

From A Rain-soaked Mind

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Those are the dripping drops
Playing at Nature's behest,
Filling it to the brim or
Flooding it miles after miles.

Like the drops of Love they do,
Acting in a dual role and
Plays the lovers as or when
Vents to their heavy d'npour.

But not unruly they are,
Know Nature's rule and
Ready to pave way when
The Heaven's eye takes route.

Every year they dance thus
Impinging the Earth and
Soaks our minds to move
In a world of Rainy pleasure.