

## WHEN YOU LEFT

When you left us on that summery day  
I wondered how long you would be away  
The first night, the second, the third night alone  
Dreading just when you would return back home

Your first letter home, on the second week away  
Reading through thoroughly in my bed I lay  
“Trenchfoot is gruesome” or something you said  
A lump in my throat all the time that I read

I remembered how you used to laugh  
When we went out with Bob and Cath  
But times are tough, young Bob’s gone too  
Pal’s Battalion took him, along with you

Two weeks later, another letter  
When mails comes, my heart feels better  
“How’s the bump? I miss you so”  
I say out loud “six weeks to go”

At the market, I hear a rumour  
“They’re back tomorrow” – I wish it was sooner  
The women frantically prepare  
A feast for our heroes of trench warfare

The day has come – you arrive and just stare  
Sat all alone in your rickety wheelchair  
I run to you and grasp your hand  
But in your eyes I see No Man’s Land

Six weeks later the baby arrives  
You hold him so gently and look in his eyes  
The candle flickers, you twitch to the side  
Remembering Bob and the way that he died

Baby Bobby we called him, and to this day  
I remember how I felt when you went away  
The war has changed us, the things we had  
At least you are back and for that I am glad

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