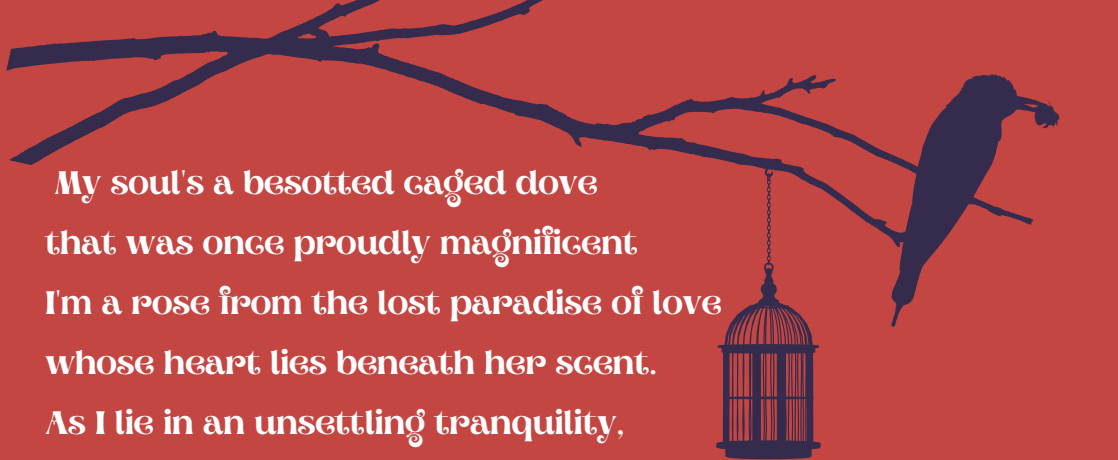




# *Sonnet 2*



*Atharva  
Rewatkar*



My soul's a besotted caged dove  
that was once proudly magnificent  
I'm a rose from the lost paradise of love  
whose heart lies beneath her scent.  
As I lie in an unsettling tranquility,  
She adorns my fervour in her strands of black barnet,  
I bake myself as an origami drenched in nomadic serenity.  
As I long for a spring to bloom in her cold heart's closet.



a man's besotted soul campaigns

The notions of a reconciliation become blurr'd,

As Destiny's cold face meets her twist'd lanes

I'd thought you to be fair and bright

but thou art is as doom'd as hell and as tenebrous as nights

