it exerting my full weight; it squealed inaudibly permeating the stillness of atmosphere with feverish cacophony,
Nimbly revolving a few centimeters on the polished floor; eventually adjusting disconcertingly to the situation.

When I poked it with a conglomerate of pointed needles; it let out silent gasps,
The upholstery was now embedded with a plethora of incongruous holes; although I could still spread my legs on it and sit.

When I emptied a barrel of fuming acid on it; it got severely butchered and uncouthly ripped apart,
The spongy foam now buckled under the slightest of my caress; and people who visited my cabin perceived it as a minor bomb blast.

When I tried standing erect on it swirling rampantly to blaring tunes diffusing from the CD systems; it initially complied with my desire,
Although after a while I found myself adhering to the opposite wall of the room; as it had inevitably skidded and flung me like a discarded heap.

When I incorrigibly refrained to clean it; letting hordes of dust settle on its persona,
I had to suffer unrelentingly from sporadic bouts of thunderous coughing; with the minuscule particles entering my nose.

When I washed it with freezing water in winter castigating for disobeying my command; it appeared forlorn and meek in the beginning,
However when the next day I entered my office; there was a derogatory odor intensely hovering in the air; also I saw a fleet of termite gnawing the soft wood with overwhelming relish.

When I endeavored to emboss script on its body; it incessantly rotated and shook;
bouncing with gay abundance on its springs,
Driving me wild beyond the threshold of definable frustration; and I finally gave up on my persevering effort.

When I kicked it in its rear; exerting tumultuous force with my bohemian feet,
It placidly lay down topsy-turvy several paces further; and I had scrupulously make sure whether all parts were intact; before relaxing on it again.

When I tried incinerating it; submerging it wholesomely in my left over alcohol; it caught flames which rose high and handsome towards the sky,
All that was now left of it was charred ashes; which I consummately used to sprinkle as manure over my plants.

But let me tell you folks; I had enjoyed it the most; supremely relished its company for marathon hours on the trot,
When I swung it tenaciously to and fro; with my feet languidly sprawled on the table; my eyes partially closed; and my rocking chair virtually putting me into a mystical slumber.

15. SLAB OF PEANUT BUTTER

When I rolled languidly in it; dabbling my feet as incoherently as I could,
The entire exterior of my skin acquired a brilliant yellow tinge; with satiny soft crusts of cream adhering to me in sticky unison.

When I made a pillow of it and slept; my head completely engulfed within the ravishing aroma of milk,
I relished the exorbitant softness; the mesmerizing effect of sponge in proximity with my dreary bones.

When I threw molds of it frivolously at my counterparts; splashing the same; exerting insurmountable force of my wrists,
They retreated back in utter disbelief trying to digest the incredulous turn of events; but in the end profoundly enjoyed the golden globules cascading slowly down their cheeks.

When I applied parsimonious amounts of it to the lackluster wall; smearing the blend with equanimity using my incongruous hands,
The dilapidated room suddenly displayed fresh signs of illumination; an enchanting glow now permeated through the web of cloistered darkness.

When I rubbed it across my dry lips; vigorously spreading it all over till my fingers ached,
My smile now looked all the more accentuated with a rosy sheen; and my moustache radiated an everlasting perpetual glow.
When I dropped it inadvertently on the floor; not bothering to put it back in its compact container,
The scenario to witness the next morning was stupendously horrendous; as there was a battalion of black ants merrily sleeping; smacking their tentacles in satisfaction.

When I dipped my fountain pen in it; making sure that the entire frame remained submerged in for quite sometime,
I had tumultuous difficulty while writing script; as my fingers inevitably slipped; and I failed miserably to grasp the pen; let apart embossing literature with it.

When I tried dancing in it; slithering my body as freely as the mystical serpent,

I soon changed my visions about holistic life; as I toppled head on towards the ground; buckling under the island of frictionless wax.

When I scrubbed my scalp tenaciously with it; instead of using contemporary soap, The aftermath caused my hair to shoot up in straight clusters; it was incorrigibly difficult to retain back their normal shape; and I resembled a lunatic having just landed from planet mars.

Although when I scrupulously coated it on my morning bread; roasting the dough over rosewood logs inhabiting the fireplace, My slab of peanut butter tasted the best; and I devoured mighty chunks to satiate my gluttony; licked every scrap of it adhering to the pellucid bottle.

16. HUNCH BACKED CAMEL

It bore the acrimonious tyranny of scorching sun round the year; leaving bold footprints in the dust it tread,
Traversed incessantly through blistering soil; with sandy winds blowing across its eyes,
Ambled languidly in the brilliant day; increasing its pace a trifle at the onset of night,
Intermittently munched parrot green tentacles of rustic cactus; immensely relished the dry meal of leaf and thorn,
Occasionally rubbed its slender neck against the sandpaper skin of wild tree; raising its eyes toward the almighty residing in heaven,
Angrily swished the scanty clusters of hair on its tail; to drive away scores of petulant mosquitoes,
Wore a bedraggled rope dangling loose from its neck; a cushioned saddle riveted to its angular sculptured body; Intricate pieces of leather wound to its mouth; to maneuver it through labyrinth of routes,
Possessed a firm pair of hooves; which glistened all the more profoundly in the sunbeams and looked mesmerizing under the placid moon,
Had a slimy nose with gaping nostrils; which remained wet despite the acrid warmth irrevocably prevailing,
Spawned many of its kind; suckling its young ones utterly bereft of a cloistered shade,
Walked marathon distances in a single day; unrelentingly stepping on islands of steaming land,
Stooped down as much as it could; when confronted with tumultuous whirlpools blowing with full might,
Moaned in high pitched exuberance as it sighted a solitary stream; storing the water for months till it found a fresh source,
Gallantly fought an army of disdainful crabs; audaciously kicked loose rocks that came its way,
Seldom shed its tears; overwhelmingly inspiring those who feared life to come out of their nonexistent shells,

Had a passion to bask under the dazzling sun; thoroughly detested crystal blue patches in the sky being obfuscated by clouds,
It had remained as stoical as omnipotent god under the most bizarre of circumstances; refraining to flounder under the pugnacious heat,
Was quite glad to adopt the sizzling silver sands as its companion for life;
even dreaming about the same while in deep sleep,
I offer my humble salutations to this silent warrior; as my hunch backed camel carries me through the colossal expanse of the Sahara desert.

17. WHAT'S THERE IN A NAME

I knew a guy named "angel"; who as his name suggests should have been as sacrosanct as gods residing in the cosmos,
However when one encountered him in pragmatic reality; he looked like an diabolical giant; with unruly strands of hair prominently cascading down his nape.

I knew a guy named "Tarzan"; who as his name suggests should have been as strong as the rocks; with a plethora of muscles bulging through his shirt,
However when I saw him transgressing across the road; he looked as feeble as the innocuous rabbit; trying to shirk society and retreat as quickly as possible into his den.

I knew a girl named "felicity"; who as her name suggested should have been basking in a river of perennial happiness,
However when I sat with her for marathon hours on the trot; I realized she was a misfit for her name; as she neither smiled nor moved; incessantly maintaining a face as expressionless as a stone.

I knew a guy named "prince"; who as his name suggested should have been embellished in an armory of exquisite diamonds and silver,
However when one saw him voraciously scratching his hair; he held a threadbare container of steel to beg; wore scanty rags of paper to drape his shivering silhouette.

I knew a girl named "honey"; who as her name suggests should have been as sweet and melodious as the nectar oozing from beehives,
However when I sat beside her across the table; she irascibly hurled at me a volley of abashing expletives; burst on me unrelentingly like a pugnacious green chili.

I knew a guy named "love"; who as his name suggests should have been with a congenial attitude; amicably propagating the essence of friendship,
However when I stumbled upon him suddenly at the discotheque; the first thing he said was; he wanted to mercilessly kill the girl next door for rejecting his proposal of illicit romance.

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