

## 1000 Travels Of Jawaharlal

### "Like The Weather"

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The color of the sky as far as I can see is coal grey. Lift my head from the pillow and then fall again. With a shiver in my bones just thinking about the weather. A quiver in my lips as if I might cry. Well by the force of will my lungs are filled and so I breathe. Lately it seems this big bed is where I never leave. Shiver in my bones just thinking about the weather. Quiver in my voice as I cry, "What a cold and rainy day. Where on earth is the sun hid away." I hear the sound of a noon bell chime. Now I'm far behind. You've put in 'bout half a day while here I lie with a shiver in my bones just thinking about the weather. A quiver in my lip as if I might cry, "What a cold and rainy day. Where on earth is the sun hid away?"

Do I need someone here to scold me or do I need someone who'll grab and pull me out of this four poster dull torpor pulling downward. For it is such a long time since my better days. I say my prayers nightly this will pass away.

The color of the sky is grey as I can see through the blinds. Lift my head from the pillow and then fall again with a shiver in my bones just thinking about the weather. A quiver in my voice as I cry, "What a cold and rainy day. Where on earth is the sun hid away?" I shiver, quiver, and try to wake

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