

Those Indelible Hues

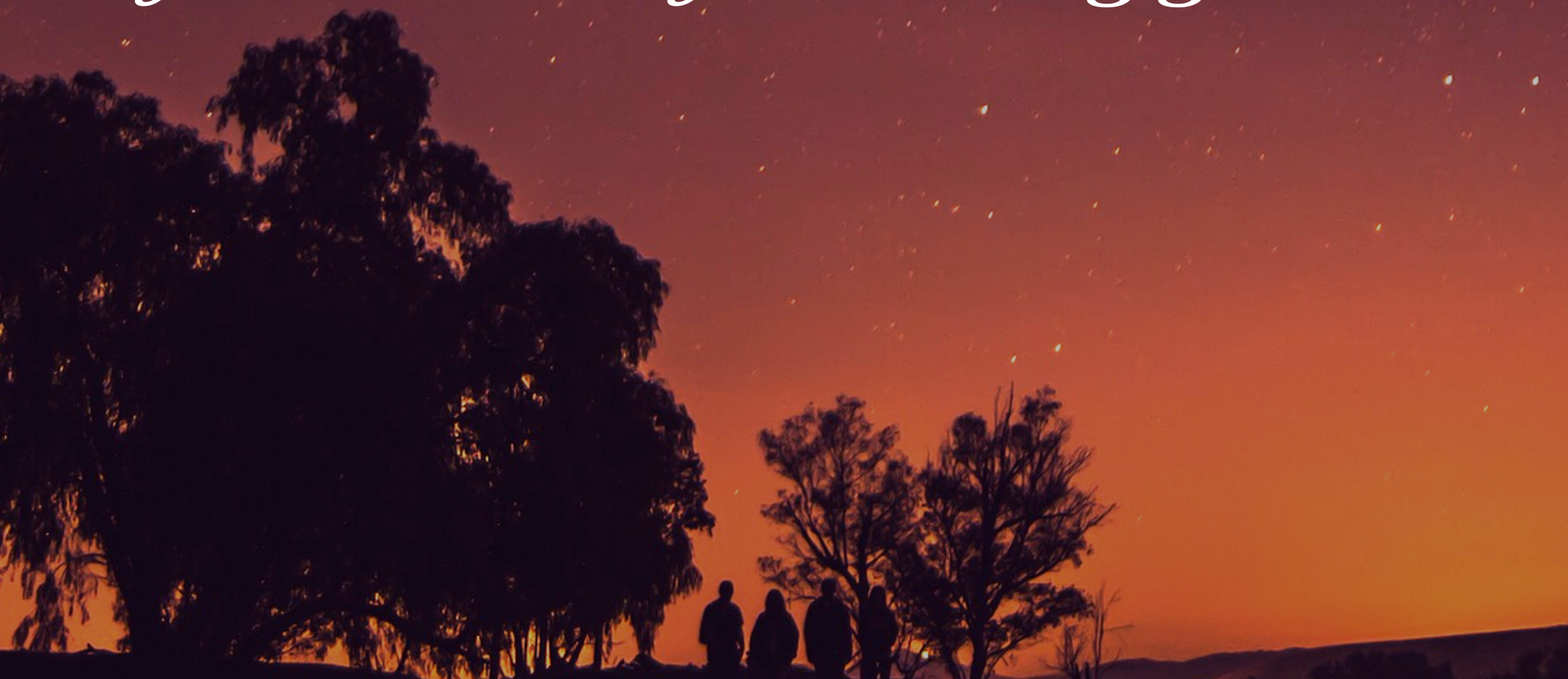
~ *Atharva Rewatkar*



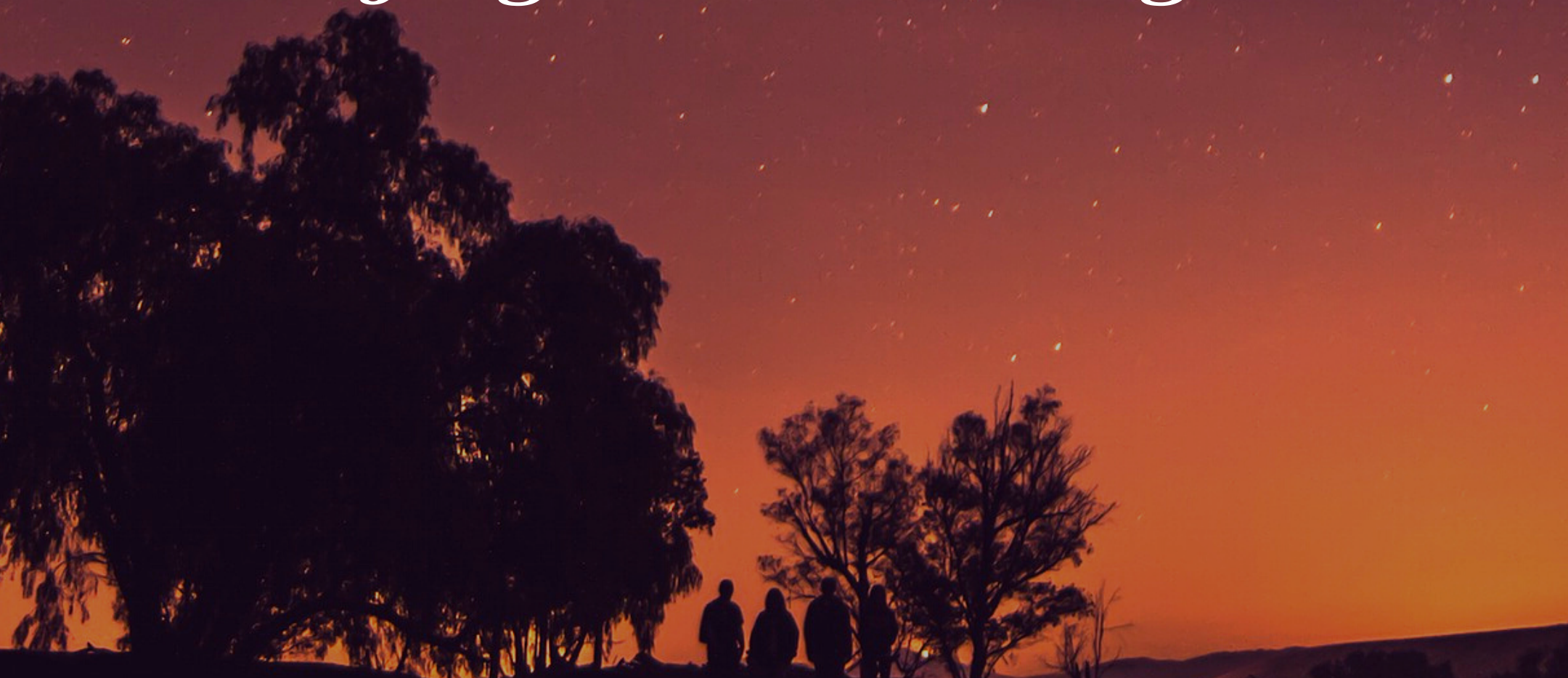
The background of the image is a deep, dark purple night sky filled with numerous small, bright stars. In the lower portion of the image, there is a silhouette of a landscape. On the left, a large, dark tree with dense foliage is visible. To its right, four small, dark silhouettes of people are standing, looking up at the sky. Further right, there are more trees with bare branches. The overall scene is quiet and contemplative, with the text overlaid in the center.

I lit the dust-laden candelabra
to immerse into my past.
Flame-light meandered into every Sierra
wandering into areas dark and vast.

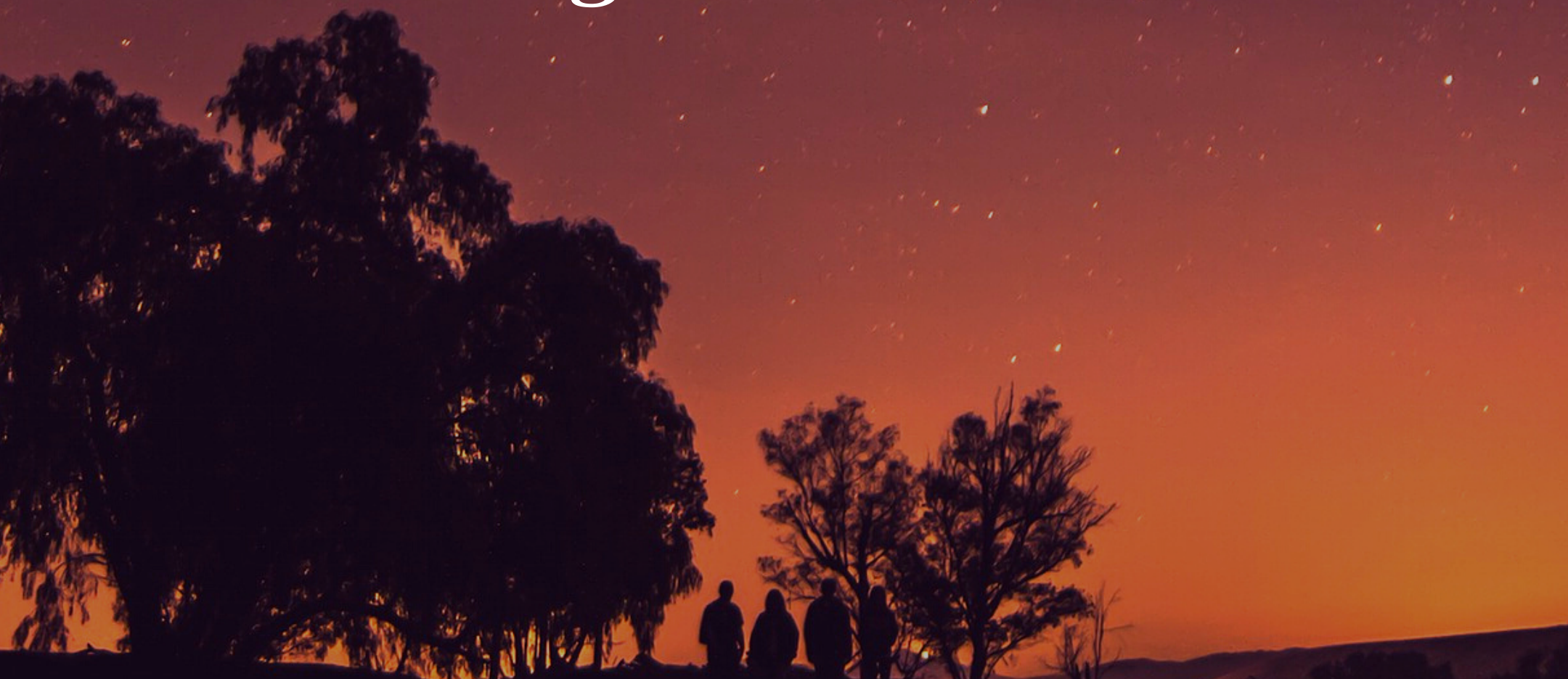
Entering deep down the gorges,
every river had her redolent memories
As her beauteous charm forges
my aesthetically charming galleries.



*As every river broke
into several smaller streams,
my dubiety got charred into smoke
as the fragile candelabra gleams.*



Finally uniting into the ocean
of my thoughts, she amalgamated
into every aspect of my notion
that she got them satiated.



The slowly fading flame endues
to appreciate my winsome Nostalgia
which left those indelible hues
that still embellish my Candelabra.



Now that you dwell in me
and that I dwell in you,
she beautifies the throne of Beauty
as bloom's beautified by morn dew.

