

BALKERNE BLUES By Lucy Tate

Three hours now, thinking, contemplating really. How easy would it be? The flow of cars is steady, never a moment that there ceases to be

All I can really see is that stupid gate.

The Roman walls, with Roman bricks, and the people too I see them. Slaves and soldiers alike, all pulling together, placing each rock, each stone, each piece with
fear

All I know is that I see
to call me, you see, on account of my fiery hair and even more fiery resolve. I used

taken down houses, towns, even cities with my passion all hail Boudicca, risen again!

Now I know.

I know that my fire is gone, I can barely take on my own mind, let alone an empire. No. I am far more like these Roman walls, sturdy for what feels like centuries, but if you look closer, if you really cared enough to look, what would you see?

An archway, an empty gaping hole. Misshapen rocks, barely holding themselves together, teetering on the very edge of their time here, ready and so willing to let it all
see a patchwork job, bits of new concrete, no heart, no soul, a poor replica of what a Roman wall should be. There are parts that have crumbled completely. Buckled under the pressure. Why is there so much pressure? Do people not understand that a Roman wall was not meant to withstand this?

Roman walls were not built for big, clump

These bricks and stones were made for so much more: they endure. Come hell or highwater, they endure. Come peace or raging war, they endure. Come tribes and weapons and hatred and hardship, they endure. They endure, they endure, they endure, they endure. So maybe, just maybe, I am made for something more!