

♥♥ Sonnet 6 ♥♥

~ Atharva Rewatkar



I, the ethereal petrichor of thy notions, hath said
"My tryst with thou was a mellifluous serendipity
where the Kalopsia of affection was knitted into a plaid
I'll always remember thou for thy magnanimity."
O Love! Thou art a design of unscathed circumstances
that perpetuates hate and love
betwixt expressions of thy experiences
which sway over the heavens above.



Still I say that Love's a tale told by a mole,
where his trifling fragment of senses continues until
his conscience answers his soul
and his senses are sent into dubiety's Bastille.

The same talks of estrangement and tales of unification
still every page of my ardour is an old preposition.

