

### **THE TELEGRAM BOY**

*Standing puffing, he's only a lad,  
What he'd brought he knew was bad,  
Red faced, nie exhausted, uniform navy blue,  
He'd been told exactly what he should do.*

*A 'gram from pouch he carefully removed,  
This was a job he truly loathed,  
The words within were few and short,  
What news? This young man brought.*

*Jobs like this he'd done before,  
' Bang, Bang ' On a dull front door,  
Name spoken; He must be right,  
These are words of an awful plight.*

*A shaking hand; Great apprehension,  
An envelope stuck with little tension,  
Those eyes he watched shew disbelief,  
So few words... But oh... Such grief.*

*"Shall I call a neighbour; Are you alone?"  
Tears now flowing, a gasp, a groan,  
MISSING IN ACTION, PRESUMED DEAD. Looked silly,  
So few words... meant, ' Goodbye Billy. '*

*Once back on bike all painted red,  
Clipped up trousers, off he sped,  
News in haste was his only task,  
He's gone now forever...An historic mask!*

**Keith Holt**