

I heard the koel call

Early, the street still sleeping,
The koel calls; again, again,
A signal call of rain
A strident, monotonous cry
The sound of a summer day
Storm season on the way.

Somewhere I read a comment:
'A koel moved into my yard
It's ruining my life!'
Somebody thought those words.
Poor besieged soul, so disturbed
By the warning call of a bird.

Some people call them storm birds.
My father did, who taught me
To listen to the song
Of the birds, they know
All that nature can bring.
And what they know, they sing.