



RAIN, RAIN

It is another space, another view, but the same rain. It has been raining all of last night through to this morning.

It changed to a drizzle for about twenty minutes before resuming its full fury. But in its fury, there is an overbearing sense of surety and steadiness of intention. There is a constancy with which the water pelts down the striated streams of liquid.

It is hot and muggy, though clear—one of those slow languorous days, deceptive because it looks hopeful and bright at the outset, but the moment one attempts to do anything, it starts raining and a heavy soporific lull sets in.

FERN FROST

In front of my desk, the glass panes on the window are frosted—but the temperature inside is not freezing. Outside, the tropical pre-rain humid-heat of the afternoon makes the sight of broad-leafed palm trees an epitome of brooding languor, and plenitude.

The air in my study is cool, perhaps even conditioned cold, relative to the heat outside. Plain acts of physics and geometry make simple sights alter their guise; change from one state to another, even though that may be transitory.



There are definite mathematical equations to corroborate such sights,



