



Sonnet 9

~ **Atharva Rewatkar**



Bidding adieu to the moon of my reminiscence
Thou entered into the black room of my notion
lighting the room with the lamp of thy conscience,
my heart begins writing about thy composition.



Preserving this fabric in the diary of my existence,
wantonly did thou forget about its fragility.
My diary laid separated from thou by a distance
unfathomable by any scales of tranquility.



Oh my Diary! I found thou and her memories
along every page I flip, I recovered,
withered the flowers of our reveries,
when opened, flew away to the world undiscovered.

Like a Candelabra burning in a desolate castle,
so doth thy mellowed evenings in my memories nestle.