

The following pieces of text were part of a photo-gallery called **“Rain in Words”** which I created for green.ndtv.com, a site that was under the umbrella of NDTV.com, the website for NDTV, one of the premier English news channels in India.

The clouds, they are not far -

They whisper to the little hands below,  
Of the sublime that will wet them so....  
It is the rain that one awaits, in ecstasy....

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As the wind wanders, spreading over head and heels  
It is the beautiful, shy, rain that it woos....  
The trees bow, the leaves tumultuous,  
And the earth smells of hope and heart-  
It is how, the rain comes...

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What if there is no hearth, no home,  
And ragged blankets gift only a shredded warmth,  
The dreams behind the closed eyes, build castles of years to come...alas of dust!  
Unknown that the clouds conspire,  
And the rain is near.

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For some, it brings the unending slumber,  
To others a darkness against hope,  
To some, it gives life,  
To others, a reason to grieve...  
It embraces all in black and white - speaking about the rain.

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Its hues, it gifts a world,  
Away from the eyes of many  
With a heavy hand, the loved is blessed

And in the shadows of the rain, the heart speaks of love,  
Far away from the din and bustle  
Far away from all that's little...

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In every drop of rain,  
One sees what was 'once' ...  
And then comes the cruel ripple  
And the shadow blurs, lost forever  
Futile to search for it, anymore....

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That which can love, can also hate,  
How do we forget?  
The rain that soothes, calms,  
Revolts and rebels - whimsical, fickle ...  
There's no knowing, what it thinks...what it feels...

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Look how the blooming blossoms,  
cover what the rain has done....  
Look how its hands shelter  
The innocence of the other...

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Alone, with only a shadow to walk with...  
And an umbrella-  
That thanks the rain above...  
For it is its only friend,  
and perhaps her's too.

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With the strides and the smiles,

Running miles and miles,

Chasing a heart that flies and flies,

In a spirit that never dies,

Lost in a Moment that beams of Life...

No one to ask me the hows and whys...

Today, I sing a song of love and hope,

And the Rain, indulgent, silent, quiet, listens...

Somewhere...

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