

# I WAS THERE

A poem by Kate Mizon

2022 Hidden Histories Programme Participant

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I was there when the Artillery guns pounded  
Bodies, lives of soldiers grounded  
The hiss and roar of fierce firepower  
Once beating hearts now still by the hour

I was there, the acrid scent of cordite fell  
Like ashen clouds raining its hell  
The blood shed like a river flowing  
The fears for our loved ones ever growing

I was there when death brought silence  
The once playing fields now entertain violence  
The cries, the screams, the demand for aid  
The debts paid to God, now duly paid

I was there, and I was not alone you see  
No, I did not wash bandages or make the tea  
I fought, I fell, I followed my man  
I battled too with blood on my hands

I was there, we were there and with our children too  
Women of battle, the Women of Waterloo