DROUGHT

The time has been dry, and no rain,

The whole earth has care, want and pain.

The air is hot and cruel dictator

Where should I go and seek peaceful shelter?

The fertile seed-beds of Shrawan have been damaged

All the hamlets looked as ruined as bald head

Sad are the whole tillable land or field,

A famine rose up and the pleasures killed.

Like the heat of the fire is the burning sun

Growing is the violent heat of conflagration,

The haze occurred in the gloomy appearance,

The time also has terrorist’s defiance.

All the flowers are panic-stricken now,

Partridges cry in fear and care on bough,

It’s pity! The black eagle cry for rain,

There’s a painful story of barbet hen.

Deposer is the violent drought, no doubt,

That has emptied the grain-store of the house,

The zeal and jubilation has faded away

Misfortune laughed at people’s teary way.