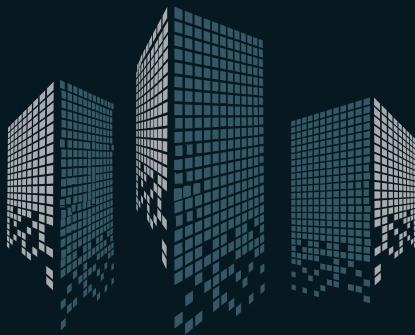
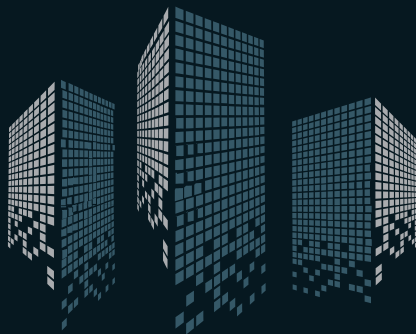


# Sonnet 17

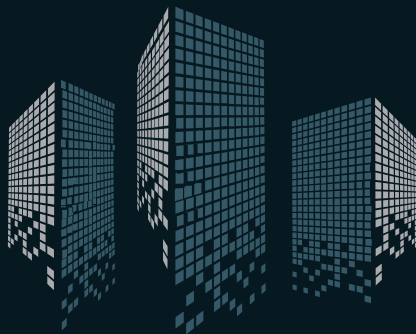
~ Atharva Rewatkar



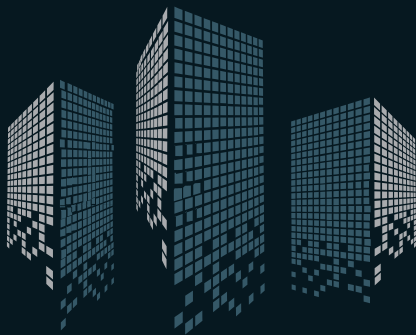
In the city residing in my heart,  
streetlights of my thoughts doth bloom.  
I couldn't get a glance of how thou art  
Yet thy fade rendition still exists in my room.



I'm a vagrant ,blanketed in obscurity,  
Roaming in my city of constancies.  
Even she's walking with complete security  
Which may'st be one of her idiosyncrasies.



Love! Don't see this city's gloomy side.  
It may'st break thou into a million fragments.  
Let loyalty and affection in thy life abide  
And doth not influence thy past's laments.



My city's infinite aspects doth reduce our distances.  
Thou art close but, far from me at many instances.