

# Mourning

The rain silently pounds to the ground,

Thundering the Earth like bullets,

The monsoon in the weather, bringing wind, rain, and water.

Not a sound utters from the muted region.

Not a man roams the streets.

The crows silently flap their wings,

Like minute airplanes flying in the sky.

The doves coo and coo,

Until the sun sets, and nightfall has arrived.

The crickets contract their legs, chirping, chirping,

Until the chirping finally ceases, and only a full moon is in sight.

Something glides through the air, carrying the mouse as prey, hooting  
here and there,

An owl, with a brown mask covering its eyes.

Soars through the night sky, to her nest, to feed the young.

Until dawn breaks out from the darkness, and they rest asleep.

The rain continuously punctures the dirt path,

Creating a massive whirlpool,

Nature's strength proves itself powerful.

No one dares to come out of their cozy shelters,

No one dares to roam the streets,

For this mournful day is well to be known.