

## **Sometimes it feels...**

Sometimes it feels like rainfall is a gift,  
And this thought always gives my heart a lift.

Although rain may seem full of sorrow,  
It reminds us that there's always a tomorrow.

The clear blue sky turns into a pale grey,

I often see the sun hidden those days.

I watch as the water drizzles lightly.

Showering me with a cool mist, slightly.

Then, the golden sun rays spread overhead,

Small dewdrops glitter on the flowerbed.

Delightful happiness beams with the sun,

Making my life seem so pleasant and fun.

Now the day has come when I board the train,

And once again starts the refreshing rain.

I stare outside the windowpane for miles,

And then looking at the lush, green trees, smile.

However, the next day, I reach my home,

In a town, in Rajasthan, I live alone,

That was probably the last time I saw rain.

I think about those moments again and again.

– Meera Wadher  
Dr. Sarvepalli Radhakrishnan Vidyalaya, Borivli