

## CHAT WITH THAT RAIN

At night lying in my bed and musing in my head about `events' dull and dead like dust - left without lust, as is usual with me, I pass on to sleep. On the other day, the even day of an odd-hot month, when so lying in my bed and when so musing in my head, all of a sudden a drop called `dew' at times undue, came down from the blue.

It did disturb the rhythm of my thought and I got calmly hot. It started drop-by-drop, every time more and little more pouring, the fun of my thoughts fading. I Said, to the Rain: "Friend, why are you so unkind to disturb the sleeping Mankind, and me too?" "Am I unwelcome because unseasonal? Am I not helping and hence healing the wounded woes of the hot-like-hearth<sup>1</sup> Earth's Bower?"

"You have disturbed me, and more of you could drive me under the hood." Continuing his argument of justification, he said: "I would little care to come, but for the Mankind on the mistaken run, I was coerced to come." Now driven with a gale of wind, the rain came down splashing on my mind, bringing me back to this corner of the Cosmos. I hesitated to get up, but the rain forced me to pick up my bed and take shelter down in the attic, where I disposed off my bed without caring for dusting the dust, into some un-swept corner railing coated with rust. I continued, "You perhaps little know, what harm you have done to me. You could have better enquired about my discomforts and inconveniences and asked for an optional date, because of you, now I am to miss a rare Astro phenomenon. Oh! How I hate you, eh. You! Do you realize? Now I am to miss an occultation of the mighty Jupiter by the mini Moon."

"Oh! So sorry I am, not to keep my self abreast of the things above me and cause disappointment to thee." I interrupting his further pretence, said: "Besides, so untimely that you are, haven't you betrayed the Laws of Nature?" "Nay, my friend nay. I am obedient-to-nature element and in fact my arrival right now is 'cause of your kind's deeds. A lot of Carbon Dioxide pumped into the atmosphere, elevates the heat retaining capacity of the Air, to levels unfair - the Green House effect in your jargon -causing shifts in the atmospheric pressure-belts and untimely arrival of mine; so you see, we are but being cruelly played

at." As if I was unaware of all this. Astronomy went, went by and Geography came neigh and neigh; and I sighed in despair. The spectacular occultation of the Jupiter by the Moon, the *celestial hide `n' seek* was lost all in vain by a dull occultation of the starry starry canopy by the clouds.

He continued his arguments now shifting from Geography to Astronomy via Politics, as if (to my surprise) he knew `something' of the messy situation surfacing this planet. He said: "Aren't nations among you betraying each other by presenting facts and figures up-side-down, leaving the rest among you to frown and frown." Further he added, "Take it easy as I am indeed one of the Nature's super-powers, among the left few (!). Why do you disappoint yourself my friend, this is just not the end: the Moon this year will occult Jupiter no less than `eight'<sup>2</sup> times and I shall not disturb you then. Besides I shall retire now, so that you can proceed with your *cosmic odyssey* - to the outskirts-of-imagination, as you often do!" Well the rain stopped and the sky cries no more with the tear-agents dispersed and me left agape. Night had changed quarters. Hung on the dark velvet were bright and capturing mini Jupiter and mighty Moon ever closer in their friendship, perhaps after an intimate greeting! The sky remained pristine and populated and down below the leaves were frizzy and beings frozen to sleep. In the lonely company of stars, I too loose contact with this Civilization...



<sup>1</sup>Daylight temperatures are above 40°C (104°F) in April in Baroda, Gujarat, India.

<sup>2</sup>As seen from India whence written and typed on April 4, 1984 by Makarand Bidwai.