

The Green Woman of Beaumanor

Pam Thompson

I stretch my wicker limbs
in the grounds of this residential hall
before schoolkids with worksheets
climb all over me
despite signs saying “Keep off”.
My torso of hooped ash
is already bowed by freak weather.
I pray for the dinner bell or
a fire-alarm so I’m left alone
to ponder my mythological importance.

Build a shrine to me. Worship.
I bring life to the land.

Likely I’ll be another class’s project.
They’ll make up stories and plays about me
and perform at my feet -
at my roots. What do they know
about my roots?
To cope, I imagine another life
as a Henry Moore: black marble,
solid on a high plinth, in the middle
of a depopulated Scottish island.