



Sonnet 8

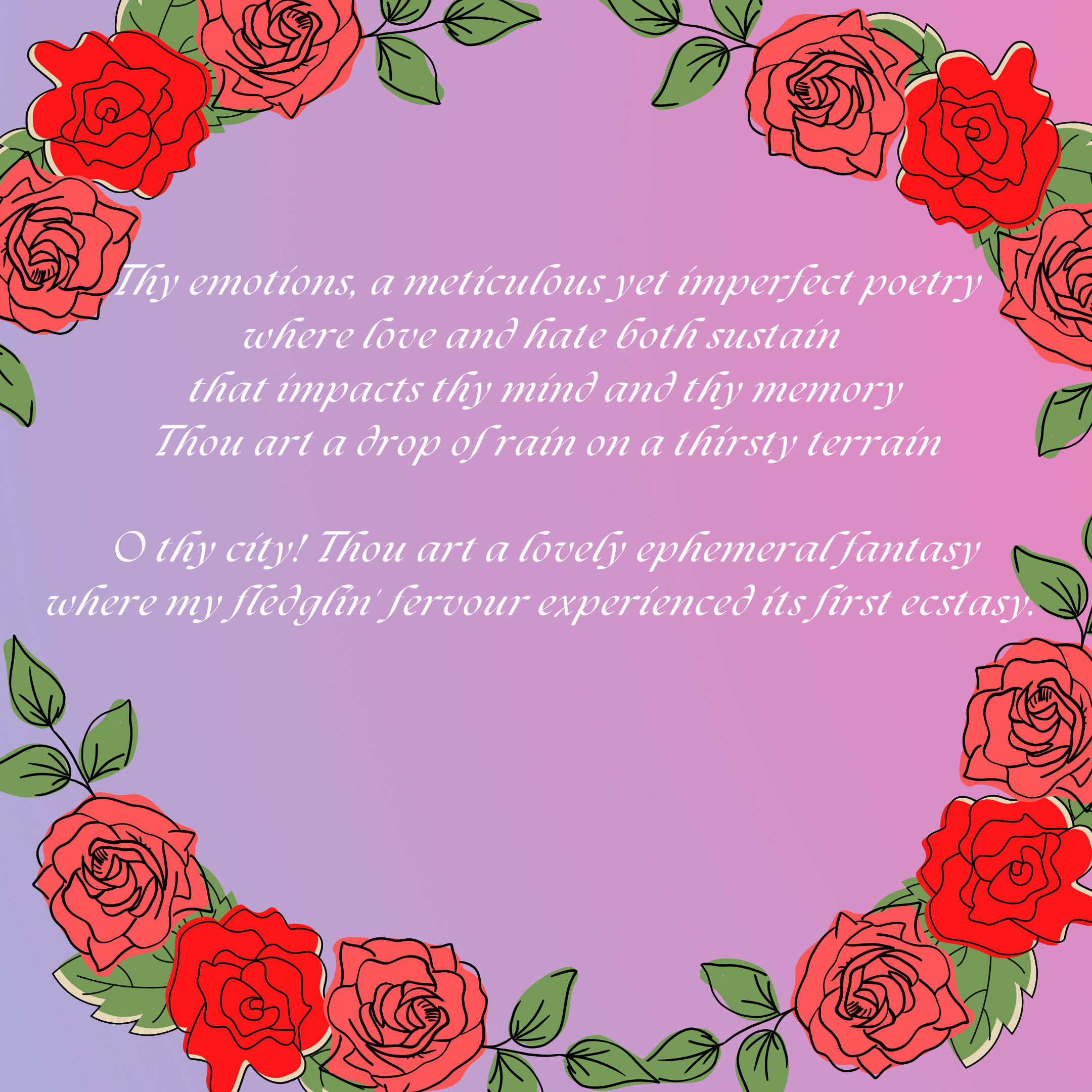


~ Atharva Rewatkar





*As I enter into thy beautiful yet mysterious city
my notions got entangl'd into deceptive hallucination
embroiled into the farrago of estrangement and piety
Yet, I try to cleanse the astrolabe of my perceptions
Thou art a sapience of experiences, oh thy Thought!
I long to nestle into the fragrance
of heartbreaks and the sermons that they taught.
Thy thoughts dominate and embellish thy countenance*



*Thy emotions, a meticulous yet imperfect poetry
where love and hate both sustain
that impacts thy mind and thy memory
Thou art a drop of rain on a thirsty terrain*

*O thy city! Thou art a lovely ephemeral fantasy
where my fledglin' fervour experienced its first ecstasy.*