**Renaissance of Reckoning**

A tick more to taste

The cynical confrontations of hopes

Acquiescing apparitions to rest

Apprehensions to ropes

Eternal endeavours etching through eaves

Moulding every minute measure.

When time thaws tenebrous heaves

That latch thee into langouring leisure

Scrutinising thee by stringent stare.

It provokes thee to the rarest dare,

Vanquish it by the feat of the fair

Or suffer lamenting loss by a hair

Where gore emanates per pint of perspire

Escapade eclipses epilogue's satire.

- Aadityaamlan Panda