

**Life = Death – volume 2 – Poems on Life , Death**

**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](https://www.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](http://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 volume 2 of the Book titled – Life = Death – Poems on Life , Death ( 1200 pages ) . This enigmatic collection of poems explores and equates the boundless possibilities of life and death and delves into each intricate inexplicability of survival. Parekh's roving philosophical eye brings the unconquerable richness of life to the fore and yet at the same time explicitly highlights the veracity of 'death' as the absolute certainty of every existence. The poet joyously celebrates the occasions of both life and death with equal panache in each poetic stanza sewn with the uncanny mysteries of this Universe. The poems within immortalize both life and death as the ultimate victories and the two most contrastingly amazing and divine sides of creation. Catapulting the reader to the threshold of ultimate ecstasy; they bring about an impromptu twist with the closure of breath and what lies beyond. This charismatically woven collection of poetic verse would equally enamor the narcissist as well as the simple humanitarian to the core.

This book is a humble attempt to enlighten the readers with the equality of life and death-and to live in both of them to the most unparalleled fullest. Embracing only the religion of humanity, as the Lord has commanded every living being on earth. You cant die in life and cant live in death-each of these components are irrefutably equal in every respect and should be worshipped with due obeisance.

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## **1. DESTINED TO BE DEAD. WHEN GOD WANTS.**

I didn't know whether it would be flamboyantly optimistic rays of the Sun; or whether the sky would resemble silver streaks of monsoon grey- when I'd step out of the pitch dark coal mine,

I didn't know whether it'd rain unrelentingly; or whether it'd turn out to be a day embellished with the profoundness of ecstatic light- as I retired for sleep just a few hours before,

I didn't know whether I'd meet with several uncouth barricades; or whether I'd reach the finishing line of sweet success like the flight of a royally unbridled eagle- as I tread on the jagged road outside,

I didn't know whether the very next person I'd encounter would be a long-lost friend; or a complete stranger with whom I'd have to interact from the infinitesimal scratch so that we became best friends,

I didn't know whether the waves of the ocean would serenely undulate under the opalescent Moon- or whether there would be an undivided wall of fiery water called 'Tsunami' hurtling towards the crowded township- as I merrily hummed the tunes of my choice snuggled cozily in my hotel room,

I didn't know whether there'd be impeccable landscapes of ice as I traversed up the hills; or whether what would greet me would be treacherous barren slopes- with delightful rivulets of water tumbling by my side,

I didn't know whether the colossal edifice would retain its poise; or come down crumbling like a pack of frigid matchsticks; as the earthquake struck without the tiniest of insinuation and with insurmountable might,

I didn't know whether the bus awkwardly wobbling through the hills; would reach the summit with all passengers in bliss; or whether it'd skid its way head-on- down into the stillness of the devouring gorge,

I didn't know whether the tantalizing plain of mud that laid in front; would facilitate to reach the other end like a royal safari- or whether it'd perseveringly suck life trying to traverse being the slippery sand,

I didn't know whether the fresh bundle of life soon about to leave the womb and entire planet divine- would be an unequivocally bonding baby girl; or a mischievous little darling baby boy,

I didn't know whether the stranger walking abreast my window; lived in a charmed castle of glittering columns and crowns- or whether he found solace under the open roof of the unassailable sky; when night inevitably descended by,

I didn't know whether the bird perched on the roof- would choose to peck at grains strewn in bountiful abundance around; or whether it'd dabble its beak just an insouciant trifle into the few droplets of water in the bowl,

I didn't know whether the offsprings would abruptly leave their mother one day; or whether they'd all continue to exist till destined in their abode replenished with the threads of love,

I didn't know whether the bride and bride-groom who appeared so wondrously enlightened on solemnization of marriage- would lead a life further of unhindered joy; mutual bliss and respect- or whether their existence would mark a new chapter of being fraught with total discontent; dissimilarities and disparities,

I didn't know whether the flamboyantly roaring lion would attack the man with savage hostility; or would come near him to timidly lap up his palm; the same man who'd once upon a time removed a thorn from its profusely oozing wound,

I didn't know whether the vultures would admire their unfettered flight in the scintillatingly candid mirror; or whether they'd disintegrate the same into worthless pieces with nonchalant probes of their legs and beaks,

I didn't know whether the inscrutably exuberant paintings of the painter would reach him the epitome of mortal success and fame; or whether he'd spend a life in lambasted reclusion and seclusion from the outside world,

I didn't know whether the kite I flew from my terrace; would soar placidly as I relished plucking at its lifeless string; or whether it'd fall with an instantaneous thud upon obdurate concrete; cut by a counterpart string which had more luck that time,

But irrespective of this or that we did not know – what I and every single one of us living beings definitely and irrefutably know; is that every mortal life taken birth upon the soil by God's grace- is destined to be dead when God wants.

## **2. LIFE IS AS OMNIPOTENT AS GOD**

Life is as sweet as a chocolate; go and greedily crunch it,

Life is as ravishing as the choppy ocean; go and swim in it,

Life is as dense as the deciduous forest; go and voraciously philander in it,

Life is as perspicuous as the scintillating mirror; go and sight your reflection in it,

Life is as green as the sprawling grasses; go and exuberantly roll in it,

Life is as impeccable as frosty cows milk; go and perseveringly gulp it,

Life is as fragrant as the mesmerizing scarlet rose; go and smell it,

Life is as warm as the cozy quilt; go and comfortably snuggle in it,

Life is as voluptuous as brown chunks of mud; go and ebulliently plough it,

Life is as vivid as the rainbow in the cosmos; go and surreptitiously perceive it,

Life is as surreal as blissful heaven; go and inexorably fantasize about it,

Life is as contemporary as the swanky car; go and drive it,

Life is as slippery as the slimy oyster shells; go and intensely feel it,

Life is as thorny as the gigantic cactus; go and prick it,

Life is as poignant as green chili; go and tenaciously chew it,

Life is as heavy as the mammoth boulder; go and skillfully hoist it,

Life is as strong as the formidable fortress wall; go and wrestle with it,

Life is as grandiloquent as the bombastic palace; go and languish in it,

Life is as brilliant as the dazzling sun; go and bask directly beneath it,

Life is as dark as the cloistered well; go and dip your persona in it,

Life is as enchanting as the placid moon; go and profoundly admire it,

Life is as blistering as the scorching deserts; go and run unrelentingly in it,  
Life is as beautiful as the dainty fairy; go and gently caress it,  
Life is as incredulous as the conventional aircraft; go and fly high in it,  
Life is as comic as the circus clown; go and tumultuously laugh with it,  
Life is as steep as the lanky mountain; go and adroitly clamber it,  
Life is as tingling as the gushing mountain stream; go and uninhibitedly bathe in it,  
Life is as intricate as the mothers womb; go and worship it,  
Life is as horrendous as the swirling whirlpool; go and audaciously confront it,  
Life is as enigmatic as the meticulously spun spiders web; go and entangle it,  
Life is as simple as a line drawn on the floor; go and vigorously enjoy it,  
Life is as savage as a sword; go and fight valiantly with it,  
Life is as vibrant as the majestic peacock spreading its feathers; go and supremely relish it,  
Life is as romantic as the person you care for; go and incorrigibly love it,  
Life is as sacrosanct as the Omnipotent Creator; go and wholesomely lead it.

### **3. NEVER LIVE IN DEATH; NEVER DIE IN LIFE**

There was simply no happiness in inexplicably venomous sadness; and there was simply not the tiniest trace of sadness in the heavens of jubilantly poignant and resplendently enamoring; happiness,

There was simply no daylight in morosely sadistic blackness; and there was simply not the tiniest trace of blackness in the sun of optimistically unfettered and spell-bindingly perennial; daylight,

There was simply no faith in treacherously slandering infidelity; and there was simply not the tiniest trace of infidelity in the skies of unendingly unconquerable and compassionately everlasting; faith,

There was simply no truth in deplorably sacrilegious lies; and there was simply not the tiniest trace of lies in the utopia of eternally sacrosanct and unflinchingly peerless; truth,

There was simply no melody in venomously discordant deliriousness; and there was simply not the tiniest trace of deliriousness in the caverns of ecstatically unbelievable and vivaciously exuberant; melody,

There was simply no humanity in indiscriminately devastating war; and there was simply not the tiniest trace of war in the bloodstreams of pricelessly unassailable and fearlessly Omnipotent; humanity,

There was simply no nature in preposterously robotic monotony; and there was simply not the tiniest trace of monotony in the lap of divinely effervescent and rhapsodically exultating; nature,

There was simply no open-heartedness in lecherously ominous manipulation; and there was simply not the tiniest trace of manipulation in the rain of torrentially unfettered and beautifully panoramic; open-heartedness,

There was simply no innocence in licentiously demented adultery; and there was simply not the tiniest trace of adultery in the womb of impregnably divinely and interminably fructifying; innocence,

There was simply no love in demonically pulverizing terrorism; and there was simply not the tiniest trace of terrorism in the heart of immortally burgeoning and ubiquitously evolving; love,

There was simply no simplicity in despicably marauding prejudice; and there was simply not the tiniest trace of prejudice in the cradle of everlastingly bountiful and victoriously undaunted; simplicity,

There was simply no compassion in mercilessly despondent indifference; and there was simply not the tiniest trace of indifference in the clouds of timelessly bestowing and unconquerably embracing; compassion,

There was simply no fire in nonchalantly decrepit nothingness; and there was simply not the tiniest trace of nothingness in the aisles of passionately rejuvenating and royally untamed; fire,

There was simply no brotherhood in tyrannically meaningless selfishness; and there was simply not the tiniest trace of selfishness in the paradise of bounteously ebullient and amiably transcending; brotherhood,

There was simply no freshness in egregiously wanton stagnation; and there was simply not the tiniest trace of stagnation in the rainbow of unlimitedly triumphant and mellifluously astounding; freshness,

There was simply no transparency in cadaverously confiscating politics; and there was simply not the tiniest trace of politics in the mirror of candidly discerning and righteously radiating; transparency,

There was simply no freedom in profanely bigoted incarceration; and there was simply not the tiniest trace of incarceration in the mists of limitlessly bewitching and undauntedly priceless; freedom,

There was simply no life in satanically worthless death; and there was simply not the tiniest trace of death in the throne of perpetually winning and Omnipresently undefeated; life,

Therefore I say; do not think the slightest of life after you're crucified to ghastly death; and never ever even utter the word death whilst profoundly relishing and effulgently romancing; proliferating; gyrating and adventuring; in the immortal entrenchment of life.

#### 4. LIFE'S THE WAY YOU SEE IT

For some it was a garden of bountifully mesmerizing roses; while some could only indefatigably witness the acrimoniously pugnacious thorns,

For some it was a surreally rhapsodic cloud showering perennial enchantment; while some could only relentlessly feel penalized by the shades of gruesomely pulverizing black,

For some it was a forest of panoramically evergreen vivaciousness; while some could only fretfully rebuke the enigmatically inexplicable travails and trails,

For some it was an ocean of unsurpassably unassailable happiness; while some could only unrelentingly blame the maliciously lambasting maelstrom of pernicious waves,

For some it was an unflinching fortress of timelessly blissful solidarity; while some could only implacably feel the disparagingly deteriorating abrasions with the inevitably unstoppable unfurling of time,

For some it was a tantalizingly celestial nightingale; while some could only dogmatically the curse the inconspicuous pinches of harmlessly holistic adulteration in the air,

For some it was a meadow of eternally priceless peace; while some could only incorrigibly experience the frigid chunks of obnoxiously threadbare dirt,

For some it was a fireball of insuperably untamed passion; while some could only intractably feel outlandishly intimidated by the wisps of hideously black smoke; that disastrously obfuscated their vision,

For some it was an ebulliently fathomless book of unendingly euphoric adventure; while some could only tirelessly feel asphyxiated by the sheer and inexplicably unfurling volume,

For some it was a bountifully persevering ladder to eternal success; while some could only intransigently castigate the unfathomable array of steep stairs,

For some it was an unbelievable rainbow of heavenly versatility; while some could only ruthlessly feel the incomprehensibly endless festoon of harsh shades,

For some it was an Omnipotent Sun of invincibly righteous hope; while some could only acrimoniously feel the boundlessly austere rays left; right and spurious center,

For some it was a iridescently twinkling star of unprecedented optimism; while some could only remorsefully feel the infinitesimally uncanny flicker; inflamingly imperil their sanctimonious existence,

For some it was an immortally patriotic march towards glorious martyrdom; while some could only grievingly feel the blood soaked sacrifices in the triumphant odyssey in between,

For some it was an unshakably sacrosanct mother who timelessly proliferate God's Omnipresent chapter of survival; while some could only preposterously feel the savage waves of bedlam labour pain; in between,

For some it was the most blessed icing on even the most diminutive little thing that they had achieved; while some could only relentlessly shiver to the winds of rejuvenating coolness,

O! Yes; For some it was an indomitably victorious inferno of passionately loving heartbeats; while some could only limitlessly grouse the reverberating sound; ignominiously admonishing it for bringing cacophony in their dwindling stride,

Because although the Omniscient Creator had bestowed it in the most holistically unconquerable of forms upon every organism symbiotically alike; Life's the way you chose it to be; Life's the way you make of it; Life's the way you believe it to be; Life's the way you see it.



## 5. NO SHORTCUT

The shortcut to reach the towering summit of the building; was to use the gold embossed escalator,

The shortcut to pass the treacherous waves of the tumultuously stormy sea; was an electric paced motorboat,

The shortcut to reach the astronomical peak of the colossal mountain; was a swanky airplane which flew faster than the speed of light,

The shortcut to topmost fruit suspended from the branch of the gigantic tree; was a ladder with coherently aligned metal rungs,

The shortcut to painstakingly masticating gargantuan morsels of food; was to consume equivalent amounts of tiny vitamin capsules,

The shortcut to walking long distances on bare foot; was the bombastically haughty and silken complexioned and scarlet sports car,

The shortcut to assiduously taxing the dainty fingers to pen down fathomless lines of literature; was the feather tipped and stupendously contemporary computer,

The shortcut to bathing in cold water at the crack of every dawn; was to inundate your armpits with exotic scent; fool people as if you had washed your gruesomely sordid persona umpteenth number of times in the day,

The shortcut to browsing onerously through the overwhelmingly bulky book; was to simply read its last page and drift off to blissful sleep,

The shortcut to surreal fantasy and incredulously haywire fantasy; was to put abrupt brakes to your wild imagination,

The shortcut to delivering the marathon speech for indefatigable hours on the trot; was to tell somebody to dub it perfectly in your voice,

The shortcut to witnessing vivaciously striped lions wandering through a labyrinth of paths in the dense jungles; was to spot and profoundly admire them in their locked cage,

The shortcut to waiting for rain to pelt down in harmonious unison from the sky; was to stand under an incessant stream of artificial bathroom shower water,

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