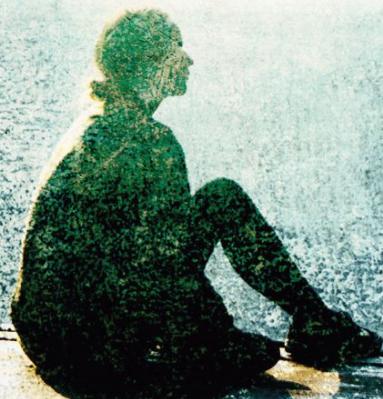


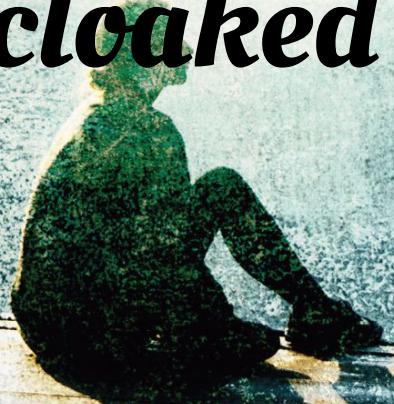
# Once Upon A Good Time!

~ Atharva Rewatkar



*Those were the good old days,  
when I'd a beautiful face to gaze.  
Not that life was fill'd with glee  
but her support made the day of me.*

*Not that I led a life of regrets  
something that everyone forgets  
But the blanket of her bliss  
cloaked them with a kiss.*



*Not that Aphrodite grew jealous  
of our relation so fabulous.*

*Since you walk along my side,  
all the Happiness in me abide.*

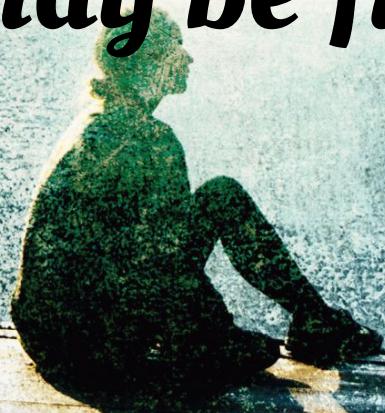
*Not that I never made you weep  
and the tears that you keep  
but it was your company  
that made us endure the cacophony.*

*With beacon from the clouds grey  
falling on your face as you pray.  
As rays falling on the bloom  
you kept me away from every gloom.*

*Not that I was a lover ardent  
to not understand the flow of current.  
Not that I tried my level best  
to impose my wishes in haste*

*Things got sweet sometimes  
and bitter many a times.  
Sometimes we conversed through eyes  
painted in amusing sulky dyes.*

*But as the Wise people say  
every good time has to end one day.  
No one sees the fateful tomorrow  
that may be filled with joy or sorrow.*



*So one day conflict brew  
as the tensions between us grew.  
No relation cloaked by qualm  
has ever ended in a manner calm.*

*I remained too adamant  
on arguments that were scant.  
Suspicion in our relation contain  
which became unbearable to sustain.*



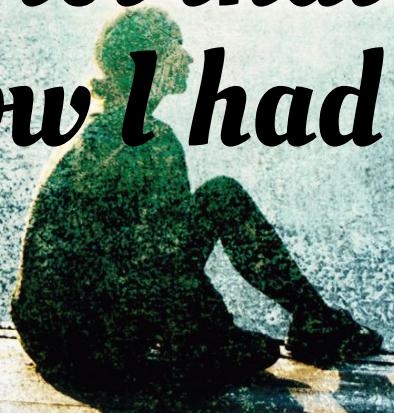
*Her wounds were too deep  
as my tongue in her sorrow reek.  
As emotions took over rationality  
both of us lost our individuality.*

*Tears on her cheeks glistened  
as her soul wanted to be listened  
I was too angered and impolite  
to realize her emotions in sight.*

*Neither did she have respect  
nor I felt the need to retrospect.*

*When there lay no remorse  
what's the need to feel morose.*

*So did we decide to part  
for the betterment of each counterpart  
Not that I was too content  
but now I had nothing left to lament.*



*O those Days of the Good Time!  
They were surreal and sublime.*

*As I say a goodbye to you  
to traverse on roads; dark and new.*

*Now that I've nothing left more  
nor she has anything to adore.  
Now her memories do haunt me  
in what wrongs I did to thee.*