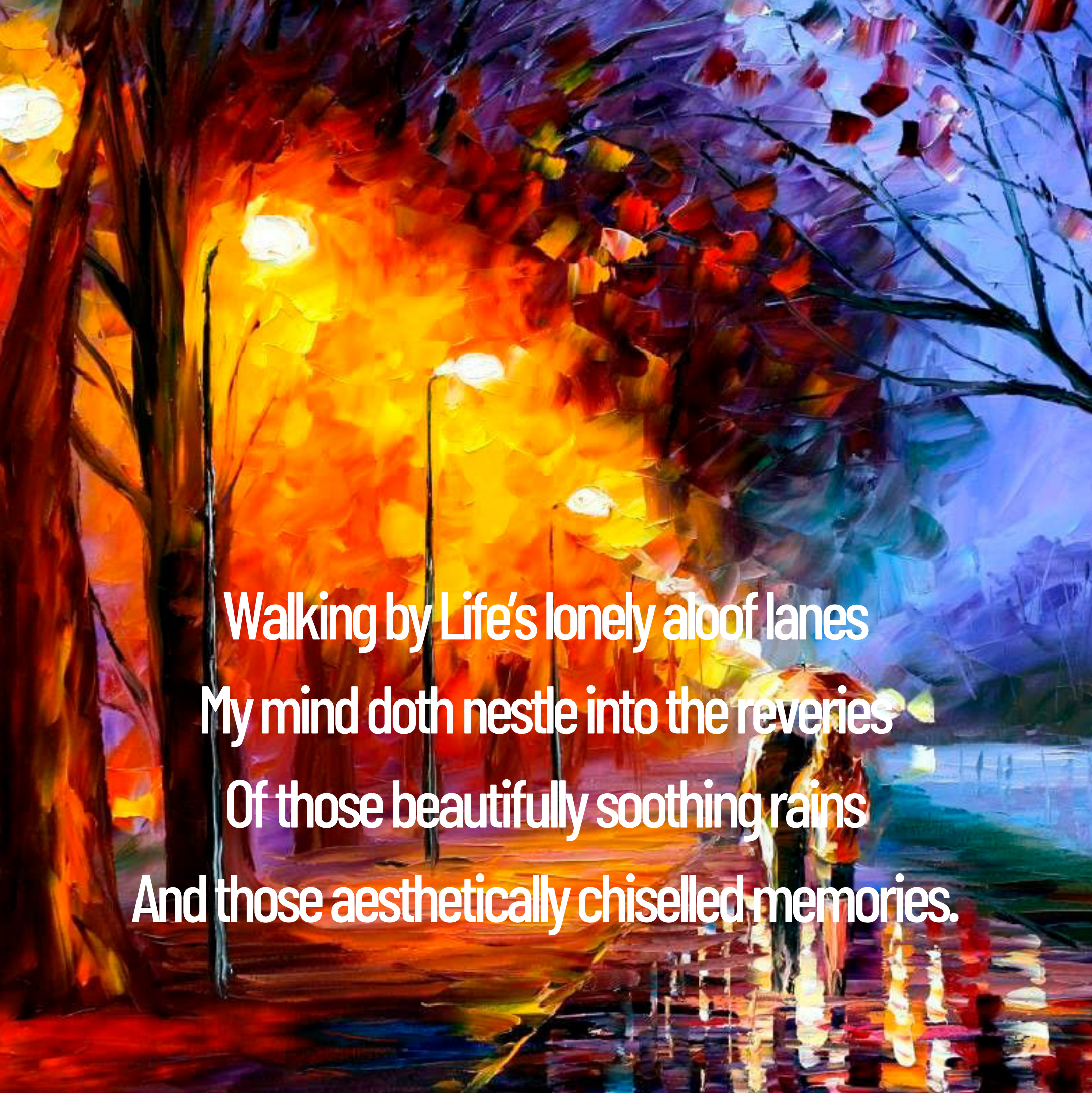




Sonnet 22

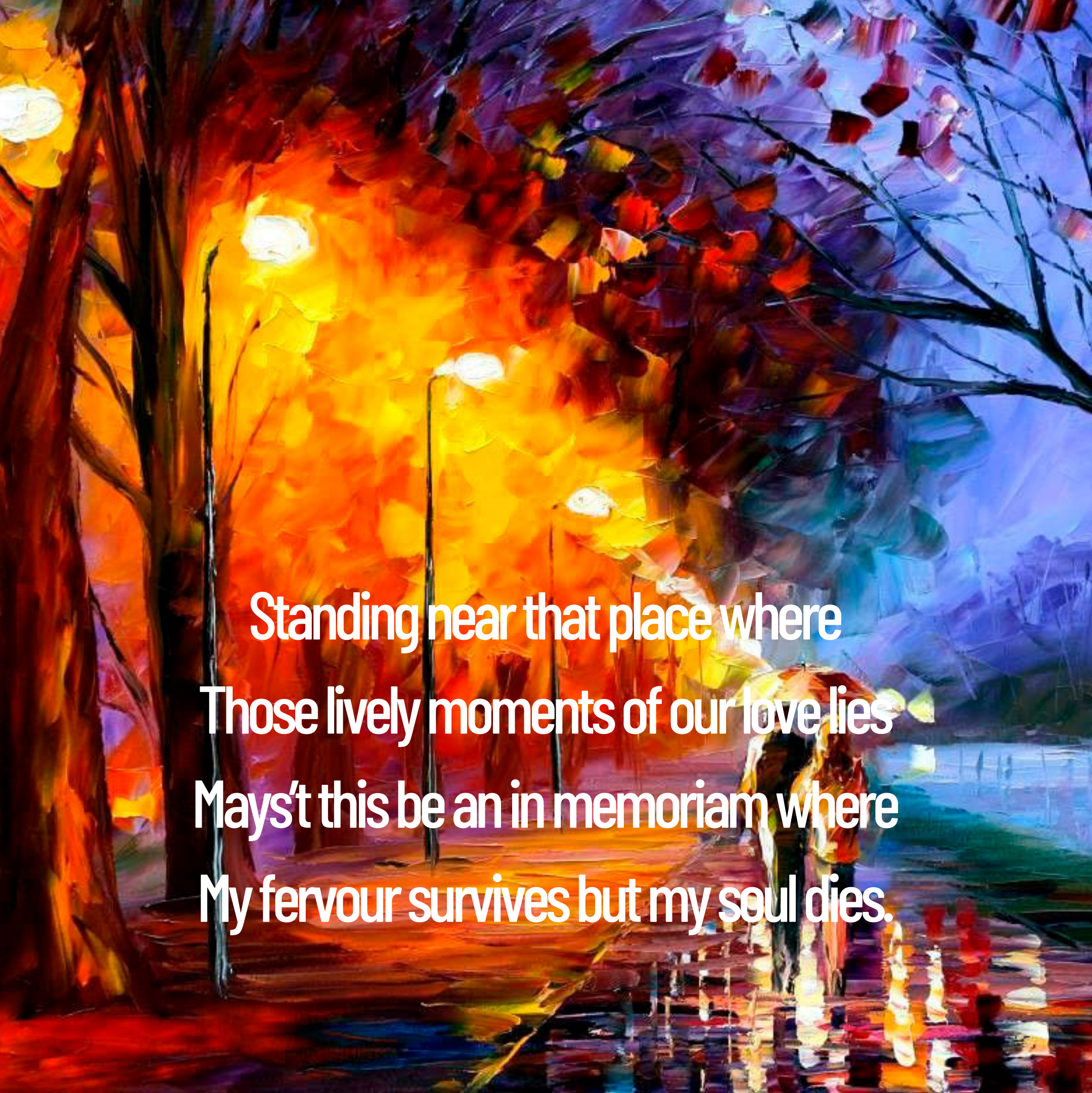
~ Atharva Rewalkar



Walking by Life's lonely aloof lanes
My mind doth nestle into the reveries
Of those beautifully soothing rains
And those aesthetically chiselled memories.



Longing for the opening of her
Beautiful, black barnet, soaked
In the rain drops of my fledgling fervour
Still gets my heart nostalgically cloaked

A painterly illustration of a rainy street scene. The foreground is dominated by a wet, reflective surface that mirrors the vibrant colors of the scene. On the left, a large tree with thick, dark brown bark stands prominently. The foliage is a mix of warm autumnal tones—yellows, oranges, and reds—contrasting with cooler blues and purples in the upper right. Several streetlights with glowing white bulbs are visible, their light reflecting on the wet pavement. In the distance, a person holding a brown umbrella is walking away from the viewer. The overall style is expressive and emotional, with visible brushstrokes and a rich, saturated color palette.

Standing near that place where
Those lively moments of our love lies
Mays't this be an in memoriam where
My fervour survives but my soul dies.



Return'd nobody who lies buried in his tomb
still I yearn for a tryst in our Destiny's womb