



On the Other Side of the Rain

or

A Delhi Drizzle

Another day in the life of man,
The day and date of no special significance.

In the lively ocean of Delhi,
The rain God came to perform,
His magic,
First, a dull drizzle, growing intense...

Students going to school,
Work places as frenzied,
The dance of the Indian monsoon,
Watching the blooming of the clouds.

Under a ladder long sun-shade,
On the other side of the rain,
A big bushy black dog lay,
Eyes closed like in meditation,
Eyelashes moving now and then,
Giving glimpses of a restless soul...

A wet nose,
Buried deep under warm bushy tail,
Torso curled up,
Tail turning into bed-sheet.

A funny thought occurred,
Was it at peace?
Maybe it was thinking about the rains,
Like me!

S.Padmapriya