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Poem about monsoon

69 was in his house looking for a beautiful cute spouse,one day when he was roaming across his house ,he saw 70 only in a blouse. now 70 was super hot,69 got a sudden jaw drop ,69 was excited a lot,to meet 70 and find her spot.69 knew her favorite flower,he think of 70 every hour,70 think 69 was odd,69 was not expecting this but this is what he got,69 was depressed,night un-slept,fully unrest,in damn regret,but life took a turn,69 got blessed,One rainy day he got wet,Ran under a shed,Where 71 was met.Now 71 was stunning,Perfect body and cunning,71 and 69 both were oddsHe introduced, I'm 69She said, I'm 71 Under that shed, They talked more,69 thought 70 was a whore ,As 71 was like 70..... but a little bit more.71 was his type,69 also got a right swipe,Wanted to be his wife,And then suddenly 71 stukup and asked about 70.69 told 71 about his crush,71 saw 69 got a blush,71 was Lil shifty,Sounds Lil drifty,71 said You are 69, I'm 71 together we combine to become twice of 70.To all those who think this is real lovethis wasn't real loveThat love was just an exampleWhen came to thisIt's how 69 got a prime example- this a parody poem (the original poem is 59 by harry baker)Join Hacker Noon Create your free account to unlock your custom reading experience. By Taylor Echolls A monsoon is a seasonal wind system that shifts its direction from summer to winter as the temperature differential changes between land and sea. Monsoons often bring torrential summer rains, such as on the Indian subcontinent where the summer monsoon delivers three-quarters of the country's annual precipitation. But sometimes the shift in wind directions can bring a "dry monsoon," which can mean drought in regions where the prevailing winds blow moisture offshore. In India, Australia and other equatorial regions, monsoons move from cold, high pressure systems to warmer areas of less resistance with low atmospheric pressure. Thus in hot summer months as the land heats up, monsoons blow inland from the sea. Come winter, the ocean retains its warmth while the land cools rapidly, and the monsoons head back out to sea. This change in direction establishes a seasonal pattern of rainfall that many farmers depend on in monsoon regions. The summer monsoons in India typically blow from the southwest, bringing huge amounts of rain from the Indian Ocean to the warmer land. Some high-elevation areas of India receive up to 500 centimeters (200 inches) of rain from June to September alone. Similar to summer monsoons across the globe, the rains of the Indian summer monsoon are produced as winds push moisture-laden air high into the atmosphere, where it condenses and falls in heavy precipitation. In the cooler winter months, the direction of monsoon winds changes as it shifts to follow the warm air back out to sea. As moisture leaves the cooling land, the "dry monsoon" season can be responsible for extensive drought in some regions. But the winter season is not as uniform as the summer monsoons and, according to the Indian state of Maharashtra's Department of the Environment, northeastern India near the Himalayas receives half of its annual precipitation during this time, and even the southwestern states of Kerala and Karnataka receive rain until December. Although true monsoons are associated with the equatorial tropics, some weather patterns at higher latitudes are similar to monsoon rains, earning the moniker of "embryo monsoons." Central Europe, for example, experiences severe summer thunderstorms, and winds can change direction from summer to winter, but the weather events are sporadic and lacking in prevailing monsoonal patterns. Similarly, central Mexico and parts of the American Southwest receive heavy seasonal rains, but consistent winds are not present as the harbinger of a true monsoon. By Chelsea HartApril 21, 2014 In a World Called Perfect by Heidi N. Franz-Hoyt In a world called Perfect, everyone gets along money grows on trees, and we never get sick. In a world called Perfect, no one ever gets tired, or hungry, or old. In a world called Perfect, everyone is happy, no one is sad, and memories never fade. Unfortunately, we do not live in Perfect, we live in Today. Where people don't get along, money is hard to come by, and we do get sick. People do get tired, we do get hungry, and we do get old. Everyone is not always happy, some people are sad, and our precious memories can fade. No matter what world you live in, just remember - you are 'Perfect' in my world! Heidi N. Franz-Hoyt October 2003 Poem dedicated to my loving Dad Copyright © 2021 A Place for Mom, Inc. All Rights Reserved.Alzheimers.net complies with the Can-Spam Act of 2003. Walk With Me by Norma McNamara Walk a while with me my friends, walk with me today, Come and see what I see, and listen to what I say, Yes I have dementia, and sometimes I get worse, Please be very grateful, that you don't have this curse, But are we all that different, the likes of you and me? We breathe the same; we feel the same, the same things we do see The only different my friends, I don't feel that well, When I can't remember, everything you tell, My heart beats just as quickly as yours, my blood runs just as fast, But because of my dementia, my shadow, it is cast, It's the shadow cast by others, that takes away my light, Turns my life to darkness, my pleasure to fright For when you cast that shadow, and it comes my way, It drains me of my energy, makes me hide, or run away, Sometimes I do different things, my mind is not my own, But do YOU never talk to yourself, when you are alone? So am I all that different, the likes of you and me, So my friends come walk a while, the futures ours to see. Alex Robertson/Moment/Getty Images Monsoons are formed when the sun heats the atmosphere and causes variations in temperature between the oceans and land masses. At certain times of year, land heats faster than water in the oceans, and warmer air rises. Monsoons are a seasonal reversing of wind direction that result from the atmosphere attempting to balance cool and warm air. The change in prevailing-wind direction significantly alters weather in the localised area. Monsoons often cause long periods of rain in tropical and subtropical regions. The rains are important for agriculture in areas affected by monsoons. A monsoon season that is drier than normal can result in crop failures and drought. Extremely heavy monsoon rains can cause flooding, significant structural damage and loss of life. Monsoons occur most often in Asia, including Japan, China, India and Southeast Asia. They also occur in central Africa. Smaller monsoons impact parts of the Southwest in the United States, moderating the severe dryness of New Mexico and Arizona. The term "monsoon" originated in India and nearby countries in reference to seasonal winds from the Arabian Sea and the Bay of Bengal that brought heavy rains. Geologists believe that the first strong monsoons occurred about eight million years ago. Poems for a friend who has died include "Epitaph on a Friend" by Robert Burns, "By Herself and Her Friends" by Joyce Grenfell and "I'm Free" by Janice M. Fair-Salters. Chapter 3 of the Bible's Book of Ecclesiastics, titled "A Time for Everything," is also referenced as verse for bereavement. It's often difficult to find the right words when one has lost a dear friend. Poems often offer sentiments that grieving loved ones may find difficult to formulate themselves. Poems like "Between the Clouds" by Gemma Lang put into words the overwhelming thoughts and feelings of tragically losing a friend. Poems that insist individuals don't mourn deceased friends can also be useful. Verses like "Don't Stand at My Grave and Weep" by Mary Frye and "Don't Cry For Me" by an anonymous author encourage mourners to view their deceased loved ones as still with them. "Do Not Go Gentle" by Neil Astley is a book of bereavement poetry that may be useful for individuals mourning a friend's death. While some compositions may be designed with the loss of specific types of people in mind, such as a mother or father, they may be applicable to the loss of a friend as well. An acrostic poem is a cryptographic form in which the first letter of each line spells out a word, often the subject of the poem or the name of the person to whom the poem is dedicated. The first known acrostics date back to ancient times: The name "acrostic" was first used to describe the prophecies of the Erithraean Sibyl, which were written on leaves arranged so that the first letter on each leaf formed a word. And one of the most famous ancient acrostics is the Roman word-square found at Cirencester in southern England: S A T O R A R E P O T E N E T O P E R A R O T A S Geoffrey Chaucer and Giovanni Boccaccio also wrote acrostic poems in the Middle Ages, and the argument over the authorship of Shakespeare's works has been fueled by some scholars' deciphering of acrostic codes hidden in the sonnets, codes that they claim are hidden messages inserted by who they think is the real author, Christopher Marlowe. During the Renaissance, Sir John Davies published an entire book of acrostics, "Hymns of Astraea," each of which spelled out the name of his queen, "Elisabetha Regina." In more recent times, puzzles and secret word-codes have fallen out of favor as poetic modes, and acrostic poems no longer get respect as serious poetry. Most acrostics in the past 200 years have been written as poems for children or cryptographic valentines addressed to a secret lover. But rather than using acrostics to write hymns of praise to their leaders or loved ones, some contemporary poets have embedded acrostic insults in their poems so they are not visible to their objects or government censors. Edgar Allan Poe's poem "Acrostic" was not published in his lifetime but is thought to be written circa 1829. The publisher James H. Whitty discovered it and printed it in his 1911 edition of Poe's poetry with the title "From an Album," says the Edgar Allan Poe Society on its website, eapoe.org. The "Elizabeth" of the poem is thought to be Letitia Elizabeth Landon, an English poet who was a contemporary of Poe's, says the Poe Society. Elizabeth it is in vain you say "Love not" — thou sayest it in so sweet a way: In vain those words from thee or L. E. L. Zantippe's talents had enforced so well: Ah! if that language from thy heart arise, Breathe it less gently forth — and veil thine eyes. Endymion, recollect when Luna tried To cure his love — was cured of all beside — His folly — pride — and passion — for he died. "Hymn I, of Astraea" by Sir John Davies (1599) "Hymn III, To the Spring" by Sir John Davies (1599) "Hymn VII, To the Rose" by Sir John Davies (1599) "London" by William Blake (1794) "A Boat Beneath a Sunny Sky" by Lewis Carroll (1871) There are some essential classic poems everyone should know. These poems form the tradition of the English language, linger in the memory, and shape our thoughts. You may recognize some of these lines, but knowing the author and the date will improve your claim to cultural literacy. "Come live with me and be my love,And we will all the pleasures prove..." - Christopher Marlowe This first line of this poem is the best known. With the vowel shift in the English language, the lines no longer rhyme as they would at the time. This poem inspired Walter Raleigh's "The Nymph's Reply to the Shepherd." "When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,I all alone beweep my outcast state..." - William Shakespeare Feeling sorry for yourself? So was this protagonist, envious of others and cursing his fate. But he ends on a hopeful note when remembering his beloved. "O my Luv's like a red, red rose,That's newly sprung in June..." - Robert Burns Known also for "Auld Lang Syne," Burns is Scotland's most famous poet. He wrote in English but included bits of Scottish dialect. "Tyger! Tyger! burning brightIn the forests of the night,What immortal hand or eyeCould frame thy fearful symmetry?... " - William Blake William Blake (1757-1827) penned this poem that is still considered to be worthy of study today. "In Xanadu did Kubla KhanA stately pleasure-dome decree" - Samuel Taylor Coleridge Gothic/Romantic poet Samuel Taylor Coleridge (1772-1834) wrote this incomplete poem in an opium dream. "a friend to man, to whom thou say'st,'Beauty is truth, truth beauty,—that is allYe know on earth, and all ye need to know.'" - John Keats English Romantic poet John Keats divided critics with the final line of this work, with some thinking it devalued the rest of the poem. "I taste a liquor never brewed—From Tankards scooped in Pearl—..." - Emily Dickinson This poem celebrates being drunk on life, rather than liquor. "’Twas brillig, and the slithy tovesDid gyre and gimble in the wabe;All mimsy were the borogoves,And the mome raths outrgrabe..." - Lewis Carroll This poem is an example of amphygory, or nonsensical writing. "I hear America singing, the varied carols I hear;Those of mechanics—each one singing his, as it should be, blithe and strong..." - Walt Whitman "Let us go then, you and I,When the evening is spread out against the skyLike a patient etherized upon a table..." - T.S. Eliot "Turning and turning in the widening gyreThe falcon cannot hear the falconer;Things fall apart; the center cannot hold..." - William Butler Yeats Irish mystical and historical poet William Butler Yeats (1865-1939) produced many poems. "The Second Coming" expresses his apocalyptic sense at the end of World War I and the Easter Uprising. "What happens to a dream deferred? Does it dry uplike a raisin in the sun?..." - Langston Hughes "You may write me down in historyWith your bitter, twisted lies,You may trod me in the very dirtBut still, like dust,I'll rise..." - Maya Angelou Read about poets from around the world with an A-to-Z listings, profiles, biographies, and more. 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