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A summer afternoon. The earth was dry, parched and freckled. Cracks ran deep and reluctantly let go of the little bit water they had.

The wind was warm and light, as if deprived of its soul in the harsh, hot summer. Like a lone lover searching for its love, wind traveled back and forth, bewildered and disheveled. The heat had taken away the serenity and subtle coolness of the breeze and even the greenest trees failed to put an end to its agony. Dunes of dust sifted in harmonic patterns. The wind managed to lift a few leaves and spin them around, before letting go.

Gradually, afternoon gave way to dusk which brought fresh promises on the fringes of horizon. Soft feathery clouds wielding the promise of satisfaction started clustering together.  It raised the expectations of the wind and it grew stronger. From hot, to warm, to cool; from gentle to fast to a now rushing torrent, billowing from between the trees and shrubs, as if searching enthusiastically, for something.

The skies are drawing closer as the night is growing younger. And lo, here comes the first sign. Trickles of joyous rain. The earth instantly springs up, sweet intoxicating fumes of dirt rise in effervescent pleasure and the wind spreads the fragrance to every corner.

Like uncountable hands, earth stretches out towards the sky, pleading like an innocent child for more. The sky lights up and laughs aloud, gurgling through the water reserves that it holds, near, but just too far from the outstretched hands. Playfully, it releases some, momentarily, and then stops abruptly, just to enjoy the earth foam and fume in excitement and anxiety. And then it laughs again, like a thousand trumpets rolling. The earth is persistent and earnest in its demands. It has been thirsty for long, and now wants to drink, and drink…

The wind that just managed to vibrate my window sill, now threatens to take it down if I don’t open it. As if hypnotized, I oblige and immediately, it gushes into the room like a hungry beast. With ferocious velocity, it rummages through the loose pages, as if searching for someone or something in them. I watch as it majestically passes though me like a dragon, waving and propelling, urging me to fly along. Resisting temptation, I stay!

It shakes the woods vehemently, making them shiver inside out, forcing them to shed their dead clothes, and let new ones sprout. It carries the dead leaves with itself, before stocking them away, along the ridgeline.

And just when the earth can take it no longer, skies throw open their gates. It rains, and rains to the earth’s delight. Water seeps in every crack and crevice. It rains to seed new life in trees, supplying juice for new saplings to thrive. As I stand there in shade, wind carries the rain to me too. It wets my window pane, and some drops reach my eyes.

I don’t know which rain caused the moisture in my eyes. But as I clear my eyes of their rain, I smile, content that finally, it rained!