

Life = Death – volume 3 – 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 . My syle of Poetry / literature is unique and has never ever been written before or experimented on the mortal planet by any mortal , though my Poetry / literature is normal and natural . **GOD'S** grace on me . i am nothing infront of **GOD** . i am nothing infront of **GOD'S** holy messengers . So any victorious publisher who may want to publish my Poetry in Paperback without Financial Expenditure to me , can directly communicate with me at the address , nikhilparekh99@gmail.com or indianpoetnikhilparekh@gmail.com] . I am Nikhil Parekh , (born 27 August , 1977) , poet and author from Ahmedabad , India . I am also a 10 - Time National Record holder for my Poetry with the Limca Book of Records India , limcabookofrecords.in - which is India's Best Book of Records , Ranked 2nd in the World officially to Guinness Book of World Records . You can visit me at - nikhilparekh.org ; to browse my Poetry on **GOD** , Peace , Love , Anti Terrorism , Friendship , Life , Death , Environment, Wildlife , Mother , Father , Children , Parenthood , Humanity , Social Cause , Women empowerment , Poverty , Lovers , Brotherhood - at this website you can also browse my varied Books , my awards and my National records in Poetry .

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Author Biography

Nikhil Parekh , (born August 27 , 1977) , from Ahmedabad , India - is a Love Poet and 10 time National Record holder for his Poetry with the Limca Book of Records India - limcabookofrecords.in , which is India's Best Book of Records , also Ranked 2nd in the World officially to Guinness Book of World Records . He is an author of - ' LONGEST BOOK written by a mortal - COLLECTED POETRY ' , which has a Print Length of 5254 pages on the Amazon Kindle .

The Poet's style of Poetry / literature is unique and has never ever been written before or experimented on the mortal planet by any mortal . Though his Poetry / literature is normal and natural .

10 National Records held by Parekh with the Limca Book of Records India are for –

- (1) Being the First Indian Poet to be published / featured in McGill English Dictionary of Rhyme which is the World's Number 1 English Rhyming Dictionary - for his poem , Come Lets Embrace our New Religion
- (2) Being the First Indian Poet to have won Poet of the Year Award at the Canadian Federation of Poets which is Canada's National Poetry Body endorsed by Governor General of Canada
- (3) Being the First Indian Poet to be published in a Commonwealth Newsletter for his poem on AIDS which is - Aids doesn't kill . Your Attitude kills .
- (4) Being the First Indian Poet to win an EPPIE award for best Poetry EBook
- (5) Writing the most number of letters to and receiving the most number of replies from World Leaders and World Organizations .
- (6) Being the First Indian Poet to be Goodwill Ambassador to the International Goodwill Treaty for World Peace - GoodwillTreaty.org .
- (7) Being the First Indian Poet whose Poems have been made into Films at Youtube.com - The World's largest video sharing website .
- (8) Being the 1st Indian Poet to be featured for his Poetry Book - Love versus Terrorism- Poems on Anti Terror, Peace , at Wattpad.com - The World's most popular ebook community and largest website for reading books on mobile phones .
- (9) Being the first Indian Poet whose video reciting a Poem on Nelson Mandela , has been placed at the official website of the Government of South Africa .

(10) "Having authored LONGEST BOOK written by a mortal - COLLECTED POETRY - which is of Print Length 5254 pages and currently has approximately 1.15 million words , financially selling in the Amazon.com Kindle Store United States at - <http://www.amazon.com/dp/B003Y8XLKQ>".

The Indian Poet has written thousands of poems on - **GOD**, Peace , Love , Anti Terrorism , Friendship , Life , Death , Environment, Wildlife , Mother , Father , Children , Parenthood , Humanity , Social Cause , Women empowerment , Poverty , Lovers , Brotherhood . His Books and Poems have had millions of viewers and downloads on the Internet .

Parekh is an author of 47 varied Books which include - 1 God (volume 1 to volume 4) , The Womb (volume 1 to volume 2) , Love Versus Terrorism (Part 1 to Part 2) , You die; I die - Love Poems (Part 1 to Part 16) , Life = Death (volume 1 to volume 10) , The Power of Black (volume 1 to volume 2) , If you cut a tree; you cut your own mother , Hide and Seek (part 1 to part 8) , Longest Poem written by Nikhil Parekh - Only as Life . These Books comprise of nearly a 7000 pages of his Poetry .

The Poet's Poetry has had the patronization of several World Leaders including the Queen of England . Visit Nikhil Parekh at – nikhilparekh.org .

About The Poetry Book

This Book which has 50 differently titled Poems , is actually volume 3 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. THE CHAPTER OF LOVE. THE CHAPTER OF LIFE.

The same legs which I once considered supremely bohemian and useless; an incorrigible weight dragging on my body all the time,
Now proved to be my best cars transporting me at swashbuckling speeds to my destination; when the ferocious lion was chasing me; and I was stranded disdainfully in the wilderness of the night.

The same fingers which I once considered be an insipid burden to my hands; bothering me all throughout the tenure of the acerbic day with squalid pools of sweat that dribbled painstakingly down their periphery,
Now proved like angels having descended freshly from the heavens; as they indefatigably answered the bulky sheets of examination paper; saving me the tyranny of doing murderous college all over again.

The same muscles which I once considered as ostentatious pieces of meat bulging bombastically from beneath my shirt; interfering pertinently when I tried to slip through slim space,
Now proved to be equivalent to the entire army of Herculean strength; protecting me invincibly when I was attacked by the fleet of diabolical demons.

The same stomach which I once considered to be bizarrely obese; extruding out pretentiously beyond the realms of synchronized control; being smirked by every girl who trespassed me in vicinity,
Now proved to be greater than the most qualified of doctor; as it was the sole tool which was able to make the orphan smile; when all other medicines in the world had utterly failed.

The same eyelashes which I once considered to be a gravely cumbersome bother; intractably transgressing across my immaculate vision countless times in a single day,
Now proved to be the greatest ointment existing in the Universe; as they massaged my eye with remarkable rejuvenation in the midst of the tumultuous sandstorm.

The same saliva which I once considered as horrendously cheap; incessantly circulating in my mouth; rendering it sometimes with a disgusting odor unbearable to inhale,
Now proved to be the greatest appetizer generating insurmountable pangs of hunger in my stomach; assisted me overwhelmingly to masticate my morsels of food; gulp them down delectably with untamed relish.

The same lines on my palms which I once considered to be despicably condemning; for rendering me disastrously penurious; without even a penny in my pocket while other's dwellings overflowed with pompous diamonds and glittering gold,

Now proved to be the greatest destiny; as I escaped without the most minuscule of scratch on my body; even as boundless others of my kind uncouthly perished in the swirl of the ear-shattering earthquake.

The same voice which I once considered to be profoundly detestable; wanted to abscond fathomless miles away as I heard the disgruntling cadence in its sound; felt like dying a tortured death every moment when I cognized the hoarseness it was impregnated with,
Now proved to be the greatest life saver; as my screams brought in the rescue workers; saved me from drowning to the bottom of the mercilessly deep ocean.

The same nails which I once considered ugly and contemptuously dirty; protruding unnecessarily from my rubicund skin; making me the object of cynical ridicule in the heart of the plush conference room,
Now proved to be the greatest weapons in fomenting me to fight with the menacing burglars; preventing them from stealing the possessions that I had sparingly managed to accumulate in all my life.

And the same heart which I once considered to be throbbing without sagacious control; palpitating incoherently in my chest without respite; acting as a perilous impediment; irately disturbing my blissful nights sleep,
Now proved to be the greatest life; beating violently after witnessing the love of its dreams; besieged by a cloud of unfathomable passion and romance; eventually discovering a new purpose to live; discovering a whole new purpose to continue the chapter of love; the chapter of life.

2. FOUND MY OWN CORPSE

Above the soil the cars appeared to be like royal emperors; traversing majestically on the silken coat of long road,
While beneath the soil the same cars seemed to be squalidly coated with mud; painstakingly labored to trudge merrily forward.

Above the soil the matchsticks appeared to be burning in passionate fire; profoundly illuminating the darkness of the wretched night,
While beneath the soil the same matchsticks seemed to be gasping for breath; relinquishing their boisterous flames in wholesome entirety.

Above the soil the conglomerate of clouds appeared to be a silken carpet; inundating barren kilometers of mud on earth with robust sheets of sparkling water,
While beneath the soil the same clouds seemed to be dingy little bellows of obnoxious gas; brutally entrapped and blended with dark chunks of purple earth.

Above the soil the crops in the farm appeared to be salubrious and ingratiatingly fresh; swaying delectably with every draught of amicable wind,
While beneath the soil the same crops seemed to be completely corroded; squelched to barbaric roots hanging flimsily under the ground.

Above the soil the bucket of milk appeared frosty and supremely scintillating; inevitably enticing cats from the midst of their celestial sleep to gather around in unison and sip,
While beneath the soil the same milk seemed horrendously dirty; perseveringly inching its way downwards towards the deep belly.

Above the soil the eggs hatched into scores of immaculate fledglings; harmoniously puncturing the atmosphere with their lovely rambunctious sounds and noises,
While beneath the soil the same eggs got overwhelmingly burdened with bulky mud; strangulated miserably to even spread their legs.

Above the soil the cluster of hideous snakes enjoyed unparalleled privilege in hunting for their succulent prey; easily sighting it in austere brilliant rays of Sunlight,
While beneath the soil the same snakes slithered in gloomy mysticism; having only to content with dead worms and a festoon of inconspicuous bodied ant.

Above the soil the pages of the book seemed a treat to read and intricately decipher; with the battalion of words prudently embossed inside capturing the true essence of life under silvery rays of moonlight,
While beneath the soil the same book became simply inaudible to read; and the termites attacked it pathetically from all sides of its hard bound periphery.

Above the soil the fleet of butterflies danced and frolicked euphorically generating ebullient draughts of fresh air; hardly sat for a minute besieged by the ardor of their activity,

While beneath the soil the same butterflies lost their petite wings; had monstrous difficulty to even open their eyes.

And above the soil I lived in blissful tandem with the Universe; wandering and exploring; conquering and relishing; romancing and procreating,

While beneath the soil the same me; found my place to rest for centuries unprecedented; as a matter of fact; found my own corpse.

3. STARVED

Every writer is starved for a publisher; the indispensable channel to propagate his work ubiquitously into the entire world,

Every granule of desert sand is starved for cloudbursts of rain; those glistening globules of water to impart it with new life,

Every eye is starved for beauty; those ravishing forms of mysticism which grant unsurpassable pleasure and a glint to its exhausted persona,

Every valley is starved for an echo; that voluptuously resonating sound that clashes delectably against the gloominess of the still atmosphere,

Every scorpion is starved for a sting; those robust globs of innocuous flesh; which grace it the astronomical privilege of piercing its ominous tentacles,

Every sports car is starved for a driver; who can grip its steering wheel with insurmountable machismo; speed it at whirlwind speeds; with its nozzle handsomely permeating through majestic carpets of air,

Every dog is starved for a bone; the tantalizing slices of red meat to appease its gluttony till unprecedented limits,

Every mosquito is starved for immaculate entities; on whose impeccable flesh it could sit all day; and satanically suck blood all throughout the savage night,

Every lip is starved for a kiss; that volatile inferno of unimaginable passion it stirred at the tiniest of caress,

Every armpit is starved for sweat; that fountain of shimmering juice which made it feel all the more stupendously exotic,

Every ear is starved for the voice of the nightingale; that ingratiating fantasy which it inevitably fomented; as it slowly drifted before blending with the senses,

Every knuckle is starved for a punch; that astounding feeling of bravado which irrefutably descended; as it pounded through loose balls of open space,

Every soul is starved for childhood; those profusely mischievous moments which divinely tickled it to rise higher above the angels,

Every barren pond is starved for the royal lotus; the magnanimously alluring odor that profoundly illuminated each second of its unfurling life,

Every telephone is starved for a melodious ring; that inexorably tinkling sound that made all around it rise with unanimous solidarity,

Every butterfly was starved for sunlight; those fiery beams of the Sun God which filtered optimistic rays of hope in its miserably cloistered existence; engendered it to dance and fly,

Every mind was starved for ravishing fantasy; fathomlessly fabulous dreams which incessantly kept it in a state of perpetual bliss,

Every heart was starved for its beloved; the incomprehensible ardor she generated to unrelentingly accelerate its each beat,

And every life was starved for love; that immortal affinity it solely desired since the time it took its first breath; the very reason it was still breathing and alive.

4. A BUCKET OF BREATH

A bucket of stones; to built and resurrect my gruesomely broken dwelling,

A bucket of sparkling water; to clean my unwashed body; annihilate the last iota of dirt incorrigibly adhering to remote corner of my skin,

A bucket of food; to wholesomely appease the overwhelming pangs of hunger in my famished stomach; my volcanic desire to chew,

A bucket of flocculent cotton fluff; to impart me with compassionate warmth in the heart of frozen winter,

A bucket of intractable glue; to coalesce the shattered fragments of distorted glass in which I sighted my heavenly reflection,

A bucket of scintillating pearls; to sustain the vagaries of day to day and uncouthly monotonous life,

A bucket of feather tipped pens; to emboss and evolve infinite lines of spell binding literature,

A bucket of ominously black clouds; showering thunderbolts of tantalizing rain on the trajectory of this scorched planet,

A bucket of antiseptic detergent; to decimate those inconspicuous germs lingering round my immaculate persona,

A bucket of sizzling tea; to profusely reinvigorate and stimulate my every languidly dreary morning,

A bucket of appetizing brown chocolate; to stringently awaken the dormant dormitories of my brain,

A bucket of fortified sticks; granting me that impregnable prowess of defending myself against the most heinously hostile of enemy,

A bucket of dead and stupendously lifeless bones; to make me realize the value of harmoniously precious life,

A bucket of incomprehensibly enigmatic enigmas; to prolifically rekindle my dying imagination,

A bucket of flabby caps; to wholesomely sequester me from acerbic rays of the flaming Sun,

A bucket of looming watches; to accurately depict to me every unleashing minute of the day,

A bucket of crisp bonded paper; to facilitate me to compile a grandiloquent book harnessed with my very own blood,

A bucket of freshly extracted poignant ocean salt; to deluge my lackadaisical life with loads of seductive vibrancy,

A bucket of uncontrollable love; to flood my impoverished visage with the ecstatic fire to leap;

the turbulent urge to exist amongst a pack of savage wolves on this planet,

And a bucket of breath to inundate my jacket of fragile brown lungs with freshly reinvigorating air; granting me the unprecedented tenacity to survive; granting me an indomitable urge to live my complete quota of destined years.

5. THERE WAS NO LOVE BORN GREATER.

There was no richness born ever greater; than uninhibitedly dispensing richness itself; to all those despicably besieged with whirlwinds of penurious gloom and maudlin malice,

There was no miracle born ever greater; than Omnisciently disseminating miracles themselves; to all those disastrously orphaned and tyrannically lambasted with whiplashes of indiscriminately ominous despair,

There was no philanthropism born ever greater; than benevolently diffusing grandiloquent philanthropism itself; to even the most fathomless quarters of this enchantingly colossal Universe; uniting with one and all synergistically; in the true spirit of eternal mankind,

There was no compassion born ever greater; than unrelentingly spreading gregarious compassion itself; to all those brutally bereft of the quintessential spirit to live; those heartlessly dithering towards a gruesomely torturous extinction,

There was no happiness born ever greater; than ubiquitously sprinkling the flavor of happiness itself; to each dwelling horrendously submerged with despondently murderous doom; profoundly enlightening the bizarre darkness with optimistic rays of desire,

There was no mysticism born ever greater; than ravishingly wafting the majestic aroma of mysticism itself; to all those obsoletely infirm entities; ludicrously entangled in the miserable web of manipulatively monotonous and sinister prejudice,

There was no enthusiasm born ever greater; than showering the melody of exuberant enthusiasm itself; to all those drearily divested; and lackadaisically stumbling like a pack of soggy matchsticks; even before alighting a single stride,

There was no patriotism born ever greater; than unitedly bequeathing the magnificent splendor of righteous patriotism itself; to all those dastardly countrymen; who sadistically sold their motherland just to augment the stuffing of gold in the foundation; of their spuriously bombastic abodes,

There was no charisma born ever greater; than resplendently distributing voluptuously enamoring charisma itself; to every lip horrifically enveloped with; pathetically dwindling sadness,

There was no strength born ever greater; than fearlessly impregnating formidable strength itself; embedding unflinching fortitude in all those torturously maim and devastatingly crippled; becoming the vibrant tornado of ebullience in each of

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