

You die; I die – Love Poems – Part 7

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 ; 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 7 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. I WANTED TO BREATHE, SLEEP, EAT WITH YOUR NAME

I wanted to breathe your name each time I exhaled out air; impregnating the atmosphere with your mystical fragrance,
Facilitating your entity to settle; occupying all quarters of my cloistered room.

I wanted to sight your name each time I opened my eyes; granting it a status of being blissfully omnipresent,
Making me thoroughly oblivious to the tyranny of the world; the ghastly incidences unleashing themselves on the crowded street.

I wanted to hear your name each time sound drifted into my ears; transforming all other noise into your splendor,
Making your voice my song for the brilliant morning as well as my rhyme for the freezing night.

I wanted to recite your name each time I opened my lips; circumventing my face with an inevitable smile,
Imparting rubicund color to the corners of my cheek; and an enchanting glow to the fortress of my teeth.

I wanted to imprison your name each time I clenched my fists; keeping it forever locked in my embrace,
Shielding it wholesomely from nefarious looks of the world; the lechery of savage souls existing on this globe.

I wanted to digest your name each time I consumed food; enabling me to keep you in proximity with my intestines,
Eventually becoming an indispensable constituent of my blood; circulating rambunctiously through my veins.

I wanted to envisage your name each time I felt like dreaming; profoundly incorporating my mind with your mesmerizing images,
Catapulting me to unprecedented territories of paradise; the very instant I wanted too.

I wanted to incarcerate your name on my tongue each time I felt thirsty; to satiate the burning chords bouncing in my throat,
Celestially pacifying my desires; leading me to holistic pathways of spiritual healing.

I wanted to write your name in grandiloquent bold letters each time my fingers itched to move; accentuating it profoundly on bonded paper,
Portraying the enlightening effect that it has; when sighted in embossed script.

And I wanted to remember your name with the first beams of evanescent dawn; and
the last minute before shutting my eyes,
Blessing me with loads of courage to fight the acerbic day; sleep as unperturbed as
god in the ominous night.

2. TO MAKE HER HAPPY

In order to annoy her all I had to do; was spill some milk on the glistening floor; wipe my nose on her immaculate apron,
And then to make her happy was even simpler; as I prepared appetizing lunch for the afternoon; scrupulously with my own hands.

In order to annoy her all I had to do; was rebuke her sardonically for a plethora of her household chores,
And then to make her happy was even simpler; as I embellished her hair with crimson colored rose; gently caressed her soft cheek.

In order to annoy her all I had to do; was say that she wasn't looking extravagant in her new dress,
And then to make her happy was even simpler; as I swirled her in my arms; hoisting her high in the sky towards the resplendent stars.

In order to annoy her all I had to do; was look pretty nonchalant when she arrived home back from shopping,
And then to make her happy was even simpler; as I sprung at her with surprise gifting her with a shining pearl; which I had evacuated myself from within the fathomless ocean.

In order to annoy her all I had to do; was asking her whether "titanic" was indeed a ship; after she had narrated the entire story,
And then to make her happy was even simpler; as I honestly told her that she was the only girl I had loved in my life; she was my "rose" of my heart.

In order to annoy her all I had to do; was to call her indescribable names,
And then to make her happy was even simpler; as I assisted her in washing the tainted utensils; vigorously scrubbing the fetid clothes lying in a bedraggled heap.

In order to annoy her all I had to do; was to babble incoherently every time she felt sleepy at night,
And then to make her happy was even simpler; as I massaged her dreary feet; sung mystical rhymes to put her back into a heavenly slumber.

In order to annoy her all I had to do; was refrain to budge an inch from my bed; with brilliant sunshine circumventing our room,
And then to make her happy was even simpler; as I carried her on my back down the volley of stairs; avoiding to travel by the ostentatious elevator.

In order to annoy her all I had to; was forget our anniversary; the day we actually bound in threads of holy matrimony,

And then to make her happy was even simpler; as I astounded her by filling the crevice between her hair with my own blood.

In order to annoy her all I had to do; was talk about a plethora of girls I had encountered on the street,
And then to make her happy was even simpler; as I proclaimed loudly to the outside world without the slightest of inhibition; that she was the most beautiful woman existing on this earth; the only girl that I had for many births of mine; imprisoned in my heart.

3. THE MILLION DOLLAR KISS

When she saw me; she made me feel that I was the most handsome man on this earth,

I felt as if God had cast his omnipotent eyes on me; granting my persona an impeccable status to survive.

When she talked to me; she made me feel that I was tangible and existing,

I felt as if God had whispered mystically in my dreams; making me imbibe the essence of life.

When she smiled at me; she made me feel that I was someone extra special,

I felt as if God had granted me reprieve from my plethora of sins; inundated my soul with loads of happiness.

When she ran her fingers through my hair; she made me feel that I was a messenger of love,

I felt as if God had blessed me with his sacrosanct palms; impregnated in my visage the tenacity to live and let live.

When she held my hands; she made me feel that I had a fortress to lean upon,

I felt as if God had endowed me with unsurpassable resilience; his shadow to seek solace in my times of bizarre distress.

When she fed me with ravishing food; she made me feel that I was never hungry,

I felt as if God had perpetually filled my stomach; stuffed it with the most sumptuous meal available in this world.

When she tickled me frivolously in my ribs; she made me feel the stupendous exultation of existence,

I felt as if God had returned me back my innocuous childhood; placed upon an immortal bed of dreams.

When she put me to sleep; she made me feel that I was blissfully breathing,

I felt as if God had exorbitantly rewarded me for my day; showering upon my dreary eyes the virtue of eternal rest.

And when she kissed me; she made me feel that I had infinite reasons to live,

I felt as if God had given me the greatest treasure of my life; made me the richest person in past and pragmatic present; to be alive.

4. BELOVED

In an ambience of rustic jungle trees; with their branches dangling incongruously towards the ground,
In a backdrop of colossal mountains; with their summits sailing handsomely in the clouds,
In a cloistered environment; sequestered partially from the blazing sun,
In an island of marshy swamps; inundated with a plethora of languidly drifting logwood; puddles of muddy slush bountifully dispersed,
Resides the ominous and hideous; serrated skinned alligator.

In an atmosphere of golden dew drops; shimmering vividly under the moon,
In a conglomerate of satiny puffs of sky; stooping effeminately down,
In a mesmerizing lake; circumvented from all sides by the steep valley,
In a stony silence prevailing eternally; with the only sound being evanescent ripples caused by wading birds,
Resides the redolently pink and supremely voluptuous; fragrant lotus.

In a camouflage of broken twigs; and incommensurate stalks of dried grass,
In a compactly hollow space; neatly imprisoned by slender tower walls,
In a whiplash of heavy wind; incessantly blowing in tenacious draughts,
In a congenial warmth; provided indefatigably by the bird mother,
Resides the palpable egg blended with yolk; of the hostile vulture.

In a citadel constructed of savage stone; reinforced with umpteenth bars of strong metal,
In an enclosure of acrimonious glass; scattered in hostile shards all around,
In a jugglery of iron chains; viciously strapped around all parts of the body,
In a room completely obfuscated from the most minuscule beam of light; threadbare chunks of rotten bread being the only solace for nocturnal meal,
Resides the longhaired and diabolically toothed; nefarious convict.

In the vicinity of tubular corals; swirling waves intermittently dismantling the tentacles of potbellied octopus,
In an ingratiating serene provided by the unrelenting froth; gently permeating the sands,
In an ensemble of entwined bushes; with protruding and spongy thorns,
In a myriad of rising bubbles; trying incessantly to reach the surface of gigantic sea,
Resides the scintillating and slime coated; incorrigibly virgin oyster.

In an ocean of honey; with sticky droplets of pure nectar oozing out,
In a network of dilapidated pillars; sometimes profoundly tall trees,
In direct confrontation with stringent light from the sun; uncouthly heating its periphery,

In a constant pandemonium; of cacophonous noise compounded with incoherent
buzzing,
Resides the delectably boisterous and poignant; small bodied humming bee.

In a surrounding of indiscriminate violence; massacring of the impeccably innocent,
In the hearts of ruthless assassins; butchering the needy for fat wads of currency,
In a nation with incidences of rampant bloodshed; headed by a fleet of power hungry
politicians,
In a world where there are nuclear wars; on the spurious grounds of caste and creed,
Resides a feeling of utter abhorrence; embedded with the perennial virtue of hatred.

In the sacrosanct walls of heaven; emollient with the scent of divinity,
In the dormitories of unprejudiced justice; profusely besieged by equality towards all,
In a land replete with mystical fairies; an immortal paradise to exist forever,
In the visage of omnipotent power; unprecedented empathy towards distressing pain,
Resides the stupendously omnipresent who created this earth; the one whom we
christen by the sacerdotal name of creator.

And in the aisles of desire; languishing in the corridor of blissful romance,
In the tunnel of unceasing fascination; juxtaposed with webs of unparalleled
imagination,
In a cascade of silken follicles; nimbly caressing her holistic back,
In the cage of uninhibited pleasure; drowning me incredulously in the moistness of
her breath,
Resides my ravishing and marvelously enchanting; immaculate beloved.

5. WOULD YOU EVER BELIEVE

Would you ever believe if I called a nondescript table of teakwood; as a vivacious bird soaring high in the sky,

Would you ever believe if I called a ruffled sheet of paper; as a chunk of glittering gold,

Would you ever believe if I called a grandiloquent watch embodied with diamonds; as a lump of bedraggled stone,

Would you ever believe if I called a mountain of compacted mud; as a switchboard of pugnacious electricity,

Would you ever believe if I called a resplendent rainbow in the sky; as a broomstick with incongruous bristles,

Would you ever believe if I called a rusty canister of dilapidated iron; as a mesmerizing rose growing in the garden,

Would you ever believe if I called a pink tablet of luxury soap; as a mosquito hovering acrimoniously in the cloistered room,

Would you ever believe if I called a boat rollicking merrily on the undulating waves; as a rustic jungle spider,

Would you ever believe if I called a valley profusely embedded with snow; as an unscrupulous dog on the street,

Would you ever believe if I called a pair of luscious lips; as a disdainfully fetid shoe,

Would you ever believe if I called a fluorescent rod of light; as a jagged bush of cactus growing in the sweltering desert,

Would you ever believe if I called the blazing sun; as a pudgy bar of delectable chocolate,

Would you ever believe if I called an angular sculptured bone; as acid bubbling in a swanky bottle,

Would you ever believe if I called a scintillating oyster; as an inarticulate matchstick coated with lead,

Would you ever believe if I called a cluster of bells jingling from the ceiling; as a sordid cockroach philandering beside the lavatory seat,

Would you ever believe if I called a fruit of succulent coconut; as a dead mans morbid tooth,

Would you ever believe If I called a steaming cup of filter coffee; as gaudily colored water emanating from the street fountains,

Would you ever believe if I called the majestic statue of a revered historian; as a slab of tangy peanut butter,

Would you ever believe if I called a vibrant shirt; as a protuberant pigeon discerningly pecking its beak at grains scattered on the floor,

Would you ever believe if I called a flocculent bud of cotton; as a camouflaged lizard transgressing through wild projections of grass,

Would you ever believe if I called a photograph depicting the steep gorges; as a gutter inundated with obnoxious sewage,

Would you ever believe if I called a lanky giraffe; as a convict nefariously lurking through solitary streets of the city,

Would you ever believe if I called a pair of flamboyant sunglasses; as a weird tattoo to be adhered to the chest,

Would you ever believe if I called a chicken's egg; as logs of sooty charcoal abundantly stashed in the colossal warehouse,

Would you ever believe if I called a biscuit replete with golden honey; as a ominously slithering reptile in the jungles,

Would you ever believe if I called a bald man possessing a profoundly tonsured scalp; as a gas balloon floating in insipid air,

Would you ever believe if I called a ring embellished with crystal diamonds; as an inconspicuous and distorted metallic pin,

Would you ever believe if I called a crimson crested parrot; as a tray containing frozen ice,

Would you ever believe if I called a glass made of pallid plastic; as a gargantuan well flooded with water and dead frogs,

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