

News

Lightly clicking the laptop closed
he goes to collect some small pieces
of post that have fallen to the floor:

he opens, a single processed page
from the Life Assurance, and another
an appointment from the Sussex NHS
Hospital Trust, along with a postcard

creased and monochrome, showing
the scenes of Southsea; on its reverse
the ha'penny greenness of the King's
head, black-cancelled with the date

04 Sep 18. He reads
the smudged, sloping ink of the unfamiliar
handwriting: *My Dear Sis,*
arrived here yesterday evening, weather

*as warm as a peach. Will write properly
tomorrow after my visit - still no news,
no-one knows, they try to help, but... well
give my love to Ma, ever, Flo*

And heavily clicking the laptop open
he searches Ancestry, Lives, the Registries
the 1911 Census, the 1921, for what might