

### *Three Ws!!*

*My old wine  
So smooth and fine  
Goes down my throat  
Tingling belly and mind.  
Even aroma of it  
Tempts me to finish  
Whole bottle in a sip!!  
Promising nothing I bet,  
But I have no regrets.*

*My purse is black  
Which is not color  
Of money it has.  
When full,  
It is out in my hand,  
When empty  
In my pocket it rests.  
Promising nothing, still,  
I have no regrets.*

*My woman –  
Oh! So difficult to define,  
Sensuous, sexy,  
Affectionate, warm,  
Never loses her head,  
Whether angry or calm,  
I don't feel like  
Coming out of her charm.  
May not promise me  
Whole world yet  
I have no regrets.*

*– Chandra*