

MALHAR

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Who knows
where the clouds hide
when the monsoon retires?
Do they play hide and seek
over a hazy horizon
or rest like a tired babe
in god's abode?

Do they live in
those sinking eyes of an Indian farmer
whose soul is a dream of *malhar*
or swell with the swirling tide
of millions of thirsty hearts.

Their flying feet
wander a full year
to come back to dance
upon the parched lips
of earthen pitchers

Pray! May this season of pain
woven with the *raga* of life
call back the rains.
May the clouds
descend from the
dusky eyes
of a heartbroken lover,
and break free from the chain of words
penned by poets.
Come back to
those quiet eyes
who cannot sing,
who can cry no more.