

Tinkling in the Rain

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a wandering sprite

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Tinkling in the Rain

Far away from the secular noise,

In rain tinkle the clogs;

Coming a little sprite,

Loiters in full silence.

Face-peaceful and innocent as moon,

Holy elegance there isââ sentiment there too;

Under the lilac umbrella shines,

Her delicate and lonely eyes.

Strolling in rainââ antique it is;

When day-light burns to ashes,

The sprite still roves,

Chewing with leisure sleeplessness.

Dark-ââ Remit as yet no grace.

Comfortable are her steps.

Arises from amazing magic,

Her enhanced attractiveness.

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