

# Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

## Beate Sigriddaughter: Three Poems

Beate Sigriddaughter · Wednesday, August 1st, 2018

### Pieta

I.

A woman at work solicits paperbacks  
for our soldiers, especially action/suspense.  
I feel for her, wanting to help, yet  
here I sit trapped in my white marble grief  
for our sons that are always so broken.  
Often it feels we lose our men  
long before they enlist in their dreams  
of glory that we haven't healed  
in more than ten thousand years.

II.

In Papua New Guinea women make a pact  
to slay their male babies, as there seems  
to be no other way to stop a brutal war  
of already far too many generations.  
At this point men in the west are crying "murder."  
Would you rather wait till they all grow up  
and kill each other properly then?

III.

In Israel they are willing to imprison  
high school kids who do not want to  
kill and do not want to die.

IV.

You say it is too difficult to simply withdraw  
and let go of righteous dreams.  
You say I don't understand the staggering  
complexities.  
Do you believe that it is easier to simply die?

V.

Come home, my love, and live.  
 I want you in the fields beside me,  
 not huddling in far-away trenches. I want you  
 to climb with me the narrow path toward  
 intelligence with its dangerous cliffs  
 and its breathtaking vistas.  
 I don't want you on my lap,  
 broken for any reason.  
 Come home, my son, my brother,  
 my father, my husband.  
 Come home, my love, and live.

\*

## Normal

This then is the danger, when  
 the crushing heel of disdain  
 for women is so normal and  
 we live so awkwardly inured to it,  
 that we no longer even notice.  
 Indignant, I show a young woman  
 an ad for a cute nostalgic poster,  
 "Women Haters Club," printed  
 in a catalog designed to sell  
 primarily to women, and she  
 looks at me with large bewildered  
 eyes: What is your point?  
 I watch young women, proud,  
 intelligent, give in to condescending  
 flirtations. It works. It earns them  
 larger tips. I watch myself  
 simpler and defer. It works. Yes.  
 Don't get me started on pornography.  
 Where do we live that it is pleasant  
 here, and normal, for a man to look  
 at women who look vulnerable,  
 for sure, and preferably dim-witted  
 as well? It is a bad, bad dream  
 in which I stumble naked on  
 the high heels of obedience, my finger  
 at my mouth, tongue lolling, while  
 the steady acid of contempt  
 keeps dripping and corroding me  
 like rust.

\*

## The Timing

I saw the perfect maple leaf  
one day, spread in the sun.  
I walked three paces, then  
I turned to pick it up.  
The wind had claimed it away.  
Love, too, comes like a leaf,  
a sunrise, or a rose. You cannot  
say: Not now. Even a fox  
would laugh if you tried  
to schedule its trajectory.  
All true lovers know this.  
If necessary you steal time.  
Love does not wait. Here  
is my flame. Accept it while  
it burns before it fades  
away like a neglected muse.  
There are other worthwhile things,  
of course, friendship, commitment,  
duty, but my love is fragile  
like a rose, and also steadfast  
like the sun, and matchless  
like a maple leaf.  
Let us not save each other  
for special occasions.

This entry was posted on Wednesday, August 1st, 2018 at 5:32 pm and is filed under [Poetry](#).  
You can follow any responses to this entry through the [Comments \(RSS\)](#) feed. You can skip to the  
end and leave a response. Pinging is currently not allowed.