



## GHOSTS AT THEIR OWN MEMORIAL

I saw it on the web site and it did not look good  
A million pounds of our Money so it certainly should

I got on the bus from Wales before dawn  
Still dark, cold dew on the lawn

Woman, woman where have you been?  
I've been up to London to look at the Queen  
Meeting the women of world war two  
Celebrating the work they had to do.

She unveiled a monument, What a to do!  
The women asked each other does this represent you?  
The emotional message made women feel sore.  
Its bizarre ,weird ,disturbing, insulting , women belittled sad, black and dour,  
It's like an old clothes shop, or a lynching and hanging in any past war  
It's ,disappointing and not what we want. The police thought so too.  
We would have liked something better , for our brave and our bold,  
Our hopes and our fears, our faces, our bodies, our children too.

Those hanging colourless uniforms with no bums or tits  
Too much was left to the old establishment male gits  
(Not how I normally speak of men but the rhyme was irresistible!)  
A failure of them and us once again!

Women wrote letters to say what they thought  
Often unanswered they all came to nought.  
Public Meetings would have been good!  
More on TV and a real dialogue  
Were women in Wales asked what they wanted?

Woman, Woman. What did you do?  
I took up some leaflets to share with you.

Young women fly past in helicopters and tornados  
The songs, bands and speeches wove a magic spell.  
I just can't share these leaflets. Oh Hell!!  
If I take them back home my man will say I'm a wimp!

Because of the bombs we stood far off with a few,  
Many silver haired and fragile too  
An ATS woman who stood for hours with no chair  
said have you some leaflets to spare?  
Give me some leaflets, we'll pass them around.  
Yes I agree with you It's got to be said  
We were promised three bronze figures right from the start  
One for of each of the services, A real work of art.  
Its our work that should celebrated not our return to the home.  
Our fortitude, bravery and comradeship should be seen.  
Our jobs could be in words carved on the plinth.

After so many years it's all that we've got.  
Will it speak to the Future? I rather fear not.  
In beautiful bronze figures our spirit and humanity should be there for all time

Written on the bus coming home 11.July 2005

**Thalia Campbell**