

No one special

By Liz Geuken

Who, me? Oh I'm no one special. I only had the one job, in the war.
Not a WAAF or WREN or WRAC
I didn't drive ambulances
Or firewatch
I couldn't even knit socks.
I had a very simple job.
I never can remember what it's called
but I worked on the machine that made the thing
that drilled the hole
that held the rod
that turned the knob
that dripped the oil
that oiled the shank
that turned the crank
that helped to make the Spitfire fly.
So you see I'm no one special, I've only had the one job, in the war.