



# *Sannet 18*

-- Atharva Rewatkar







**On every beed of my breath  
lies the elegance of my maiden.  
Every fragment between life and death  
is the epitome of thou. I lie beholden.**





**It is these threads of thy love  
connecting the beads coherently  
into a pendant that thou wove  
subtly, effortlessly and occurrently.**







**Thy shyness gets this pendant lovelorn'd  
into the sphere of Aphrodite.  
Beauty of my maiden lies adorn'd  
with her shyness and my love that I recite**







**If this turns out to an error proven correct  
no lover wilt let soul of Adoonis resurrect.**

