



Vayu, the Wind

By Madhuri Pai

Everytime I finish my hot, hot bath, My wet body feels so cool, cool cool.
Who makes that happen? Vayu the Wind!

The milk in my cup - too hot, too hot. But soon it is ready for me to gulp.
Who makes that happen? Vayu the Wind!

The window curtains flutter and gently brush my face. Who makes it happen?
Vayu the Wind!

A bolt of lightning far away. Black clouds moving my way. Who makes that
happen? Vayu the Wind!



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Branches sway and leaves tremble. Flowers gently fall. Who did it all?
Vayu the Wind!

Far from the house, we are playing, Yet, I can smell the sweets mother is
preparing. Who makes it happen? Vayu the Wind!

A glass tumbler on a window sill, Crashes on the ground. Thank God, I was
not around. Who played this mischief? Of course, it was Vayu the Wind!

A whistle blows. A train rolls in. I cannot see, but hear its din. Who makes
that happen? Vayu the Wind!

Cannot be seen Cannot be heard Does all the work Without a word Who
can it be? Of course! The Wind!

THE END

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