

# Call Me the Need for Rain

Call me the need for rain.  
For I am in want of a shower of truth.  
I am starved for bread and the milk is too dear.  
Call me the need for rain.

Call me the want of sunlight.  
For I am hungry for a star but the swine eat husks.  
This leprous air.  
I am starved for flowers and stars.

Call me the need for rivers in my eyes.  
For the pain is so deep tears will not come.  
And the want of love is upon me.  
Call me the need for eyes.

Call me the need for hills in my heart.  
For the land is so flat it is flooding.  
And the pestilence is sharpening its teeth.  
Call me the need for hills.

Call me the need for storm!  
A slant force of angry waters.  
Baring my breasts, laying naked my soul.  
Call me the need for storm!

*Mahadai Das*