

# **You die; I die – Love Poems – Part 11**

**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](https://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](mailto:nikhilparekh99@gmail.com) or [indianpoetnikhilparekh@gmail.com](mailto: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](http://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](http://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](http://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](http://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](http://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](http://nikhilparekh.org) .

**About The Poetry Book** – This Book which has 40 differently titled Poems is actually Part 11 of the Book titled – You die; I die – Love Poems ( 1600 pages ) . Poems symbolizing the immortality of love and at times its fickleness. Parekh takes the reader through a paradise naturally embellished with the ingredients of eternal romance and its sporadic failures. As they say life and death are two sides of the coin, similarly with every true anecdote of love there also comes fretful divorce—a thing which has been most sensitively described throughout this great collection of poems for the heart. Written and dipped in each ingredient of his passionate blood, Parekh comes out with startling revelations about the truest of love stories and their failures. Each verse has been delicately intertwined with a boundless aspects of relationships, romance, cheating, betrayal and goes on to prove that Immortal Love towers over every shattered heart. A start to finish with some of the most heart-rendering love poems ever, this makes a great collection for ever true lover breathing and desiring to be loved on earth and beyond. This collection of poems aims at perpetually uniting every heart on this Universe in the spirit of Immortal love and friendship. Because these are the two quintessential ingredients to lead life till its last breath. Irrespective of whatever color, faith or religion, it is only the rainbow of love which can transform the ghastliest monsters and perpetrators of humanity into peaceful lovers. Therefore this book inexhaustibly endeavors to speak and preach the language of love even after its last embossed alphabet.

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## **Varied Poems**



## 1. WHISPERS

A plethora of dark veined leaves; whispered frantically to the silhouette of plum tree,  
To stand like a mountain in turbulent winds; not to succumb even when its roots  
were attacked by parasite.

Mammoth sculptured blue bodied whales; whispered fervently to the saline ocean,  
To drench their silken skin entirely with salt; gratify their gluttony with scores of  
sumptuous fish.

Scorched sands of the colossal desert; whispered abusively to sapphire puffs of  
clouds,  
To unrelentingly rain; transforming their impoverished soul into one with bountiful  
water.

The venomous form of rustic jungle spider; whispered incorrigibly to the threads in  
its intricate web,  
To bear it's weight for times immemorial; entangling in a vise like grip; a battalion of  
succulent insect.

The obdurate stones strewn incoherently on the ground; whispered to passing  
pedestrians,  
To trample they walked; pleading with the bystanders to kick them into remote  
corners of oblivion.

Dry sticks of trimmed lumber; whispered intermittently to steaming flames of fire,  
To incinerate them thoroughly; transforming their composite proportion into frugal  
heaps of burnt chowder.

The newly born mammalian sibling; whispered pleadingly to its mother,  
To feed it's famished lips; with perennial supply of salubrious milk.

The sealed demeanor of stamped envelope; whispered nostalgically in the ears of the  
postman,  
To deliver it without further delay; into the safe hands of the person it belonged.

A fleet of orphans in the sanatorium; whispered inevitably to God,  
To reveal traces of their loved ones; unite them as one again; to bring back lost  
anecdotes of supreme felicity.

The articulately carved key; whispered sonorously to the lock,  
To accommodate it with nonchalant ease; opening without apprehensions the  
moment it caressed its periphery.

My tangible heart at the end of the monotonous day; whispered to my soul,  
To grant it reprieve from misdeeds inadvertently committed in the day; forgive it for  
all the evil it harnessed.

And the omniscient aura of God; whispered philanthropically to all his fellow beings  
inhabiting the earth,  
To extend comforting arms towards those in distress and pain; profoundly master the  
art of perpetual love.

## 2. IN THE NEXT BIRTH

If I acquired the menacing form of an alligator in the next birth, I would want you to cling tightly to my persona as my serrated green skin.

If I was born in the ominous form of the jungle tiger in the next birth, I would want you to be incorporated in my body as my domineeringly authoritative growl.

If I was born as a densely foliated tree in the next birth, I would want you to be the perennial leaves that emanated from my silhouette.

If I was born as an opalescent fish in the next birth, I would want you to be saline water in which I could sustain life and swim.

If I was born as the twin horned sacrosanct cow in the next birth, I would inevitably desire you as the milk I would diffuse from my flaccid teats.

If I was born as a slithering reptile in the next birth, I would want you to be the lethal venom I possessed in my triangular fangs.

If I was born as an obnoxious donkey in the next birth, I would want you to be my hooves which swished indiscriminately at innocuous trespassers.

If I was born as perpetually blind in the next birth, I would indispensably want you to be my eyes to guide me towards dazzling light.

If I was born as being disdainfully maim; bereft of feet in the next birth, I would incorrigibly want you to be my legs to ecstatically leap in times of jubilation.

If I was born as a rustic spider with a battalion of arms in the next birth, I would want you to be mesmerizing threads of the silken web which I inhabited night and day.

If I was born as an inconspicuous mosquito in the next birth, I would want you to be the sting existing in my bifurcated tentacles.

If I was born as a agglomerate of sinister clouds in the next birth, I would want you to be pelting sheets of rain tumbling down on the scorched ground.

If I was born as a traditional dancer in the next birth,  
I would desire you to be the jingling chains riveted to my anklets.

If I was born as a voluptuous chameleon in the next birth,  
I would want you to be the band of colors that I changed according to my habitat.

If I was born as a scintillating oyster in the next birth,  
I would want you as the jugglery of immaculate pearls impregnated in my belly.

If I was born as a solitary camel in the blistering heat of desert,  
I would inevitably desire you as barrels of pellucid water to placate my thirst.

If I was born as drummer performing at concerts in the next birth,  
I would want you as the drum which would be essential for the sound to propagate.

If I was born as the most opulent on the globe in the next birth,  
I would intractably want you as the notes of currency; which I possessed in  
exorbitant capacity.

If I was born as infinite blades of emerald grass in the next birth,  
I would want you to be the fertile land mass of soil to provide me tumultuous loads  
of nutrition.

If I was born as the frivolous monkey in the next birth,  
I would want you to be my claws; facilitating me to clasp tree branches in a vice like  
grip.

If I was born as an ambivalent filmmaker in the next birth,  
I would want you to be every film that I directed in my reigning tenure.

If I was born as a tantalizing rose in the next birth,  
I would want you to be my everlasting fragrance.

If I was born as a mundane ceiling fan in the next birth,  
I would want you to be my riveted blades; circulating exuberant draughts of air.

If I was born as a boisterous honey bee in the next birth,  
I would want you to be the sweet nectar I produced from my catacombed body.

If I was born as an inconspicuous nail hung to the wall; in my next birth,  
I would want you to be the peels of rust I acquired on my body.

If I was born as the fibrous fruit of apple in the next birth,  
I would want you to be the cluster of seeds impregnated in my belly.

If I was born as an indigenous woman in the next birth,  
I would overwhelmingly desire you as the contemporary man from the city.

And if by the stroke of chivalrous fortune; I was born as a man again in the next  
birth,  
I would want you to be the same girl; whom I loved immensely today; existing on this  
earth.

### 3. INVINCIBLE LOVE

Every night is empty without its resplendent festoon of shimmering stars; paving a path of mysticism through the dreary morbidity all around,

Every desert is empty without its majestically glistening carpet of sands; royally rising and falling with the exuberantly blowing winds,

Every road is empty without its flurry of boisterously gallivanting traffic; granting new dimensions all the time; to its never ending repertoire of enigmatic curves and turns,

Every day is empty without its dynamically flamboyant Sun; bedazzling even the most remotely dilapidated corners of this Universe; with a garland of magnetically golden light,

Every throat is empty without its harmonious melody; the captivatingly rhapsodic sound; that catapulted even the most impoverished; to an enchanting entrenchment beyond realms of mesmerizing eternity,

Every mountain is empty without its irrefutably towering summits; kissing the clouds unflinchingly as they seductively drifted by; proving an ultimate exemplary to all other diminutive aspects of incarcerated life,

Every mind is empty without its unrelenting fountain of enthralling fantasies; relentlessly exploring; discovering; and evolving into a waterfall of stupendous newness; as each instant unveiled,

Every cloud is empty without its tantalizing droplets of rain; the unprecedented enthrallment that it spell bindingly bestowed upon this planet; with its profusely heavenly tumblers of water,

Every palm is empty without its unfathomable myriad of tingling destiny lines; the magnanimous bifurcations which astoundingly governed; stardom and horrendous pitfalls in a mans life,

Every ocean is empty without its ecstatic fish; the voluptuously ravishing elixir that they imparted to the undulating waves; culminating into fireballs of desire before clashing against the scintillating rocks,

Every calendar is empty without its meticulous array of dates; the most euphoric depictions of days and weeks; propelling living kind on the path of radiantly blooming prosperity,

Every flower is empty without its fabulously gorgeous fragrance; the scent that handsomely pervaded even through the most heinous webs of uncouth lechery; flooding dwindling souls all across the Universe; with vibrant light,

Every forest is empty without its untamed wilderness; the unsurpassable blend of leaf and animal and stream; which weaved cloud covers of unparalleled excitement,

Every vein is empty without its scarlet rivulets of blood; the Omnipotent fuel to gush forward with insurmountable fervor in life; the only religion that bonded all human kind,

Every oyster is empty without its marvelously shimmering pearls; the incredulously embellished globule which fulminated into vivacious happiness,

Every canvas is empty without its vivid splashes of color; inundating the sullen atmosphere around with waves of poignant compassion; suddenly making drab moments of life replete with astoundingly exotic charm,

Every conscience is empty without its invincible righteousness; the sacrosanct virtue which made every organism feel as the richest alive; massacring the very essence of blatantly coward lies; from the colossal trajectory of this planet,

Every heart is empty without its perpetual beats; the everlasting rhythm which bonded all across boundless earth; in thunderbolts of insatiable passion; alike,

And every life is empty without its immortal love; the unconquerable soul mate of its dreams; which was its very reason to dream of an infinite more lives; more importantly in this lifetime; be blissfully breathing and alive .

#### 4. QUESTIONS

I asked the road; the things that perturbed her the most,  
She replied saying; that she was mutilated every unleashing minute,  
By the juggernaut of trucks; and cloud showers of swollen rain.

I asked a cluster of fish in the Monsoon River; about the ultimate fantasy of their  
lives,  
The answer that followed was studded with arduous lines of brevity,  
As they unanimously dreamt of swimming in stormy waves of the ocean.

I asked the domestic lizard to narrate its tale of woes,  
It didn't ponder even for a fraction of a second,  
Curtly saying; that it was a paucity of succulent insect that kept her starved these  
days.

I asked the bleary eyed moon to impassively blurt out its agony,  
The celestial figure in the sky retorted with a volley of eloquent expletive,  
Blaming a fleet of monstrous spaceships; pilfering through its exquisite decorum.

I asked the merrily swaying trees; to recount me their expeditions of the blistering  
day,  
They retaliated with traumatic screams; with white blood trickling down their entity,  
Rebuking the farmer; who had sliced them down for daily fodder.

I asked the stray dogs in the street about their conditions of blissful health,  
They made a gallant mockery of my question barking,  
We aren't fastidious about food; all we need is a solitary place to sleep.

I then interrogated my tangible heart to disclose its candid feelings,  
There were mystical vibrations which shook my entire silhouette,  
Beads of cold sweat camouflaged my shock of black hair,  
As it responded to my query saying; that it wanted to imprison forever,  
Posses for times unfathomable; the holistic form it loved on this earth.



## 5. FOR THE SAKE OF

For the sake of starved territories of tarnished grass,  
The crimson colored sky should sob unrelentingly and; rain.

For the sake of pallid regions of earth obliterated from bright light,  
The celestial body of sun god should dazzle brilliantly; and shine.

For the sake of blind afflicted with distress and inexplicable pain,  
The handsomely affluent and privileged should help them attain their goals; and aims.

For the sake of nimble footed squirrel leaping in bubbling fervor of youth,  
The neem tree should emboss itself with lots of crevices; and game.

For the sake of distorted bones of broken calcium,  
The sacrosanct and robust cow should ooze milk; and frosty cream.

For the sake of famished alligator lurking stealthily on nocturnal prowls,  
A cluster of succulent fish should relinquish breath; and become food.

For the sake of vacant sheets of satiny white canvas,  
Adroit strokes of the artist should fill it with resplendent root color.

For the sake of fortifying a lock of strong blue metal,  
There should exist a master key that can wind it; rendering securely close.

For the sake of freedom of mind, body, and spirit,  
There should be philanthropic harmony; blending varied races under the sun as one.

For the sake of life to proceed devoid of savage brutality,  
There should be bountiful messiahs of god to impart the essence of truth.

For the sake of pictures taken with sleek camera,  
There should be animate or inanimate in neighboring vicinity.

And for the sake of my heart throbbing at rollicking speeds,  
There should be a solitary girl residing in this universe; who can love me intensely;  
making me feel that I am alive.

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