

# *Sonnet 16*

*~ Atharva Rewalkar*





*My heart, a desert, that shroud  
in the lust of Adam's ale  
Thou art that spectred cloud  
that never rain'd down t that scale*





*The petrichor of thy love  
mixed with the drops of thy mind  
whose scent nestles in the heaven above  
and in thy beauty that's still excind.*





*Juvenility in the heart and  
warmth in blood is all love needs  
Love! Rain thy love on my parch'd land  
to end my loneliness that still bleeds*





*Pain lies in the flinders of my lines  
for rain broke my heart one more time.*

