

DEAR MUM -POSTCARD FROM MARGATE

We're spending our holiday in Margate,
Just like we always do.

A photographer took our picture,
For a postcard I'm sending you.

We hoped that Alice might join us,
The sea air would do her good
But she's still grieving Jack's loss,
Dreading life in widowhood.

No rain is forecast all this week,
They say we'll have fine weather
But the war is bringing clouds
And it's all of which we speak.

We cheer ourselves with swimming
And sunbathing on the sand
The boys love playing cricket,
And there's music from a band.

I promise I'll come and see you,
When we're travelling up your way.

Give all our love to dear father
Wish peace by Christmas Day.

Mabel xxx

