

### Boudicca

Prasutagus, my husband, has died  
The Romans have taken all that I have  
I defied the Procurator's agents  
So I have paid a price  
My daughters were raped before my own eyes  
Being the heirs to the throne  
They dragged me for punishment  
My tunic and mantle are torn off  
I am whipped past endurance in public  
A revolt was triggered by these indignities  
My tribe the Iceni rose in rebellion  
We left Camulodunum in ruins  
Burning Verulamium to the ground  
Then marched to Londinium in haste  
With cruelty we made our barbaric entrance  
The severed heads must have been many  
As archeologists today gather remains  
The massive attack of the Romans came  
Many on both sides perished in pain  
I died by my very own hand  
Today a bronze statue stands over the Thames  
To remind everyone courage has its place  
As my red hair falls to my knees  
With my attire including a cloak with a brooch  
Wearing a huge golden necklace  
Remember Boudicca reigns again

Renata Dawidowicz

