Rain...! Rain...! Manipurian Rain...!

I

Rain ! Rain ! Beautiful Rain !
Flow through my evanescence vein
Have come out with a humble claim.
Give me a chance to be in your chain.

Rain ! Rain ! Merciful Rain !
Don't be meager to this thirsty man.
I pray thee to soak me with secernent nectar.
Through which this valley you have often blest.

Under rain-impregnated clouds, I stood
And walked, pining for your dulcet drops
But you seem to be stubborn enough
Not to pour your soul on this alien body.

I strived for and prayed earnestly
Opening a quarter of my body like a
Girl of Years Nine Shyly Spreading
Her half covered begging Bowel.

But, while walking over, it seemed
Here in this Manipurian Valley, "Clouds
are meagerly merciful to aliens". As
Still Rain refused to drench my corporality.

II

Rain ! Rain ! Compassionate Rain !
You came stealthily to ooze my trichotomy
Hardly within Four and Twenty Hours
Imbibing all her gracefulness and glory.

Reminding me of my erroneousness
As if I have not properly prayed
Proving all my notions wrong
And conceptions prejudiced.

She came and humbled me down
Of all my barriers reminded too.

As if Nature is suggesting to come out
Of all the shackles, savagery and artificiality.

Rain ! Rain ! Merciful Rain !
You made me realize that
You are not made for drained
You just want to have me trained.

As a deserving person, in the
Manipurian Valley all at once
While walking on road at a narrow lane
My brain receives a Gifted Grain.

A piece of suggestion superbly sweet
That I need to cross the barrier first
And came out overcoming the hurdle
Suddenly I realized the mistake gross.

On open road I bared my chest
To give the Rain an open embrace.
I found my over speedy heartbeats
Was meeting the same of thine.

I found in that throbbing embrace
A subtle ghost creeping into my body.
Often said the one who was always
Named as the 'High Priest of Nature'.

Yet I earged for the presence of
A Keatsian Beauty by my side like
A greedy man pining more for the
Company of Wordsworthian Nature.

Rain ! Rain ! Merciful Rain !
How selfish I must have been ?
Once again I pushed forth
Another quarter of my body

Like, a Girl of Years Nine shyly
Spreading her Begging Bowel.
Resuming your glory and gramercy, you replete
This earthen vessel with compassionate splurge.

III

My pulses went higher and higher
Beyond the expected measures
My happiness crossed all bounds
But how regardless, selfish and

Greedy this creature has been,
who is called Man; and ravaging
your glory since time immemorial;
even after bagging the tranquility
Of blessings opulence and again

Roaming hither and thither in the valley
Pining for "more and more" and feeling
Unfortunate for not having sufficient
Greedily gazing all the cloudy valley

To avail the Rain's plenty time and
Again "more and more"; ultimately
More than another mortal fellowmen.
Rain ! Rain ! The Charismatic Rain !

– **Sudhir Narayan Singh***

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