



05

SUNSPEAR OVER ST. STEPHENS: LINES WRITTEN AT TWILIGHT

Tushar Kiran Moodgal
Delhi, India

=====***=====

Ah, the majesty of the sun,
Its edges blazing with scarlet and amber,
A swollen orb of molten gold,
Hanging low upon the sky,
The SCR Lawns, they bear witness,
To the dying light's furious rays,
The shadows, they are cast upon the fiery red bricks,
As the approaching dusk greets the final warmth of the day.

T'was as if the Sun lord,
Grand and terrible, fading yet fierce,
Stood astride from across the heavens,
Wielding a mighty spear of fire,
Unyielding in a final dance,
Pierce the sky in two halves,
A blinding ray shot across the spire,
A fulgent cut above Walter's fabled construct.



The silent sentinels that ringed the lawns,
The neem, the peepal, the eucalyptus all,
Providing aphonic testimony to Arka's savage brilliance,
As it sliced through the armies of the gathering dusk.
The branches swayed ever so slightly,
As if whispering in the tongue of the evening breeze,
Their leaves shimmering in a faint trance,
Touched by the light's final caress.

The greenery beneath, lush and thick,
Bearing the scent of earth and life,
A deep, rich aroma clinging to the air,
As if signalling summer's slow retreat.
The grass like velvet, stretched out in splendour,
Nature's thick carpet bathed in ethereal green,
Turning a myriad viridescent shades,
Prior to dawning the cloak of black.

The skies above burning still,
Now with a palette of purples and blues,
A majestic show free of fare,
That appears once between night and day.
And as the twilight runs its fleeting course,
The sun's fire bleeds across the sky,
Adorning the clouds with streaks of crimson,
As if painted by Svarbhānu's blood.



I stood the hallowed grounds in awe,
Bearing witness to the grand spectacle,
As my teeming comrades pass me by,
Scattering about like grains of sand in the wind,
Their cheers marching forth on the dying breath of the day,
A theater of solemnity where power and peace intertwined,
A beautiful irony where endings are symbolized,
Yet, it spoke of something eternal.



This is an Open Access e-Journal Published Under A Creative Commons Attribution 4.0 International License

To Cite the Poem: Moodgal, Tushar. “Sunspear Over St. Stephens: Lines Written At Twilight.” Literary Cognizance, V - 2 (September, 2024): 12-14. Web.