

Dearest Mother,

Oh, dearest mother, I write to you in my time of need.

My brother lies dying on the floor, whilst the politicians are corrupt with greed.

We sit in this trench, playing with boring cards, while in England, people are alive
and dance.

I am confined to the trench; I have nought to go, for sickness has taken control.

I am puny, I am dying, Mother, why did you let me go?

I blame myself for this tragic blow.

The doctor has come around, and says that death will follow within the week, Dearest
Mother, I beg you not to go meek.

If I die, know that I shall smile upon you from heaven, So I guess that in this letter, I
am trying to say goodbye.

Know that my last moments on this Earth, will be of your generous gift of birth.