

TELEGRAM

Date: Sept. 25, 1940

From: Walter Weil
Cotton Mill Internment Camp
Manchester

To: Ruth Gerson
Alex Farm
Cricklade/Wilts.

Do Not Marry Arthur,

M A R R Y M E

W a l t e r

The Military Censor
Capt. Macdougall

M A Y 19, 1941

The Registry Office
Cirencester/Glos.- England

...I Pronounce You Now:

Husband and Wife –

Seven and Six Please.

19.5.1961

20 years ago, in a little room
in Cirencester, we both said:
I do.

May there be many, many
more years.

With all my love,

Julie

9th July 68

My dearest,

Just wrote by ordinary mail last night & am sending this with somebody who is leaving Thursday morning. So I hope it will arrive in time.

And what can I send you & what can I tell you & what can I wish you for your birthday? The wishing is perhaps the easiest. Health & all the best things. Tell you: that I love you very much & miss you terribly. Send you: I haven't written any poetry for many years. Maybe I am starting my second childhood. So here is a little something for you. I hope you'll enjoy it as I enjoyed writing it.

Have a nice birthday, may be you'll think of me, keep well, with all my love & a big birthday kiss

Yours Delta

To somebody special: You

In a clear sky, a shining star
A new moon, only seen by few
A lonely cloud drifting from afar
All of them make me think of You!

Snowflakes sailing through the sky
Raindrops beating a tattoo
Wind a blowing with a sigh
All, they make me think of You!

Mountains reaching to the sky
Meadows bathed in morning dew
Lonely flower winking shy
They all make me think of You!

Pestles dreams and lonely night
Early dawn and mind so blue
Wishful thinking and throat so tight
They all make me yearn for You!

And then comes an other day
One, just like the one I know
I toddle on my lonely way
Tell me, what's it without You?

To your birthday from me. 15-7-68

Bhairahwa/Nepal
06.01.88

Under skies far away from home
the winterlight grows pale.
And my heart aches in lonely thoughts
and dreams of you pass through my mind.

Under skies far away from home
the winterlight grows pale.
A storm wakes me from my dreams
and my thoughts wander to you.

A storm wakes me from my dreams,
as tops of trees flash across my mind.
How I yearn for you,
and my thoughts wander to you.

With all my love

W.

Bhairahwa/Nepal
Oct.10,81

A poem which doesn't
rime. maybe a song...

A U T U M N

The falling leaves
those autumn leaves of red and gold.
A long summer has passed,
with beauty and sunshine
and left us mellow
and riper with age.
I see your face
with summer twinkles in your eyes
and your hands,
that never rest.
As you're away
the days grow longer
and soon I'll hear
a wearied song
of passing birds.
I miss you most of all,
my darling,
as autumn comes
and I'm alone