

# KALOPSIA OF LOVE

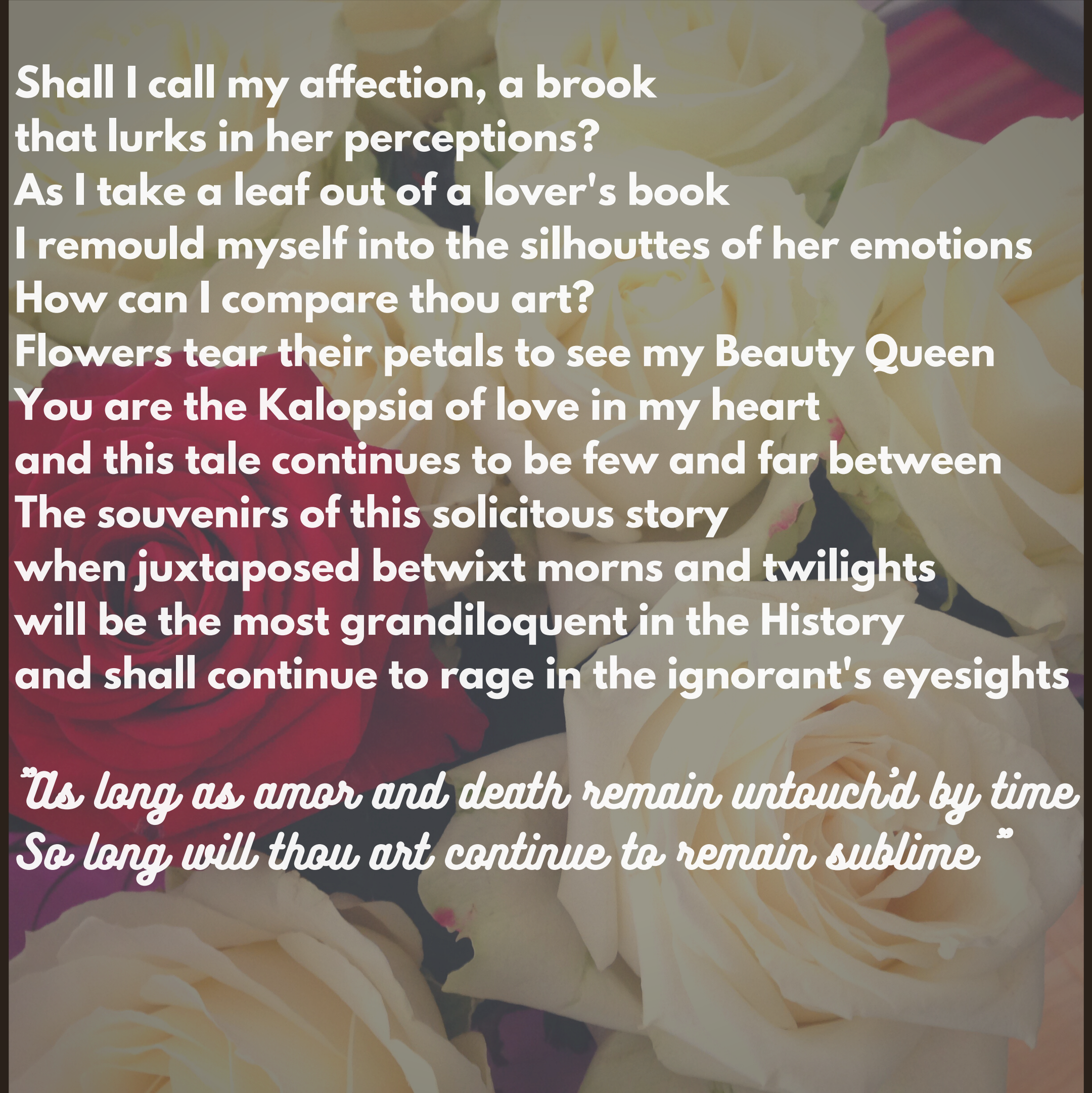


## *Sonnet 1*

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By Atharva Rewathkar





Shall I call my affection, a brook  
that lurks in her perceptions?  
As I take a leaf out of a lover's book  
I remould myself into the silhouettes of her emotions  
How can I compare thou art?  
Flowers tear their petals to see my Beauty Queen  
You are the Kalopsia of love in my heart  
and this tale continues to be few and far between  
The souvenirs of this solicitous story  
when juxtaposed betwixt morns and twilights  
will be the most grandiloquent in the History  
and shall continue to rage in the ignorant's eyesights

*"As long as amor and death remain untouched by time  
So long will thou art continue to remain sublime"*