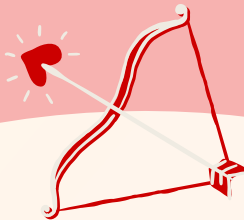
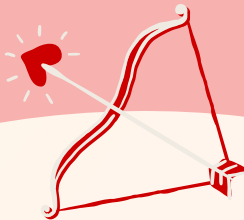


Sonnet 4

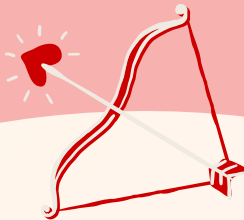
~ ATHARVA REWATKAR



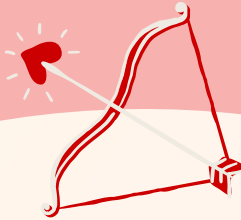
**I am the midnight of thy forgott'n reminiscence
star studded, each typifying treachery
A dark background to foretell my bleeding silence
and a moon ahead to foreground thou sinking in debauchery.**



**As I rise from the Ashes of an unsestlin' darkness
to conquer inside the thoughts of thou abandon'd shore
Acts of moral turpitude maketh thou artless
Still, in other life, I'd be the eclipse thou stay'd up for**



Too often does my poetry breathe a demise
of a human heart that thou hadst gain'd
my remorseful eyes witness demolition of love's edifice
The arts of all lovers, today, exgruciatingly pain'd



**Let Lord drench thy soul in waters of affection
For Hope ne'er dies; thou may'st meet with thy disposition**