

The Rain By Ratnapraba Raykar

Down pours the rains
wakens the farmers from his languor
infuses in him joy and vigour

He huddles his ware and men
Gets ready for this ensuing task
But there's a smile on his lips
The fields are dressed and set
Apt for the coming rain

He draws out his concealed gold
-Deeds from the bygone area
"You didn't fail me then
You will not fail me now
He seemed to say

He dreams Dreams that are green
Green like the fields would be
His mind agog with plans ahead

The joy pervades
Womenfolk get busy
Pack a hearty meal
For the hardworking men
Trudges along to be of
Whatever help she can be!