

Life = Death – volume 4 – 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 4 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. NEITHER COULD LIFE STOP DEATH; NEITHER COULD DEATH STOP LIFE.

Neither could rain stop abominably heartless drought whenever it is destined; nor could any drought in anyways put brakes upon bountifully utopian rain; whenever its inevitable time comes by the grace of God and it is majestically destined,

Neither could truth stop horrifically demented lies whenever it is destined; nor could any lies in anyways put brakes upon triumphantly unflinching truth; whenever its inevitable time comes by the grace of God and it is bounteously destined,

Neither could child birth stop bizarrely sadistic impotency whenever it is destined; nor could any impotency in anyways put brakes upon amazingly unassailable child birth; whenever its inevitable time comes by the grace of God and it is exuberantly destined,

Neither could the Sun stop frigidly numbing snow whenever it is destined; nor could any snow in anyways put brakes upon the Omnipotently blazing Sun; whenever it's inevitable time comes by the grace of God and it is wondrously destined,

Neither could the Lotus stop dolorously asphyxiating stench whenever it is destined; nor could any stench in anyways put brakes upon the aristocratically blossoming and redolent Lotus; whenever its inevitable time comes by the grace of God and it is invincibly destined,

Neither could Kingliness stop demonically beheading poverty whenever it is destined; nor could any poverty in anyways put brakes upon unsurpassably opulent Kingliness; whenever its inevitable time comes by the grace of God and it is eternally destined,

Neither could goodness stop hedonistically murderous evil whenever it is destined; nor could any evil in anyways put brakes upon miraculously ameliorating goodness; whenever its inevitable time comes by the grace of God and it is infallibly destined,

Neither could evolution stop manipulatively politicized monotony whenever it is destined; nor could any monotony in anyways put brakes upon freshly spell-binding evolution; whenever its inevitable time comes by the grace of God and it is enchantingly destined,

Neither could happiness stop inexplicably aggrieved tears whenever they're destined; nor could any tears in anyways put brakes upon impregnably philanthropic happiness; whenever its inevitable time comes by the grace of God and it is jubilantly destined,

Neither could perseverance stop amorphously carcinogenic spirits whenever they're destined; nor could any spirit in anyways put brakes upon victoriously peerless

perseverance; whenever its inevitable time comes by the grace of God and it is insuperably destined,

Neither could simplicity stop lackadaisically worthless pompousness whenever it is destined; nor could any pompousness in anyways put brakes upon celestially enamoring simplicity; whenever its inevitable time comes by the grace of God and it is ubiquitously destined,

Neither could Luck stop horrifically ghastly accidents whenever they're destined; nor could any accident in anyways put brakes upon bountifully unconquerable luck; whenever its inevitable time comes by the grace of God and it is consummately destined,

Neither could silence stop satanically crucifying screams whenever they're destined; nor could any scream in anyways put brakes upon magically stupefying silence; whenever its inevitable time comes by the grace of God and it is euphorically destined,

Neither could day stop ghoulishly plundering night whenever it is destined; nor could any night in anyways put brakes upon the perpetually winning day; whenever its inevitable time comes by the grace of God and it is spell-bindingly destined,

Neither could humanity stop gorily devastating war whenever it is destined; nor could any war in anyways put brakes upon everlastingly priceless and uniting humanity; whenever its inevitable time comes by the grace of God and it is effulgently destined,

Neither could devotion stop vividly profane infidelity whenever it is destined; nor could any infidelity in anyways put brakes upon unshakably faithful devotion; whenever its inevitable time comes by the grace of God and it is holistically destined,

Neither could innocence stop maliciously perilous adultery whenever it is destined; nor could any adultery in anyways put brakes upon divinely virgin innocence; whenever its inevitable time comes by the grace of God and it is beautifully destined,

Neither could righteousness stop deliriously febrile parasites whenever they're destined; nor could any parasites in anyways put brakes upon truthfully blessing righteousness; whenever its inevitable time comes by the grace of God and it is spectacularly destined,

Neither could life stop torturously annihilating death whenever it is destined; nor could any death in anyways put brakes upon the chapters of vivaciously iridescent and immortal life; whenever its inevitable time comes by the grace of God and it is heavenly destined.

2. THE OTHER NAME OF LIFE

The other name of life; is to spawn into a rhapsodically fresh beginning every unfurling minute of the day; although your past might have indiscriminately pulverized you with an infinite whiplashes of abuse and hedonistic disdain,

The other name of life; is to unfurl into an unsurpassable festoon of resplendently vivacious color; be enamored by the fathomlessly panoramic gorges of Almighty Lord; even while you were in drearily subjugated sleep,

The other name of life; is to frolic in the aisles of rapaciously uncontrollable desire; kiss the most unprecedented apogees of success; even when you felt you were being ruthlessly gored by the ferociously decimating bull,

The other name of life; is to unflinchingly confront the most venomous juggernaut of the evil; perennially smiling with the blessings of the Omnipotent divine,

The other name of life; is to metamorphose even the most ethereal trace of deliriously pernicious insanity; into an unrelenting tornado of exuberantly mesmerizing freshness,

The other name of life; is to uninhibitedly philander under the perpetually blazing rays of the Omniscient Sun; enlightening every dwelling besieged with cancerously arcane despair; even though you were standing beside your veritable shivering grave,

The other name of life; is to symbiotically prosper arm in arm with every echelon of living kind and holistic society; melanging every conceivable color under the Sun; with the religion of unconquerable humanity,

The other name of life; is to keep perennially blossoming into a civilization of fructifying virility; boundless kilometers away from the tombstones of morbidly decrepit manipulation and baselessly lugubrious prejudice,

The other name of life; is to assimilate all goodness that you could fathom from the enchantingly spell binding atmosphere; ubiquitously sprinkle and bestow the same upon every entity that you encountered in your enigmatic way,

The other name of life; is to keep relentlessly blazing like into a whirlpool of artistically untamed exoticism; even as avalanches of grumpily sodomizing politics tried to slander and lethally incarcerate you from all sides,

The other name of life; is to regally lead each unfurling moment that unleashed your way to the most aristocratic limits; and limitlessly ensure the same to every bereaved

organism; who was frantically struggling to be alive

The other name of life; is to tirelessly spawn like the poignantly seductive dewdrop; even though it was well past the heart of gruesomely tyrannizing midnight,

The other name of life; is to indomitably stand for the unassailably righteous redolence of Omnipresent truth; overtopple the monsters of hell; with the sword of timelessly sacrosanct unity,

The other name of life; is to indefatigably march on the mission to bond all estranged and disparagingly staggering mankind; with threads of unbreakably euphoric and propitiously beautiful camaraderie,

The other name of life; is to soar like a handsomely unblemished prince through the heavens of bountiful oneness; blissfully perpetuate the mantra of iridescent sharing; amongst all cold-bloodedly dreadful parasites,

The other name of life; is to unstoppably innovate a civilization of peerless jubilation all the time; trigger the element of congenital restlessness in your soul; to harness the most enthrallingly optimum of even the most frigid bits of lackadaisical space,

The other name of life; is to be a messiah of all opprobriously decaying living kind; dissipating the unfathomably majestic energy of your persona; to give birth to an immortally optimistic tomorrow,

The other name of life; is to take birth an infinite times again and again and again; for the beloved whom you had wholesomely dedicated your this life to,

And the other name of life; is to always follow the inner most voices of your heart; coalesce even the most diminutive ingredient of your blood with the spirit of divinely compassionate sensuality; even as the entire uncouthly monotonous world outside treated you as the devil's wife.

3. POURED

The conglomerate of sinister black clouds in the cosmos; poured cloudbursts of torrential rain,

The blazing body of flamboyantly ferocious Sun; poured a garland of profoundly enchanting and fulminating light,

The voluptuously crested nightingale seated on the fir tree; poured a stream of seductively melodious sounds,

The lanky candlestick sizzling in an inferno of handsomely dancing flames; poured an unrelenting river of delectably pearly wax,

The Moon tantalizingly impregnated amidst the quilt of resplendent stars; poured an ocean of uninhibited and milky white beams,

The island of alluringly scarlet roses; poured a valley of stupendously wonderful and exotic redolence,

The oyster held up high in the sky; poured an incredibly enticing volley of immaculately captivating pearls,

The mind at absolute bliss; poured an unfathomable terrain of emphatically varied and enigmatically tingling fantasy,

The fountain pen inundated with sapphire pools of poignant ink; poured a royal lake of majestically embellished and passionate words,

The cat perched agitatedly on the spiky fence; poured an innocuous string of yelps and effusive "Meows", The gigantic tree standing domineeringly on the isolated hill; poured a cavalcade of rhapsodic berries and bountiful fruits,

The mouth at divinely harmony; poured a tunnel of mesmerizing sound and fabulously fascinating rhyme,

The eye encapsulated by astronomically escalating jubilation; poured a rainbow of ebulliently glistening tears,

The body inevitably imprisoned by a whirlpool of tumultuously fiery romance; poured a waterfall of overwhelmingly volatile sweat,

The scores of Mother cow's marching placidly through the meadows; poured painstakingly a lake of impeccably frosty and celestial milk,

The wedding album lying obsolete for decades on the profusely dusty shelf; poured a tale of nostalgically animated fantasy which permeated through the inner most compartments of my soul,

The wildly philandering panther; poured a tale of thunderously deafening roar; petrifying even the most minuscule of organism in vicinity till the last bone down their spine,

The nose drowned in unprecedentedly obsessive compassion; poured a dungeon of piquantly pepped up and moist air,

And the heart ever since the time it had started to throb; ever since the time it had first palpitated to commence beautiful life; poured only immortal love; would continue to do so intensifying with each beat; even after the world comes to an abrupt end.

4. SOMETHING THAT POURS FROM THE HEART

Poetry is something as mystical as the mountains; shimmering majestically on the rivers in diffused beams of brilliant Sunshine,

Poetry is something as astonishing as the glittering gold biscuits entrenched deep beneath earth; emanating a profound glow that blended poignantly with the atmosphere,

Poetry is something as ingratiating as the hissing serpent; deluging the morbid ambience around with overwhelming exhilaration,

Poetry is something as ravishing as the blossoming petals of rubicund rose; wafting its essence ubiquitously through all continents of this colossal Universe,

Poetry is something as grandiloquent as the incredulously embellished castle; offering an abode to anyone afflicted by inexplicable distress,

Poetry is something as vivacious as the magnificently swirling ocean; with each of its tangy waves fulminating into a blanket of pungent froth,

Poetry is something as magnanimous as the clouds; which bless the parched soil and ground with torrential showers of mesmerizing rain,

Poetry is something as resplendent as the fathomless rainbow; dissipating into vibrant shades of magnificently animated color,

Poetry is something as exuberant as the cheekily dancing peacock; incarcerating millions in its stupendously enamoring swirl,

Poetry is something as innocuous as the new born infant; touching the hearts of even the most diabolical with irrefutable ardor,

Poetry is something as soft as voluptuously woven pure silk; exquisitely binding every religion prevalent on this planet,

Poetry is something as ingenious as the bubbling buds of mushroom; evolving into celestial sprouts of wonderful white,

Poetry is something as invincible as immortal love; not bound by any spurious intricacy of the monotonous outside world,

Poetry is something as flamboyant as the fiery Sun; diffusing its sweltering rays to stringently sizzle even the tiniest nook and cranny of this globe,

Poetry is something as sweet as delectable crusts of brown chocolate; arousing the most dormant dead senses in the body, with unprecedented amounts of rejuvenated vigor,

Poetry is something as exotic as the alluring dancers nimble footsteps; that keep reverberating for times immemorial; even after she relinquished to perform,

Poetry is something as sacrosanct as the holistic cows pearly milk; paving a path of impeccable truth in whosoever who fervently witnesses it,

Poetry is something as thunderous as the cyclonic sandstorm; which swept incessantly with passionate strokes every day across the boundlessly barren deserts,

Poetry is as swarming as the rambunctious beehives; occupied by countless bees indefatigably busy in spinning tons of golden honey,

And for me poetry is entirely independent of rhyme; meter; structure; mending; tailoring; crisping; written in the most incredulous forms possible; irrespective of age; language; caste; creed or race; O! yes poetry for me is something that pours directly from the heart.

5. SMALL BOX OF MATCHSTICKS

Don't just consider them to be lifeless pieces of wood; soggy and extruding black beads of stinky coal,

Don't just consider them to be a minuscule strand of orphaned stick; lying obsolete on the streets awaiting ardently to be kicked,

Don't just consider them to be a neglected trash lying dilapidated in the dustbin; rotting in morbidly insipid gloom,

Don't just consider them to be a soiled wire coalesced in an obnoxious heap with the squalid soil; being trampled infinite times in a single day,

Don't just consider them to be an incoherent needle; a chunk of worthless shit strewn rampantly amongst the proliferating wilderness,

Don't just consider them to be a dreary speck; emanating an incredulously ghoulis odor in the placid atmosphere,

Don't just consider them to be brutally squelched left overs of furniture; wailing miserably under the uncannily shimmering beams of moon,

Don't just consider them to be worthless beads of profusely broken thorns; burying infinite feet beneath the earth at the slightest of shoving,

Don't just consider them to be globs of savagely pulverized saw dust; having absolutely no complete entity of their own,

Don't just consider them to be coating of a dolorously decaying bone; disdainfully polluting the entire area which they infinitesimally inhabited,

Don't just consider them to be diminutive ants with a black ghastly head; staring indefatigably at each other in nervous exhilaration,

Don't just consider them to be an insipid follicle of hair; shattering into boundless fragments of dirt the instant one inadvertently caressed them,

Don't just consider them to be a lifeless skin of vegetable; waiting in overwhelming anticipation to be dumped into the farthest corner of the city gutter,

Don't just consider them to be shivering crusts of stale bread; blowing away to fathomless kilometers of distance with the tiniest draught of exuberant wind,

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