

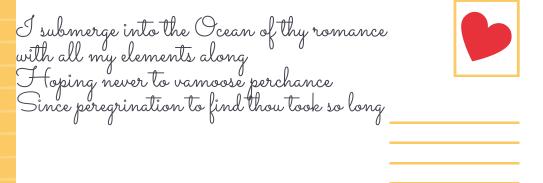
~ Atharva Rewatkar

My thoughts are a brook of thy affection descending down a series of cascades to flow into the ocean of thy affection and glime myself into thy shades.



As the brook of my thoughts coalesce into the river of broader thoughts and piety I see my love's netted sunbeam dance and carry along a certain silt of dubiety





Neither me, nor thou, nor doth History remains same

Our love's a mirage but won't burn into flame.