

August 20, 1917

## My Mask

I hide behind a mask, for I have no choice

The mask is the door to freedom

Freedom to fight for what I believe in

My mask helps me blend in with the violence

The masculinity and cruelty of war

The trenches dark, and frigid almost exposing my mask, my femininity

The floods, turn my dainty feet, into blistering bruised bricks

My fellow sisters work on trains, deliver milk, and drive vans and  
taxis

For so many soldiers have fallen

I hear stories of women's hearts turning into trenches

No time for love, cold rocks with no time to crack for love

My mask was my ticket out

My ticket out of Britain to explore

My mask is my ride to freedom

Along with the fallen soldiers I will fall

*In the trenches I will stay praying for my fellow sisters*

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