the flower

in the early days of spring
under a silky cerulean sky
my son picked a flower for me
the ones that only toddlers find
playing with the tender green blades

he held it gingerly, smiled
and placed this treasured gift
in his pocket, skipped away
to explore his surroundings

a breath after coming home
he fished in his pocket
but his grin diminished
he removed his hand
with a mangled ball
of the flower

his mourning eyes look at me
until I take the crushed violet
caress it with my lips
and place it as my crown

Cobalt Poets Series # 575 ~ June 6, 2023

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Born and raised in Mumbai, India, Sunayna Pal happily resides in Maryland with her family. Her poetry book, Refugees in Their Own Country (B&W Fountain) was published on the Partition of India. Her poetry is published extensively in international journals and anthologies. She enjoys working as the Director of 'The Poetry Academy.' She is also devoted to the practice of Heartfulness meditation. Find more on her at sunaynapal.com.