

Love Versus Terrorism – Part 1 – Poems on Anti Terror , Peace , Love , Brotherhood

By

Nikhil Parekh

[Note - Currently I seek a traditional publisher for the publication of my Book as above described , in the Print form . Published here at Free-Ebooks.net ; 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 Part 1 of the Book titled – Love Versus Terrorism (409 pages) . In a planet usurped today by graveyards of terrorism, this poetic collection imparts enlightenment, optimism, courage and an eternal desire to breathe free . GOD’S sacred earth isn't the way it used to be when it was created, thanks to greed of man which has indiscriminately torn apart every creed, color and definition of time for the 5 alphabets called 'MONEY'. The devil has spread terror in the name of religion, in the name of God, most abusively, without the slightest remorse. This book brilliantly equates 'Love' and 'terrorism' at every step and goes on to timelessly prove that no matter how ghastly terrorism perpetuates into the atmosphere, immortal love perennially triumphs over one and all on the earth. A startling collection of anti terror poems in an hour when the world wants them more than anything else, Parekh's words act as a harbinger of peace to infinite masses agonizingly estranged in brutal violence and bloodshed. A must read for every patron of global peace out there !

An Introduction to The Book

Love Versus Terrorism unconquerably depicts at each stage that no matter how wretched the wrath of terrorism has penetrated into the planet today-Love forever emerges victorious. Because God has created it as the most Omnipotent panacea for one and all humanity and the living kind. As long as the earth exists, the devil would continue to exist in various forms and shapes-trying his best to insidiously harm living kind. But the power of truth, love, compassion would not only conquer it in all respects, but would continue to bond the entire planet in threads of everlasting humanity. So that the best religion that pervades over one and all is the 'Religion of Humanity'. This book is an unflinching salute to the chapters of love, peace and brotherhood-which are the most efficacious panacea to conquer dastardly terrorism.

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1. THE TERRORISTS BELONGED TO NO RELIGION

They belonged to no religion. As they solely surrendered to the religion of the devil - which ruthlessly beheaded countless innocent; infirm and freshly born; in the name of sacred Lord Almighty,

They belonged to no color. As they solely pledged to the color of the devil — which wanted to invidiously incarcerate every effervescent shade of life; into the gallows of hopeless and haplessly stymied black,

They belonged to no territory. As they solely blended with the territory of the devil - which satanically wanted to snatch; maim; bombard and eventually merge every blissful corner of mother earth into its graveyards of inconsolable blood,

They belonged to no language. As they solely hissed the language of the devil - which inexhaustibly plundered; rebuked and abused the fabric of humanity and nicety; with the jinx of baseless sacrifice and the corpse,

They belonged to no mindset. As they solely clung to the mindset of the devil — which unthinkably yearned to build the most glittering castles of Gold on the foundations of innocuous bone; gory blood and life distorted to amorphous pulp,

They belonged to no atmosphere. As they solely salivated in the atmosphere of the devil - which tirelessly feasted all night and day on the stench of innocent blood - drinking; lavishing and languishing in it to lead life Kingsize,

They belonged to no roots. As they solely squandered in the roots of the devil - which executed the most terrorizing acts on all living kind-praying to the sight of fanatically splattered blood and shattered skull; to give them the power to survive,

They belonged to no category. As they solely rotted in the category of the devil - which wanted to rule the planet clamped in a spurious little incapacitated fist; assassinating every source of life with treacherously lame cowardice,

They belonged to no caste. As they solely clung to the caste of the devil — which forlornly stymied every vibrant form of emerging life; laughed at how easily humans disintegrated into boundless bits at the tiniest of dastardly provocation,

They belonged to no character. As they solely spoke the character of the devil — which believed the best integrity and the best survival was in rising above every conceivable soul on earth; if not by hook then by hideous crook,

They belonged to no government. As they solely stagnated in the government of the devil — which barbarously chopped off fingers, hands; feet; veins; limbs and throats

of bountiful humans at the tiniest of error; and in order to assert sanctimonious superiority,

They belonged to no soil. As they solely sputtered in the soil of the devil-which constituted the granules of all hell; dungeons after dungeons of children who lay dead-just to affirm some hell of a non-existent sadistic strength,

They belonged to no Church; Temple; Monastery or Mosque. As they solely wept in the mortuary of the devil - inexhaustibly wanting to metamorphose the trajectory of this planet into insipid ash; the sinful veil of the bloodstained corpse,

They belonged to no definition. As they solely endorsed the definition of the devil — which was out on a rampage to plunder Mother earth and its children as much as it could; taking ultimate refuge within realms of the fetid carcass,

They belonged to no village. As they solely inhabited the village of the devil - where each abode was a unbearably shrieking tombstone; and the clothes that everyone wore were sequined with chopped tongues; limbs and unfinished desire,

They belonged to no forest. As they solely rummaged through the forest of the devil - where all that was seen and heard was bellows of ghoulish smoke and agonizing scream; where life was insidiously sacrificed at the altar to immortalize the self,

They belonged to no heart. As they solely slaved in the heart of the devil - which was nothing but a gorge of inexplicable sinking drudgery; and continued to meaninglessly exist without the most insouciant of beats,

They belonged to no face. As they solely deteriorated in the face of the devil - which constituted of the most ridiculously non-existent vacuum; that thrived on the curses given by everyone of those that he'd tortured and kept doing so,

Hey ! Wait a minute; they were children of the same God as you and me were alright. Because after all God owns the entire Universe and all its Life,

But they chose to follow the path of the devil against God's wishes. They were infact what every single one of us in the world today hatefully addressed by the word "Terrorists" .

2. NO ORGANISM IS A BORN TERRORIST

No petal is ever born disdainfully decayed; from the womb of the redolently mesmerizing and celestially effulgent flower,

No fledgling is ever born a hideously treacherous vulture; from the womb of the uninhibitedly ecstatic and timelessly soaring bird,

No raindrop is ever born smeared with satanic blood; from the womb of the impeccably glorious and fathomlessly endowing sky,

No ray is ever born a mass of bedlam nothingness; from the womb of the Omnipotently Golden and brilliantly optimistic Sun,

No sound is ever born cold-bloodedly cacophonous; from the womb of the vividly resplendent and ebulliently mellifluous nightingale,

No flake of ice is ever born cannibalistically brown; from the womb of the innocuously placid and endlessly enamoring snowball,

No globule of milk is ever born sadistically venomous; from the womb of the unsurpassably sacrosanct and benevolently munching cow,

No mischief is ever born insidiously crucifying; from the womb of the vivaciously dancing and eternally cavorting rainbow,

No salt is ever born diabolically asphyxiating; from the womb of the rhapsodically undulating and perennially poignant sea,

No soldier is ever born a disparagingly gory traitor; from the womb of the Omnisciently proliferating and peerlessly blessing soil,

No echo is ever born ludicrously silent; from the womb of the unfathomably deep and inscrutably reverberating gorge,

No truth is ever born an egregiously marauding lie; from the womb of the unconquerably Omnipresent and Perpetually bestowing heavens,

No honey is ever born iconoclastically prejudiced; from the womb of the fantastically boisterous and enchantingly exotic honey bee,

No fruit is ever born forlornly deteriorated; from the womb of the quintessentially mollifying and blissfully symbiotic mud,

No lion is ever born mercilessly trampling; from the womb of the uninhibitedly fearless and synergistically blossoming forest,

No epitome is ever born lugubriously crumbling; from the womb of the invincibly compassionate and inimitably towering mountain,

No continent is ever born atrociously bombarding; from the womb of the tirelessly panoramic and unbelievably majestic globe,

No breath is ever born hissing parasitically pugnacious fire; from the womb of the insuperably heavenly and insurmountably moistened nostril,

No beat is ever born murderously betraying; from the womb of the unassailably godly and passionately thundering heart,

And no organism is ever born a reproachfully indiscriminate terrorist; from the womb of its unshakably priceless and altruistically blessing mother .

3. THE PERFECT HANDSHAKE

When I shook hands with a waiter; interrupting his monotonous sequel of serving delicacies,

The handshake was pretty lackadaisical; the aftermath of which rendered me with grease and a perennial stench of garlic diffusing from my palms.

When I shook hands with a beggar; forcefully claspng his disheveled fingers in mine, The handshake was absolutely nonchalant; it was as if I had awakened a dying man from the course of his blissful sleep.

When I shook hands with a pot-bellied butcher; nimbly requesting him to relinquish his sharp cleavers before he executed the same, The handshake almost squelched my bones to fine chowder; and an obnoxious scent of foul fish and meat wafted profusely from my palm thereafter.

When I shook hands with a clean shaven barber; smiling amicably as I noticed an effeminate tinge of polish on his nails, The handshake was as frigid as a slithering worm; also I had to scrub my palms vigorously after the same; to free them from the unscrupulous strands of hair and shampoo; incorrigibly clinging tightly.

When I shook hands with a flamboyant model; gently entwining my hands in her dainty fingers, The handshake was as cold as frozen ice; and I had to wash my hands with stringent acid soon after; to get rid of the vanity aroma that nearly choked me to death.

When I shook hands with the bespectacled doctor; confidently gripping the back of his hand in mine, The handshake was a replica of the printed encyclopedia; and I almost swooned on the ground after inhaling the despicable odor of chlorine and potent antiseptic.

When I shook hands with a madman; prudently catching him unaware when he was snoozing under the sun, The handshake seemed to last till eternity; almost engendering me to abdicate my breath; as the imbecile idiot displayed no signs releasing me; against the most resilient of my efforts.

When I shook hands with the meticulous business tycoon; in an ambience inundated with majestic drapery and redolent flowers, The handshake was the most sophisticated I had ever encountered; and I deliberately rolled my hands in sordid sand after the same; to add some vibrancy; break free from the impeccable aura of the superficial corporate world.

When I shook hands with the convict; incarcerated behind iron bars of the dingy prison,
The handshake was murderous; also the agony in his cold blooded eyes; the nefarious devil lurking in his brow; made me scamper at electric speeds towards the exit gate.

When I shook hands with the drunken truck driver; soaring past verdant landscapes; the splendidly gorgeous valleys,
The handshake was pretty bizarre; as he treated my petite palms like the steering wheel of his vehicle; maneuvering them frantically in several directions at a time.

When I shook hands with the bare chested washerman; in the midst of his fervent washing activity,
The handshake was as slippery as the shimmering dolphin; and he almost squashed my hands against the obdurate floor; overwhelmingly replete with a soapy bath of detergent and carbolic.

And eventually when I shook hands with the soldier; in a backdrop of guns; marching commandos; and hostile war,
The handshake this time was THE PERFECT HANDSHAKE; as he fearlessly entangled his fingers in mine; and the fragrance of his loyalty lingered till times greater than eternity in my eyes; as I saluted his indomitable spirit; the tenacity in his persona to emancipate life for his country.

4. GHASTLY WAR COULD ONLY WIN

Ghastly war could only win; countless screams of all those haplessly orphaned children; who hopelessly stared into the desolately maiming open spaces of hell; with the blood soaked bodies of their parents upon their innocuous shoulders,

Treacherous war could only win; countless curses of all those brutally lambasted mothers; who indiscriminately lost their exuberant young sons; to the arrow of carnivorously unforgivable malice,

Sadistic war could only win; countless nightmares of all those inexplicably shivering on the heartlessly obdurate ground; barbarously naked and without the tiniest leaf of humanity to engulf their wailing bones,

Inconsolable war could only win; countless slaps of all those relentlessly searching for their inseparably lost ones; whose even the most infinitesimal whisker wasn't to be found; under the most tenaciously blazing of sunlight,

Cold-blooded war could only win; countless abuses of all those rendered devastatingly homeless; who now had no other option than to perennially reside upon graveyards of horrendously charred ash,

Parasitic war could only win; countless tears of all those still uncontrollably oozing priceless blood; even infinite hours after the Sun had celestially set,

Wanton war could only win; countless agonies of all those who were left to salaciously crawl on a single hand and foot for the remainder of their lives; indefinably mutilated by the cannibalistic swords of dastardly abhorrence,

Hedonistic war could only win; countless impotencies of all those who were left without their sacrosanct beloved's; and in whom the desire to further procreate had inevitably died like the last brick of the deadened coffin,

Unsparring war could only win; countless infidelities of all those who'd completely lost faith in every fraternity of living kind; gorily witnessing their loved ones being acrimoniously pulverized like insouciantly deplorable matchsticks,

Satanic war could only win; countless vindications of all those inimitably new born infants; who'd unfortunately seen their mother being ruthlessly slain; felt her blood-soaked skull instead of amiably suckling her breast,

Prejudiced war could only win; countless frustrations of all those whose most gloriously unfettered and victorious future; had now been forever burnt into flames of inanely decrepit meaninglessness,

Licentious war could only win; countless dumbness of all those perpetually stunned by the impact of the intransigent heartlessness; all those whose voice forever refrained to waft out of their throats; as they saw their own brothers and children being buried alive; right in front of their eyes,

Disastrous war could only win; countless diseases of all those whose every iota of flesh had been tawdrily ripped apart; to remorsefully reveal their profusely pus laden bones,

Imbecile war could only win; countless insecurities of all those who'd lost every ounce of their physical and emotional possession in vibrant life; for whom every trembling footstep forward; seemed to be like the most massacring valley of death,

Diabolical war could only win; countless blood-drops of all those who lay miserably unattended and inconsolably wounded; for whom there seemed nothing else but a mortuary of despondently never-ending darkness; in front of even the most ethereal of their senses,

Heinous war could only win; countless sarcasms of all those who were neither a part of it; or all those who never lost any of their loved ones to its tyrannical swirl; but whose tongues still developed a flagrant flavor simply listening to all delirious atrocities going around,

Deteriorating war could only win; countless idiosyncrasies of all those who were mentally tortured by its whiplashes of apathetic ferociousness; for whom every instant of life had now metamorphosed into the gutters of worthless insanity,

Unceremonious war could only win; countless living-deaths of all those still existing just for the sake of inhaling and exhaling out air; but for whom the entire Universe was nothing but an ominous skeleton of unrelentingly stabbing blackness,

And cowardly war could only win; countless betrayals of all those who once upon a time immortally loved; but now whose every beat had wholesomely metamorphosed into slandering sinfulness; tirelessly witnessing blood and malice as the only signatures of blessed life .

5. CURSED TERRORISM

The bird of ghastly terrorism might undoubtedly fly all right; but without the most ethereal trace of direction; and miserably collapsing in its non-existent grave; as its decayed wings woefully crumbled mid-air,

The waterfall of indiscriminate terrorism might undoubtedly cascade all right; but it never was able to touch even an inconspicuous iota of priceless venerated soil,

The car of crucifying terrorism might undoubtedly chug forward all right; but it soon uncontrollably exploded into such an inferno of indecipherable nothingness; that was impossible to find even in the corpses of obviously paralytic hell,

The soil of sadistic terrorism might undoubtedly sprout all right; but every fruit which it dared to parsimoniously bear; salaciously sank an infinite feet beneath worthless mud; even before they could kiss the first beams of morning light,

The clouds of unforgivable terrorism might undoubtedly rain all right; but every globule of water that they satanically oozed; was that of venomously cannibalistic and mercilessly slandering blood,

The mountains of slaving terrorism might undoubtedly stand all right; but every epitome of theirs was shamefully and sinfully inverted; like the endlessly outstretched palms of the cadaverously wailing beggar; who never ever witnessed even the most insouciant trifle of wealth all his wretchedly impoverished life,

The eyes of nondescript terrorism might undoubtedly see all right; but every ray that radiated from their whites metamorphosed into the most remorsefully maiming graveyard of deplorable blackness; even in insuperably flaming Sunlight,

The tree of vindictive terrorism might undoubtedly fructify all right; but every of its leaf charred you to the most inconsolably pathetic extinction; instead of mollifying every frazzled nerve of yours with mesmerizing shade,

The sea of unsparing terrorism might undoubtedly swirl all right; but each of its demonically asphyxiating wave; drowned you into a mortuary of wanton meaninglessness; even before you could emanate your first or last breath,

The Sun of frigid terrorism might undoubtedly shine all right; but every of its criminally diabolical ray; could foment nothing else but only tirelessly beheading nightfall; even in the peak of irrefutably blistering day,

The Moon of brutal terrorism might undoubtedly twinkle all right; but every of its deliriously surreptitious beams; metamorphosed even the most impeccably divine

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