

Thou art, a cottage, that resides in my heart whose palisades allow my fervour to glime. Mere appreciation's an injustice to thou art for thou art is so sublime. As I enter into the room of thy notions the fragrance of thou art was a pleasant redolence. A million paintings sketching a billion perceptions experiences, emotions and unappreciated eloquence. Every wall of thy cottage's painted with my ardour thou art, an image, of my romantic intensity. The hearth of thy fervour moulds and sculpts my artistic propensity. "As long as I reminisce. I'll again meet thou in thy reveries Like the Kalopsia of affection resides in my poetries. "