DEAR BILL

DEAR BILL,
I'M AFRAID I'VE NOT GOT LONG TO WRITE;
I'M OFF TO MARY'S,
YOU KNOW HOW SHE FEELS ABOUT BRIDGE NIGHT...
IT'S BEEN A FEW DAYS. I THOUGHT THAT I'D SEND A FEW LINES.
NEXT DOOR'S GREYHOUND CAME INTO THE GARDEN THIS MORNING,
I THINK HE LIKES THE ROSES
THEY'RE DOING FINE, I USED SOME TWINE TO TIE THEM UP
AND REIN THEM IN
I HOPE THEY'LL BLOOM NEXT SPRING
BUT YOU'LL SEE THAT FOR YOURSELF.

I'M FOLLOWING THE INSTRUCTIONS YOU LEFT IN YOUR NOTE:
"PLEASE DEVOTE ALL YOUR TIME TO THEIR CARE."
AND I HAVE DONE, I SWEAR,
WELL, EXCEPT FOR THE TALKING,
I'M NOT GOING TO DO THAT,
BECAUSE TALKING TO ROSES IS MAD AND YOU KNEW THAT
WHEN YOU WHISPERED SWEET NOTHINGS TO FLOWERS
TO MAKE MY DAD CROSS.
AND ME LAUGH.
AND IT DID.
AND WHY DID WE MEET IN THE MIDDLE OF A WAR?
WHAT A SILLY THING FOR ANYONE TO DO.

YOUR SISTER SENDS HER LOVE, OF COURSE, AND YOUR MOTHER...
IS THE SAME AS EVER
DIANA'S PIANO IS GETTING MUCH BETTER
WELL, I SAY BETTER, I REALLY JUST MEAN LOUDER
BUT AS SHE TELLS ME – THAT'S PRETTY MUCH THE SAME.
WELL IT MAKES A CHANGE FROM ALL OF THE NOISE AND THE SIRENS –
AND SOMETIMES FROM ALL OF THE SILENCE –
WITH SIX ROUNDS OF "JINGLE BELLS" AND "WE WISH YOU A MERRY CHRISTMAS"
EVEN THOUGH IT IS JUNE
AND IT'S BEEN A LONG SUMMER
BUT SHE WANTS TO BE PERFECT, FOR HER OLDER BROTHER.
SHE HOPES YOU'LL BE HOME AGAIN SOON. (NO.)
SHE KNOWS YOU'LL BE HOME AGAIN SOON.
AND IT'S FINE. AND WE'RE FINE.
IT'S NICE TO WATCH HER GET BETTER WITH TIME.
I SUPPOSE THEY JUST MISS YOU.
I KNOW THEY JUST MISS YOU.
AND I'M NOT GOING TO ARGUE WITH THAT.
AND WHY DID WE MEET IN THE MIDDLE OF A WAR?
WHAT A SILLY THING FOR ANYONE TO DO.