

Life = Death – volume 7 – 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 7 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. INEVITABLE DEATH

Every day I polished my teeth with scintillating toothpaste; scrupulously scrapping even the most minuscule chunk of dirt trapped in the interiors within,

Every day I washed my body tenaciously with raw soap; intricately extracting even the most infinitesimal particle of dandruff from my scalp,

Every day I trimmed my nails; judiciously seeing to it that they didn't protrude even a trifle more than necessary,

Every day I placed my soggy shoes in blistering sunlight; in order to fumigate even the last ounce of fungus disdainfully adhering incorrigibly to my shoes,

Every day I ironed my clothes with a steaming iron; profoundly ensuring that every single little cringe metamorphosed itself into handsome neat folds,

Every day I applied tons of redolent powder on my skin; spraying every cranny of my armpits with rejuvenating fountains of pungent scent,

Every day I massaged soothing sandalwood paste on my cheeks; in order to impart my fatigued complexion with that immortal shine and bountiful glow,

Every day I wore expensive designer shirts; with an array of stunningly gaudy designs embossed within; making me the darling of all teenage girls,

Every day I consumed several bottles of sparkling spring water; to pacify the unrelenting fires smoldering violently in my scorched throat,

Every day I drove in a new car; letting its swanky interiors and Herculean speed flamboyantly ignite the dormant adventurer in my persona,

Every day I visited a myriad of valleys and royal palace; with a festoon of glittering images taking complete control of my fading imagination,

Every day I conversed with the most mesmerizing of fairies every existing in this Universe; let the enchantment in their eyes drown me into a valley of perpetual bliss,

Every day I suckled boundless cans of succulent food and ravishing beer; gulped and chewed indefatigably to my ultimate heart's content,

Every day I philandered in rustic cowboy boots through sprawling territories of the meadow; chasing the sheep and peacocks; blending myself profusely with the natural environment,

Every day I sighted my reflection in the most fascinating of glass on the globe for hours immemorial; sipped delectable streams of honey and herbal tea; seated within the plush interiors of the grandiloquently golden aircraft,

Every day I signed countless number of cheques with my bulky leather pen; shaking hands with towering business magnates and a flurry of prominent ministers,

Every day I listened to the most enigmatic of tunes floating passionately on this planet, relishing the mystical froth of the waterfalls cascading through my curled eyelashes,

Every day I gobbled down a battalion of robust vitamins; to fortify and replenish my body against dirt and inexplicable disease,

Every day I donated millions of currency coins amongst all those who badly needed it; dispensed the colossal treasury of my wealth with gay abandon and according to my own will,

Every day I basked in the aisles of unprecedented desire; possessing every intangible object I laid my eyes upon; with the unfathomable power of my wealth,

And yet one day; I found myself buried gruesomely under the morbid corpse; with all my so called ostentation and pretention; now thoroughly blended with small specks of smoky dirt;

Inevitable death had unsparingly mixed me along with infinite others in the soil; and the thing that I was never ready to believe at any stage of my bombastic life; had now snatched me away within fractions of seconds along with my entire mountain of so called wealth and fame.

2. YOU CAN'T STRANGULATE YOURSELF AND STILL LEAD LIFE

You can't compress your fingers and still prolifically write,

You can't clench your teeth and still gregariously smile,

You can't sleep tight on the bed and still boisterously run,

You can't stand in freezing snowflakes and still sweat like a horse,

You can't stitch your lips and still loquaciously speak,

You can't stuff cotton in your ears and still hear the pin dropping on pure silk,

You can't squeeze your eyes and still witness the mesmerizing sparrow shrugging rain drops from its body,

You can't tie your hands and still swim against turbulent waves of the choppy ocean,

You can't slit your stomach with a knife; and still devour ravishing chunks of tangy butter,

You can't paint the mirror and still sight your pellucid reflection,

You can't stand on Mount Everest and still view the world as it is,

You can't consume titillating champagne and still decipher mind boggling sums of arithmetic,

You can't wear cowdung coated shoes and still smell like a supremely redolent rose,

You can't walk upside down and still shake hands amicably with your girlfriend,

You can't walk on red-hot embers of coal and still want your feet to develop extra soles,

You can't have shattered teeth and till snap through the obdurate shell of coconut in one snap,

You can't have a snow white beard extruding from your cheeks and still proclaim that you were a teenager,

You can't yawn with your Jaws wide open and still remain dry eyed,

You can't be an insane lunatic and still be able to scrupulously recite each stanza from the Shakespeare,

You can't adorn a diamond ring on your finger and still audaciously declare that you weren't engaged,

You can't get as pink as a radish and still say that you didn't blush the slightest,

You can't protrude out your tongue in anger and still convey to the world that you were a revered saint,

You can't have dark circles under your lids and still perceive yourself to be an innocuous kid,

You can't keep lying on the seashore and still feel in the midst of tingling adventure,

You can't whip the slave left, right, center and still believe that you had blessed him,

You can't act like a crazy clown and still envisage yourself to be the greatest actor,

You can't stammer and still speak with articulate proficiency on the mike,

You can't drive slow and still win the whirlwind speed motor car race,

You can't be bare eyed and still stare unrelentingly into the blazing fireball of Sun,

You can't shout deafeningly and still blow a melodious whistle,

You can't be afraid of a mosquito and still pledge to leap into the unfathomably deep valley head on,

You can't eat Cadbury chocolates and still expect smoke to diffuse ecstatically from your nostrils,

You can't drape your feet in spiked footwear and still topple on the ground like nine pins,

You can't apply mud on your hair and still experience the silken follicles shine,

You can't keep looking at the changing sun and still tell the exact minute of the day,

You can't have a badly fractured hand and still expect to challenge the mightiest wrestler,

You can't have red ants inside your trousers and still sit unperturbed throughout the business meeting,

You can't have savage blood coated on your hands and still divulge to the world that they were as sacrosanct as God,

You can't be incarcerated behind bars of the prison and still play hide-n-seek with your children in the park,

You can't wear a flimsy night suit and still stand without shivering on the frozen lake,

You can't have infinite blemishes of chicken pox and still compare yourself with the shimmering pearl,

You can't be a mundane businessman and still have a passionate penchant for poetic rhyme,

You can't be an imbecile beggar and still think of sleeping all night on the golden couch,

You can't sit in front of the man eater leopard and still recite tranquil rhymes from the holy scriptures,

You can't stick your tongue out and still say that you're well mannered and extremely cultured,

You can't be a ghastly skeleton suspended from the ceiling and still conquer the entire battle field in war,

You can't wink flirtatiously at a girl and still adroitly tell her that she was your sister,

You can't be rustic fisherman and still know the most intricate of computer virus,

You can't spell death wrongly and still have an ambition to die,

You can't simply hold the knife in your hands and still profusely bleed,

You can't open your mouth a trifle lazily and still expect thunderous tunes to blast through the frigid atmosphere,

You can't wear a necklace of glistening diamonds and still feel venomous snakes brutally strangulating your neck,

You can't be a slime coated frog and still conceive yourself to as the

astoundingly beautiful crown princess,

You can't eat foul sewage floating in the gutter and still expect pearls to pop out each time you opened your mouth,

You can't tear plain paper into infinite parts and still flood its surface with unending lines of literature,

You can't have lecherous fires blazing in your eyes and still have empathy for the deprived,

You can't worry baselessly and still make people around you wholeheartedly laugh,
You can't maliciously envy your counterparts and still reach the top,

You can't drive a truck blindfolded and still be able to reach the other end of the road safely,

You can't be sitting in one corner of the dark room and still imagine yourself to be a complete man,

You can't develop nerve-wrecking stress and still have blissful peace,

You can't apply effeminate lipstick on your lips and still claim to be Tarzan inhabiting the wild,

You can't drench yourself wholesomely in the rain and still catch blazing fires the very next instant,

You can't draw incongruous lines with your feet and still visualize yourself as the greatest artist,

You can't brag like a donkey and still whisper to the society that you were unselfishly polite,

You can't keep surging down into deep waters and still view the pinnacle of the tower spiraling high towards the Sun,

You can't roll amidst heaps of glittering gold and still cry hysterically that you were poor,

You can't walk in stark darkness and still sight your shadow following you at close quarters,

You can't have black lizards slithering all over your body and still remain as stoical as frozen ice,

You can't lick hard dirt and still find your tongue as clear as the transparent mirror,

You can't run like a whirlwind volcano and still feel your heart completely dormant in your chest,

You can't sway flirtatiously sighting every girl and still convince your wife that she was the only entity you revered,

You can't be oblivious to the first alphabet of English language and still imbibe every word of the colossal dictionary,

You can't live imprisoned behind the dingy brick wall and still inhale gallons of blissful air,

You can't keep looking at your watch every minute and still announce confidently that you weren't a trifle anxious,

You can't emulate every action happening beside you and still cognize yourself to be entirely independent,

You can't sit languidly in the air-craft to smoothly glide up the hill and still bellow at the top of your lungs that you clambered up all the treacherous slope standing on your toes,

You can't deluge your mouth completely with water and still want jewels to tumble out each time you spoke,

You can't have thorns adhered to all parts of your body and still feel yourself heavily soaked in spongy jelly,

You can't be a satanic barbarian chopping raw flesh and still imagine yourself to have created new life,

You can't bathe in a river of sweet honey and still want the bees to shirk away the instant they sighted you,

You can't lie breathless in the stone clad coffin and still come out bouncing radiantly alive,

You can't have a reserved heart wandering materialistically and still fall madly in love,

And You cant strangulate your emotions; grope uncertainly in a land of cowardice
and still lead life

3. PRIORITY

My top most priority was my God; who had bestowed upon me the power to exist and holistically fight for my survival on the surface of this earth,

The next to follow in my life was my Mother; who actually gave me birth; evolving me in the first place to be what I was; at this very second today,

The next to follow in my life was my beloved; who harnessed the true potential lying dormant in my mind for years; triggering me of to achieve unsurpassable realms of success,

The next to follow in my life was my sister; with her innocuously mischievous grin; causing intense rejuvenation of my mind,

The next to follow in my life was my Godfather who played a pivotal role in providing his armory of experienced tips; whether I liked it or didn't like it,

The next to follow in my life were my grandparents; whom I overwhelmingly adored; but at the same time the ones who tried to drown me into the ocean of their age old and stringently mundane theories,

The next to follow in my life was my pet dog; who incessantly wagged its tail in ecstatic jubilation; the instant I entered my dwelling,

The next to follow in my life were my selective bunch of friends; who always supported me in my times of bizarre affliction and inexplicable distress,

The next to follow in my life was my tiny little hutment; appearing as an inconspicuous speck of dirt amidst the dense camouflage of trees; yet providing me shelter to bear the ominous night,

The next to follow in my life were all the impeccably smiling children; whom I got a chance to encounter on the streets; and with whom I felt as if I had gone right back into my innocent childhood,

The next to follow in my life were all the birds perched on the grass laden meadows; enchanting me unrelentingly with their gorgeous singing,

The next to follow in my life were baby carrots sprouting in clusters in the perennial fields; which I merrily munched with gusto to placate my gluttony,

The next to follow in my life was the mesmerizing and boisterous river; in which I splashed indiscriminately and bathed my body for long hours in the morning,

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