

**The Womb – Poems on Mother , Father , Children ,
Parenthood – volume 1**

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 style 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 1 of the Book titled – The Womb (250 pages) . A flurry of poetic concoctions dedicated to the ever-pervading woman and mother. Profoundly saluting her love, compassion and resolute grit as she evolves a diminutive infant into a powerhouse of talent, into a complete individual. The poems in the collection are humble salutations to the essence of Parenthood, to the unbelievable depths of sacrifice that a mother resorts whilst bringing up her child right since its inception in the womb. Each poem reveres the 'godly womb' as the source of all creation that has ever been. This book in itself is the most befitting tribute to the agonizing odysseys of parents as they nourish their children-and children as they grow up as the most powerful angels of God to stupefy all humanity with their inherent charm. A quintessential read for every parent or parent to be, it brings out the charm of creation since the very first breath. The verses within bountifully poeticize every unbridled mischief of a child with its beloved parents.

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1. WOMAN

A garden of voluptuously endless scent; sprouting into a bountiful maze of tantalizing color and vibrancy; every unleashing minute of the panoramic day,

A fortress of unflinchingly impregnable solidarity; tirelessly inspiring one and all of her compassionately gregarious kin,

A fountain of resplendent graciousness; disseminating the fragrance of everlasting empathy; on every impoverished step that she majestically tread,

A cloudburst of insatiably untamed yearning; as she triggered fireballs of unsurpassably untamed desire; even in the heart of the sordidly treacherous and remorseful night,

A waterfall of astoundingly scintillating radiance; as she unveiled an unfathomable veil of regale artistry in every ingredient of the vivaciously bustling atmosphere,

A wave of perennially heartfelt emotions; ardently exploring the fathomless chapters of existence; as the Omnipotent sun bloomed full throttle in the whites of her immaculately pristine eyes,

An apostle of humanitarian bonding; embracing all spell binding goodness of this gigantic Universe; wonderfully in her compassionately amiable bosom,

A forest of eternally proliferating sensuousness; profusely oozing into unsurpassable rivulets of ingratiating enchantment; as voluptuous darkness took an invincible grip on disdainfully inclement light,

A perpetually perfect dream for any artist; as he assimilated even the most infinitesimal iota of her celestially sparkling beauty; in the fathomless embodiment of his timeless canvas,

An everlastingly Optimistic light; that maneuvers you towards a paradise of divine rhapsody and unending exuberance; when you felt your nerves being brutally annihilated by swords of bizarre manipulation,

A melodiously evergreen song; that rejuvenates every despicably dying speck of your frazzled visage; marvelously drifting you towards a sky of vividly fascinating newness,

An insurmountably poignant gorge of vibrant titillation; blissfully enrapturing even the most drearily alien; into a cocoon of mesmerizing smiles,

A harbinger of ubiquitously immortal peace; divinely soothing every invidiously adulterated web of discordant hoarseness; with the stupendously supernatural melody in her voice,

A selfless mirror of beautifully scintillating reality; uninhibitedly unleashing the corridors of her impeccable soul; to all philanthropically blending on the trajectory of this gargantuan earth,

An indefatigable saga of tumultuous passion and turmoil; wholeheartedly weathering every stage of inexplicably enigmatic existence; in harmoniously triumphant synergy with the; Almighty Divine,

A rainbow of Omnisciently perpetuating shine; inundating even the most preposterously indigent of lives; with gloriously unblemished rivers of ecstatic seduction,

A wind of fabulously reinvigorating freshness; unbelievably replenishing even the most capriciously infidel of your beleaguered senses; with the essence of Omnipresent mankind,

An unparalleled inferno of magnetically alluring breath; immortally throbbing to insatiably assimilate all love that lay boundlessly scattered; on this incomprehensibly vast planet,

And although she existed in unfathomable roles in today's society; at times a sacrosanct Mother; at times a mischievous sister; at times an enchanting seductress; at times a compassionate wife; at times an affable aunt; at times an eternal grandmother; There was one solemnization that was unassailably common for each of her form; as she would for infinite birth's remain God's most pricelessly beautiful creation; she would forever be crowned as a resplendent woman .

2. FATHER AND MOTHER .

He celestially slept in her Godly lap for marathon hours; when the brilliantly flamboyant Sun peaked full throttle in the sky,
While to be hoisted high and handsome in euphoric air; all that he had to do was; incoherently tug at the maturely bohemian fingers; of my ebulliently anticipating palms .

He boisterously suckled milk from her sacred chest; when he felt intermittently hungry; even at the most inexplicable moments of the day and all throughout the perilous night,
While to be recounted his favorite rhymes of mystical adventure and frolic; all that he had to do was; innocuously stare at my compassionate eyes; as the rain fell in tranquilly from the fathomless skies outside.

He danced in her poignant lap with uninhibited tandem; rejoicing the most pricelessly grandiloquent moments of his freshly born life,
While to be apprised of the outside world; march on his own tiny feet outside; all he had to do was; immaculately flood my ears with his euphorically mesmerizing and incongruous sounds.

He snuggled unassailably close to her pristine belly; whenever he felt even the most inconspicuous iota of fear lingering diabolically in the atmosphere around,
While to be taught how to prudently discern words and language; all he had to do was; kiss me impeccably on my bearded cheeks; as the seductive songs of the cuckoo; greeted one and all; at gloriously ethereal dawn.

He gleefully plucked at the strands of her silken hair; joyously banging his diminutive fists into her chin; whenever he felt strung by winds of overwhelmingly uncontrollable mischief,
While to be scrupulously washed of all the abominable dirt adhering to his eternally brand new visage; all he had to do was; inarticulately wink at the ecstatically obliging contours of my face.

He fabulously emulated in front of her all the voices he had an absolute infatuation towards; nibbling her Omnipotent ears with his softly developing teeth,
While to be indefatigably tickled on his blissfully endowing ribs; all he had to do was; naughtily play hide and seek with my profoundly twinkling eyes.

He smiled the smile of the angels in her vivaciously resplendent arms; irrefutably accepting her unconquerable breath and sweat; as the sole tonic to survive,
While to be taken round every cranny of our dwelling; as well as unrelentingly explore the sprouting garden outside; all he had to do was; gently pat me on my fervently awaiting and already bent shoulders.

He intransigently adored her celestial countenance for being the most beautifully bountiful on this entire planet; immortally imprisoning her invincible picture; for infinite more births to come; in his heart; mind; and righteous conscience, While to be bequeathed upon even the most infinitesimal of desire in his life; all he had to do was; passionately address me by any name that he wanted; forever he would always remain as my blood; as my heavenly child.

And although he sporadically probed her for something; and at times holistically leaned upon my demeanor for that object eluding his timelessly Omnipotent senses, He had impregnably bestowed upon both of us an honor which made us exist as the richest organisms for countless more births of ours yet to unfurl; O! yes an indescribable richness of being his only; FATHER AND MOTHER.

3. FOR MY ETERNAL MOTHER

I might have augmented in physical proportions tumultuously; towering like a giant from above chunks of infinitesimally threadbare soil,

I might have evolved a bombastically aristocratic slang; emanating the most prudently sagacious sounds from my large mouth; every time I got an opportunity to speak,

I might have encapsulated even the most minuscule cranny of my body in robes of grandiloquently ostentatious silk; majestically cascading like a prince through the lanes of irrefutably sparkling fame,

I might have escalated to the zenith of scintillating prosperity; suckling opulent wine and breathing oligarchic cigar smoke; blending with sumptuous cuisines of high society,

But for my eternally sacrosanct Mother I would forever remain her innocuously wailing infant; witnessing the alien world from her compassionately sequestering eyes; forever remain as her immortal child.

1.

I might have unassailably conquered many a treacherous army; with the overwhelming essence of patriotism; blissfully bequeathed upon me; by Lord Almighty,

I might have catapulted to the marvelously invincible mountaintop; bereft of the most inconspicuous of scaffolding or support,

I might have astoundingly discovered an unfathomable reservoir of newness; as I tread with profusely unending exuberance on every enchanting step,

I might have unfurled into an unsurpassably enamoring festoon of stupendous vivaciousness; as I danced in the uninhibitedly untamed spirit of adulthood; under the tantalizingly pelting droplets of golden rain,

But for my adorably impregnable Mother; I would forever remain her impeccable baby huddled perpetually close to her warm chest; being nourished with the godly air in her lungs; forever remain as her immortal child.

2.

I might have rhetorically mastered the painstaking art of surviving in desolate solitude; ardently staring for hours immemorial; towards the blanket of resplendently twinkling stars,

I might have ebulliently gallivanted towards the corridors of unequivocally glittering success; profoundly basking in the insatiably fragrant glory of timeless existence,

I might have unconquerably kissed the lanes of overwhelming fame; being showered upon with an award of every conceivable denomination for my poetic artistry; by the grace of Almighty God,

I might have bloomed into a perennial flower of philanthropic mankind; disseminating the fragrance of humanity to the most fathomless quarters of this colossally mesmerizing Universe,

But for my Omnisciently divine Mother; I would forever remain her bundle of freshly delivered rhapsody; impeccably embracing her lips with my tiny hands; forever remain her immortal child.

3.

I might have magnificently placated countless dolorously dreary organisms in the atmosphere; with the mystically resplendent cadence in my poignant voice,

I might have unflinchingly confronted the most truculently acrimonious of disaster; without a single wink of my incredulously blazing eyes,

I might have got royally ingratiating artistry melodiously embedded in every core of my impoverished countenance; encompassing all panoramic beauty of this Universe; in the canvas of my enlightening soul,

I might have celestially procreated immaculate progeny of my own; succeeding in my pricelessly virile endeavors of continuing God's glorious chapters of harmonious creation,

But for my bountifully beautiful Mother; I would forever remain her mischievously frolicking child; the sole deity which she had harnessed with her very own flesh and blood; forever remain her immortal child.

4. CHILDREN ARE LIKE GOD.

Children are like fresh globules of tantalizing rain; which spell bindingly descend in euphoric frenzy from fathomless carpets of glorious sky,

Children are like innocuous tufts of cotton soaring ebulliently in handsome atmosphere; philandering in stupendous melody under carpets of gloriously blissful sunshine,

Children are like the pristine rays of Omnipotent Sun; profoundly illuminating one and all; with their vibrantly intriguing imagery; alike,

Children are like the fairies of irrefutable truth dancing in the celestial heavens; with their immaculately divine consciences boundless kilometers away; from the despicable gutter of lies,

Children are like ecstatically redolent roses brazenly swaying in the afternoon winds; unfurling into majestic artistry and overwhelmingly tangy boisterousness; as each second speedily zipped by,

Children are like fulminating springs of rhapsodically untamed jubilation which erupt from the inner most core of earth; incessantly blooming into a paradise of new found energy; an insatiable euphoria to propel forward in life,

Children are like united colors of the vivaciously radiant rainbow; embracing each other in compassionate cradles of humanity; entirely oblivious to the satanic vagaries of caste; creed; religion and spurious color,

Children are like the resplendently milky beams of the innocent Moon; perennially twinkling in the unparalleled exuberance of discovery; indefatigably exploring all bountiful happiness so fantastically laden upon this colossal planet,

Children are like voluptuously nimble blades of dew drop coated grass; profusely ringing in the wholesome merriment of symbiotic existence; whistling past the meadows of inexplicably ghastly sorrow; with Omnipotent beauty in their tiny souls,

Children are like scintillatingly majestic eagles soaring royally through the silken clouds; uninhibitedly kissing all goodness that confronted them in their way; on every step that they poignantly tread,

Children are like angels of relentlessly philanthropic benevolence; donating even the most priceless of their possession; to their comrades in agonizing pain,

Children are like the sparkle of seductively ethereal dawn; deluging every disastrously bereaved household; with the ingratiatingly timeless essence of joyously beautiful existence,

Children are like steps leading to the sacrosanct Creator; unassailably fortifying your persona to face the deadliest of evil; as you clambered each foot forward,

Children are like rambunctiously revered and bushy squirrels up in the foliated trees; eternally unfolding into insurmountable enthusiasm; leaping fleet-footedly to metamorphose beleaguered earth once again into an Omniscient paradise,

Children are like unfathomable treasure hoves of captivating honey; oozing the ultimate sweetness of Godly creation; with the incredulous ardor in their heavenly voice,

Children are like charms of everlasting luck; magically transforming your despairingly deplorable survival; into a life replete with profusely endearing graciousness,

Children are like invincibly boundless mountains of faith; instilling Herculean courage in all those miserably dwindling; by just the unprecedented fervor of brilliant optimism; lingering enchantingly in the whites of their eyes,

Children are like petals of Omnipresent prosperity; ubiquitously diffusing the spirit of happiness and immortal humanity; to every penuriously ailing entity on the trajectory of this endlessly glittering planet,

And Children are like the supremely divine aura of Godhead; granting every benign desire in your heart to be perpetually true; the instant you held their beaming palms to frolic with them in the gardens of; unconquerable togetherness.

5. SOLELY AN IMMORTAL MOTHER.

Some called her a tantalizing seductress; philandering uninhibitedly through the inscrutably rustling forests,
Some called her an angel having just descended from the sky; bountifully pacifying even the most traumatically agonized senses; with the stupendous charisma in her voice,
Some called her a poignantly tangy wave; profusely enlightening the gruesomely pallid atmosphere around; with the incredulous euphoria in her ravishing stride,
Some called her an unfathomably enigmatic wind; that mystically tingled countless of impoverished souls; in the heavenly swirl of her compassionately diffusing breath,
But for her baby; she was solely an immortal mother; feeding it with celestial granaries of impeccable milk; and loads of overwhelmingly silken warmth.

Some called her a gloriously alluring pack of metamorphosing cards; enthusing boundless with the magic in her triumphant smile,
Some called her an insurmountably nubile vixen; voraciously drowning even the most lecherously monotonous; in an untamed thunderbolt of never ending raw desire,
Some called her a fabulously evading mirage; captivating even the most insensitively alien; in the ingratiating aroma that lingered incomprehensibly around each of her vivacious senses,
Some called her an unsurpassable carpet of marvelously scarlet roses; profoundly illuminating every dwindling path that she tread on; with the philanthropic divinity enshrouding her immaculate conscience,
But for her baby; she was solely an immortal mother; cuddling its tuft of innocuously heavenly hair indefatigably throughout the day; sequestering it from the even most infinitesimal of evil every moment of the disastrously horrendous night.

Some called her an unparalleled magician; metamorphosing every shattered heart that she caressed; into an enthralling paradise which kissed the realms of eternity,
Some called her an irrefutably bestowing fairy Goddess; fulfilling every wish of the despicably shivering and miserably penurious,
Some called her an exuberantly swimming mermaid; deluging the invidiously pathetic gloom around; with her unbelievably enamoring charisma and tinkling footsteps,
Some called her a panacea for even the most devastatingly debilitated disease; impregnably finding reprieve under nothing else on this planet; but her magnanimously showering palms,
But for her baby; she was solely an immortal mother; sacrificing everything in her life; to witness it eternally blossom into the most invincibly unflinching entity alive.

Some called her a fantasy come true for all births; tickling the most inner most dormitories of the ludicrously bedraggled mind; with optimistic hope and intrepidly soaring adventure,

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