It has been raining relentlessly since the past four hours, raining like the skies ran out of storage space to accommodate more water. It is supposed to be mid April, summers reigning mercilessly over the plains. And yet it has been raining today. Such change in weather has been seldom seen, especially since the last few years, when even the monsoons flew past unnoticed, parched skies. The skies had been prejudiced against any color in sky that could bring even tiny hopes of quenching the land and its people below. Fluffy whites had lingered in desolation and dispersed for many months now. Overwhelmed and overrun, the gates had broken giving way to the pent up release. Almost sharp and hard hitting arrow like droplets had been incessantly showering in an attempt to sink deeper into earth’s skin.

Ever since the opera of the skies had started the performance with loud bass and rumble and a crackling shoot now and then, she had been fixed to the edge of her seat by the wide window. She hadn't talked all this time, not even once. Nothing seemed to bother her, and her eyes were attentively seeking something on the mist slowly hazing the entire breadth of the window. Her eyes had been performing a sort of ritual following any random droplet that started to crumble and slither down the wet pane, cutting through the haze. She kept on gazing through the misty panes, tracing patterns with her eyes. She seemed oblivious to the faint sounds of the television that was playing in the far end of the room, nor did she hear the abruptness with which the channels were being switched or the sounds let off by her little boy expressing his boredom in moaning yawns.

She did not see him too, along with the rest of the things; he had been sitting about an hour when he saw her drawn away by the rains. And yet, he saw her. In fact, she was the only one he had been seeing all this time, lost in her, oblivious to the world, just like her, only that he watched the locks of her hair breaking and oscillating for a while to eventually break down into stillness, somewhere over her tender face. His eyes moved with her curls just like her’s followed the droplets. He wasn’t in a very comfortable posture. Arms folded on the thin rim of the chair and the chin resting on his arms, he observed her inquisitively, never minding his tired arms which might have started to hurt because of the pressure of the narrow rim. Watching her at peace mysteriously brought a bright smile on his face of which, even he wasn’t aware of.

*Rain on the window and sunshine is her face,*

*Her gleaming radiances’ such ,am transfixed in my place,*

*The golden locks sneak out, to glimpse her beauty,*

*As they gingerly swing, tending to her grace.*

A break in the spell of the rains brought her out of her reverie. He had no idea how long he had been looking at her, without blinking. Even if he blinked, he did not remember if he did. When she moved her head and looked at him, she saw his gleaming smile. She smiled back quizzically and that broke his spell too.

“Even Mona Lisa would have shied away today”, He flirtingly said without recovering from his leaning posture. She smiled slightly and turned to the other side, hiding her smile from him. “And?” she was still listening. “And, and Michelangelo would have surely dumped her as subject for that masterpiece.” It worked! She laughed loud and slowly came to him, never looking away while their eyes talked in mischief. She lovingly ruffled his hair, whispering coyly in his ears, “but honey, Mona Lisa was painted by Da Vinci” and headed for the television where her son was constantly clicking the remote control.

He scratched his temples lightly in an attempt to hide his face and bit his tongue lightly before breaking out into a wide smile. “Coffee?”

*The golden locks sneak out, to glimpse her beauty, As they gingerly swing, tending to her grace. http://aestheticblasphemy.blogspot.com*