



## 4 Poems by Runa Srivastava

### A New Life, A New Beginning

No predawn bustle, no tyrant clock to chase,  
Only mornings that unfold at their own pace.  
The sunlight spills like a gentle prayer,  
And I breathe it in without rush, without care.

The cup in my hand tastes sweeter now,  
Every sip a remembrance, a vow.  
Of moments once hurried, now lovingly slow,  
Each drop a story I once let go.

I rise not to schedules but to song  
The world outside can hurry along.  
Within, a hush of contented calm,  
Each breath a verse, each pause a psalm.

Old friends return as if time had slept,  
Conversations rekindled, promises kept.  
We speak not of what we lost or won,  
But of how far our hearts have come.

There are journeys still waiting, maps still to unfurl,  
Horizons that beckon, dreams that swirl.  
The earth seems larger, yet closer to hold,  
Each day a jewel, each hour gold.

I walk with the seasons, unmeasured, free,  
The wind a companion, the sky a decree.  
I garden my hours with tender hands,  
Planting joy where quiet stands.

In this slower rhythm, I've found my grace,  
Each wrinkle a poem, each pause a space.  
The tempest of youth has softened to art  
This calm, instead, is the voice of the heart.

And sometimes, when evening drapes the day,  
I smile at the life that came my way.  
A new life, a new beginning, indeed  
To simply live is all I need.



## Diadem of the Dusk

He departed.  
I did not follow.  
I stood rooted,  
watching the distance consume him.

He said I looked old.  
He longed for someone younger.

The words clanged like iron gates.  
I was stunned,  
as if the earth had forgotten me.

Already eight years his junior,  
yet still disqualified,  
still measured  
against an impossible mirage.

What abyss of youth did he desire  
What fragile bloom  
to soothe his dread of fading

The dusk gathered itself.  
Shadows lengthened.  
I had not moved.  
My eyes brimmed  
but did not spill.

To be rejected for my silver,  
to be cast aside  
for the grace of years  
was this my unpardonable crime

Then something within me stirred,  
a voice not of despair  
but of revelation.

These strands were not chains  
they were threads of moonlight.  
This hair, this crown,  
was the diadem of endurance,  
the insignia of survival.

I lifted my head.  
The twilight received me,  
its last embers glinting  
upon my argent crown.

No departure could erase me.



No rejection could unmake me.  
For I was sovereign,  
I was whole  
and I walked into the night  
wearing the diadem of the dusk.

### **The Soliloquy of Scarlet Resilience**

Can a flower, frail and fleeting,  
Be a balm for hearts retreating  
Can a blossom, mute and small,  
Hear the soul's unspoken call

Yes  
With silence vast as sky,  
It listens when the world walks by.

On an eve with clouds like bruises,  
A young girl, marked by life's misuses,  
Wandered where the wild things grow  
No friend in sight, no hand to show.

Her voice was raw with unshed cries,  
Her gaze held storms behind her eyes.  
Until ,amidst the weeds and stone,  
A scarlet aster bloomed with friends

She plucked it not in idle game,  
But as if it bore her name  
A relic red with fierce intent,  
A symbol sent, a message meant.

She spoke to it, her silent sage,  
Of playground taunts and stepmother rage,  
Of wounds unhealed by time or tear,  
Of days that taught her only fear.

And though it answered not aloud,  
Its stance was strong, its head unbowed.  
Its silence sang: Stand tall, be flame  
Let no one smother your true name.

Be not the yellow, meek and shy,  
But red ,undaunted, do or die.  
The shade of courage, deep and pure,  
Of battles fought, of hearts that endure.

The girl, once hollowed by despair,  
Felt a fire stir from somewhere.



Not a laugh for show or cheer  
But a smile that rose from shedding fear.

She did not need the world's applause,  
Nor begged its pardon, nor its laws.  
She took the flower home, not bound,  
But as a queen who'd claimed her crown.

So let them scoff, let silence reign  
A scarlet bloom can ease the pain.  
For some find God in chapel walls,  
And some, where stubborn aster calls.

### **Adornment**

What dearer jewel could I wear  
Than morning's breath upon my hair  
More fair than diamond, gold, or pearl  
A blossom's kiss, a leaf's soft curl.

No craftsman's hand, nor monarch's pride,  
Could match what meadows grant beside;  
For Nature's grace, in hush and hue,  
Outshines what mortal hands can do.

The jasmine, pearl of fragrant air  
Falls soft as lips that breathe a prayer;  
The rose, warm ruby of the day  
Outlasts all gems that time decay.

This golden morn, I stand and see  
The blooms that weave their joy through me;  
Zinnias and asters crown my hair  
A coronet the fields declare.

Among these floral friends I dwell,  
And learn what words could never tell;  
Their music hums through leaf and stem,  
And makes my soul a part of them.

When dawnlight drips like silver dew,  
It stirs my veins with life anew;  
Each scent, each hue, each tender part  
A mirror of my beating heart.

So let the world in jewels delight  
I choose the garland made of light;  
Its perfume stays when day is done  
A crown of peace, by Nature spun.