

Dear Children

By Penny McCulloch

Do not think I'm just a man of straw.
I stand here guarding pumpkins, squash
and apples. I can not know who wore
my clothes before, so no way am I posh!
I have no shoes to fit me, but my feet
are merely stubs. My irises are sapphires
cut from a cereal box, pressed on to perfect
circles of pearlescent rubbish. I'll greet you:
Salam, Hallo, Jambo, Bonjour, Salaam
through the smiling lips Ann drew for me.

You children had such fun
working well together, but you did not
notice Sue creeping in to spin
my straw heart into gold.

Note: During half-term, Carriers of Hope (a Coventry charity that supports refugees and asylum seekers) held a Scarecrow Party for the children and their mothers. The children made a scarecrow for the Carriers of Hope allotment in Earlsdon.

The staff and volunteers including the founder (Sue Sampson, retiring CEO) are unsung heroes and heroines.