

Rainy Elegy 1
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Rains like an eternal love serum ooze in to the inner sanctum sanctorum
Peace engulfs a violent and tense war field
All dead carcasses get up
How the thirsty earth yearns in the desiccated months
How a thirsty deer famishes, gasps and then curses the sky when no rains

A layer of sympathetic coddling may bring a shower of balmy rains.
Hopelessness and desperation veers a Maharashtrian farmer to hang self
Horrors of parchedness loom over
Dark and shiny trails of clouds clothed in fiery lightning dance in the distant forests
Nerve chilling hailstorms collide with the rooftop
A nomadic tornado takes shelter on the abode of the Himalayan country
A bulk of solace loose and unpacked abundance drips as nectar of life.

A few sumptuous drops are sufficient to sustain for a while
Like the songs of a wild cuckoo
Lata Mangeshkar chuckles like rains packed with soothing rhythms
Pitter patter touches of creamy palms deceive the gloomy hours
My arid heart always looks for a prolonged conversation
I adjust for a bit more propinquity
Icy covering of your embrace when I pace through a fiery desert
The charming dance of rains; in-depth love hues of Leo Nar do
It's like speaking to my beloved while travelling through serpent-like roads
After a long interval since her eternal departure I find her accidentally.

A seething hearth place is beside you
A century old dry land covers a green blanket of beauty
How the romantic rivulets in a thick forest stop singing
A far off tiny village can't breathe at ease
The sky becomes tyrannous, repressive and pours venom like a serpent
Vagabond foot-path dwellers get displaced again
A poor farmer postpones the marriage of his aged daughter
Only the carcasses of hope and future dishevel perfunctorily

But your touch is undoubtedly so solacing, your presence harvests life in abundance

Every drop oozes and there blossoms a garden, every drop oozes and there twangs a life
Every drop oozes and there blooms a dream, every drop oozes and there dawns a morning
Every drop oozes and there hums a swarm of honey bees
Sweet frankincense pervades the entire surface of hopelessness.

The unveiling of new sunshine and the blooming of a new journey in life
Starts from your deer-like eyes
When you reveal your elegant face like an Iranian woman from the burqa
The scorching life-desert in me turns into a charming lush and juicy garden, full of honey.
You are an enigmatic love deity; a love thirsty fury
That leaves Chennai orphaned on the street and Kashmir widowed by night.