

WAITING FOR THE MONSOON

Srinjay Chakravarti

The hills, in heat. They lie, and thirst—
For rains to fill their streams and lakes.
The clouds will cover—when they burst—
The hills. In heat, they lie, and thirst
For summer's end. At last, the first
Few droplets fall. A frisson shakes
The hills. In heat they lie. And thirst
For rains to fill their streams and lakes.

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