

A black and white photograph of sand dunes under a hazy sky. The dunes are dark and textured, stretching across the frame. In the background, more dunes are visible through a hazy, light-colored sky.

*An incomplete
dream....*

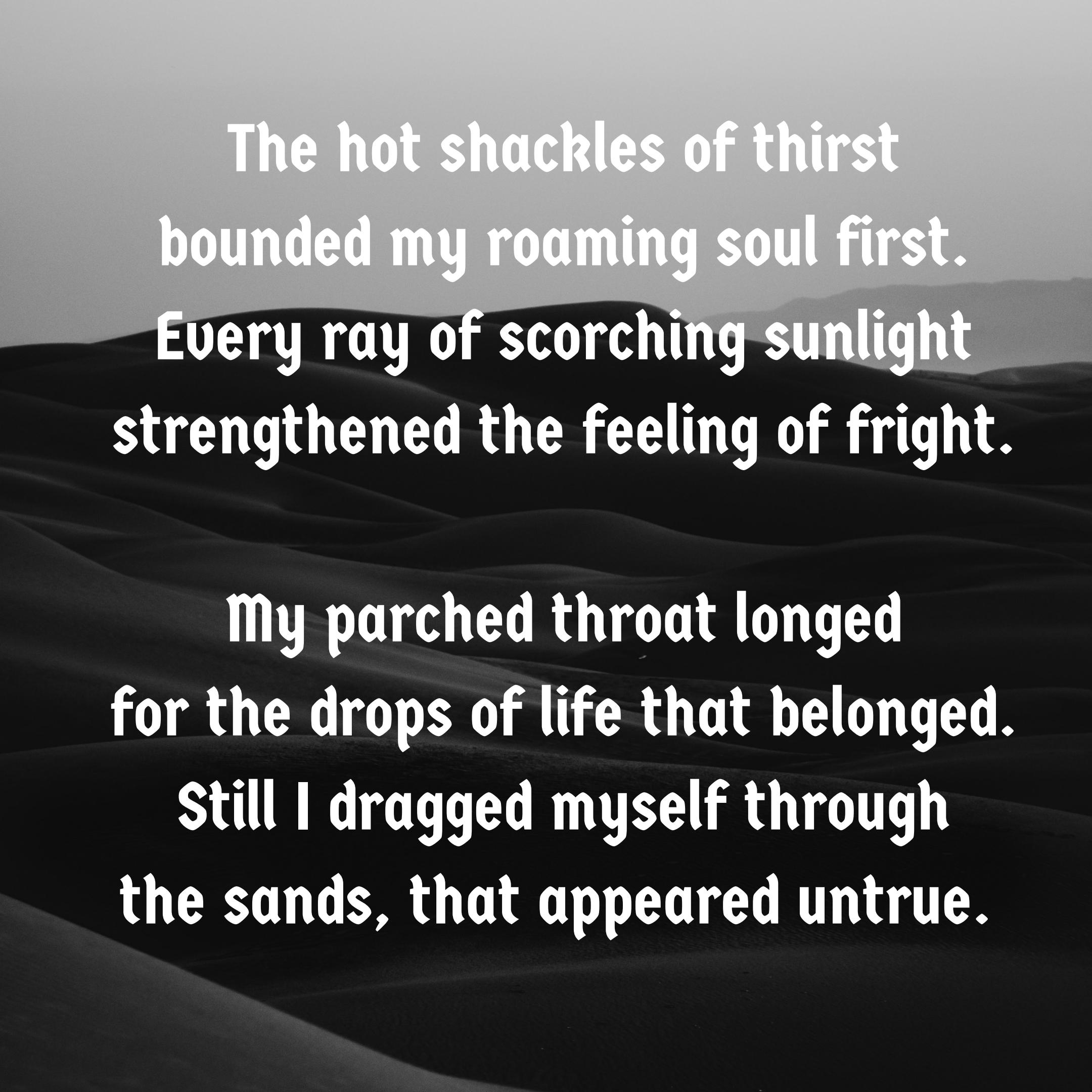
~ Atharva Rewatkar

Dissipating into the thin air
like the hauntingly beautiful notions,
I experienced an indifferent flair
to the abstract yet amazing emotions.

My eyes slowly drooped down
as I went into the state of stupor.
Beautiful illusions made me drown
as if I weren't new to it before.

What if I never came out?
Came a question in my mind.
What if this illusion would rout
every rationale in me exscind?

Despite having all these questions
I fell into the unknown lands.
Reserving all my possessions,
I walked through the deep sands.



The hot shackles of thirst
bounded my roaming soul first.
Every ray of scorching sunlight
strengthened the feeling of fright.

My parched throat longed
for the drops of life that belonged.
Still I dragged myself through
the sands, that appeared untrue.

Oasis began appearing in front
as my vision became more blunt
Water seemed to be everywhere
yet I had my life in despair.

Soon I fell down on the ground
as my soul got drowned
into a cauldron of dubiety
mixed with the fluids of disparity.

I moved round and round
as death began to get me hound.

My soul twisted and turned
as all my hopes slowly burned.

Gotten in the evil turns and twists
moving through hot gales and mists.
Everything seemed to become a rut
I came out of it I think; But.....