



DEAR MOTHER

Dear Mother, indeed I do regret,
Your birthday, I happened to forget,
I realised too late, when times were hard,
And I hadn't the money to buy a card.

Although you're not perfect, (None of us are)
I think of you often, in this country afar,
Of how you struggled, when things looked bad,
And tried to give us the best to be had.

In my childhood days we talked at length,
You gave wise counsel, it gave me strength,
You were always there, always kind,
You understood, and read my mind.

Your very presence made me secure,
My restless nature you had to endure,
When soldiering became my mission,
You encouraged me in all my ambition.

Malaya, dear Mother, is so exciting,
Don't worry about me now, I'm not in the fighting,
I'm getting adventure, I've made new friends,
And for missing your birthday, I'll soon make amends.

