

What We Said to the Lost Girls

Bitter, long forest:
look back alone,
except for the ground.
Leave the place buried at a tree,
names upon the bark.
Go for safety—so close
might be seen, recognized
by lions and wolves,
snapped up as stray.
Walk fast, the forest so large,
the sun so hot.
Look to end the forest,
every minute
the King running after.
You may imagine how
thorny bushes scratch
and tear pretty to pieces.



ABOUT THE POEM & AUTHOR

“What We Said to the Lost Girls” by Amy Beveridge is crafted from *The Blue Fairy Book* by Andrew Lang (1889). About her process of composition Amy says:

I read the stories in Andrew Lang’s *Blue Fairy Book* with an eye for passages with especially appealing or strange verbs and imagery. As I cut text and reshaped it through stanzas and line breaks, the poem’s power seemed to rest on its directive verbs, and it became an almost mythical address to an unseen subject.

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