

Talis Kimberley, Archetype Cafe

Lady MacBeth said to Helen of Troy
When they finished the wine they'd been drinking
"I'm all for regicide once in a while, but
Helen, dear, what were you thinking?"
Helen smiled back enigmatically, for she'd
Never much cared what her friends say
And the Ladies' Historic Society meets
Down at Archetype Cafe on Wednesday...

Helen confided to the warrior, Jeanne d'Arc
That the war would have happened without her
And Joan with her visionary eyes all aflame
Had seen killing enough not to doubt her
Circe was conjuring bacon and eggs
To the evident delight of young Sovay
And the Ladies' Historic Society meets
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And Lady Macbeth chaired the meeting and gave
An impassioned plea for us to hear that the maddened and
Murdering witches, hags whores and bitches
Are history twisting the tale
So they'll tell you Medea was jealous, they'll tell you
Boudicca took poison and died and they'll give you a
Line to yourself, or a place on the shelf
If you wedded a better-known male

Rapunzel was braiding the hair of the werewolf
Who always wore scarlet for hunting
Annes Bonney and Boleyn were fencing again
For the prize of a worn baby bunting
Josephine Baker's twelve princesses danced
Isadora kept score with Salome
When the Ladies' Historic Society meets
Down Archetype Cafe on Wednesday

And before Lady Mac thanked the speakers
The questions rang out from the floor
We challenged our daughters' perceptions to change
And we challenged our sons' even more
Oh they'll tell you Boudicca took poison, Circe was
Wicked, and Sovay was hung they'll tell you
Evita was idolised, Mary was holy &
Pure, Juliet was too young

They'll tell you that... Helen was 'pretty' and poor Joan was 'mad'
And Medea was 'jealous', and I was just 'bad'
And the Ladies' Historic Society dines
On the finest of foods and the choicest of wines
And if I knew where Archetype Cafe was now
I'd book us all tables for Wednesday...