

The Flower-School by Rabindranath Tagore

When storm-clouds rumble in the sky and June
showers come down.

The moist east wind comes marching over the
heath to blow its

bagpipes among the bamboos.

Then crowds of flowers come out of a sudden,
from nobody knows

where, and dance upon the grass in wild glee.

Mother, I really think the flowers go to school
underground.

They do their lessons with doors shut, and if they
want to

come out to play before it is time, their master
makes them stand

in a corner.

When the rain come they have their holidays.

Branches clash together in the forest, and the
leaves rustle

in the wild wind, the thunder-clouds clap their
giant hands and the

flower children rush out in dresses of pink and
yellow and white.

Do you know, mother, their home is in the sky,
where the stars

are.

Haven't you see how eager they are to get there?

Don't you

know why they are in such a hurry?

Of course, I can guess to whom they raise their
arms; they

have their mother as I have my own.