

You die; I die – Love Poems – Part 12

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 40 differently titled Poems , is actually Part 12 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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1. TO FORGET HER WAS IMPOSSIBLE

The Sun may have forgotten to shine at times; leaving the Earth submerged in partial darkness,

The eyes may have forgotten to close; staring unrelentingly in the blazing fires,

The trees may have forgotten to shed their leaves; enticed to sway in the moist breeze,

The birds may have forgotten to chirp; thoroughly engrossed in building their nests,

The clouds may have forgotten to rain; drifting away submissively with the wind,

The lion may have forgotten to roar; lost in the aisles of desire and sleep,

The chameleon may have forgotten to change its color; with its jaws busy in gobbling fat caterpillars,

The diamonds may have forgotten to shine; when they were placed in a disdainful backdrop of coal,

The rose may have forgotten to diffuse scent; trying to breathe for its life amidst a heap of pungent pesticide,

The scorpion may have forgotten to sting; running haywire in a pool of slushy water,

The snow may have forgotten to melt; not wanting to leave the body of the handsome mountain,

The lips may have forgotten to smile; being besieged by day to day professionalism in society,

The ocean may have forgotten to evolve waves; yielding pathetically to the tumultuous storm,

The stars in the cosmos may have forgotten to twinkle; profoundly absorbed in watching the dainty fairies,

The deserts may have forgotten to be hot; relishing the prospects of freaking out in the rain,

The fingers may have forgotten to write; resting lazily under the silken feathered pillow,

The dog may have forgotten to bark; petrified for an instant by the demon standing before him,

The infant may have forgotten to cry; bemused for a moment by the wide ensemble of electronic toys,

The Creator inadvertently may have forgotten to look at every man; busy chalking strategies to run the Universe,

But me Forgetting her was Impossible; as she resided in the center of my heart; and every beat of mine wholesomely depended upon her breath that passionately flowed .

2. I AM IN LOVE

What was this O! Lord; that my lips refrained to speak; sung mystical tunes instead while walking on the streets?

What was this O! Lord; that my fingers incorrigibly refused to write; drawing incoherent shapes in the mud instead?

What was this O! Lord; that my eyes stared wildly in open space; instead of shutting down under the blistering sun?

What was this O! Lord; that I forgot to have my afternoon meals; when normally I was the first one to finish food in our family?

What was this O! Lord; that I dreamt even while signing checks; entering in mind boggling amounts; that eventually left me bankrupt?

What was this O! Lord; that I erupted out in fantasies of my childhood; when in fact I was supposed to give a lecture on Business Economics?

What was this O! Lord; that I crashed head on with the waiter carrying a tray full of pastry; when in fact I had already sighted him from miles apart?

What was this O! Lord; that I presumed it to be brilliant afternoon; when actually it was just a little before midnight?

What was this O! Lord; that I barged my car right into the hotel coffee shop; instead of parking it outside and walking down the distance?

What was this O! Lord; that I cut my hands severely while chopping vegetables; when in fact there was superb synchronization between the knife and my little finger?

What was this O! Lord; that I gasped for breath like a dead man; when in fact I had just arisen from bed after infinite hours of blissful sleep?

What was this O! Lord; that a sheepish grin encompassed the contours of my face all day; when usually I was extremely stringent in my behavior?

What was this O! Lord; that I reached the ghastly graveyard; when in fact I was headed for attending prayers in church?

What was this O! Lord; that I embraced an old woman on the verge of relinquishing breath; cognizing her to be the girl of my dreams?

What was this O! Lord; that the blood in my veins ran at electric speeds; inspite of my medical practitioner ruling out any chance of blood pressure?

And what was this O! Lord; that my heart palpitated at a million beats per minute; although she resided continent's apart?

You know what; your guess is as good as mine; and there was simply no rhyme or reason to defy it; for I think that the inevitable has happened; I was struck by the same fever as millions of my kind are struck every day; O! Yes I think I am in love .

3. ONLY YOU O ! BELOVED

For as far as my arms could stretch; extending to the most unprecedented of their capacity in free space,

For as far as my eyes could sight; opening wider than the blazing Sun,

For as far as my ears could hear; straining themselves agonizingly to decipher the most inconspicuous trace of sound; lingering for kilometers in vicinity,

For as far as my feet could run; conquering unfathomable miles of territory without buckling or flinching the slightest,

For as far as my mind could wander; perceiving even the most remotest and weirdest of things existing on this earth,

For as far as my voice could travel; expending my lungs to the most bizarre capacity,

For as far as my pen could write; inundating every barren bit of paper on this globe; with countless lines of literature,

For as far as my hands could caress; extending forward as straight as an arrow; and to fullest of their capacity,

For as far as my neck could turn; dexterously twisting itself to sight objects even behind the back,

For as far as my hair could rise; after being voraciously tickled by the mesmerizing wind,

For as far as my fantasy could continue; dreaming about delectable fairies dancing in wonderland,

For as far as my breath could reach; chiseling a tunnel replete with passionate moisture as it blew,

For as far as my stomach could inflate; as I tried to swell it after deliberately taking in volumes of free oxygen imprisoned in air,

For as far as my lips could open; after being viciously attacked by a thunderous yawn,

For as far as my fists could punch; paving their way unrelentingly to win virgin landscapes prevailing on this planet,

For as far as my memory could capture; recognizing even the most obsolete of grass sticks after a monstrous night's sleep,

And as far as my heart could beat; incorporating all the emotions that lingered in the atmosphere; as well as those beyond the Celestial heavens,

There was only one thing that I revered and loved; cared and cherished more than myself; and that was you O! beloved; Infact only you o! beloved .

4. THIS VERY MOMENT WHEN I WAS DYING TODAY

The leaves withered as time passed; falling inevitably on the ground to blend with disdainful chunks of dust,

The roses blossoming radiantly in the valley; knelt their heads in meek submission as the chilly winds and nightfall took complete control,

The lines of the palm bifurcated enigmatically all over in boisterous youth; started fading and diminished to a trifle as the perils of old age took over,

The vivacious mounds of virgin clay which smiled mischievously under the Sun; looked completely battered and bashed as they were indiscriminately trampled by ongoing vehicles and metal tyre,

The eyes which were once able to intricately sort out the inconspicuous needle from the colossal haystack; now looked as specks of dirt behind a factory of thick glass; as the years descended by,

The legs which were springing and tenaciously marching forward at the ripening of dawn; now collapsed in a bedraggled heap at the onset of stark darkness and ghostly night,

The towering castle which was once the pride of the royal emperor; now was a sight in complete shambles; with broken glass and century old cobwebs the only things welcoming the predecessor's,

The image which was brighter than scintillating light in sweltering afternoon; now metamorphosed into lanky shadows; trespassing furtively through the fleeting blanket of dusk,

The footprints which were profoundly distinct as the travelers strolled; were now wholesomely erased as the turbulent draught of breeze swept by,

The waves spasmodically swirling towards the skies all throughout the evening; now appeared as placid as the singing angel; when the storm and ferocious cyclone had totally dissipated,

The tongue which was raring to shout deafeningly in open space; now resembled the dying insect; after countless hours of giving speech,

The shock of hair which was once as black as oil trapped within the belly of earth; now appeared as snow white as the man who sat astoundingly near to his grave,

The pristine air of the snow clad slopes which was stupendously clean and enchanting as the cows grazed; now transited into plumes of treacherous black smoke; as the aftermath of war took its gory toll,

The vegetables which were fresh and glowing with sparkling health as I hoisted them from the stores; now transformed into soggy and squalid as I rang the doorbell; utterly exhausted and entered home,

The time which seemed to tick faster than light during examinations; now appeared to be crawling slower than the tortoise as the summer holidays descended by,

The ape man who once could conquer invincible heights with raw muscle and unprecedented power bulging from under his shirt; now seemed to be unable to even lift a finger; as the decades unveiled in quick succession,

The candle which was burning inexorably; illuminating every cranny of the room with its profound shine; now extinguished in entirety with a single kiss of the autumn wind,

The heart which throbbed violently after witnessing the girl of its dreams for the first time; now reduced its intensity a whisker; after spending marathon times together,

But my love for her got all the more stronger as each second unfurled into a minute; as each minute sped into an hour; as each day evolved into a week; as each year evolved into a decade; and no matter how old I became; how frigid the conglomerate of bones in my body converted; I loved her more than I loved her when she first met me; I loved her more than I ever did in my passionate dreams; I loved her more than I had loved her anytime before; this very moment when I was dying today .

5. THANK YOU

Thank you for providing your shoulder; for me to lean upon in my times of inexplicable distress,

Thank you for wiping my tears; when they oozed out profusely all day and night,

Thank you for camouflaging my skin under your garment; when it was wholesomely helpless and unable to face this world,

Thank you for whispering into my ears words of courage and fortitude; when the infiltrators were just about to barge into my camp,

Thank you for standing by my stubborn attitude; sticking to my ideals; even though it meant sacrificing precious years of your life,

Thank you for serving me with appetizing delicacies; preparing food for me according to my whims; even at the middle of freezing night,

Thank you for consoling me incessantly; when dawn seemed far away; and when success was just a short-lived night,

Thank you for pacifying my anger; when in fact if you didn't; I would have landed in prison for assassinating lecherous mankind,

Thank you for caressing my raw bruises with your soft palms; impregnating in them the divine power to heal at amazing speeds,

Thank you for tolerating my flirtatious tendencies; still accepting me as your husband; inspite of my philandering whenever I got the chance,

Thank you for assisting me in taking the most prudent decision; clutching my body tightly when I felt I would swoon like dead fish on the ground,

Thank you for shaving off unruly strands of beard from my cheek every morning; massaging my scalp vigorously to impart me with Godly rejuvenation,

Thank you for patiently listening to my rebukes; cooling my frazzled senses with the ointment of your romance,

Thank you for keeping our house meticulously clean; spreading the tantalizing perfume of your passionate breath in every corridor that I tread,

Thank you for bearing my progeny; helping me continue my chapter of existence; even decades after I died,

Thank you for making me feel like a man; everytime I felt cowardly; thought of relinquishing this world,

And over and above all thank you for making all my dreams come true; inspiring me to become what the world recognized me today; a good father; a good individual; and most importantly a good human being; to light several other's gloomy day .

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