Sonnet 26 - Atharva Rewatkar Profoundly driven by the homesickness

Profoundly driven by the homesickness that brought me to our abode of Love, a sojourn for romantic hopelessness whose ruins are the Souvenirs of Love.

As our sojourn's palisades crack along as they're moisten by the dews of several unknown shades, leaving me only with memories to glisten.



Souvenirs! Now that thou've commenced so I wish thou a good morrow.

For every drop of thy cloud densed glistens over my sojourn of sorrow.

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