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## My Summer Guests

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When I hear the wheezy call;  
Like unannounced visitors, pressing a cranking call bell;  
Around, the slushy, unkempt pond....  
I know my friends the, 'whistling teals'  
Have arrived!

Flying- slowly, rapid-flapping-wings, circling overhead.  
Whistling to entice, the host?  
As, the setting sun, in multitude hues makes a perfect back-drop.  
I walk around to overcome my restlessness....  
Missing 'One', who shared my joy on your arrival.

I live in wilderness; a mosaic of terrains...  
Nature cannot be segmented nor confined to patterns,  
Making every step expectant.....  
Distracting me, to live; fight; overcome my painful void,  
A habit,... grown over 48 years, of my existence.

I see your gregarious- gang resting, through the day,  
'Naughty-Nocturnal' Guests !  
Flirting with females, dancing around them, staring them in the eye;  
Persisting, facing them, dipping your beaks, raising them..  
Suggesting possibilities, provocations, passionate overtures  
As my companion, spouse did...  
So many, years ago, yet not so long ago.

He would call you 'Silahi' in Hindi;  
The 'polite birds', when you flew in with your heads bowed.  
We watched your water- antics for hours, on lazy eyes,  
Allured by your black eyes encircled with flashy orange, yellow eyeliner,  
Like gaudy teen agers today.

Feeding on 'freaky-frogs', 'wriggly worms', 'worn-out-weeds', 'musky-molluscs'  
As you waddled onto ripe wheat-fields,  
For, your royal, multi-course, feast.  
Our guests through the monsoon, autumn, sometime through the year...  
Do you too miss him too?  
Or,  
Do you feel 'Him', in the water and the wind?  
I wait for you answer my 'Welcome Guests'  
The 'WHISTLING TEALS'