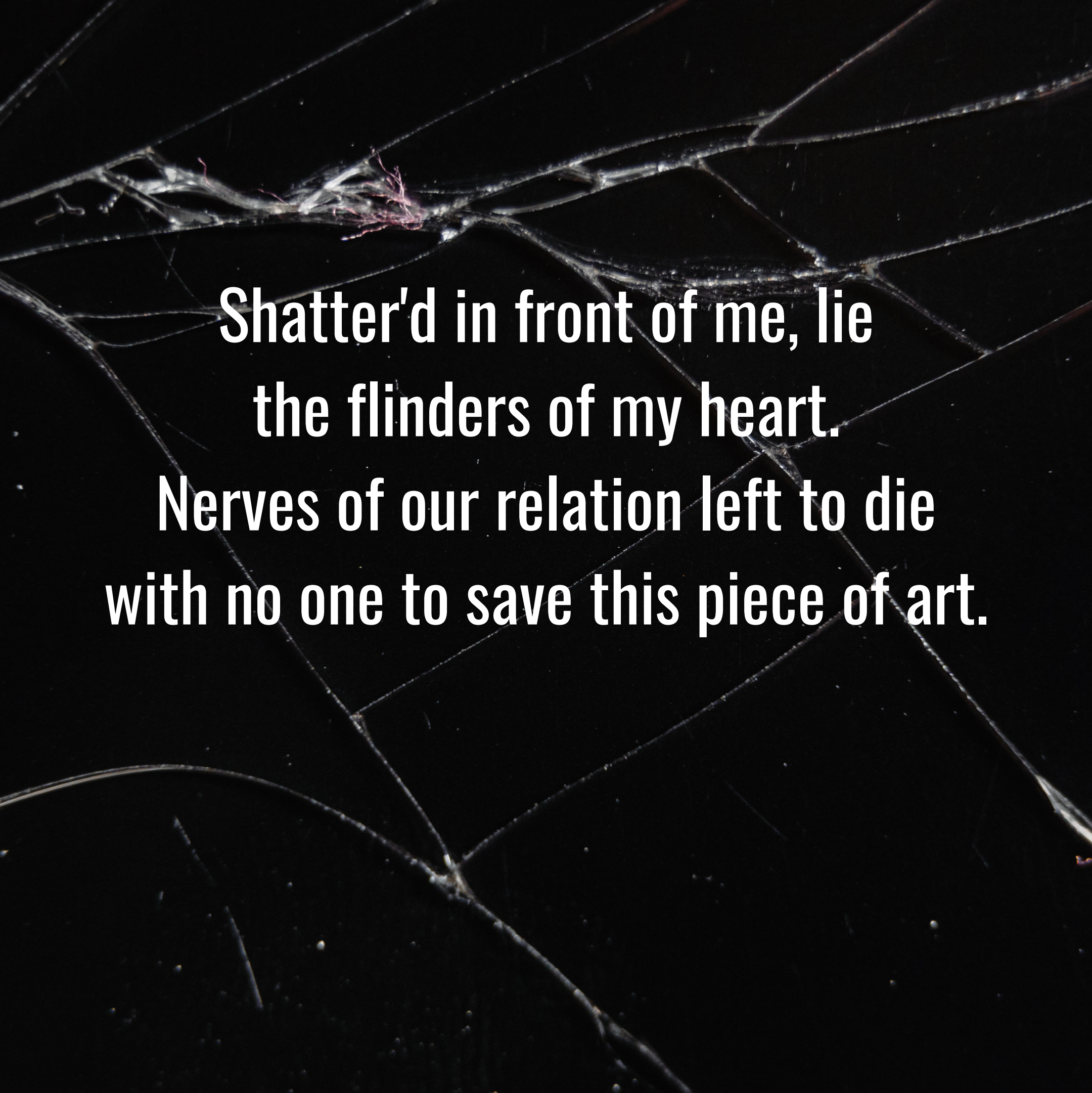


# Sonnet\_23


~ Atharva Rewatkar





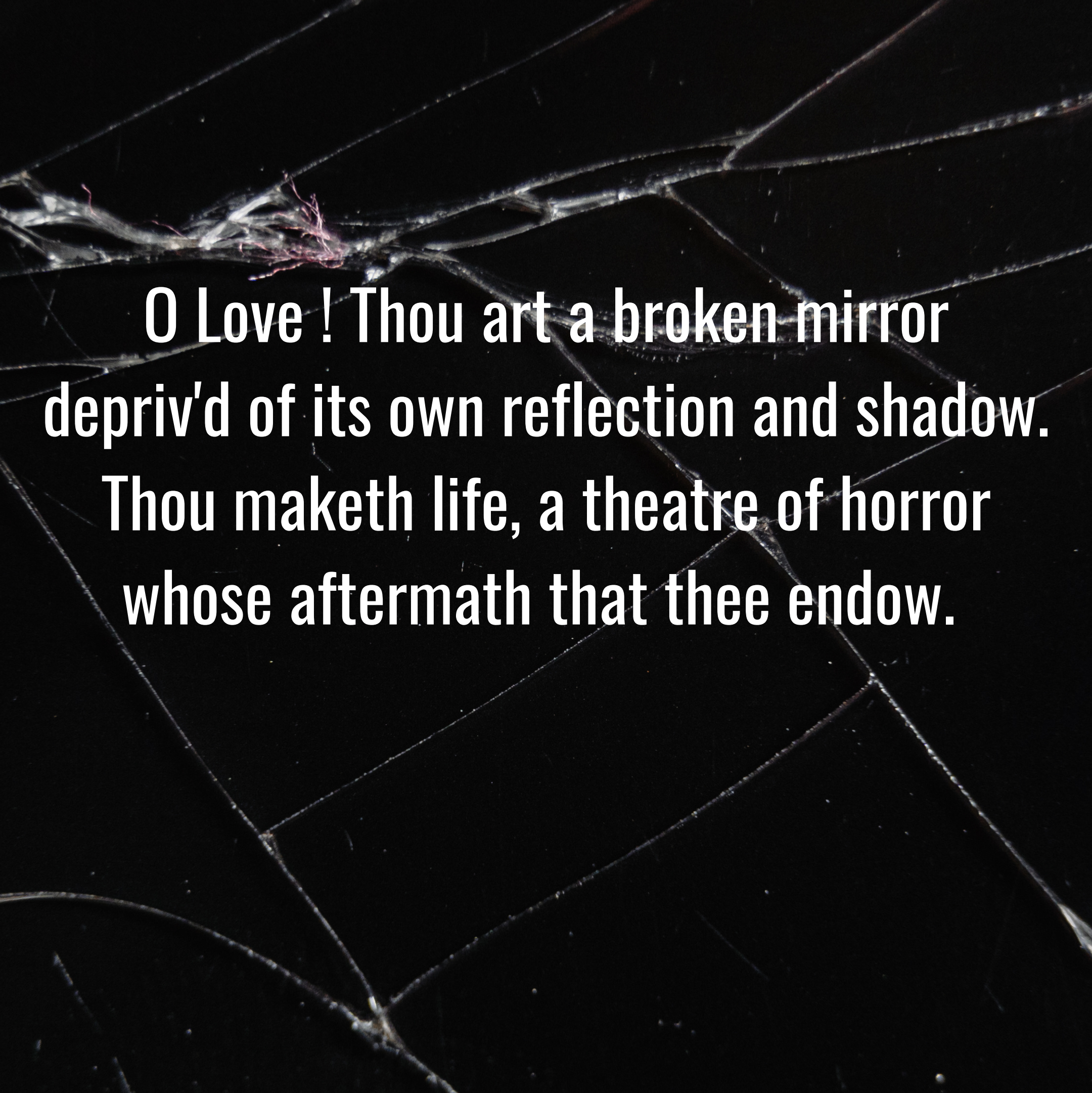
**Shatter'd in front of me, lie  
the flinders of my heart.  
Nerves of our relation left to die  
with no one to save this piece of art.**





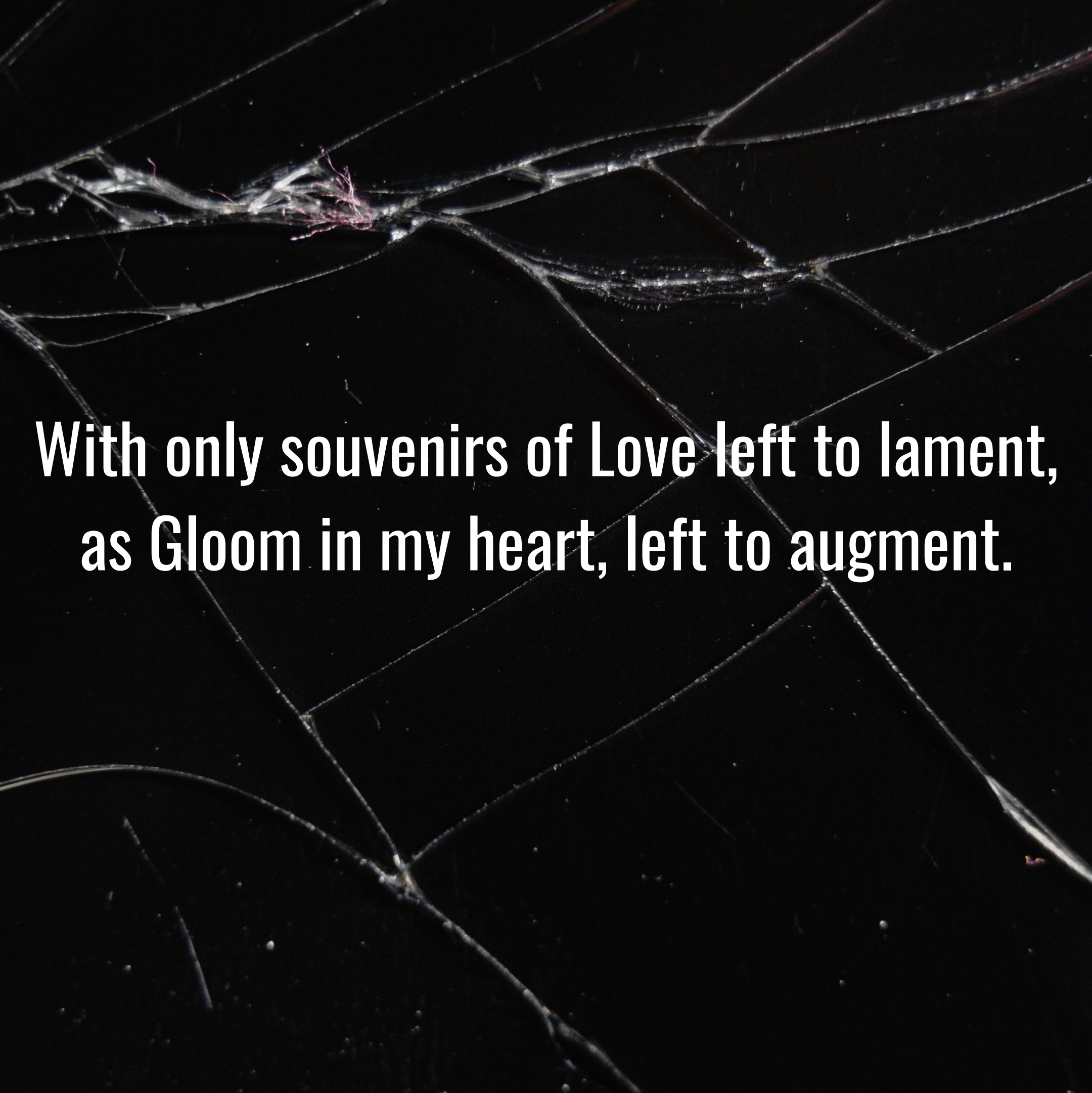
**Glitter'd was this beauteous delineation  
with picturesque strokes of wonder.  
Alas! Ruptur'd now lay our relation  
leaving only memories to ponder over.**





O Love ! Thou art a broken mirror  
depriv'd of its own reflection and shadow.  
Thou maketh life, a theatre of horror  
whose aftermath that thee endow.





**With only souvenirs of Love left to lament,  
as Gloom in my heart, left to augment.**