

Sonnet 20

~ Atharva Rewatkar



Heart! Thou art that beautiful place
where romance and love together blossom.
Union, Separation, Envy; All find here solace
and moveth hither tither with utter lissom.



Lovers feel amused by poetry of this kind
that maketh them understand the tenderness
of these short-lived moments so wunderkind
and manifestations that they paint in quietness



Heart! Thou maketh and breaketh every relation.
Ye lovers! Know this place of love's countenance.

It mayst appear to be a simple manifestation
Hidden lie joys of attachment; sorrows of severance



Rains of love replenish droughts of dubiety
yet heart remains devoid of love and of serenity

