

# Hide and Seek – part 5 – 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](http://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](mailto:nikhilparekh99@gmail.com) or [indianpoetnikhilparekh@gmail.com](mailto: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](http://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](http://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](http://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](http://nikhilparekh.org) .

## **About The Poetry Book**

This Book which has 50 differently titled Poems , is actually part 5 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. AFTERMATH'S OF PINCHING**

When i sedately pinched an opalescent balloon filled with tons of gas,  
pricked it with ultra thin needles coated with scorpion sting,  
gave it a volatile punch in its solar plexus,  
the colossal ball of swollen rubber burst with obstreperous bangs,  
now resembling deflated skin of threadbare junk.

when i boisterously pinched the shell of juicy water melon,  
ripped apart the fruit with adroit strokes of the butcher knife,  
kneaded the blood red pulp, applying unrelenting pressure with palms,  
squashed the residue in compressed interiors of knotted cloth,  
a stream of crimson red juice tumbled directly into scorched regions of my throat.

when i placidly pinched the striped skin coat of a sleeping leopard,  
tickled his upright ears with silken camouflage of Falcon feather,  
left a plethora of red ant to wander around his slimy nose,  
kicked his rear playfully with swashbuckling strokes of my feet,  
the beast roared ferociously, jolted from arena's of blissful sleep,  
devoured me like an insect, relishing a meal of soft tender bone.

when i vindictively pinched blissfully asleep tunnels of my heart,  
poked my ribs with icy cold vegetable of carrot,  
turbulent voices advocated my penchant for everlasting freedom,  
a mystical aura radiated from my wheatish face,  
i wanted to smile with pumped exuberance for the remaining quota of life,  
before blending my ashes with the mundane playground of earth.

**2. ANECDOTES OF FANTASY**

When i feel happy and bustling with youth,  
the atmosphere sprinkled with petals of palpable emotion,  
i embrace semicircular pillars of white stone with a vice like grip.

when i feel besieged with waves of despondence,  
inflated bubbles of energy pierced with daggers of revenge,  
i stare nonchalantly at clouds swimming in the sky.

when i feel exhausted with mounting tasks of the day,

clothes soaked wet in pools of dripping sweat,  
i suspend my feet in salty water of the ferocious sea.

when i feel pangs of hunger striking walls of long intestine,  
dreary body frame succumbs to an unnatural siesta ,  
i stretch my mouth palette wide to swallow large chunks of roasted potato.

when i feel tickled rolling in languid blades of grass,  
grey lizards traverse rough barks of live tree wood,  
i inhale air in lungs, scream in ecstasy flexing vocal chords deep down my throat.

when my fingers swell with incessant clinging to fountain pen,  
mental imagery fluctuates in relation to school text load,  
i massage both palms vigorously with herbal turmeric balm.

when i fly in the aircraft at unsurpassable heights from ground,  
the flight steward serves tall beer mugs of juice,  
i feel like floating in blue air of the bare sky,  
with my body strapped firmly to chords of parachute.

when i feel the world frantically running after me,  
there exists no peace at all quarters of the city,  
i enclose myself in soundproof walls of my submarine,  
listen to melodious tunes of Egyptian music.

when i envisage the poor shivering in icy winds of winter,  
stunningly rich trading wealth in polished glass walls of the kingly casino,  
i feel like distributing minuscule fractions of their affluence,  
to my human counterparts on the brink of extinction.

### **3. ANGELS OF THE SKY**

They floated like inflated gas balloons,  
bounced to and fro between the earth and sky,  
leapt from amazing height of the castle tower,  
drowned deep in remote galleries of the blue ocean,  
walked through crackling flames producing blistering heat,  
ate needle thorn with coats of salt for evening supper,  
drove their cars suspended in air ,evading cumbersome jams,  
closed their breaths for abnormal hours without traces of suffocation,  
transformed the patches of earth on which they tread into sticks of gold,  
held out their hands for scorpions to sting,  
took bath in fuming acid at the rise of handsome dawn,  
inscribed the names of their beloved on flesh with rusty knife,

chewed the hardest of bone with nonchalant ease,  
devoured atom bomb shell like flavored candy cakes,  
scored cent percent marks in every single grade,  
bludgeoned their way, unhurt amidst an ambience of indiscreet gunfire,  
swam with the elegance of a white shark through the red sea,  
were invisible in the brightest sunlight of the day,  
danced all throughout the night without a single spell of enchanting sleep,  
they had existed since millions of calendar year,  
in secret domains beyond silver grey outlines of the rain cloud,  
even before the first sign of life wept on this earth,  
some millions years prior to man's creation,  
their awesome power was simply unparalleled,  
they always wore satin robes of spotless white,  
they christened themselves as angels of the sky

#### **4. ATTIRE**

i wore spiked shoe with projecting porcupine thorn,  
tread on the brittle surface of the frozen lake,  
breaking the harmony of the agglutinated chunks of ice.

i wore a demon mask having scores of Dracula teeth,  
attached a hair wig composed of fiery needle,  
roamed in zebra striped suits, traversing the busy streets,  
thereby scaring groups of innocent children.

i wore trousers made of threadbare rope,  
encapsulated my chest in jackets of rich straw,  
held wine jars in my hand containing pure incense stick,  
sat down to meditate with routine traffic whistling past my eyes.

i wore a plastic coat made from stale polythene,  
triangular cap of cane possessing an army of irregular holes,  
nailed a big plus in the center of my broad chest,  
catered to a host of patients as the visiting doctor.

i wore a suit stitched in exquisite quality silk,  
sparkling boots made of snake python leather,  
sprinkled my persona with gallons of whale perfume,  
pinned an enchanting red rose to my immaculate tie,  
sat with overwhelming peace in the plush interiors of the American coffee shop.

#### **5. A GLASS OF WATER**

I stood for marathon hours under the blistering Sun; accomplishing a battalion of tasks with the arid breeze slapping my cheek,  
When I came back home; I instantly pacified my insatiable thirst consuming a glass of cold water.

I ran long distances on a track of consolidated mud; with pumped exuberance bursting through my fragile muscles,  
Infinite strands of my hair engulfed by golden sweat; I then submerged my forehead in a glass of water to rejuvenate my pulsating temples.

I clambered up steep slopes of the mountain using the full power of my wrists; with a crunching sound emanating from my bones,  
As an inevitable aftermath; I swooned on the ground midway in exhaustion; opened my eyes the instant I was sprinkled with a glass of water.

I rolled ecstatically in a curry of voluptuously wet mud; incorporating my demeanor with streaks of brown blended with abashing black,  
Poured a glass of water with vigorous tenacity on the same; to get rid of the disdainful dirt.

I lay unconscious on the ground; after diligently fasting all day; exhaling shallow gasps of breath at intermittent intervals;  
Displayed the first signs of recovery; after a glass of water was meticulously impregnated in my body.

My voice sounded pungently shrill and hoarse simultaneously; with blurred notes of music diffusing when I sang,  
Although I was cheered with boisterous claps; received a plethora of accolades; when I opened my mouth after drinking a glass of water.

Streams of blood oozed profusely from my wounds; as I lay on the road after a ghastly accident,  
The flow however ceased dramatically; after I drenched my bruise in a glass of water.

I wrote unrelentingly under the dim light of the bulb; with my dainty fingers tiring as a manifestation of the onerous effort,  
However my hands were as fit as to decimate a brick wall; after revitalizing them with a glass of water.

I lived my life in penurious circumstances; with meager emoluments of affluence to my credit,



However to all who visited my dilapidated dwelling; I never failed to offer a glass of water; gratifying their thirst; prompting them to shower blessings on my impoverished soul.

I commenced my day in brilliant sunlight consuming it with relish; imparting radiant tenacity to my silhouette,  
Retired for the night uttering a silent thanks to the Creator for all the goodness he created; admiring the richness embossed in that innocuous looking glass of warm water.

## **6. A WRITER WITHOUT A PEN**

A writer without a pen; is like a dog deprived of its magnanimously furry tail,  
A writer without a pen; is like the jungle woodpecker without a beak,  
A writer without a pen; is like a musician without a melodious voice,  
A writer without a pen; is like a cluster of fish deprived of saline water,  
A writer without a pen; is like the celestial body of Sun bereft of brilliant rays,  
A writer without a pen; is like the colossal persona of blackboard without colored chalk,  
A writer without a pen; is like the desert without astronomical amounts of scorched sand,  
A writer without a pen; is like the cow stripped of its angular horn,  
A writer without a pen; is like the exquisite sedan divested of aromatic fuel,  
A writer without a pen; is like a red ant without its poignant sting,  
A writer without a pen; is like a well laid concrete road without congested traffic,  
A writer without a pen; is like a bird without its pair of indispensable wings,  
A writer without a pen; is like warm quilt without stuffing if wool,  
A writer without a pen; is like a grandiloquent chess board without carved pieces,  
A writer without a pen; is like a wrestler without bulging muscles,  
A writer without a pen; is like a computer without a plethora of programmed chips,  
A writer without a pen; is like the scintillating sword without a sharp edge,  
A writer without a pen; is like a rustic panther without its vociferous growl,  
A writer without a pen; is like an oyster without immaculate pearl,  
A writer without a pen; is like the preposterously huge blue whale without teeth,  
A writer without a pen; is like black thunderous clouds in the cosmos without pelting rain,  
A writer without a pen; is like sticky puddles of glue without adhesive power,  
A writer without a pen; is like a bank vault without crisp notes of currency,  
A writer without a pen; is like the sacrosanct Bible without umpteenth parables of holy literature,  
A writer without a pen; is like man existing on earth without mystical traces of love,  
Therefore it is my vehement plea to all writers treading on the soil of this earth,  
Lift the contraption of pen and ink in your philanthropic hands,  
Voraciously inundate blank sheets of paper; with infinite lines of effusive literature,

Thereby portraying the power of your thoughts; transmitted with great efficacy by the innocuous pen.

## **7. BEFORE GOING TO SLEEP**

The race horse inexorably needed red radish; with succulent green leaves,  
Before he could fall into a slumber; rest his tired body with paltry hours of nocturnal sleep.

A fleet of birds impregnated their nests with bountiful fillings of twigs and grass,  
Cuddled their offspring with quills of ruffled feather; before retiring for night sleep.

The pot bellied tortoise receded its head way back in its obdurate shell,  
Gulped down handsome pints of water; before shutting his eyes and going to sleep.

The venomous spider; trapped a plethora of insect in its battalion of arms,  
Traversed across the periphery of its silken; before clamping its legs and falling asleep.

The preposterously huge whale; hunted down gargantuan amounts of small fish,  
Transforming the ostentatious silhouette of the luxury ship into pieces of floating log;  
before transiting to realms of deep sleep.

Slithering reptiles in the densely cloistered jungle; stung innocuous people by the campfire,  
Stealthily devouring fresh eggs laid by bird mother; before they retreated in their den to sleep.

The disdainful leech; sucked infinite amount of blood,  
Stuck intractably like the strongest of glue; languishing a bit before falling into a snooze.

Stray donkey's on the road; obstreperously wailed their tale of daily woes,  
Stood on their hooves; with their heads lowered down in shame; before embracing night sleep.

The hunchbacked camel in the desert ambled at languid speeds,  
Stored colossal amounts of water in its belly; before he bent down on the sand to sleep.

Hordes of mosquitoes stung scores of people; mischievously grinned,  
Extracting robust blood to gratify their gluttony; before going to sleep.

And an army of humans on this earth; perspired onerously under the Sun all

blistering day,  
Earning fodder to sustain precious life; inscribing a place to dwell on the  
surface of earth,  
Before they eventually retired for the night; to blissfully snore and sleep.

## **8. I WANTED TO FLOOD HER HEART**

I wanted to flood barren sheets of paper with infinite lines of embossed literature,  
I wanted to flood the sprawling lands of desert with awesome amounts of slippery  
sand,  
I wanted to flood the dry beds of the seasonal river with lots of fresh water,  
I wanted to flood crystalline blue patches of the bald sky with diabolically grey clouds,  
I wanted to flood stripped branches of the autumn tree with a battalion of lush  
green leaves,  
I wanted to flood dilapidated crevices of the mansion wall with coats of  
scrupulous paint,  
I wanted to flood profusely oozing wounds on the body with antiseptic powder,  
I wanted to flood undulating slopes of the colossal mountain with scintillating sheets  
of snow,  
I wanted to flood hollow burrows of the red ant family with bountiful chinks of  
italian bread,  
I wanted to flood the eyes of people who were blind with indispensable sight,  
I wanted to flood shattered panes of window; with arrays of pellucid glass,  
I wanted to flood dimly empty tanks of the sedan with reinvigorating petrol,  
I wanted to flood the fathomless well beside my house with surplus quantity of  
animate frog,  
I wanted to flood the lungs of a dead man with bountiful and clean air,  
I wanted to flood long stretches of the cable wire with white currents of electricity,  
I wanted to flood naked patches of skin displayed with sacrosanct garment,  
I wanted to flood the rusty nails lying dispersed on the ground with lots of  
resplendent color,  
I wanted to flood the magnanimous persona of saline sea with a flurry of ravishing  
waves,  
I wanted to flood the morose faces of individuals in anguish with blissful smiles,  
I wanted to flood the mutilated silhouette of the crippled with inevitable bone,  
I wanted to flood the empty bowl of the impoverished with life yielding food,  
I wanted to flood the picturesquely embellished jar with fragrant rose,  
And most importantly I wanted to flood the tenderly tangible heart of my  
beloved; with overwhelming love.

## **9. THE GREATEST OFFERING**

If I used acerbic tree twigs instead of the corrugated comb to part my hair,

The outcome would be ludicrously funny; with several strands of follicle settling wildly on my scalp.

If I used steaming acid instead of water to clean my persona in the morning,  
Blissful patches of my radiant skin would transit to a ghastly brown; as an aftermath of the acrimonious effluent.

If I used pure nectar instead of soap to wash my face,  
There would be a battalion of red ant crawling all over; injecting small vials of sting in my blood.

If I used a quilt embossed with thorns to sleep; instead of one with furry cotton,  
A myriad of spots in my body would bleed; rendering me tossing and turning all throughout the chilly night.

If I used raw coal tar instead of sandalwood mascara to embellish my eyes,  
They would incessantly water; with a host of foreign bodies invading their dainty ambience.

If I used water logged cloth instead of Sun dried sticks to light a fire,  
The conflagration would fail to incinerate; with paltry draughts of smoke produced as a ramification.

If I used a flat plate of porcelain instead of a mug to consume a barrel of fresh milk,  
The liquid would clumsily spill; with frugal droplets of the concoction being able to enter my mouth.

If I used my hands to walk instead of my sturdy feet,  
I would inevitably lose balance; toppling on the ground; appearing to be one from the acrobatic circus.

If I used red chili in food; instead of Commensurate amounts of salt,  
The taste buds in my tongue would irredeemably burn; with my bowels relinquishing taste forever.

If I used all my love for a girl with overwhelming affluence; instead of the one who desired me truly from the heart,  
She would feed me with sumptuous food no doubt; while keeping me tied in chains of rebuke and insult till the time I live.

And If I used infinite hours in the day worshipping God instead of doing something for those afflicted with distress,  
The Creator himself would admonish me to perform benevolent deeds;  
Assisting people camouflaged in cloud covers of anguish and sorrow,

Which would be the greatest prayer I could dream of offering to him.

## **10. AN ISLAND OF LOOSE SAND**

I buried myself deep into an island of loose sand; sprawled in abundance on the solitary street,  
Warm moisture clinging to mud; like the vise like grip of a mother,  
Blended profusely with an agglomerate of loose stone and fish shell,  
Perspiring voraciously in the sweltering heat of the stringent day,  
Loads of contaminated debris neatly aligning its periphery,  
Frigid particles of soil flying high and handsome in violent puffs of wind,  
Rustic chameleons slithering harmlessly past rotund rocks settled in the clay,  
Finely crushed sand glittering like an opalescent mirror in the flaming Sun,  
Multi legged roots of the uprooted tree; lying obsolete amidst a mountain of earth,  
The conglomerate of golden sand shimmered magnanimously in the hostile beams of Sun.

A plethora of earth worms tickled intricate zones of my ear,  
Red ants in clambered up my bare chest; stinging my supple flesh,  
There was perennial darkness encapsulating my silhouette,  
I breathed heavily in a dense ambience of mud and slippery fossil,  
There was no scope for vociferous noise; I barely possessed the power to whisper,  
Incessantly blending my hands in the mystical wetness; I tumultuously fantasized  
about lush green lawns on the pastoral slopes,  
Ostentatious palaces of pure sandalwood; fighter jets flying at swashbuckling speeds,  
Unrelenting rain pelting down showering solid medallions of glistening gold,  
I suddenly felt thoroughly exhausted; parched regions of my throat wailed  
exorbitantly for cool water,  
Infinite hours of sleeping under sand had sapped indispensable energy from  
my bones,  
Eventually prompting me to dismantle the web of silver granules,  
And as I audaciously stepped out in the brilliant light of the moon,  
I was a sight to be ludicrously stared at; evoking a volley of incoherent laughter from  
the pedestrians,  
With every arena of my persona being submerged in disdainful coats of mud,  
Obnoxious molecules of sand extruding from a battalion of territories in my body.

## **11. YET I FELT LONELY**

I had a cavalcade of ostentatious cars following me every second; with melodious  
tunes emanating from the sleek music systems,  
The upholstery was plush; the ambience was besieged with a pungent aroma of  
wild scented flower,  
Yet I felt lonely; as there was no one to hold my hand; make me frivolously smile.

I had a furry quilt made of the finest quality satin; adhered to a bed embossed with pure God,  
Embroidered carpets sprawling on the colossal walls; with the majestic panther skin hanging limp from the ceiling,  
Yet I felt lonely; as there was no one to sing enchanting rhymes; tickle me in my ribs; make me go to sleep.

I had grandiloquent pool of water in the interiors of my palace; with the waters appearing emerald green in the full moonlight,  
An aquarium of exquisite fish blended with crystalline pebble; with profoundly embellished life boats floating on the surface,  
Yet I felt lonely; as there was no one to splash water on my face; swim with rejuvenating euphoria beside me.

I had the most succulent of violet grapes lying on corrugated silver; with blood red apple juxtaposed in clusters,  
Ravishing glasses of immaculate milk; the most piquant of green chili; with commensurate proportions of Italian chocolate,  
Yet I felt lonely; as there was no one in vicinity to converse with me; feed me the food with congenial warmth.

I had a piano studded with the most resplendent of diamond; a jugglery of musical instrument lying in exorbitant quantity,  
A slender necked violin leaning on the wall; enmeshed with a myriad of chiseled wire,  
Yet I felt lonely; as there was no one in proximity to listen to the enchanting music when I played.

I wore a bullet proof jacket encompassing my chest; with scintillating swords protruding gallantly from my back,  
A luxuriously emollient suit camouflaging the same; snake leather shoes concluding my kingly attire,  
Yet I felt lonely; as there was none in the surrounding; able to listen to my throbbing heart.

I had amassed sumptuous wealth in the tenure of my life; with currency of all kind cascading down my persona,  
Armed forces parading around the formidable castle I inhabited; an ocean of golden honey plummeting down from the window,  
Yet I felt lonely; as I couldn't purchase her intricate heart with all the affluence I possessed; hold her captive in the prison of my gold.

## 12. INSTINCTS

The stray dog on the street had an inevitable instinct to wag its bushy tail  
when ecstatic,  
Garrulously bark at irate trespassers; who hurled irregular stones at its shriveled  
persona.

The leotard skinned cat; had an insatiable instinct to lap vigorously at frosty milk,  
Purr in its ubiquitously pungent voice; when tickled intensely in the ribs.

The twin horned cow; had an involuntary instinct of swishing its slender tail;  
to drive away buzzing flies,  
Laboriously chewed loads of grass; before preparing to snooze on the bare tarmac.

A battalion of ants on the floor; had inborn instincts of walking in groups,  
Injected their acrimonious sting; the moment they sighted bare flesh in proximity.

The birds soaring high in sapphire carpets of satin clouds; had effusive instincts of  
chirping melodiously,  
Did so at the onset of every evanescent dawn; and the unveiling of stormy night.

The slimy frogs residing in shallow realms of the cloistered pond; had a disdainful  
instinct to croak,  
The instant tumultuous showers of rain; pelted down from the sky in fury.

A cluster of animate roses emanating from brown soil; had a perpetual instinct  
to diffuse fragrance,  
Sleep with its articulate petals closed; as vigils of dusk strangulated bright light.

The serrated brown lizard on the wall; had a vindictive instinct of spurting blood  
from its eyes,  
The instants it got provoked by kin; envisaged signals of being mutilated.

The frivolous monkey perched up in the entwined branches of tree; had mischievous  
instincts to imitate,  
As he cast his eyes on surrounding organisms; scrupulously emulating their plethora  
of emotions.

And humans breathing air on sacrosanct soil of the universe; had a natural instinct to  
love,  
Mutually interact; spreading waves of harmony, bliss, and compassion,  
Procreating infinite numbers of their own kind,  
Irrespective of cast; creed; religion and the hour of day they were born and witnessed  
first rays of brilliant Sunlight

### **13. I WANTED TO BE YOUR HEART**

I wanted to be your tenacious palms; when you wanted to climb the steep mountain,  
I wanted to be your intricate eyes; when you desired to browse speedily through  
condensed literature,  
I wanted to be your formidable teeth; when you wanted to passionately chew hard  
chunks of sugarcane,  
I wanted to be your feet; when you felt exhausted; with marathon distances yet to be  
covered,  
I wanted to be your knotted fingers; when you wished to inundate immaculate sheets  
of paper with infinite lines of script,  
I wanted to be your skin; when you felt the blistering heat of the Sun; the steaming  
breeze burning your flesh,  
I wanted to be your breath; when you felt suffocated; gasping to inhale in  
claustrophobic cabins of the aircraft,  
I wanted to be your memory; when you needed to scrupulously retrospect the past,  
I wanted to be your laughter; when you danced around the room in stupendous  
exultation,  
I wanted to be your stomach; when you were afflicted by monotonous constipation,  
I wanted to be your rosy tongue; when you felt like boisterously screeching;  
expanding your lungs to top capacity,  
I wanted to be your bones; when you felt dreary ready to collapse on the ground,  
I wanted to be your nails; when you felt like inevitably scratching mundane paint  
from wall,  
I wanted to be your confidence; when you were confronted all alone by a gang of  
unruly thieves,  
I wanted to your inspiration; when life seemed cumbersome at every footstep; with  
the tyranny of fate besieging you every second,  
I wanted to be your ability to fantasize; when you desired to of to blissful sleep,  
I wanted to be your ravishing hair; which swirled with mesmerizing grace under  
the fully opalescent moon,  
I wanted to be your blood; flowing unrelentingly through your ocean blue veins,  
I wanted to be your sweat; oozing profusely when you laboriously executed a  
plethora of household tasks,  
I wanted to be your effusive tears; when you felt like sobbing in tribulation,  
And over and above all; I wanted to be your heart; which was purer than the  
most exquisite of gold; loved me more than anybody else inhabiting this earth.

#### **14. I WANTED TO MAKE THE WORLD A BETTER PLACE**

The nimble blades of grass sprouting from soil; wanted sumptuous sunshine for  
nutrition,  
The boisterous squirrels clambering on the tree; wanted a  
The reptiles slithering mystically through a labyrinth of blend of insect and large  
succulent leaf,



The frogs croaking in discordant cacophony; wanted blotted ponds of water to bathe and make merry,  
The mystically radiant reptile slithering through jungle bush; wanted innocuous trespassers; to sting,  
The pearly white mushrooms growing rampantly in the fields; wanted tinges of disdainful dirt,  
The hunch backed camel traversing through the abysmally hot desert; wanted revitalizing refreshments of water,  
The uncanny spider spinning its web with dexterity; wanted to devour unsuspecting prey entangled in vicinity,  
The ostentatiously inflated persona of balloon; wanted to soar at unprecedented heights in the air and fly,  
The diminutive body of matchstick; wanted to incinerate mammoth buildings and produce fire,  
The majestic leopard galloping through the forest, wanted to capsize its prey; pulverize it to pieces,  
The ubiquitous birds flying in the sky; wanted to reach back their nests before the onset of perilous night,  
The ravenous waves of the sea blended perfectly in full Sunlight; wanted to rise high; collide with the jagged rocks and eventually die,  
The brown eyed looking impeccable goat; wanted to consume lots of corn and produce frosty milk,  
The sniffer dogs running at swashbuckling speeds through the city streets; wanted to hunt nefarious criminals; annihilate traces of their entity,  
The gigantic lizard on the wall incessantly changed its color; wanted to entice its prey; pretending to be like a dead twig,  
The pot bellied ducks quacked for indefatigable hours in the day; wanted scores of opalescent fish to relish,  
The monstrous sized tortoise with its neck well camouflaged; wanted a plethora of worm,  
The frivolously sculptured domestic cat; wanted to insatiably sip at hidden bowls of milk,  
The obnoxiously detestable cockroach violently fluttered its antenna; wanted to safely sleep in the clammy and untidy realms of the gutter,  
The diabolical demon in fairy tales; wanted to munch humans like ants in his mouth,  
And till the time I existed on this earth in the form of a human being,  
I wanted to unrelentingly love; make the world a better place to live in,  
With celestial blessings of the Creator; to assist me in every step of my benevolent endeavor.

## **15. IF I HAD A THOUSAND LIVES**

If I had a thousand bricks stashed beside my persona; I would utilize them all to construct an invincible house,

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