



04

THE IMMORTAL RAIN

Ankush Bharti

*Chief Editor, The Holistic Pine Journal,
Hamirpur, H.P., India*

On my roof, I Hear soft whispers,
Of the rain- beautiful and serene.
Transforming all my pains, rejuvenating me.
I can hear her whisper in my ears.
“Come out, hug me closer; I want to drench you
In God's blessings.”
Being shy, I try to avoid being seen out in rains:
Avoiding unnecessary attention too,
And, of course, dad will be scolding me.
I wear my raincoat, cover my hair with a Hoodie.
My Gumboots seem just fine.
I look around, with a childlike caution, wary.
I wish to jump and dance in the rain.
My Dad feels the drops on his hands.
And he lives in his mind again, I could sense,
His wedding day in Himachal,
When the rain was heavy and the emotions fresh.
He would narrate the whole story,
Every fragment, beautiful.
These rains are a sign of my mother.
These rains are so special, I realised-
They make my dad wish he could dance too,
In remembrance of my mother,
Who left too soon for her heavenly abode.



In the rain, today, a new story was born.
With every rain a new story takes birth.
With the rains of joys and sorrows, may God bless us.
This rain is so special my dear, whispered the moist earth.
Yes, it was so special that,
Taking courage, I stretch my arms,
And pull my dad into the rain too.
Dad, "Maa has sent this rain for us!"
She sent it to us. God too.

Dad didn't scold me this time,
Unlike what I had thought.
And we both did a happy dance.
With beautiful designs,
Made by our naked feet on the moist soil.
First it was mom, me, and Dad.
Now it's me, rain, and you under the shower of God.
And of course, the memories-
Of that auspicious day with mom in it;
The fragrance of memories, wedding songs,
and yes the immortal rain.



This is an Open Access e-Journal Published Under A Creative Commons Attribution 4.0 International License

To Cite the Poem: Bharti, Ankush. "The Immortal Rain." Literary Cognizance, V - 2 (September, 2024): 10-11. Web.