

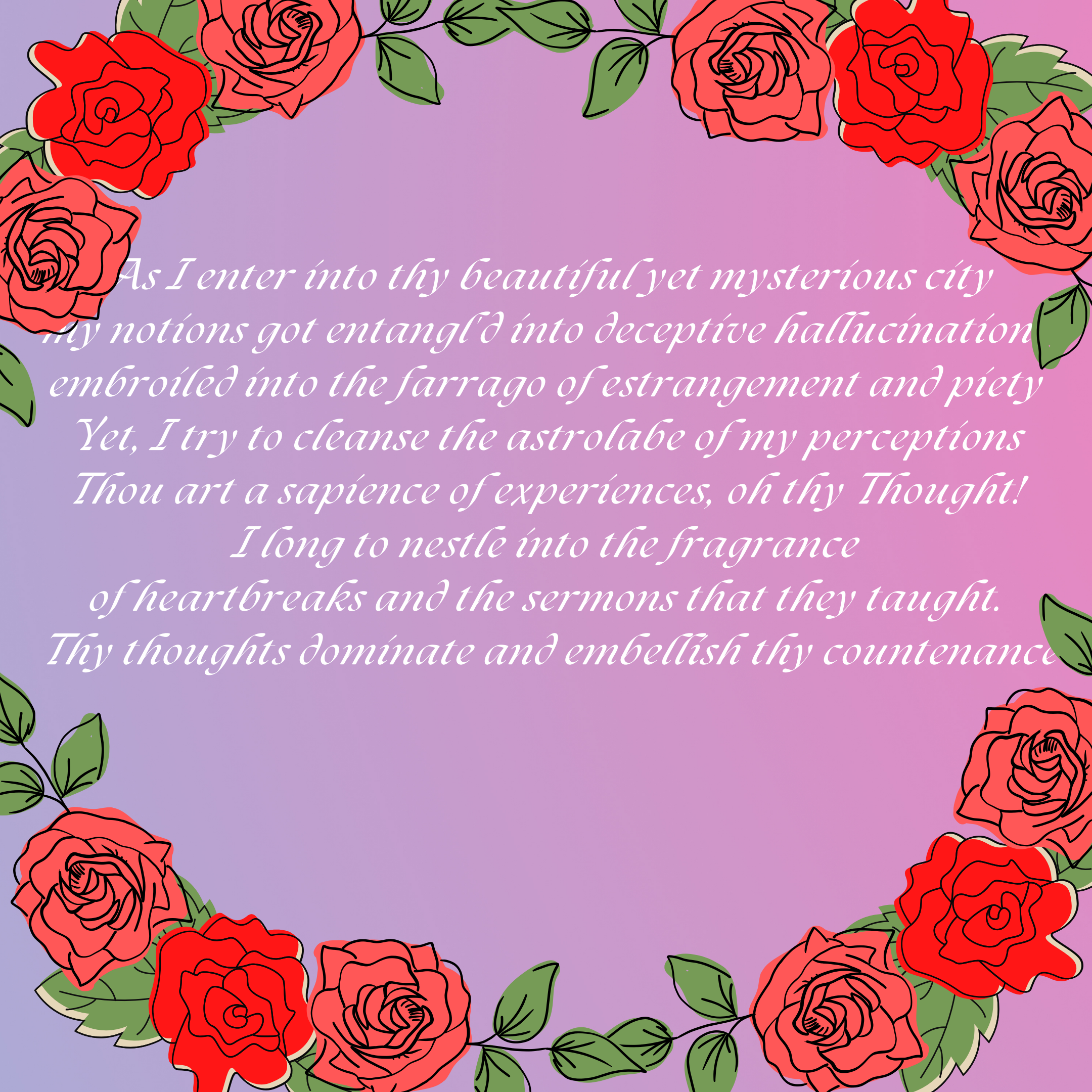


# Sonnet 8



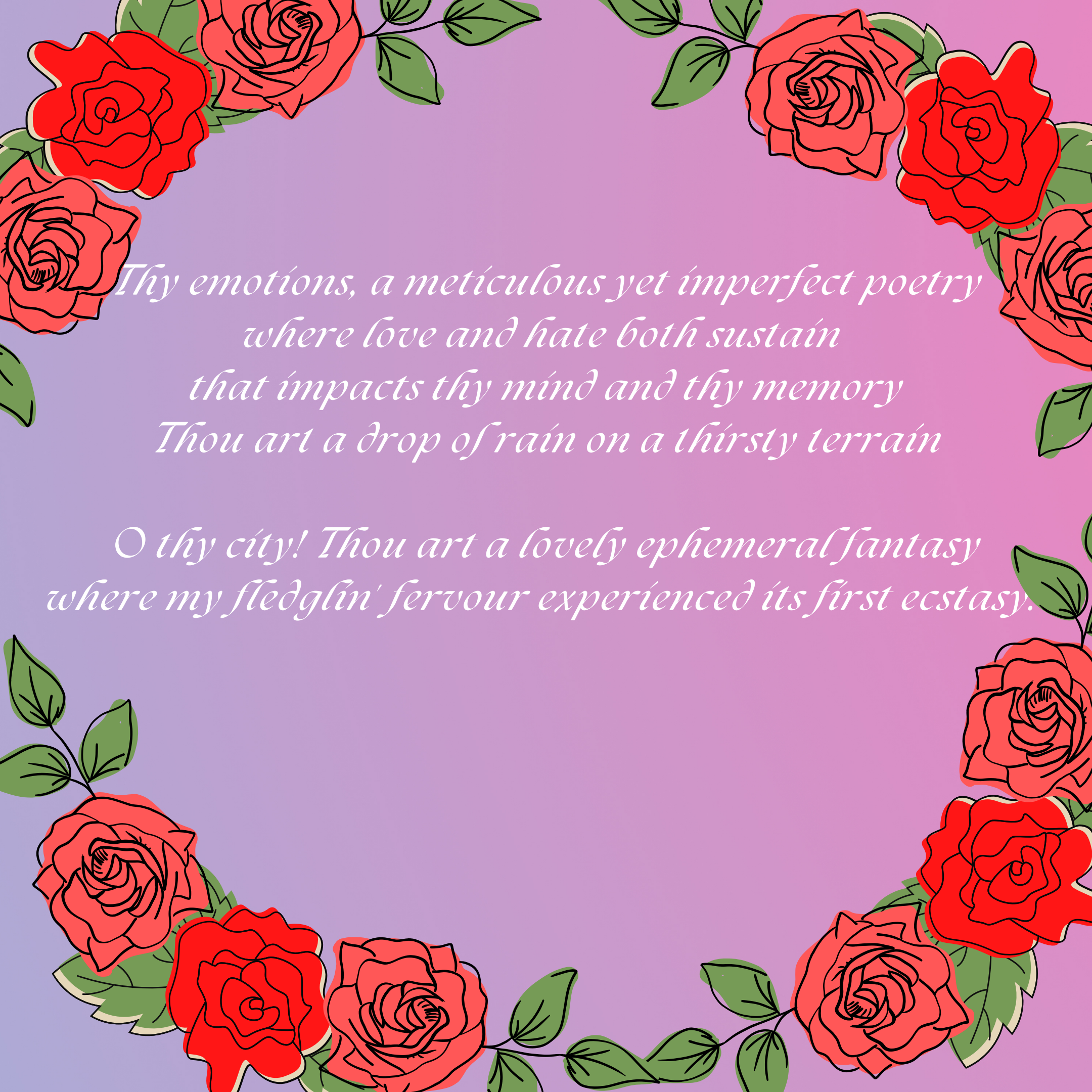
*~ Atharva Rewatkar*





*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.*