
Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

Alexandra Hohmann: Two Poems

Alexandra Hohmann · Wednesday, May 27th, 2026

My parents' sunflowers

pierce the sky
A church steeple decorated for summer

They demand pedestrians wonder
If their stalks are a stairway to heaven

Tiny bees dance on their faces
Whispering shared secrets

They stand with authority,
Despite the unyielding wind

Bird-pecked leaves are battle scars
That cry resilience

They wilt by sundown
Yet do not relent

So they send roots deep
into cracked earth
To hold on to the brief season

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For My Students

I am a teacher, a leader,
A poem purveyor
Makes you say, Who, her?
Yes, her, the lady with the purple hair
Standing there
Professing her love affair
with words

Y'know, those building blocks
of communication
With the power to heal the nation
Contained within each syllable
Is the germination
Of an idea
Ideas can be dangerous
Maybe even suspicious
But in the hands of the youth—shoot!
Gen Z spitting truths
So loud
Adults are compelled to pay attention
Don't need no intervention
The young are capable
Intelligent
Not as belligerent
As previous generations
So let's overhaul our thinking
Open our ears and drink in
What the teens have to say
No need to plead their case in court
Don't discount, don't abort
Their contributions
From the mouths of babes
Comes a fountain of profound observations
You better recognize!
They are our salvation

(Featured image from [Pexels](#))

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