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Autumnal Equinox

A.P. Govindankutty

On this day of autumnal equinox
Rain-bearing clouds
Range on the eastern hills,
Bedecked with rainbow,
Now bright, now faint.
Darkness descend
To the sun-beaten plains,
Wind stops blowing,
Birds fly to their nests,
Eerie silence settles,
The sky turns portentous.

Cawing and cawing,
A crow comes from east,
As if flying away
From imminent danger.

All on a sudden
Wind starts blowing,
Gathers speed in moments,
Sways the trees
And rattles the huts.
Lightning and thunder
Shake the Earth.
Rain pours down in torrents,
Streams and rivulets
Start running with giggle,
Uprooted trees float
On muddy waters
Swelling the river,
Breaching its banks,
Gushing to fields
Where planted paddy
Yet not turned green.

Struck with lightning
A tall palm tree
Burns like a torch
Held aloft
In the surrounding darkness.
Scarce does its light
Dispel the darkness
Invading the farmer’s vision.