

**SADIE, THE SADDEST SADIST**  
SETTING: LONDON, 1915  
CHARACTERS: SADIE, a Munitions  
Worker, and JACK, a Sailor

"We'll all be hoarding sugar  
is the rumor that I heard.  
I can take a war, but rations!  
I call that a dirty word!  
In my mouth, the voice of reason,  
to my rear the German hordes,  
and I'd like to beat them both  
between a plowshare and a sword.

I want to be a Modern Girl!  
I don't care if you approve!  
I'll shake the bonds of servitude,  
and wear the cuffs of love!  
Goodbye, you land of bondage,  
I'm foot loose and fancy free  
I'm going to make my money, honey,  
at the munitions factory!

I hopped upon a train,  
it took me to my training.  
I hoped to learn a trade,  
so I could be a traitor.  
I want to give the Huns a licking,  
and put their backs against the wall!  
I told my foreman how I felt  
and he said, "**THAT'S CAPITAL!**"

Then the boss said,  
"Now Sadie, on the factory floor,  
you'll fill shells with shrapnel  
'cause that's what they're for.  
Take a good grip  
on the means of production,  
relax and just let your form  
follow it's function."

With the drill in my hands

and my foot on the trestle,  
as nature intended,  
I was a natural!  
Like a bird in the nest,  
like square holes in round pegs,  
In a few fertile minutes,  
shells piled up like eggs.

I do the work of two women,  
I'm a two for one deal,  
when my country addressed  
me then I deshabbled.  
I stay cloaked in mystery  
to keep my dress clean,  
as the white Cliffs of Dover,  
as white as a screen.

And then, the shift was over,  
a change was under way.  
I left the darkened factory  
for the dazzling light of day.  
My gaze fell on a sailor,  
my head fell o'er my heels  
when he bent to pick it up,  
I felt a missionary zeal.

"Tell me your battle story,  
for my passions are inflamed!  
If the enemy's sadistic  
then I'll beat him at his game!  
I have a vision of invasion,  
of desperate acts depraved!  
And he said, "*Calm down sweetheart,  
Britannia rules the waves.*"

*"If I comprehend you  
I read volumes in your eyes,  
your structure is instructive,  
I have your syntax memorized.  
I've read the whole library,  
since I'm verbally inclined,  
I judge books under their covers  
and I love the ones that rhyme!"*

"You're a sight for sore eyes  
and your laugh is infectious!  
Love's in the air  
and the feeling's contagious!  
With a feverish pitch  
you toss out the first ball,  
I'll catch it, and keep it,  
Dear Jack, Warts and all.

I'm the machine  
in your ship on the ocean,  
This metaphor transfers  
my surplus devotion.  
As my figures of speech  
adorn the gay science,  
I entreat you to enter  
a fluid alliance.

So swallow the pride  
in your mouth or ignore it  
Or give it to me,  
because I'm gagging for it.  
The stains on my sheets  
will come out with some lemon,  
I know that you care  
by these **Marx on my Lenin!**

I awoke the next morning  
to the factory's alarm  
I had a pounding headache  
and an itch upon my arm.  
It was a tiny badge of honor,  
and here's a hundred more!  
My hands began to shake  
and I collapsed upon the floor!

I have nothing left to give you  
but this horizontal sermon,  
I'm at the mercy of these symptoms,  
and my foreman, and the Germans!  
I don't want Duetchland Uber Alles,  
because I'm an Anglophile,

but my Francophone is broken,  
it won't be ringing for a while."

*"Don't quit your labor, Sadie,  
I'd be a band without a cymbal,  
nothing to bang together  
when my heart is all a-tremble!  
I tell you my desires  
and you stand there and reflect 'em,  
If my dreams are in the shitter,  
it's because you've gone and wrecked  
'em.*

*Sadie, if you're a sadist,  
you're the saddest that I've seen,  
for I've seen a Lot in Sodom  
and what a jolly scene!  
You can call my acts illegal,  
but the law was made for fools,  
I get away with murder  
'cause Britannia waved the rules."*

*"So now I tell my story  
to your retreating silhouette.  
I'd throw the history book at you,  
but it's not written yet.  
I would tell my tale of sorrow,  
I would write my Magnum Opus,  
but my tail's between my legs  
and I have Coitus Interruptus.*

*I want to be a Modern Girl,  
and I'm at the cutting edge,  
To say I don't enjoy it,  
that would be sacrilege.  
I'll lie back and think of England,  
but it's a mental trap;  
I gave you my applause,  
and you gave me the clap."*

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