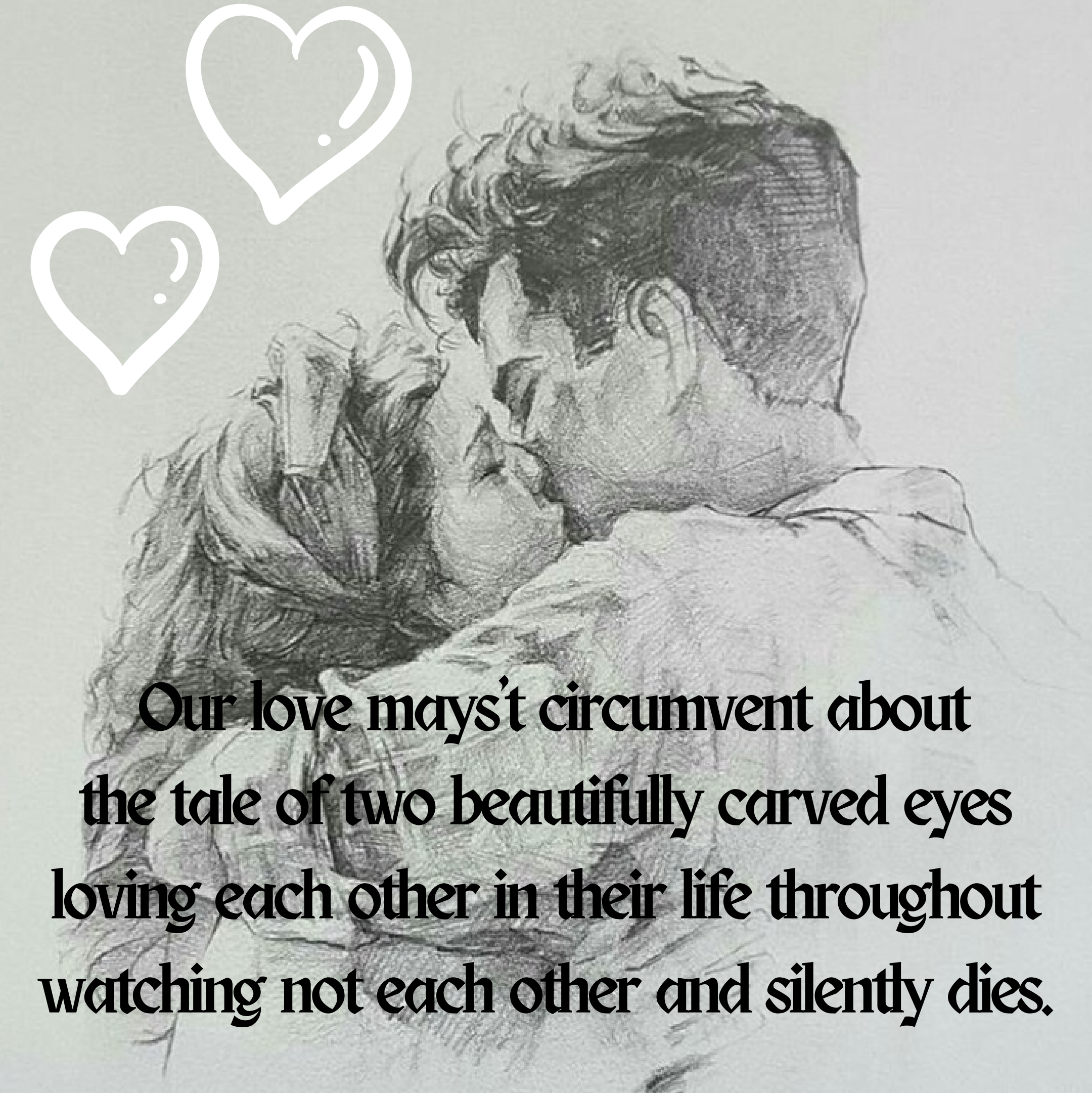


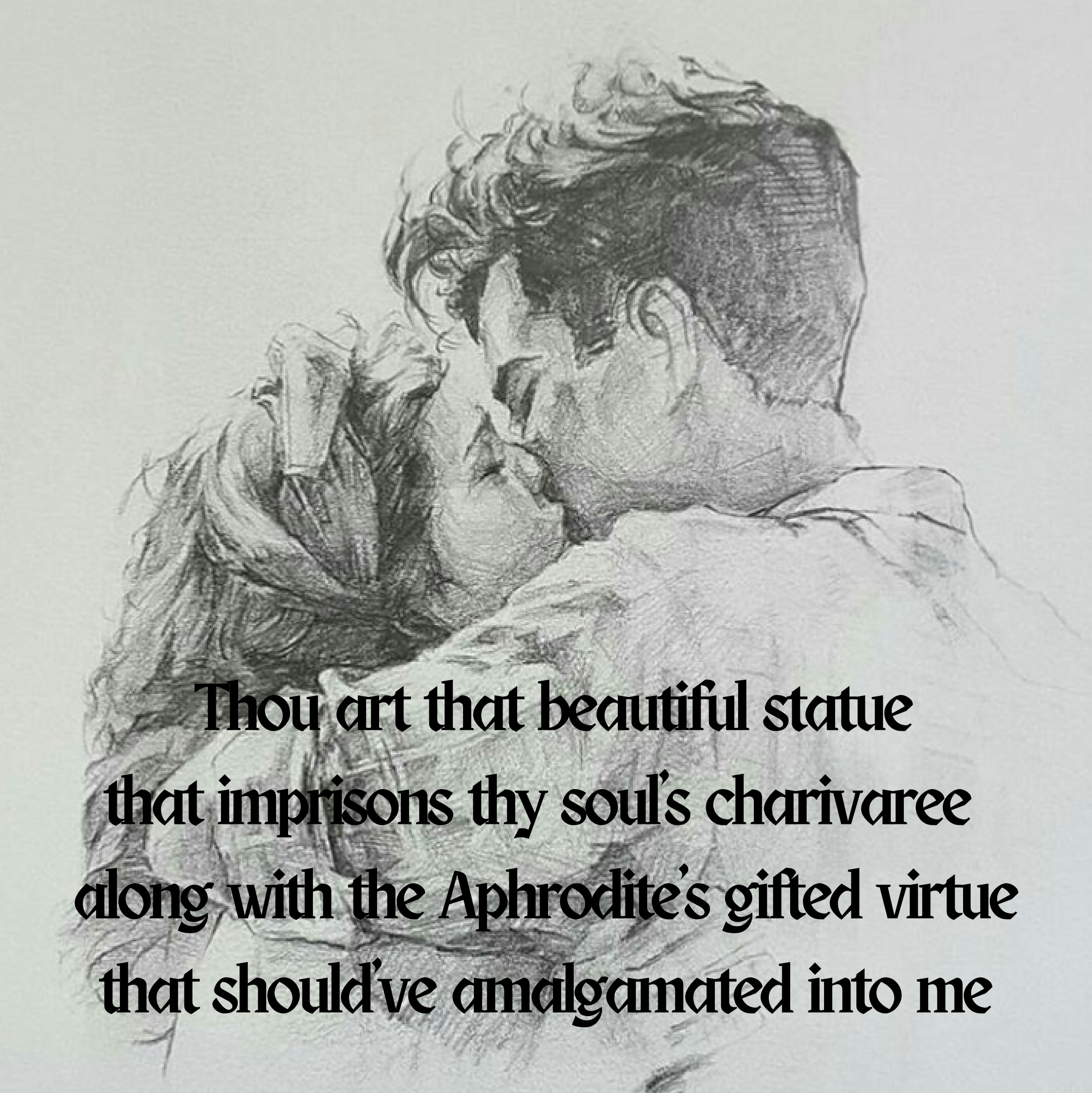


Sonnet 21

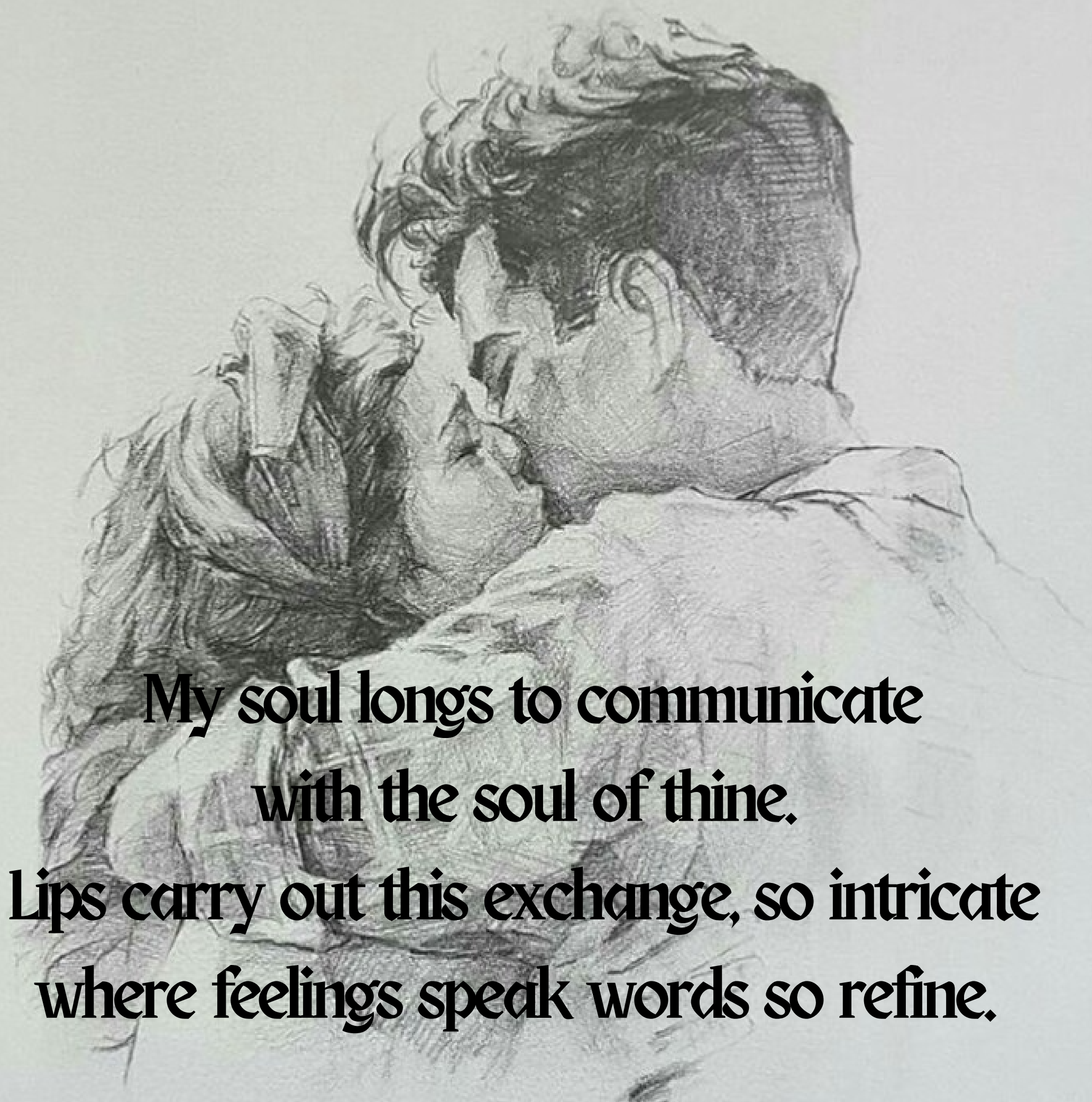
~ Atharva Rewalkar



**Our love may'st circumvent about
the tale of two beautifully carved eyes
loving each other in their life throughout
watching not each other and silently dies.**



**Thou art that beautiful statue
that imprisons thy soul's charivaree
along with the Aphrodite's gifted virtue
that should've amalgamated into me**



**My soul longs to communicate
with the soul of thine.**

**Lips carry out this exchange, so intricate
where feelings speak words so refine.**



**Winds of Love doth carry my fervour's mist
that moisten the hopes of our chimerical tryst.**