



Sannet 18

-- Atharva Rewatkar





**On every beed of my breath
lies the elegance of my maiden.
Every fragment between life and death
is the epitome of thou. I lie beholden.**



**It is these threads of thy love
connecting the beads coherently
into a pendant that thou wove
subtly, effortlessly and occurrently.**





**Thy shyness gets this pendant lovelorn'd
into the sphere of Aphrodite.
Beauty of my maiden lies adorn'd
with her shyness and my love that I recite**





**If this turns out to an error proven correct
no lover wilt let soul of Adoonis resurrect.**

