

SUMMER RAIN

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I watch the rain dropping to the earth below;

Rain, soft rain, on a warm summer day.

The world seems bathed in a vague bluish glow;

Rain, cooling rain, on a warm summer day.

A muffled sound, as songs heard long ago;

Rain, singing rain, on a warm summer day.

I sit and think, and wonder where I'll go;

Rain, only rain, on a warm summer day.

*Written during the 1957 summer monsoon season
in East Pakistan (now Bangla Desh).*