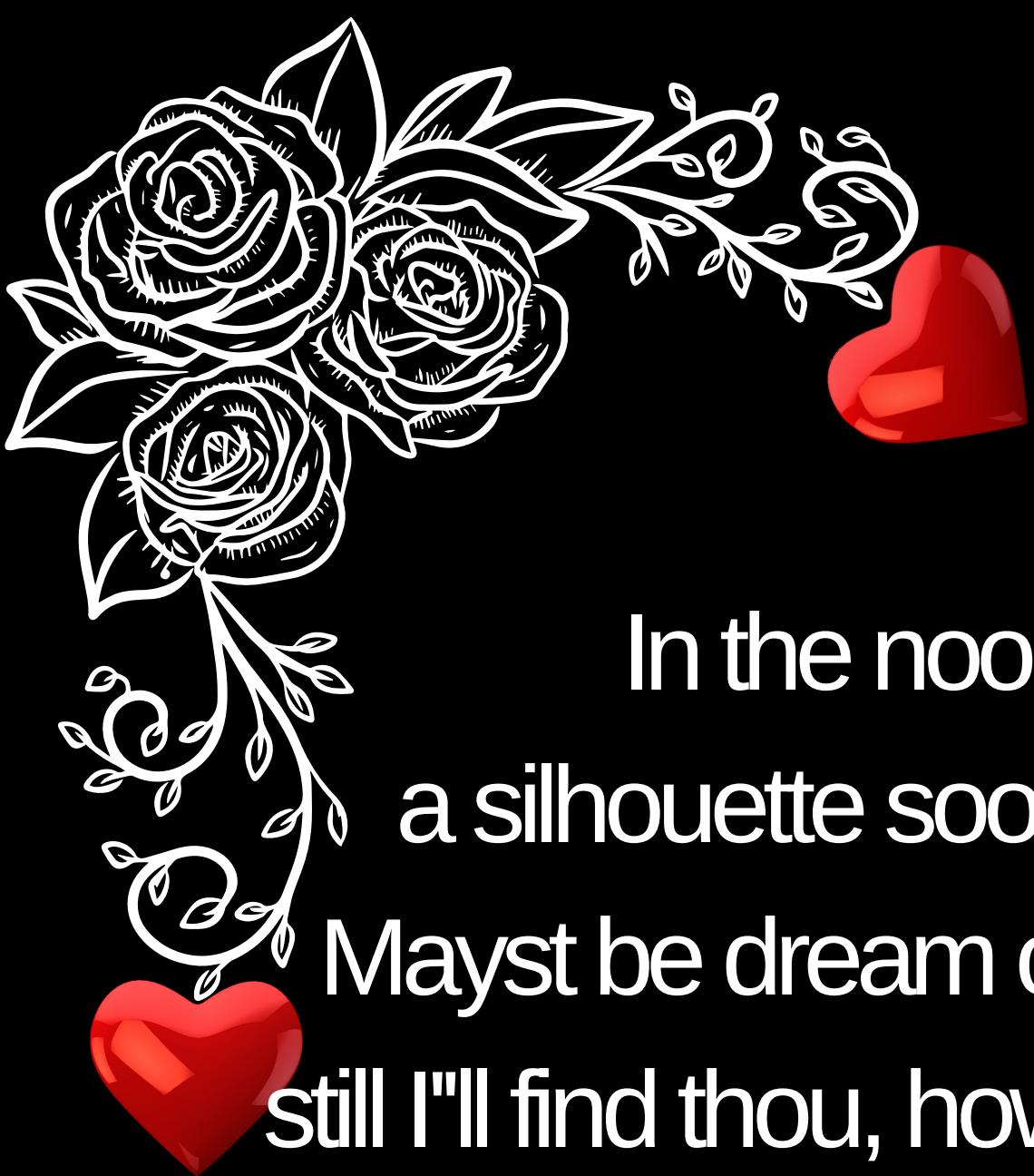




Sonnet 14

- Atharva Rewatkar



In the noon of my sorrow
a silhouette sooth'd my soul and me
Mayst be dream on an unusual morrow
still I'll find thou, however hard it mays't be



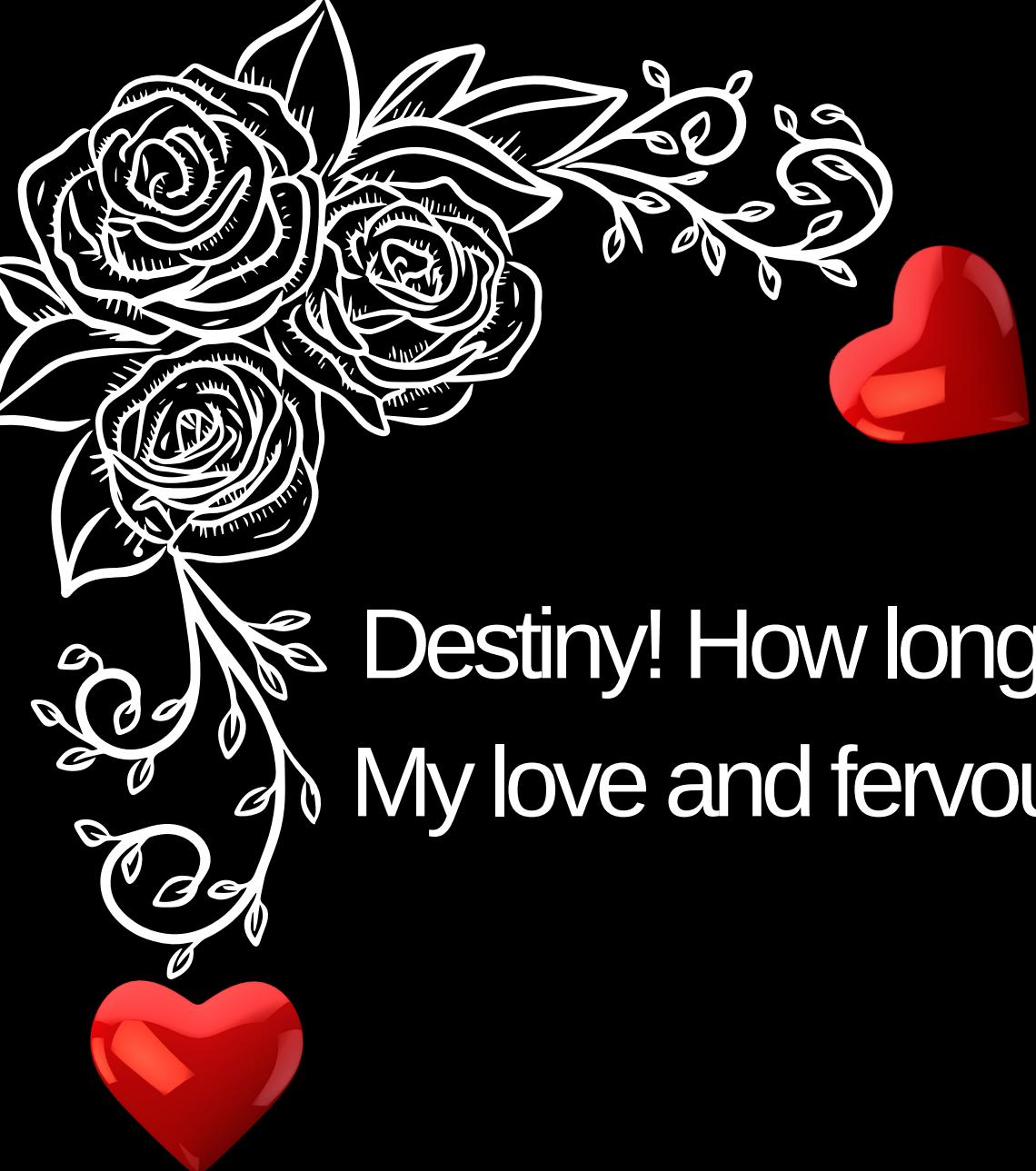
My soul, my mind, and my body
try to find her desperately
She mayst be lost in an obscure rhapsody
sung by her fate; played in my life separately





My quintessence seems like a vagrant
lost in a dark and an obscure forest .
Every flower nestles in the fragrant
mist of thy soul, my destination dearest.





Destiny! How long wilt thy games sustain?
My love and fervour wilt defeat thou again.

