



Sonnet 3

~ 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



I submerge into the Ocean of thy romance
with all my elements along
Hoping never to vamoose perchance
Since peregrination to find thou took so long



Neither me. nor thou. nor doth History remains
same
Our love's a mirage but won't burn into flame.