

## **You die; I die – Love Poems – Part 15**

**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](http://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 in front of **GOD** . i am nothing in front 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 , 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](http://nikhilparekh.org) .

**About The Poetry Book -** This Book which has 40 differently titled Poems , is actually Part 15 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. BUSY

The clouds were mystically busy; in showering tantalizing globules of rain; upon fathomless territories of agonizingly parched soil,

The Sun was flamingly busy; in magically sizzling every cranny of this boundlessly congenial Universe; with golden beams of its optimistically enchanting light,

The spiders were fabulously busy; in enamoringly weaving silken strands of webs; euphorically bouncing in the threads; fervently anticipating the prey of their choice,

The fires were swelteringly busy; in charring even the most infinitesimal iota of tenacious logwood; to threadbare bits of minuscule ash,

The clowns were ludicrously busy; in tumultuously evoking a festoon of unfathomable smiles; on the faces of all those besieged with cloudbursts of inexplicable gloom,

The eagles were majestically busy; in enshrouding every bit of drearily insipid space; with exuberant draughts of exotic air,

The snakes were ominously busy; in stealthily waiting for innocuously sparkling skin; ebullient chunks of flesh to venomously infiltrate their murderously sinister fangs; in,

The fortresses were invincibly busy; in compassionately sequestering all those disastrously orphaned and dithering; from the acrimoniously mighty onslaught; of the turgidly satanic society,

The clothes were amiably busy; in shielding innocently naked skin from vindictively frozen avalanches of wind; as well as tyrannically ferocious rays of; the uncouthly blistering afternoon,

The cars were boisterously busy; in rhapsodically transporting fatigued battalions of passengers; to the most resplendently placating destination of their supreme choice,

The sharks were diabolically busy; in frantically groping for immaculate prey; metamorphose a profusely robust framework of ravishing flesh and blood; into a devastatingly transposed curry of sheer nothingness,

The dogs were pertinently busy; in dolefully barking; deluging the trajectory of the gloomily treacherous night; with an incomprehensible number of their ghoulish wails,

The ghosts were insidiously busy; in casting the spell of their gorily sinister doom; devouring blissful civilizations; in the swirl of their hideously obfuscated and grotesque countenances,

The eyes were indefatigably busy; in profoundly discerning and imbibing the fathomlessly glorious beauty of this gregariously mystical Universe; paving their way ecstatically forward to coin astoundingly new chapters of existence,

The blood was poignantly busy; in spell bindingly imparting fortitude to each arena of the staggeringly bedraggled body; rejuvenating it to unfurl refreshingly emphatic chapters of; a vividly vibrant tomorrow,

The pigs were disdainfully busy; in excoriating through lugubrious piles of garbage at lightening velocities; ruthlessly gobbling even the most worthlessly stinking piece of shit; that sleazily greeted them in their savage way,

The forests were inscrutably busy; in churning tales of unrelenting mysticism; voluptuously kissing the charismatic blanket of the stupendously glittering night; with seductive fireballs of empathy; and life,

The Gods were Omnisciently busy; in proliferating astronomical spurts of sacred life on the boundlessly beautiful planet; articulately maneuvering the destiny of each organism; rich or lecherously poor; alike,

And my Heart was perpetually busy; in incarcerating the beats of her passionately divine heart; assimilating and immortal bonding with the essence of her unparalleled love; uniting with her philanthropic will; to bless all benign mankind .

## **2. LOVE IS PRICELESS**

Stones are lackadaisically worthless,  
Gutters are preposterously baseless,  
Greed is invidiously senseless,  
Depression is devastatingly meaningless,  
Mania's are obsessively weightless,  
Enmity is salaciously bottomless,  
Traitors are treacherously groundless,  
Stagnation is venomously valueless,  
Diabolism is vindictively useless,  
Manipulation is hideously profitless,  
Emptiness is ominously fruitless,  
Ghosts are disconcertingly hopeless,  
Frigidity is inevitably hapless,  
Boredom is lethally purposeless,  
Death is despairingly motionless,  
Cowardice is ludicrously skulless,  
Infidelity is pathetically pointless,  
Oceans are bountifully fathomless,  
Lies are maliciously soundless,  
Fantasies are unrelentingly boundless,  
Tangible are rhapsodically countless,  
Expressions are poignantly dateless,  
Lechery is disastrously voiceless,  
Beggars are ridiculously gutless,  
Sleazy are bombastically strapless,  
Adventurous are exhilaratingly shoeless,  
Orphaned are deplorably houseless,  
Benevolence is perennially timeless,  
Murderers are laughably spineless,  
Excitement is incomprehensibly numberless,  
Awestruck are unbelievably speechless,  
Imprisoned are brutally expressionless,  
Compassion is irrefutably wordless,  
Butchers are satanically soulless,  
Deserts are ditheringly treeless,  
Corpses are insidiously passionless,  
Indigenous are rustically mannerless,  
Dungeons are insanely windless,  
Feathers are fantastically noiseless,  
Nonchalant are parsimoniously listless,  
Innocent are harmoniously creaseless,  
Clouds are inscrutably ceaseless,

Vegetables are celestially boneless,  
Terrorists are bizarrely bloodless,  
Parasites are staggeringly breathless,  
Corruptive are mockingly spiritless,  
Dissatisfied are overwhelming restless,  
Insipid are invasively rimless,  
Doleful are drearily cordless,  
Maniacal are profusely airless,  
Waterfalls are blissfully hairless,  
Silken are immaculately seamless,  
Monotonous are turgidly dreamless,  
Graveyards are stinkingly toothless,  
Blood-sucking are incorrigibly motherless,  
Absolution is divinely painless,  
Nothingness is indolently aimless,  
Pompous are indigently shameless,  
Sewers are immutably nameless,  
Pigs are greedily brainless,  
Assassins are indispensably fatherless,  
Vandals are horrifically flowerless,  
Cockroaches are disgustingly tuneless,  
Philanthropists are unequivocally taintless,  
Pretentious are horrendously cultureless,  
Gloom is inexplicably colorless,  
Skies are unfathomably limitless,  
Demons are insidiously starless,  
Barbaric are despondently seedless,  
Prejudiced are ignominiously friendless,  
Relationships are impregnably measureless,  
Depression is tyrannically lusterless,  
Capricious are staggeringly careless,  
Tornado's are tumultuously gearless,  
Afternoons are swelteringly moonless,  
Honesty is irrefutably stainless,  
Malicious are impoverishedly armless,  
Birds are ecstatically footless,  
Fairies are ravishingly beardless,  
Impeachment is grotesquely faceless,  
Entrepreneurs are intrepidly fearless,  
Logs are obdurately foamless,  
Enigmas are tantalizingly keyless,  
Horizons are obliviously clueless,  
Hollowness is penalizingly handless,  
Dishonest are insatiably penniless,

Lazy are waveringly jobless,  
Hell is tortuously heartless,  
Nature is flirtatiously wireless,  
Shadows are diminutively powerless,  
Blood-thirsty are wholesomely artless,  
Destinies are waveringly mapless,  
Dare-devils are snobbishly wreckless,  
Pragmatic are prudently cloudless,  
Cursed are lamely childless,  
Infants are perpetually faultless,  
And love is immortally priceless .

### **3. MY GODLY WIFE**

A little piquant; tangily bouncing in the aisles of untamed yearning; and a little sweet; profusely deluging the morbidly sullen atmosphere with the ingratiatingly captivating melody in her voice,

A little ecstatic; uninhibitedly philandering amidst the stars of tantalizing fantasy; and a little romantic; compassionately embracing all those disastrously bereaved that; confronted her in her majestic way,

A little vivacious; indefatigably expending her ebullient energy of goodness to the world around; and a little spell binding; incarcerating even the most alien of personality in her mystically divine swirl,

A little doughty; formidably facing the unsurpassable armory of impediments that hindered her in her royal stride; and a little dainty; exotically tingling frigid globules of soil; with her insurmountably titillating caress,

Was my invincibly mesmerizing wife; who not only bestowed upon me a countless births to survive; even in this impoverished singleton birth of mine; but was infact the sole air that I breathed in life; the very reason that I was blissfully alive .

A little shy; magnificently curling her seductive eyelashes under twinkling rays of the pearly Moon; and a little loquacious; cataclysmically divulging her soul out; when she felt the insatiable desire to express herself,

A little crimson; blushing like the blooming lilies when I first sighted her; and a little pink; snoozing and relentlessly fantasizing above the corridors of paradise; when in nostalgically deep sleep,

A little enigmatic; inscrutably wandering through a web of magical enchantment; and a little pragmatic; manipulating her daily routine to survive in this stringently conventional society; with astounding agility,

A little flirtatious; gallivanting in gay abandon behind the hills just as the Sun wholesomely blended with the horizons; and a little sonorous; admonishing unruly urchins for tainting her kitchen floor; in her fervently deep throated voice,

Was my immortally everlasting wife; who was not only my perpetual inspiration to benevolently bond in threads of sacrosanct humanity; but was infact the sole air that I breathed in life; the very reason that I was blissfully alive .

A little dreamer; perennially lost in clouds of euphorically unending fantasy; and a little artistic; fabulously enshrouding barren bits of canvas; with the stupendously radiant artistry in her philanthropic palms,

A little patriotic; unequivocally surging forward to mitigate her motherland from the clutches of diabolically evil; and a little surreal; leaping like a fleet footed fairy; to enlighten gloom all around her; with the rays of Omnipotent mankind,

A little saintly; possessing incomprehensibly magical powers to heal the most bizarre of wounds with the ointment of her impregnable caring; and a little innocent; incessantly reminiscing those exuberant moments of fresh birth; when she was just born,

A little ubiquitous; tirelessly functioning as a benign messiah of all deprived humanity; and a little tantalizing; igniting my every frigidly devastating night with; unrelenting fireballs of tumultuous passion,

Was my unassailably heavenly wife; who not only; magnanimously fulfilled every benevolent desire of my heart; with the melody in her stride; but was infact the sole air that I breathed in life; the very reason that I was blissfully alive .

A little surreptitious; concealing the inexplicable miseries that she was uncouthly subjected to; entirely to herself; and a little volatile; fulminating into an boundless kaleidoscope of resplendently gregarious color; as the Sun gloriously crept up in the sky,

A little flamboyant; blazing a path of irrevocably scintillating triumph on every humanitarian mission she embarked; and a little timid; succumbing to every innocuous longing that vociferously diffused from my mouth,

A little blissful; marvelously pacifying even the most barbarically frazzled nerves with the river of her fascinating entertainment; and a little ardent; passionately coalescing with every beat of my ferociously palpitating heart; till times immemorial,

A little sporadic; intermittently bursting into spurts of divinely philosophies to holistically survive in the conquest of life; and a little motherly; soothing my unfathomable battalion of anguished tensions; with the aura of her Omnisciently celestial senses,

Was my pregnably Godly wife; who not only showered me with eternally transpiring and contenting happiness; but was infact the sole air that I breathed in life; the very reason that I was blissfully alive .

#### **4. JUST LISTENING TO MY BEATS**

She hadn't given me birth from her womb; but could still irrefutably gauge the profound sadness enshrouding my countenance; by just ethereally glimpsing at my shielding eyelashes,

She hadn't given me birth from her womb; but could still irrefutably prognosticate the hunger in my stomach; by just sighting me restlessly gnawing at my bohemian nails,

She hadn't given me birth from her womb; but could still irrefutably sense the maniacal desperation in my trembling visage; by just the infinitesimally changed tone; in the nimble cadence of my voice,

She hadn't given me birth from her womb; but could still irrefutably comprehend the wave of bizarre mortification enveloping my soul; by just the capricious tinge of poignant scarlet; on my impoverished cheeks,

She hadn't given me birth from her womb; but could still irrefutably narrate the experiences of my day; by just feeling the transiently cringed lines; on my diminutively frazzled forehead,

She hadn't given me birth from her womb; but could still irrefutably guess the thunderbolts of tumultuous anger encapsulating my blood; by just witnessing that inconspicuous iota of frantic vacillation in my dwindling stride,

She hadn't given me birth from her womb; but could still irrefutably feel the insatiably nostalgic child in me; by just gently caressing my innocuously vivacious lips,

She hadn't given me birth from her womb; but could still irrefutably soliloquize the first day of my birth; by just kissing my rampantly fluttering and daintily gorgeous eyelashes,

She hadn't given me birth from her womb; but could still irrefutably understand the diabolically obsessive agony in my life; by just sighting the augmented redness in the interiors of my palm; and withering body skin,

She hadn't give me birth from her womb; but could still irrefutably analyze the state of intriguingly inexplicable mind; by just staring for mock seconds; at the ludicrously staggering curvature of my spine,

She hadn't given me birth from her womb; but could still irrefutably construe the vibrant philosopher entrenching my senses from all sides; by just inhaling the scent that drifted; from my profusely wandering countenance,

She hadn't given me birth from her womb; but could still irrefutably conceive the insurmountable reservoir of fantasy circulating in my blood; by just kneading my pulse a minuscule trifle,

She hadn't given me birth from her womb; but could still irrefutably perceive the tumultuous electricity in my compassionate visage; by just the poignant magnetism that radiated on every step that I gently tread,

She hadn't given me birth from her womb; but could still irrefutably apprehend the unfathomable carpet of dreams in my eyes; by just witnessing the resplendently shimmering twinkle that lay; therein,

She hadn't given me birth from her womb; but could still irrefutably assimilate the unrelenting euphoria in each element of my persona; by just tracing the tiny globules of sweat; that ran down my chest,

She hadn't given me birth from her womb; but could still irrefutably discern the ardent believer in my body; by just witnessing the resiliently unflinching contours of my chin,

She hadn't given me birth from her womb; but could still irrefutably grasp the artist fulminating inexorably in my ecstatic veins; by just feeling the astronomical propensity in my fireballs of passionate breath,

She hadn't given me birth from her womb; but could still irrefutably realize my uncontrollably escalating desire; by just cuddling the fantastically zealous moistness; which engulfed every trajectory of my flesh,

And she hadn't given me birth from her womb; but could still irrefutably define my immortal love for her divinely grace; by just listening to the marvelously impregnable beats of my small; but perpetually craving heart .

## 5. THE SEEDS OF LOVE

The Sun might inundate every cranny of this boundlessly mesmerizing Universe; with fireballs of its blazingly optimistic light; sizzling in the corridors of untamed glory for centuries immemorial,

But it was the rays of Omnipotent hope that poignantly diffused from your eyes; which metamorphosed me from a bundle of orphaned hopelessness; to the most opulently philanthropic man alive .

The flower might perpetuate every iota of this fathomlessly enchanting Universe; with its ingratiatingly voluptuous scent; triggering waves of rhapsody in the lives of those submerged with horrific despair,

But it was the insatiably marvelous fragrance that uninhibitedly disseminated from your visage; which made me rise from the inconspicuously ghastly ashes; making me impregnably feel that I was blissfully alive .

The mountains might formidably defend every organism on this majestically endless Universe; with the unbelievably Herculean strength in their towering arms,  
But it was the overwhelmingly unsurpassable fortitude in your vibrant voice; which engendered me to irrefutably conquer every benign mission; in the tenure of my disastrously impoverished life .

The oceans might boundlessly pacify the thirst of one and all on this exotically gigantic Universe; with the ebulliently tangy water undulating in their timeless bellies,

But it was the unfathomable reservoir of golden sweat that profusely dribbled from your divinely skin; which landed me in waves of supremely celestial contentment; miraculously uplifted me from dungeons of malicious depravation and ominously vicious boredom .

The forests might incomprehensibly deluge every wind on this royally resplendent Universe; with the never-ending mysticism in their; enigmatically swirling persona,  
But it was the ravishingly untamed charisma that piquantly unraveled each time you swished your tantalizing hair; which made me romanticize in the aisles of unprecedeted desire; for infinite more births of mine; yet to unveil .

The breeze might fantastically envelop every portion of this gorgeously titillating Universe; with magically augmenting exuberance; trapped in even the most minuscule element of its gusty swirl,

But it was the air that gloriously fulminated from your sacrosanct nostrils; which bequeathed upon me the perennial tenacity to exist beyond my times; wonderfully bestowing upon me my ultimate status in; scintillating life .

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