

Her Game Too

By Mark Watson



Out in the streets,
On the terraces, the turf.
All the world's a pitch
And this pitch is hers.

She doesn't belong here,
This isn't her place.
Social media reminds her;
"No girls in this space!"

But still, she plays on,
The voices a blur.
She has her own goals
And this next goal is hers.

Jumpers for goalposts,
A wall and a ball.
She's young and she's hungry -
But it's netball at school.

"We're equals", they tell her
But what does that mean?
Equal chances to thrive?
Equal chances to dream?

Equal opportunity for success?
For her, it should be
An equal opportunity
To write her own story.

In the stands, she looks on
At her heroes below.
"Get them out for the lads!" she hears,
"Off to the kitchen you go!"

They leer and they jeer,
These dads, sons and brothers.
No thoughts of their daughters.
Their sisters. Their mothers.

"You run like a girl!"
If only they knew.
She'll be down there one day,
Showing what she can do.

The whole world will see
And she'll prove them all wrong.
She knows it's her place,
She knows she belongs!

These obstacles made her.
Challenges overcome.
But still, she runs harder.
There's more work to be done!

And someday you'll find her
In that Wembley roar.
She'll make that clutch tackle,
She'll even the score.

She'll inspire a generation,
Of players, coaches, fans.
She'll show them they're powerful,
Those Lionesses in the stands.

And the world will come to see,
What she already knew was true:
Football will forever be,
Officially...

Her Game Too!

