

Life = Death – volume 10 – 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 34 differently titled Poems , is actually volume 10 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. LIFE'S A BRILLIANT MIXTURE OF IT ALL

Is life solely about benevolently donating each passionately eclectic instant of yours; to every tangible and intangibly hapless fragment of deteriorating living kind?

Is life solely about fervently loving someone so much; that brand new definitions of love were immortally embedded once again in every perceivably suspended ingredient—of the invincible atmosphere?

Is life solely about fantasizing beyond the realms of the ordinary; plunging deeper and deeper each zipping second; into an unfathomable gorge of inscrutably uncanny excitement?

Is life solely about inexhaustibly admiring every single of the Omniscient Lord's infinite creations; transforming into the truest poet at the tiniest insinuation of blossoming nature divine?

Is life solely about befriending everyone around you irrespective of caste; creed; religion or tribe; and irrespective of whether it was the worst of your enemy pugnaciously staring down the whites of your eyes?

Is life solely about titillating the obscurest bud of taste in your tongue; with the most inimitable cuisines directly from the lap of mother nature; for a countless hours in a day?

Is life solely about indefatigably sermonizing the ideals of symbiotically peaceful existence; which you'd yourself imbibed in each ingredient of your blood; as you'd unflinchingly traversed through every of its lane?

Is life solely about burying your face unimaginably deep into the bosom of your sacred mother; and then feeling the most unconquerable man alive—in the cold-blooded face of even the ghastliest of death?

Is life solely about living out even the most bizarre of your whims and eccentricities to the fullest; walking on your self created cloud nine all the time; as long as it didn't the tiniest hurt any living kind?

Is life solely about triumphantly breathing in the spirit of unassailable humanity; and unsparingly beheading even the most obfuscated trace of the devil; to amorphously feckless chowder?

Is life solely about incessantly singing hymns of beauty; perpetuating even the most robotically dilapidated cranny of the atmosphere; with the freshness of miraculously blessing creation?

Is life solely about sizzling each unfurling second in the flames of adventure; precariously teetering on the edge of space; yet feeling the adrenalin rush towards the ultimate summits of paradise?

Is life solely about earnestly saluting each act of altruistic kindness; falling in due obeisance only in the feet of immortal love; as it spread like a magicians wand in each poignant heartbeat alike?

Is life solely about looking forward to the optimistic rays of tomorrow; untiringly rising everytime you hopelessly flounder into nothingness and fall; to become the eternal scent of a new dawn?

Is life solely about timelessly finding your very own inimitably priceless identity amidst a pack of satanically pouncing wolves; challenging the tyrannical norms of destiny to chart the pathway of your own dreams?

Is life solely about irrefutably saying no to even the most diminutive insinuation of dreaded lies; torching the mortuaries of lackadaisicalness forever with the Omnipresent flame of truth?

Is life solely about developing relationships more insuperably thicker than those of the 'blood'; where the tide of humanitarian compassion and friendship beautifully transcended over one and all?

Is life solely about reliving those impeccably golden moments of the exuberant past; transiting back into those fresh cries of birth—where the whole world for once became—a cradle of magnificent togetherness?

No. It never was 'solely'; but life's an emphatically brilliant mixture of it all.

2. SYMPATHY IS WORSE THAN DEATH.

Sympathy makes an organism feel dreadfully weak—as if the world around it had metamorphosed into a coffin of morose blackness; though an infinite streams of scarlet blood still ran enthusiastically through each of its blessed veins,

Sympathy makes an organism feel lividly inferior—with every living being in vicinity appearing to be a boundless times stronger; though they both were royally equal by the grace of the unparalleled Omnipotent Lord,

Sympathy makes an organism inadvertently lick decrepit dust—whereas it should've been unflinching marching forward in the fervor of bustling youth; head held high with its compatriot organism and only bowing down before the Lord Almighty,

Sympathy makes an organism a veritably devilish parasite-forever leaning and sucking upon its good-willed befriender; though volcano's of latent energy itched to fulminate from each of its robustly handsome veins,

Sympathy makes an organism wholesomely lose its own voice—as it started to profusely relish the extravagant attention and care; preferred to fantasize about the things that it'd like to do in life; rather than honestly sweat it out and reach there,

Sympathy makes an organism overwhelmingly finicky and fastidious about the tiniest of things—again and again finding faults with the most majestically perfect of creation; as there was always a person to wholesomely commiserate with its every eccentricity and peevish demand,

Sympathy makes an organism haplessly infertile-pathetically unable to indulge into even the most sensuously bountiful pleasures of life; as inevitable habit compelled it to let others complete its job of proliferating its very own kin,

Sympathy makes an organism miserably fail again and again-as the inexplicably stabbing blackness that it'd enshrouded itself with; incorrigibly denied any beam of optimistic sunlight to triumphantly creep in,

Sympathy makes an organism look frenetically naked even when fully clothed-as it indefatigably kept begging for being fed even that morsel of food; which lay copiously sprawled right into the center of its palms,

Sympathy makes an organism an irrefutable devil on the prowl-inexhaustibly searching for that shoulder to baselessly weep; and then disgustingly sleep-float in an unfathomable ocean of tears,

Sympathy makes an organism a dreadfully unbearable burden upon the planet-as it

neither wholesomely died nor lived; just kept flagrantly loitering in-between the dormitories of certainty and uncertainty,

Sympathy makes an organism hopelessly deteriorate into nothingness with every unleashing minute—as his unstoppably taking the support of others; made his very own spine rust and eventually crumble to inconspicuous dust,

Sympathy makes an organism an irrevocably maimed beggar—as he shamefully lost all his ability to sight; hear and fearlessly speak; wantonly clinging like a deplorable leech to the panic button of every second person on the street,

Sympathy makes an organism a coffin of cursed negativity—spreading the wretched stench of satanic dependency upon every step that he dared tread; and thereby maligning the true spirit of symbiotically independent life,

Sympathy makes an organism lose all priceless self respect—an attribute which was profoundly embedded in each of its veins just like an infinite other of its counterpart; right since its very first divinely breath,

Sympathy makes an organism look like an invisible ghost in front of the mirror—such an abominable jinx that was impossible to break; once it surreptitiously passed itself on upon another equally insipid organism,

Sympathy makes an organism come to such an exasperating stage—that it started to unceasingly ridicule its very ownself; as there virtually none else in this world who was as inconsolably sick and helpless as its rapidly flailing form,

Sympathy makes an organism come to an earth-screaching lifeless halt—as after a period of time every door on the Universe brutally shut up on its deliberately tear stained face; and that's when the true reality and hardship of life hit it right in the center of its eye,

And sympathy makes an organism entirely dead even in the heart of exuberantly infallible life—a lifelessly fetid carcass which was spat upon and shunted by every section of the society; even before it could try lifting its very first footstep on soil by itself

3. PATIENCE-THE GREATEST ARTIST

Wasn't it while waiting for something—that you inevitably learnt to profoundly admire even the most infinitesimal droplet of rain that cascaded from the sky; eventually absorbing into deep recesses of parched soil?

Wasn't it while waiting for something—that you inevitably learnt to notice the streaks of latent agony lingering in the afforested land; where the truant man played the most ruthlessly barbarous devil of his kind?

Wasn't it while waiting for something—that you inevitably learnt to untiringly appreciate the most orphaned first rays of the evanescent golden dawn; which filtered a fresh chapter of beginning through cold-bloodedly damned blackness?

Wasn't it while waiting for something—that you inevitably learnt to blend even the most intangibly dying ingredient of your blood; with each vivaciously exuberant stripe of the enthralling rainbow in enigmatic sky?

Wasn't it while waiting for something—that you inevitably learnt to feast every pore of your miserably emaciated nostrils; on the ecstatically unfettered scent of the freshly rain soaked mud?

Wasn't it while waiting for something—that you inevitably learnt to be an integral element of every stillness of the atmosphere; the perpetual silence enshrouding - which unveiled a countless mysteries untold of wandering man?

Wasn't it while waiting for something—that you inevitably learnt to conceive a boundless steps towards eternal success in your mind; before you could even alight the first physical step on veritable soil?

Wasn't it while waiting for something—that you inevitably learnt to be tolerant to every fraternity; caste; creed that existed in the human race; inseparably coalesce with all—to spawn into an unassailable singular mass of living kind?

Wasn't it while waiting for something—that you inevitably learnt to treat each anecdote of the severest failure with a smile in your stride; and yet optimistically treating each sunset as the messiah to the next Sunrise?

Wasn't it while waiting for something—that you inevitably learnt to talk to your very ownself; miraculously soothe your traumatically frazzled nerves with the unflinchingly fearless baritone that wafted from your throat?

Wasn't it while waiting for something—that you inevitably learnt to distinctly distinguish even the tiniest bird in the flapping in blue sky; just by the inimitable

ebullience in its wondrous chirp?

Wasn't it while waiting for something—that you inevitably learnt to feel the astoundingly unparalleled goodness of creation; even amidst the most bizarrely slipping particles of hapless quick sand?

Wasn't it while waiting for something—that you inevitably learnt to make friendships with the most alien; sharing each estrangement of your heart like being the greatest pals of all times?

Wasn't it while waiting for something—that you inevitably learnt to grant a philosophical expression to even the most mundane thought of your mind; delve into the more inscrutably tantalizing version of vibrant life?

Wasn't it while waiting for something—that you inevitably learnt to capture even the most intricately vacillating shades of mother nature in the whites of your eye; to spurn enamoring poetry in each tear drop of untamed joy that dribbled down your cheeks?

Wasn't it while waiting for something—that you inevitably learnt to caress the obscurest contours of your silhouette in the ripples of the placid lake; loving each aspect of your persona so that you could thenshower the same bountifully upon countless more of your living kind?

Wasn't it while waiting for something—that you inevitably learnt to read someone else's mind—intransigently concentrating upon each bead of sweat that culminated upon the terse creases of the forehead?

Wasn't it while waiting for something—that you inevitably learnt the art of love to its unabashed fullest; stretching the fathomless boundaries of your brain to beyond the definitions of monotonous convention—and into a heaven of impregnable beauty?

Ah well ! Irrespective of what people say and would keep opining till the time they had voice and the earth existed-'Patience' for me is the greatest artist and brings out the greatest artist in you—Isn't it irrefutably true ?

4. FREE

“Free”. The very word perpetuated even the most hopelessly deadened persona; forever and ever and ever; with rays of magically unfettered and inimitably priceless hope,

“Free”. The very word metamorphosed even the most shrewdly castrated of businessmen; forever and ever and ever; into a festoon of unabashedly delightful smiles,

“Free”. The very word triggered every human to shrug all inhibitions of caste; creed; status and religion; forever and ever and ever exist as impregnably one under the fathomless sky of the Creator Divine,

“Free”. The very word annihilated iconoclastically pompous anarchy; forever and ever and ever ensured that the most unconquerable of Kings as well as the beleaguered pauper; uninhibitedly ate in the same plate,

“Free”. The very word massacred even the most infidel insinuation of tension; forever and ever and ever cast an incantation of eternal happiness over every conceivable speck of the atmosphere,

“Free”. The very word quelled all pugnaciously beheading war to a celestial rest; forever and ever and ever showered a rain of miraculously ameliorating equality; on granule of mother soil,

“Free”. The very word magically resonated as the ultimate crown of existence in all ears; forever and ever and ever triumphing over the devil of insanely tyrannical commercialism,

“Free”. The very word timelessly rendered happiness to the breath of every miserably impoverished being; forever and ever and ever ensured that none slept a hungry stomach; on this boundlessly bewitching earth,

“Free”. The very word perennially broke all jails of despicably humiliating slavery; forever and ever and ever liberated demonically asphyxiating blackness into invincibly befriendingly sunlight,

“Free”. The very word unfathomably inspired every fraternity of existence to be wholeheartedly creative; forever and ever and ever unwound the clockwork of robotic despair; into a Universe of undefeated freshness,

“Free”. The very word brought the most unbelievably ultimate revolution in

people's attitude towards survival; forever and ever and ever making them give;
instead of ruthlessly snatching the same from each other,

“Free”. The very word put a veritable end to every instant of salacious gloominess;
forever and ever and ever made an organism feel the closest to its rudiments of
unashamedly simplistic existence,

“Free”. The very word ended all painstakingly internal conflict of the mind;
body and soul; forever and ever and ever made a person realize that there was
nothing more resplendent and unassailable than immortal love,

“Free”. The very word uncontrollably spun webs of insuperably iridescent
fantasy in every mind alike; forever and ever and ever drifted all living kind towards
the mists of tirelessly evolving heaven,

“Free”. The very word added unlimited paces to every frenetically diminishing stride;
forever and ever and ever fomenting living beings to do nothing else; but bond in
threads of unbreakable compassion and blissfully proliferate,

“Free”. The very word bountifully illuminated every delirious space on earth
with the beams of prosperity; forever and ever and ever completing the process of
existence with the signature of unshakable friendship,

“Free”. The very word taught every heart on this Universe to forget hate and solely
love; forever and ever and ever coalesce every of its sacrosanct beat with the
unparalleled silhouette of the Lord Divine,

“Free”. The very word made every organism profusely delve into the realms of
sensuousness; forever and ever and ever realize that it was the ardor of faithfulness
that re-christened and added new dimensions to existence,

But did you realize; that for getting and acquiring everything on this gigantic planet
for “Free”; one has to first and foremost undergo the most excruciating of pains to
take birth; and then pay the price of life.

5. MODERN DAY DEVIL- MONEY

It was neither the most brutally depraving of war; which unsparingly buried countless innocent; an infinite feet beneath their sadistic graves; for no ostensible reason or rhyme,

It was neither the most treacherously pulverizing of prejudice; the salacious desire to rise above your own peers; at the most unbearably tawdry costs of existence,

It were neither the most bizarrely abysmal chapters of poverty; which fomented several to wholesomely strangulate their necks; in fear of bearing the pangs of agonizing emaciation in every of their conceivable bone,

It was neither the most acrimonious deliriousness of the brain; which led to the most horrendously sacrilegious condemnation of living kind; with each fretfully hackneyed route leading to the hell of nothingness,

It was neither the most acerbic of deforestation; the satanically barbarous assassination of mother nature's womb; which led to the most unstopably wretched curses of all times,

It was neither the most derogatorily demented of manipulation; the baselessly divesting drudgery with which one man; left no stones unturned in exploiting his fellow and compatriot human being,

It was neither the most vituperatively wagging tongue; which hurled a boundless abuse to its very own mother and sister; before trading them off like worthless lifeless pieces of plaintive skin,

It was neither the most mortifying anecdotes of vindication; which led to cataclysmic conflicts between even the closest of siblings; with the spirit of reverence dying a torturous death,

It was neither the most sardonic ridicule on the oppressed and weaker sects of the society; the uncontrollable guffaws that enshrouded the human lip; at witnessing other organisms inferior to its sanctimonious swirl,

It was neither the most preposterously robotic rat race for survival; wherein the foundations of prosperity; were shamelessly erected upon the breathing bodies of innumerable helpless; men; women and children,

It was neither the most orphaned traces of blood; disdainfully weighed into monotonous machines; and then sold in black market according to the so called calibrations of the human race,

It was neither the most deplorable discrimination of human beings; on the basis of meaninglessly bawdy insinuations of caste; creed; color; race; frivolous status or tribe,

It was neither the most indiscriminate killing of rare wildlife; just for the mere and senseless appeasement; of that murderously anarchic celebrity's tongue,

It was neither the most perverted rapes on innocent women; by those high on rapacious wine and palatial sensuousness; using the wickedly inscrutable interiors of their mansions; for the deprivation of mankind,

It was neither the most indescribably pugnacious war for superiority; the diabolical desire to gobble alive another human; in order to perennially perch upon the absolute epitome of silver and gold,

It was neither the most egregiously uttered curses for all living kind; the insidiously ulterior motive to reduce life to a lame corpse; whilst pretentiously smiling towards the body of the flaming Sun,

It was neither the most unthinkable forms of dastardly suicide; the sinful closure of life; after which the spirit ghoulishly lingered between the amorphously lambasting land of heaven and hell,

It was neither the most blasphemously jinxed ingredients of betrayal; the demolition of the immortal heartbeats like a pack of futile cards; in order to fecklessly pursue the so called 'commercial ambitions' of life,

In fact if at all there was a thing which indeed led to all of the above; was the 'Father and Mother' of all of the above; then it was none other than an insanely modern day devil; worshipped today like crazy by one and all by the name "Money".

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