

## Pitter-patter

The peacock spreads its feathers in anticipation of a downpour. In this moment of glee, the male peafowl dances in search of a female. The cycle of life is strange; as it is a marvel to ponder on. We are born, we live, procreate, and eventually burdened with infirmity, perish.

Yet, in all this, there is amazing beauty that makes the seasons beautiful, for what are seasons but bites of our lives here on earth.

The soothing downpour of Borsha revitalises earth, and in the minds of the peahen it is time to respond to the call of a lover.

There was a time, when the changing seasons reminded the farmer that it was time to till the fields; it prompted the fisherman to take the boat out on the river for the fresh catch of the season; and it also warned the "shareng" to be on his guard while venturing out against raging tides and furious

winds. The farmer now gets his news from the TV and the fisherman from the radio. But there will always be that instinct; the "hunch" that shall prevail, for memories that have embedded in our psyches evolved through millennia cannot be erased so soon!

