

All we have is this ground.

There is absolutely no movement whatsoever.

Indefinitely postponed, post prone we wait

At the edges of our understanding

Feel a sense of complete evacuation

A war against what until when

Unprecedented, the men said and so

Our precedents threaten to show themselves.

The game is about to begin.

With no urgency whatsoever, here comes....

Never has so little been done

By so many for so long

We go again, inside's outside's in

This together alone we are all

Boxfresh bodies work with breathless intention

Choose between lose, lose we move

We push with all our might.

Get It Done! War's yet won

It's simply one rule for all

And yet another set for some

We called out foul play but

No heads rolled, absolutely nothing happened.

So it is what it is

And We Do What We Can

Get It Done, he said, won!

It will come, come for some.

And we'll meet again against gates

The Goalposts shifted a century ago

When men reclaimed ground, we found

The most immeasurable strength, play on

We push with all our might

Against the crawl back to normal

Hold onto our marginal gains, again

Unprecedented the men said and so

Our precedents begin to show themselves.

*(1918)*

Beneath our feet a factory floor

Metal stays dig at tender ribs

Lines mark the gaps between machines

Where bodies work in seamless motion

We make missiles, projectiles for flight  
Screw the breech ring sweep swarf  
We find the most immeasurable strength  
Until calls come women return home  
But it is what it is,  
And we do what we can  
Chalk it up, we go again  
Our fires still silently smoulder below.

(2020)

This ground is all we have  
A century after the match began.  
With no urgency whatsoever, we wait  
The first handshake in a year  
A fully legal touch. Touch. touch!  
Stay as still as humanly possible  
We push with all our might  
  
A day's so much longer now  
Than it was a year ago  
An action repeated, over and over  
Could be madness or paid employment

We drop we roll we scroll

Produce nothing yet still, we move

Never has so little been done....

Our precedents begin to show themselves

A century after the match began

The slate is wiped completely clean

We go again, up against gates

Meet me in paris she said

Imagine you are anywhere..... You Are.

A flock of scooters glide by

Young men in unison, eyes right

Unprecedented spectacle, the circus, the sight

A group of women with impeccable

Touch. Down here we'll meet again

Descend the steps a silent disco

Glittering glow worms dancing at dusk

In groups of three spaced out

In Common ground we find

The fires still silently smoulder below

A century after the match began

This ground is all we have.

*The site of Mabley Green was home to the National Projectile Factory during World War One.*

*The women workers of Mabley Green formed their own 'Munitionettes' football team to compete against other factories.*

*Threatened by the game's popularity, in 1921 the FA banned women's football on its grounds. The ban stayed in place until 1971.*

*After the war, the factory was demolished and this piece of common land became a public recreation ground.*

*In recent years, Mabley Green has again become a popular site for women's football.*