

Wilderness House Literary Review 7/1

Shiva Kumar

Smell of First Rain

I want to run as the wind, take in the smell of the first rain
Sinking deep, let the fragrance permeate the insides of my brain
I wish to seek the unknown as a little bird, making my way across the sky
Bursting through the clouds, the fine mist enveloping me as I fly

Want to lie down in the fields watching the sun go down
Soaking in the golden glow through my eyes, into my blood stream
I want to feel the rain falling on my head, my face without a frown
Hear the thunder, seeing the lightning strike the earth as in a dream

I want to drink, from the clear spring flowing down the gentle slope
Quenching my thirst, filling me with this sweet nectar that heal
I want to feel the blades of grass, underneath my feet forever in hope
Walking down a path, where my footsteps are never washed away, I feel

I want to stretch out, pluck the star that shines bright in the cold dark space
A fluffy ball of fire, in my hands radiating softness all around me
I want to hold a rain bow, shoot arrows into the air out to sea and gaze
Make the ocean sparkle with colours, rolling in it I would be in glee

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