

Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

Lindsay Bernhards: Two Poems

Lindsay Bernhards · Wednesday, August 24th, 2022

Two poems by Lindsay Bernhards

The Wildflowers

In my dreams, I see myself
wandering through a field of
wildflowers that wave to me
as the wind passes by, and
brush my ankles with
their stems.

I plant my knees
in the dirt and ask:
Do you ever fear that the cloudless
sky won't give you rain?
That the soil will be too loose to hold your roots?
That the direction in which you
grow is too far from the sun?
That one day the breeze will stop
and you can no longer sway?

"Pardon us,"
The wildflowers say,
"But we're
Too busy dancing."

*

Why Do We Tell a Woman She's Too Much?

Too thin to be pretty.
Too curvy to be beautiful.
Too loud to be heard.
Too meek to be respected.

Too astute to be trusted.
Too kind to be genuine.
Too matronly to be desired.
Too small to be noticed.
Too tall to be wanted.
Too friendly not to be
“asking for it.”

We repeat these to her
until the messages
bury themselves
into her skin
like a deep red wine,
and she’s so stained
that she doesn’t want to be
in it anymore.

Why don’t we tell her the
truth and say:
*Darling, you are
too great of a force
to be reckoned with?*

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