
Rain Dance

- Udita Ghosh

Two nights in a row it poured in rain,
Thunder rumbled far up high,
I watched through the streaked window pane
As lightning lit up the whole sky,
And sought to remember all the days
Of the wet smell of comfort known -
Flashes that my mind replays,
Memories alone that are my own,
Of days in brightly coloured raincoats,
School uniforms drenched in play,
Barely floating paper boats,
Under wet trees that happily sway.
Hot, soft *khichuri*,
Butter melting ever so slow,
Tangy *aachaar* and *aloo bhaja* -
With memories of rain they must go,
Or leaning out of auto
Watching water splashing from the wheels,
Spurting short laughing streaks as we go
And leaving streaming lines at our heels.
And wonderful little green mangoes -
-*Ambi*, hanging from the dark green trees,
Falling as the wind blows -
We scrambled for them on our knees.

Where are the white pebbles
Rain-washed, I stocked in a pot,
Which like childhood fables,
Unknowingly I quite forgot?
The large grey clouds have not
Visited me in a while,
The sweeping winds they would bring,
Came not within a mile
The days that we danced in the rain
Reside in another time,
Small pleasures, quite insane,
Lost in daily rhyme.
Oh beautiful childhood!
Like the *ambi*, soft and lush,
Juicy, tangy, every bite as good,
Found and gone in a rush.
So we may sit and watch the rain
From deep in cover and roof,
And remember the joy that pulsed in our vein,
But decide to stay aloof.
Or I must step out and heed no voice
Except of the rain clouds in the sky
Calling me out, I have no choice
But to get soaked in reply.