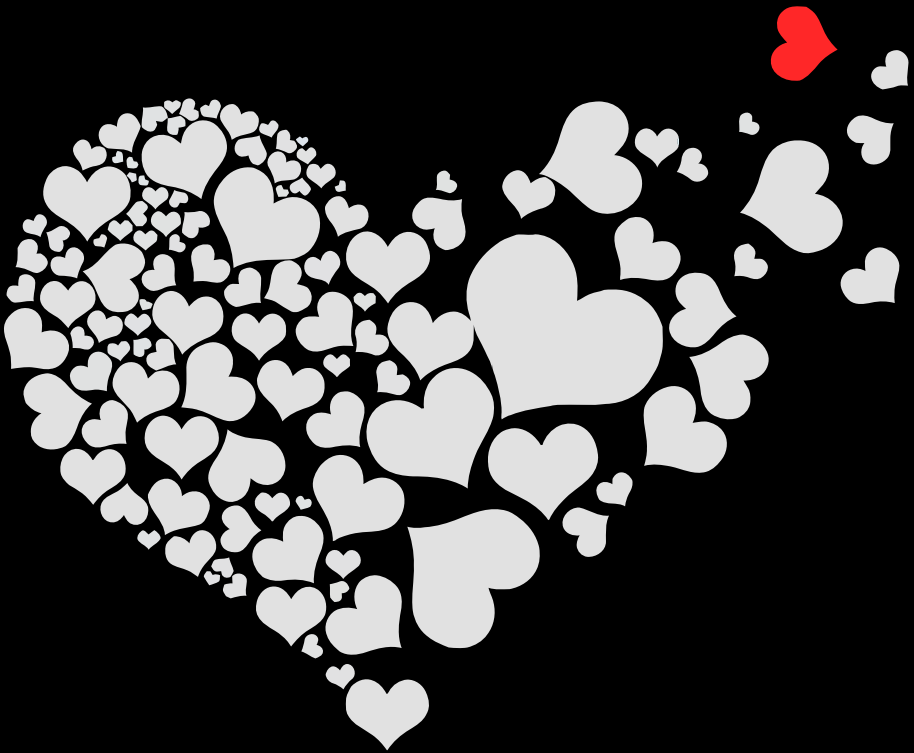
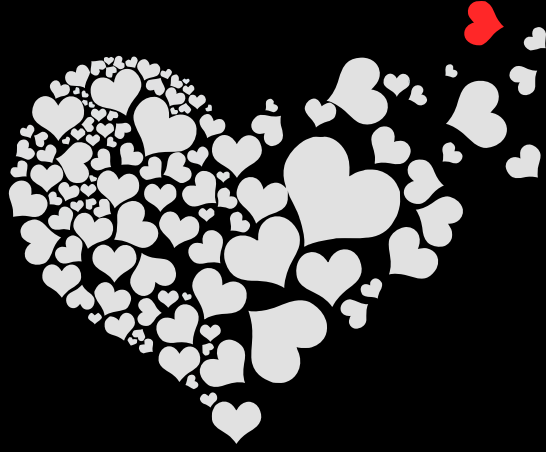




# *Sonnet 10*

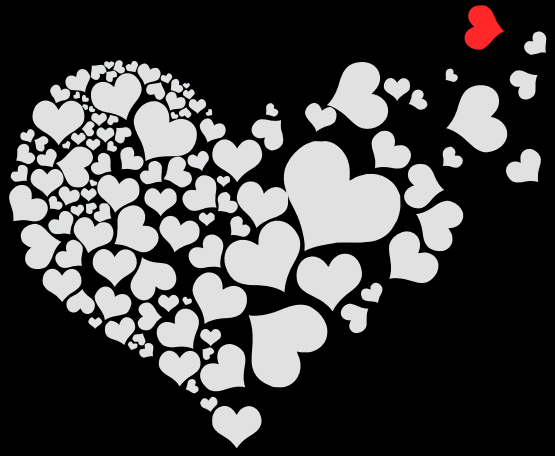
- *Atharva Rewatkar*





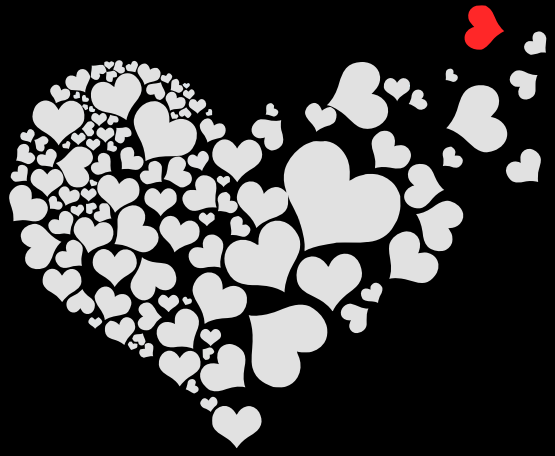
In thy beguile eyes, I see a cavernous Ghazal  
of an unsought and a woeful tryst.  
Thy mind does show some Amal  
yet it remains covered in thy past's mist.





Every line of this Ghazal bleeds sorrow  
like dewdrops in the morning bloom  
vaporise into the sky of the warm morrow.  
O thy eyes! Thou art an epitome of gloom.





Tears of severance hover above every word  
in the Ghazal of unsung minstrelsy  
and the doleful melodies that went unheard.  
Thou art a commix of tragedy and love's fantasy.

O Aphrodite! How can I portray how thou art?  
Thou maketh one dream to break his heart!

