

# **Sonnet 7**

-- Atharva Rewatkar

Every second every moment, I waited for thou.

In the lane of thy ungrateful lovers,

Someone still honestly longs for thou

sitting near his window, his soul self-discovers

Sometimes I think thou art not the only face

that exists in the world!

Yet my heart can't remove the image of thy grace

that hath me embellish'd, glorify'd and impearl'd

How long will thy face remain in my memories?

It's been dark now yet, I'm starrng at thy reflection

that still appears in my reveries

as beautiful souvenirs and a hideous past's manifestation.

As long as thy thoughts'd continue to glisten in me

so long wilt thou moisten the barren fervour in me