

Sonnet 12

~ Atharva Rewatkar



My heart doth experience Summertime sadness
that fill'd me with cracks that pain'd
hoping the drops of thy monsoon comeliness
to sooth my heart and agony that I gain'd.



I look up to the skies, to the Heaven
to fill my barren with thy love.

The Tempest of loneliness wilt leaven
to meet thou in the world, well above.



Seasons! Thou shalt not feel proud!
Thou cans't remain perennial
and vanishes out of existence like a cloud
That's my feelings for thee in colloquial.

The morrow of pain that life giveth me,
thou art that day's evening of glee.