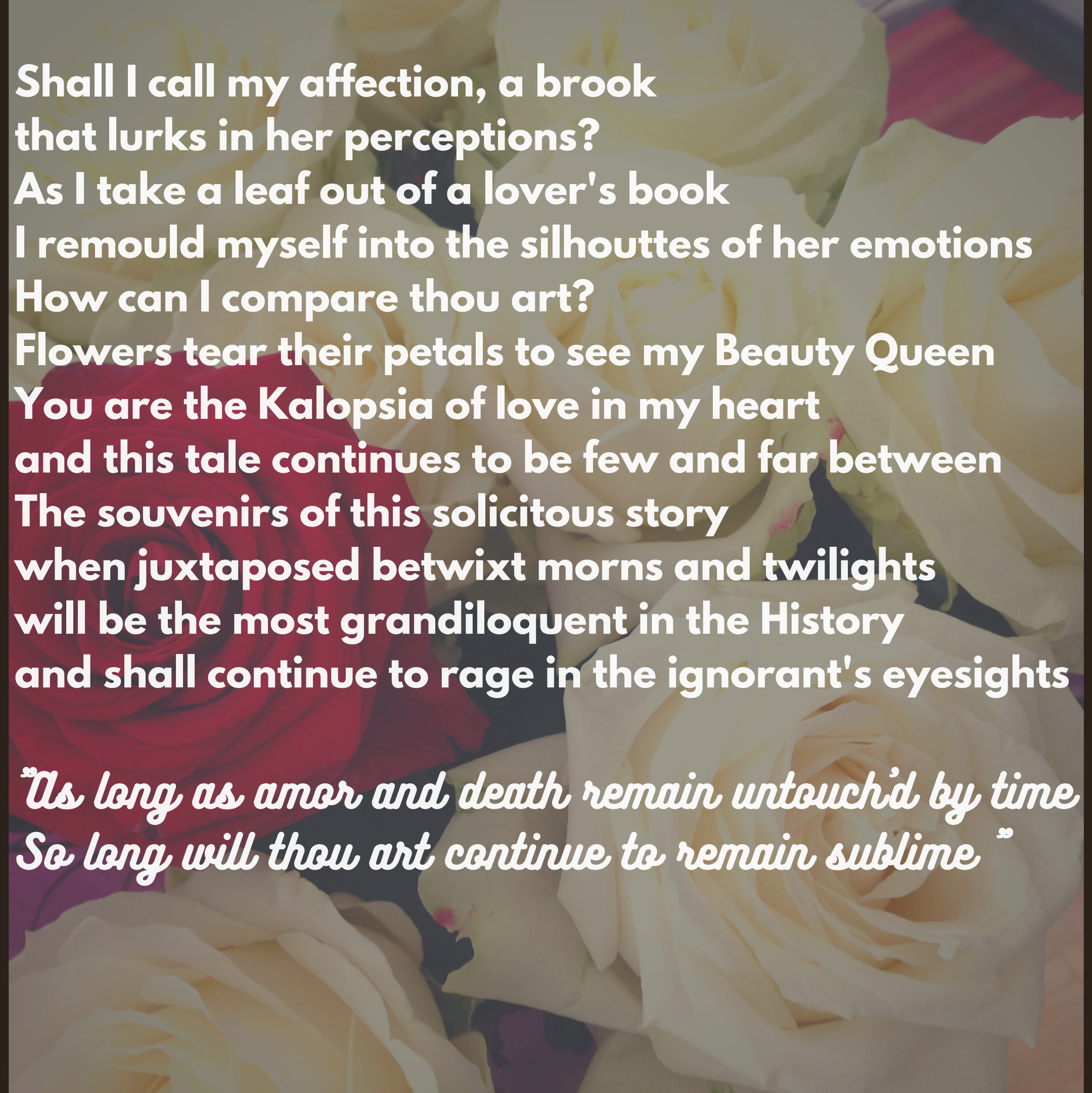


KALOPSIA OF LOVE



Sonnet 1

By Atharva Rewathkar



Shall I call my affection, a brook
that lurks in her perceptions?
As I take a leaf out of a lover's book
I remould myself into the silhouettes of her emotions
How can I compare thou art?
Flowers tear their petals to see my Beauty Queen
You are the Kalopsia of love in my heart
and this tale continues to be few and far between
The souvenirs of this solicitous story
when juxtaposed betwixt morns and twilights
will be the most grandiloquent in the History
and shall continue to rage in the ignorant's eyesights

*"As long as amor and death remain untouched by time
So long will thou art continue to remain sublime"*