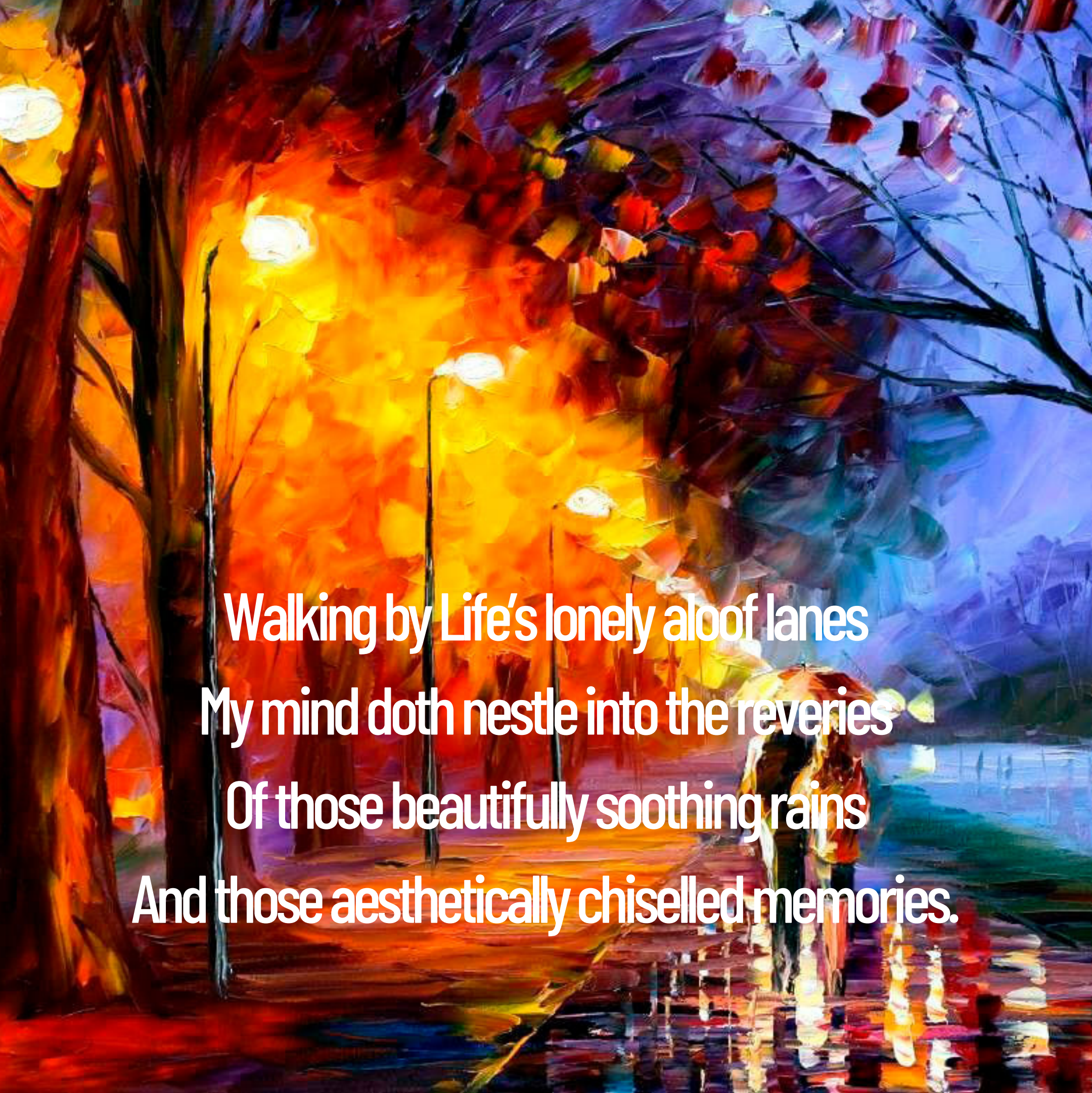




Sonnet 22

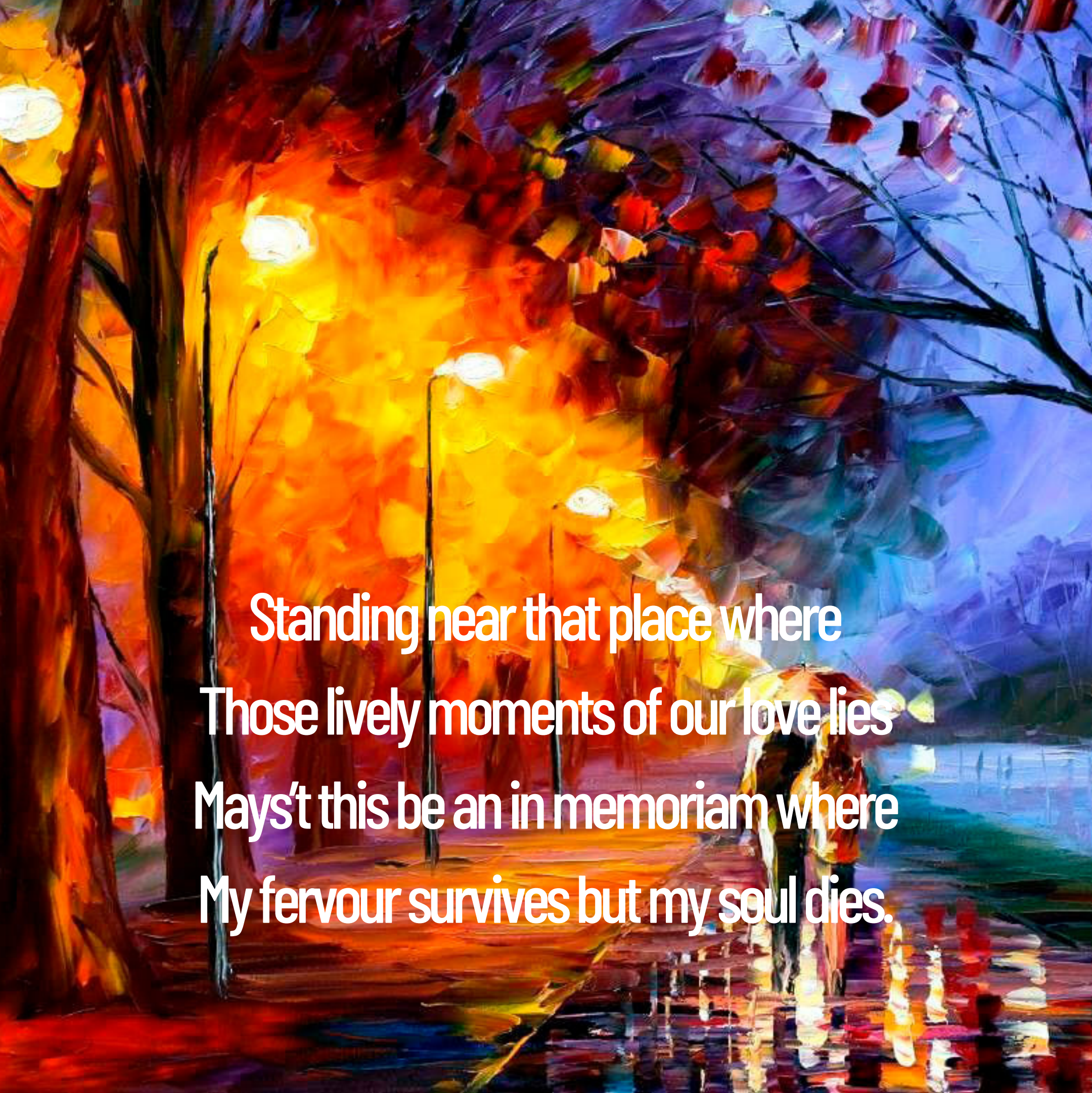
~ Atharva Rewalkar



Walking by Life's lonely aloof lanes
My mind doth nestle into the reveries
Of those beautifully soothing rains
And those aesthetically chiselled memories.



Longing for the opening of her
Beautiful, black barnet, soaked
In the rain drops of my fledgling fervour
Still gets my heart nostalgically cloaked

A painterly illustration of a rainy street scene. The scene is dominated by vibrant autumn foliage in shades of orange, yellow, and red, which appears to be glowing. Several streetlights with white, circular light fixtures are visible, casting a warm glow. In the foreground, a person is walking away from the viewer, holding a large, patterned umbrella. The ground is wet and highly reflective, mirroring the colors of the trees and the lights. The overall style is expressive and emotional, with visible brushstrokes and a rich, saturated color palette. The text is overlaid in the center of the image.

Standing near that place where
Those lively moments of our love lies
Mays't this be an in memoriam where
My fervour survives but my soul dies.



Return'd nobody who lies buried in his tomb
still I yearn for a tryst in our Destiny's womb