


# Wilfred Owen, Selected Poems: a) *The 'edited' Letter*

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## Wilfred Owen, Selected Poems: a) *The 'edited' Letter*

With B.E.F. Jun 10.

Dear Wife,

I'm in the pink at present, dear. I think the war will end this year. We don't see much of them square-headed 'Uns. We're out of harm's way, not bad fed. I'm longing for a taste of your old buns.

There don't seem much to say just now. I'll soon be 'ome. You mustn't fret. My feet's improvin', as I told you of. We're out in the rest now. Never fear.

Mother might spare you half a sov. Kiss Nell and Bert. When me and you-

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