



Waiting for the Rain

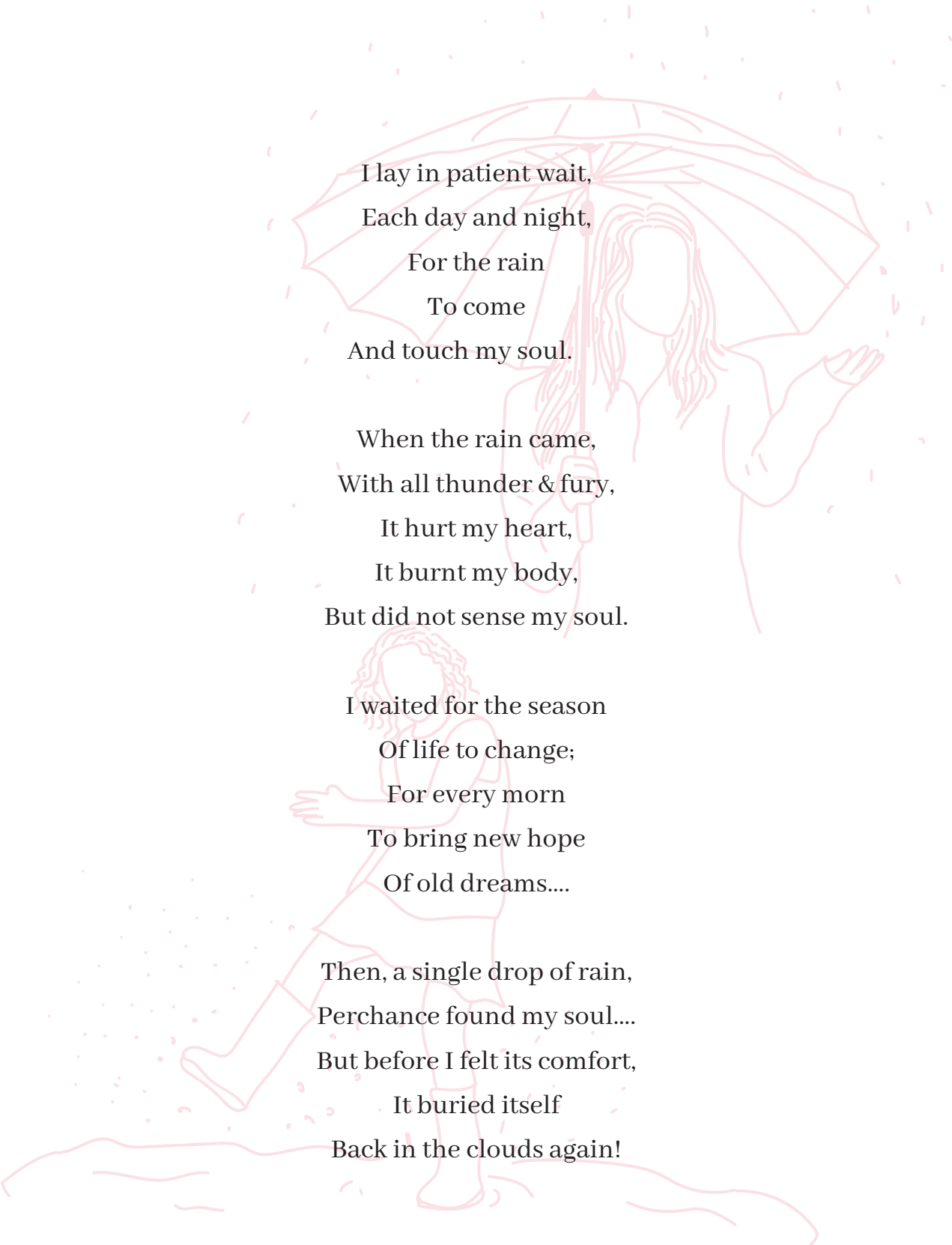
Vasanthi Vasudev

For two and twenty years,
I wandered as a child;
Stretching out my hands,
Gazing at the sky,
To play with the rain.

I rushed to the open
With unknown hope
And uncovered myself,
To feel its cool drops
Soak my parched self.

I talked to the skies,
I sang to the wind,
I whispered to the storm,
I cried to the night,
To send me the rain.



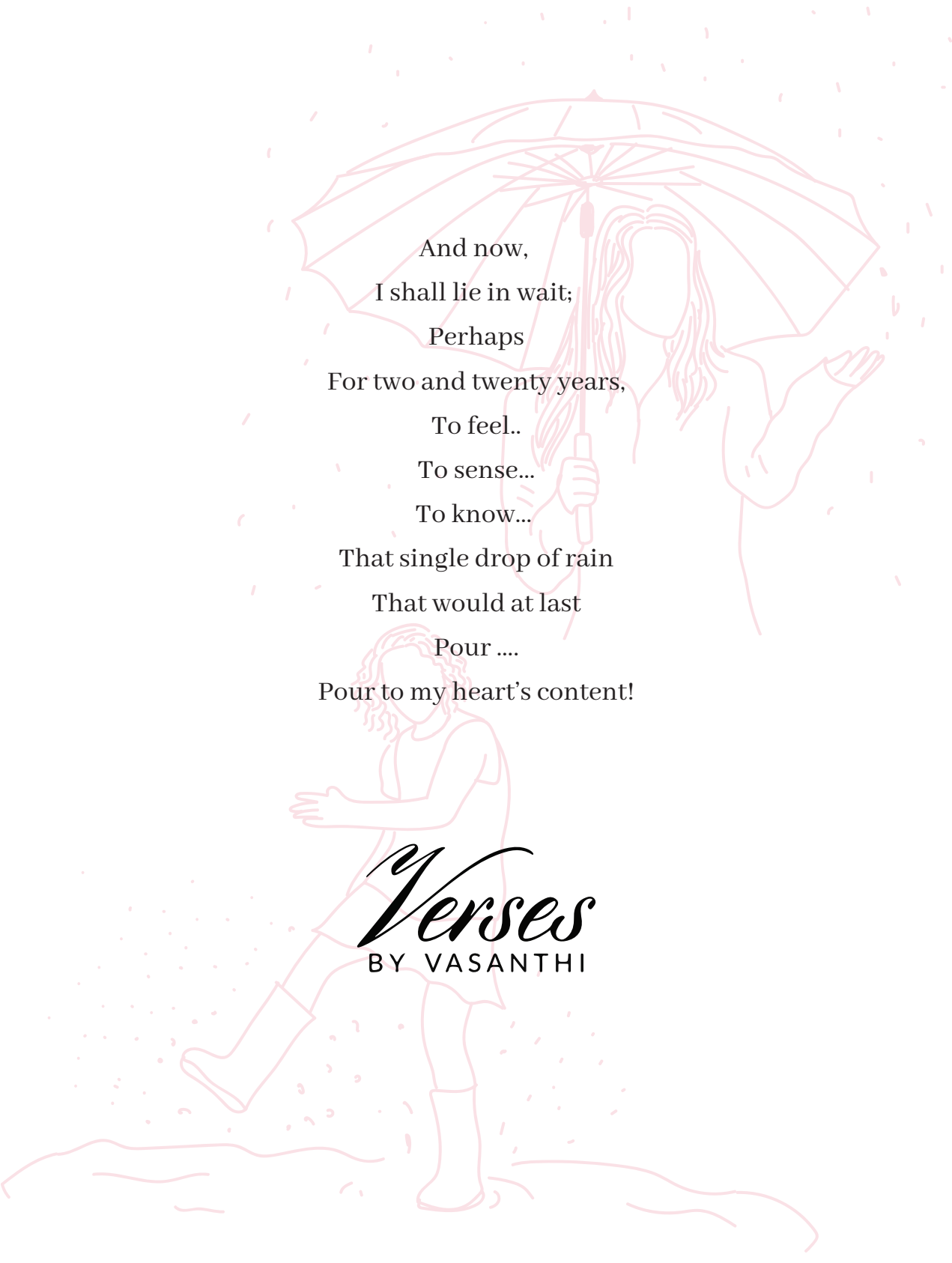


I lay in patient wait,
Each day and night,
For the rain
To come
And touch my soul.

When the rain came,
With all thunder & fury,
It hurt my heart,
It burnt my body,
But did not sense my soul.

I waited for the season
Of life to change;
For every morn
To bring new hope
Of old dreams....

Then, a single drop of rain,
Perchance found my soul....
But before I felt its comfort,
It buried itself
Back in the clouds again!



And now,
I shall lie in wait;
Perhaps
For two and twenty years,
To feel..
To sense..
To know..
That single drop of rain
That would at last
Pour
Pour to my heart's content!

Verses
BY VASANTHI