



Sonnet 3

~ Atharva Rewatkar

My thoughts are a brook of thy affection  
descending down a series of cascades  
to flow into the ocean of thy affection  
and glime myself into thy shades.



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As the brook of my thoughts coalesce  
into the river of broader thoughts and piety  
I see my love's netted sunbeam dance  
and carry along a certain silt of dubiety



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I submerge into the Ocean of thy romance  
with all my elements along  
Hoping never to vamoose perchance  
Since peregrination to find thou took so long



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Neither me. nor thou. nor doth History remains  
same  
Our love's a mirage but won't burn into flame.