

## 'Letter From Home'

*by Georgie, S5 student, Portobello High School*

I have no photo of a darling  
My eyes look up into the hollowed, hallowed  
Stars from this trench womb  
It envelops us in its earth walls  
Feeding our bodies to the wet, dank soil

My mother writes in neat lines, small to  
"Save the paper". Each letter is her army  
Of sense her regiment of words which  
Sing to my eyes transporting her lilting voice across countries, dark  
Seas and blackout skies.  
She taunts me with the order of home.

From afar, you can glance at the soldier's letters,  
The newer ones gleam like fresh white leaves in their hands.  
They are children with paper blankets at night.  
The looped writing unmistakably comes from  
Twirling sweethearts catching kisses  
Amongst their tear stained scribbles.  
A musk of perfume. A promise of ...

My mother writes in small straight lines.  
Small "to save paper".  
My father's cold hands plough into my shoulder blades.  
We shook hands when I left.  
"Now son" he cannot finish  
And my hands shake as the gulf between me and his vision becomes a  
Chasm.  
This inverted trenched womb  
Eating, rotting from the feet up.

The think, black placenta  
Black blood, draining bodies in  
Rotten puddles.  
I have no photo of a darling.  
My life had not yet begun,