Rainy Guest

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Some years ago, it was raining cats and dogs during the spring in the fields, on the hills and on the streets,
But now only those cats and dogs are sleeping on the streets relaxed even during the spring. I heard sweet songs accompanied music in the rain, I even frightened with the constant Thunders and lightening,
Now I hear rarely.
I was enthralling with the taste of cool breeze when it touched my skin,
Now my skin becomes dry due to the absence of breeze.
Then, the spring entered with sizzling resumed with drizzling But, now only dazzling and depriving roar.
Once my feet got hardened walking on the muddy road and smoothened with cool water in the pits on the rainy day.
What a pleasant experience it was!
Do I have similar kind of experience now?
Then the spring brought life to even in the lifeless beings,
Now is it?
Once nature stretched its hands towards the spring
Now it stands on bare foot with exhausted hands.
Then, the jubilant father sitting on the field getting ready for transplantation of paddy,
Now, the farmer with skeleton body is wailing by sitting on the field keeping his hands on his head and peeping into the sky.
Where are the sounds of frogs at night?
Where are the noises of creepers now?
Do they stop creaking and making noises?
There were lush green meadows shivered with drowning in the downpour,
Now the grey hair meadows look pale and dull.
Rain, it was kith and kin,
Now it appears like unwanted guest!
Spring was celebration of feasts for the cattle
Now the howling cattle look at their masters helplessly
Even though, every eye looks for the coming back of those rainy days
I wait for a long walk in the green pastures and moving in the hill streams
But I am sure my desire remains as a desert.
What happened to my lovely rain?
It seems it has gone far away from me and hiding behind the sky.
It also seems to me that the selfish sky does not allow my lovely rain coming on to the earth
What a pity! What a selfish!
Once the sky used to send messages to the earth of forthcoming spring
Now it seems either it might have forgotten or disconnected its communication with the earth.
How wonderful the sight of a moving fish against the stream from down the hills!
Where is that marvelous scene now?
Many years passed since children playing under the rain and on the muddy earth
I don’t understand whether mothers don’t allow their loved ones to play or else the absence of the rain.
Now the rain enters and exits as guest
Even then, let me hope ……
    Let me like……
    Let me pray for ……the rain

Evaporating reverence towards knowledge builders
Oh! My god, where is the respect and reverence now
Which we used to show on to our knowledge builders then!
Everything seems artificial, outwardly conveys lot of respect
But, inwardly so much of disrespect.
Does a teacher deserve to be honored only one day?
What happened to the mechanized disciples of modern era?
Oh! My god let the minds of forever learners in the world to be filled
With the light of wisdom through retaining self respect by respecting teachers
Enduringly.
What is expected by a teacher who sacrifices his life for the sake of beautiful life of you?
It’s not your riches not even your properties, the poor soul expects only
Sting of un pretended respect from you.