

## The Drizzle

Once in my room, I was sitting on the window sill, The trees, the clouds and everything were still. The birds were flying all over the sky,  
For the heaven was about to cry. It was a sluggish afternoon,  
For they were the days of monsoon.  
As the hue of the clouds was turning dark, The People started moving out of the park.  
Wind started flowing, dragging its fingers across my face, Warning me about the drops who were going to rule the place. Then a tiny little drop gently landed on my cheek,  
The heavens had now started to leak. And one after the other the drops fell, Each had its own journey to tell.  
It started to drizzle by the flick of an eye,  
On the wet grass in the backyard, I wished to lie. But this dramatic show was not still over,  
For someone had to stop this shower.  
Through the dark clouds, emerged a ray of light, As the Sun had not given up the fight.  
The light spread all around and the rain retreated, The sizzle of the drops was now muted.  
The clouds left the field and ran away,  
The mighty rains had been defeated by just a little ray. The drops were seen no more  
Except a few falling from the roof's pore. I saw it all sitting on the sill of the window,  
And the show ended with a beautiful Rainbow.

-Sahil Bondre  
(Age: 14 summers)