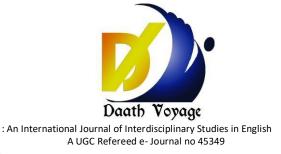


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Waiting for You

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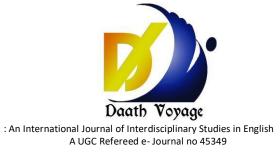
- You pour down so passionately
- Electrifying each atom;
- That farms and fields get tuned to dance,
- The tavern lie stupor.
- At times pitter patter,
- At other times a heavy down pour.
- Whenever you come down
- You rekindle the aura.
- Frog starts croaking for mate,
- Paper boats get set for destinations.
- You quench the thirsty earth
- Releasing a misty fragrance out of mud.

The mighty ones curse;

- You put halt onto their lives.
- They may call me Luddite, Effeminate, Hedonist.

No qualms, I have.

- Whitman and Gibran gave you a voice.
- One more in the lineage I am.
- As nothing could be manlier
- Than to embellish and eulogize
- The creation.



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I'm waiting, When the water pearls on window panes Herald the rejuvenation. I'm waiting, For the seething Jalebis Reviving the child in every man. I'm waiting for you To stimulate my poetry; Amidst the scorching heat outside, And the cold humdrum within.