



# Wildflower Post

## *Newsletter*



TODAY'S WRITER

*Aatira Shah*

Aatira Shah is a junior at Duchesne Academy of the Sacred Heart in Houston, Texas. She has been passionate about creative writing since childhood, exploring poetry, short stories, and playwriting across genres. She has attended the Young Writers Workshop at Bard College at Simon's Rock, the Kenyon Review Young Writers Workshop, and the *New York Times* Summer Academy.





## *are You in prayer?*

AATIRA SHAH

Whose girl is that? I think I know.  
Its owner once with face aglow  
Now wears a huge mask of sorrow's flow.  
I watch her tear. I cry hello.  
She gives her girl a shake,  
And sobs for hours until her heart does ache.  
The only other sound's the break  
Of distant blue waves and northern cardinals awake.  
In the soft light of dawn's first sight,  
I wake to the quiet of the night.  
An emerald-gold stitched prayer mat tells tales of old,  
Threads of faith in each woven fold.  
With whispered verses, my soul takes flight,  
Grasping words that bring me light.  
Beneath the high crescent moon's gentle glow,  
I find some peace in the prayers I know.  
The girl is sad, regretful, and deep,  
But she has some real promises to keep.  
Until then, she shall not sleep,  
She lies in bed with ducts that weep.



From childhood days, I've learned to seek,  
In every single moment, strong and meek,  
A vibrant orange, saffron silk scarf wrapped gently, a mother's care,  
A symbol of love beyond compare.  
She rises from her bitter bed,  
With thoughts more than sadness in her head.

She idolizes being dead,

Facing the day with never-ending dread.  
In bustling streets and hidden nooks,  
I find solace in holy books.  
Stories of prophets, steadfast and true,  
Guiding me in all that I do.  
Maybe you prayed for just one little flower,  
But He has planted an entire garden.  
No one else,

Just you.

Through doubts that linger, fears that sway,  
I turn to Him, night and day.  
In every trial, His mercy shines bright,  
In every blessing, His love takes flight.  
For I am more than meets the eye,  
Proud and strong, I'll reach the sky.  
With courage in my heart and love so true,  
I walk this path firmly and through.  
So let the world whirl, let the violent storms come near,  
In His love, I have no fear.  
For in the stillness of prayer's warm light,  
I find peace, I find my place.

