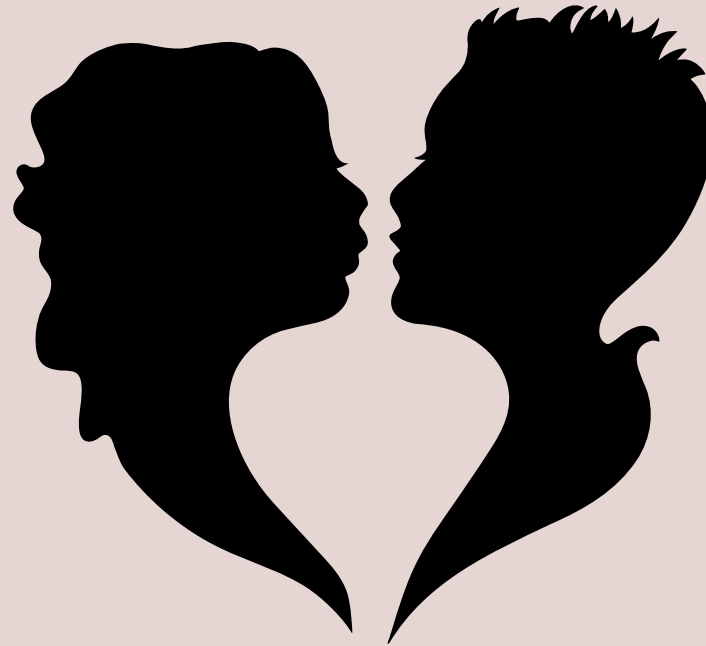


Sennet 11

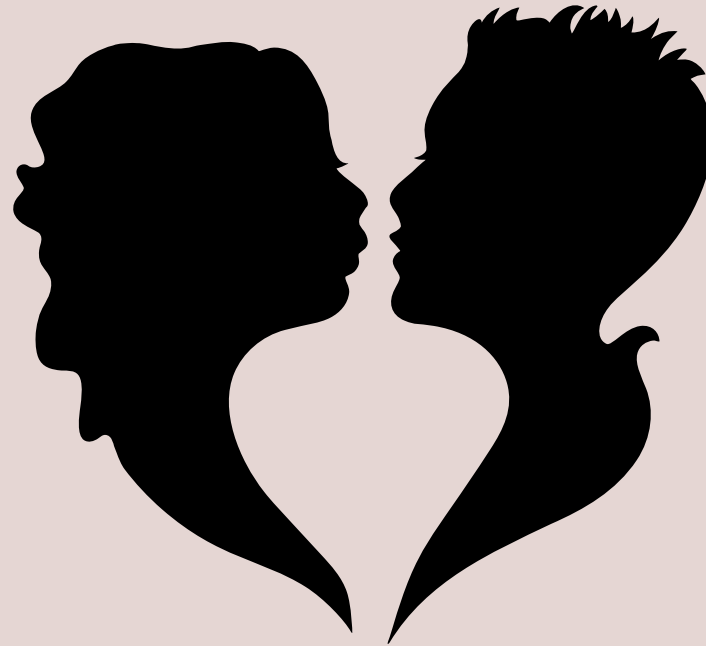
- Atharva Rewalkar





**O Aesthetic! Love me till the end of mine
and let thy soul percolate into me.
Sway with me until cherish'd by the Divine
and become the Maiden that I want thou to be**





**Let thy beauty embellish my poetry
and acquiesce every fragment of my fervour
Until thy mind resides in my heart's monastery,
my rhymes'll continue to swerve thy ardour.**





**World's a mosaic of million pictures
beautified by the love that thou bestow
Paint my dreams into the Holy scriptures,
of our love that the World'll admire to know.**

**Thou art a beautiful portrait in a boundless frame,
whose intricate details eternally hum thy name.**

