

# A Raindrop Is A Train Window



Praniti Gulyani



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*For all my guiding lamps*

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## Entangled Rainbows

I wind the glassy exterior of a raw raindrop around my little finger. It isn't exactly raw, but it hasn't ripened either. I didn't let it touch the earth. I examine the raw raindrop, and see the crispness of the dimming sunlight tracing along its fragility.

I examine the fabric of granny's old apron and the scent of everything winds itself around my soul. Between these tangled fibres, I feel grandfather's cologne, lavender water, and apple pie.

Yet, it is this raw raindrop, this raw, ripening raindrop-which left with the fragrance clinging to the thick edges of its body.

Somewhere in the world, I believe, that a raw raindrop carries my scent too...and leaves my scent somewhere, to mingle with all the scents in the world....

*crystal hourglass...  
watching the sky move  
to the other compartment*

## Metallic Moon

There are woven carpets sprawled across marketplaces, a facade of thin embroidery across their plastic between the teeth of metal machines and grandma asks me if they can make the sun as well, since they are remaking a rainbow and I say maybe they will come up with raindrops, and even tweezers for you to twist the twilight... still, what do you think about a metallic moon?

*man made forest...*  
*measuring the surface area*  
*of a dewdrop*



## Lunar Visitations

Yesterday's creation lingers upon the pages of my diary; the faint imprints of an ink blot, the imprint of a blue moon that had once positioned itself in my sky. Like the lyrics of a love song it had persisted before gently fading away.

I have had many love affairs with the moon. I have spent hours on my balcony trying to figure out this silver celestial being that spent its night above my roof. Sometimes I just longed to push open my window and let it step inside. Surely, we could have long conversations about mysticism and obscurity, about being misunderstood and, most importantly, about scars....

*silent evening...*  
*the criss-cross shadow*  
*of mating birds*

## The Art of Healing

I ask you for one-quarter of a moment, and three fourths of a memory. A memory that we've lived. A moment that we've cherished. I insist that you carve out the ripest slice of a memory, and the happiest chunks of the moment. The parts painted in the brightest colors.

I prefer greys and blacks, even occasional whites.

*full moon*  
*the rounded edges*  
*of an old scar*

## Grey Areas

'Do you believe in fairies?' he asked me, looking up from his laptop screen and straight into my eyes. He is still in his work clothes, and has not yet loosened his tie. 'I guess....I used to, at least' I respond, slightly taken aback. Leaning forward, with an interested expression on his face, he begins asking me about what I knew about fairies, whether I ever left a milk tooth and a note for the Tooth Fairy, if I ever explored the 'bottom' of my garden, what led me to believing in fairies, did I ever come across thumb-sized little wings hung on tree branches to dry, what led me to believe in fairies, what led me to stop believing...

*punctuated  
by a string of stars  
...endless sky*

## In The End

After mother's retirement, I often found her standing at the balcony, gazing at the sunset. She would stand for ages, watching the shift of colors in the sky, missing out on her evening tea, and completely oblivious to our calls.

"What is it....about the sky-gazing these days?' father asked her last evening, as she stumbled inside, her eyes misty and dazed."

"Isn't it fascinating..." she began, her voice rising and falling. "The sky is so brilliant in the day, flaunting its azure crown with pride, but towards the end of the day, it gracefully succumbs to the orange and scarlet hues, allowing them to overtake its azure shade, without putting up a fight."

*old bookshelf...*  
*the dog-eared pages*  
*of the fairy tale book*

## Fistful

When father came back from the far, far land where he had gone, he came with a pocketful of shadows. And just as I put my hands into his pockets to see what he had got me, the shadows dripped down, forming small puddles around my feet.

There were all kinds of shadows—shadows of revolvers, bullets, shadows of grass-blades, of dew, of overturned bottles, of baskets, of rough, dry beds, of cardboard, of medicine-strips imprinted with the smallest lettering, . .

"I bring you my life, daughter," he said, smiling, "a life which you too will have to live one day. Tell me, which part do you like best?"

*first champagne...*  
*a new fullness*  
*to the moon*

## Ripped Craters

Tell me how crispy the flattened sunlight feels as you wind it around your finger and look at the deep, scarlet hues that lie deposited deep within the yellow. Hospital window sunlight smells of antiseptic, I presume that somewhere, it seems as though the scarlet is pulsating and thumping within the yellow, just like a bit of life and you tell me how you expect it to form into a red-cheeked baby with starry eyes and curling fingers closed around bits of cloud.

Then our conversation drifts to abortion.

*layered conversation...*  
*behind the bride's veil*  
*a bit of moon*

## What Returns

The winds are going back today.

The Northern Wind is hobbling back to the skies with roughened edges, the skies which are nudged into shape by flying dandelion seeds. The Southern Wind is wearing a cape of raindrops, the fleshiest and plumpest raindrops that one can ever stumble upon, and retreating into the fiery wombs of the evening sunset.

But, the breeze that brought us the scents of strawberries and the taste of raspberries is entwined within the wind chime that hangs outside our house.

It refuses to let go.

*long journey...*  
*the moon no longer*  
*by my side*

## Clinging On

I said that I'm there for you, and I insisted. I insisted yet again. I have never, ever loved anyone so much and I think that the dolls in my doll house saw you coming, but they never told me.

I wonder why they didn't.

*old house...*  
*and still that strip of ivy*  
*clings on*



## ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

*Some of the haiku in this collection have appeared in the following journals:*

Contemporary Haibun Online  
Narrow Road  
Under The Basho  
The Other Bunny

## BIO

*I wish to take haikai with me wherever I go, for it is not merely a form of poetry for me. It is life'*

*-Praniti Gulyani*

A high school student from New Delhi, Praniti Gulyani was introduced to haiku in a two-day workshop conducted by the world renowned poet, Kala Ramesh, in June 2017. After developing her interest in haiku, she moved onto explore haibun, an equally intriguing art form. She considers herself fortunate enough to be mentored by the award winning poet and acclaimed editor, Paresh Tiwari, in this genre. She has had her work published and featured in many reputed journals, such as Modern Haiku, Haibun Today, Contemporary Haibun Online, Frogpond and The Heron's Nest. Praniti aspires to become a writer someday, and considers her publications as a stepping stone towards the same.

## REVIEW

"Culled from her own life and rich imagination, *A Raindrop Is a Train Window*, delivers a captivating world with depth beyond Praniti's years. Her ability to keenly perceive the human condition and convey it with lyrical beauty showcases her already achieved skill and robust talent. As a natural-born storyteller, Praniti infuses her work with an emotional honesty that speaks to the truth of what it means to be a woman, from gender-biased expectations and cultural restraints to the relational complexities encountered along life's path. This singular collection is one that belongs in every haibun lovers library."

-- *Tia Haynes, author of Leftover Ribbon*

“Praniti Gulyani brings her own unique voice to the exciting genre of haibun which brings prose and haiku together seamlessly.”

— Alan Summers  
President, United Haiku and Tanka Society

“Praniti Gulyani has perception, wisdom and eloquence beyond her years. Whether writing about her own life experiences, those of loved ones, strangers or even characters in her Imagination she does so with great empathy and beauty. There is a strong sense of belonging in this book, not just to those we love and society, but to the natural world—from the moon and stars to a singular raindrop. Praniti is able to express her pain and her joy in a personal yet universal way we can all relate to.”

— Terri French  
Co- Editor, Contemporary Haibun Online