|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| Handbag  My mother’s old leather handbag,  crowded with letters she carried  all through the war. The smell  of my mother’s handbag: mints  and lipstick and Coty powder.  The look of those letters, softened  and worn at the edges, opened,  read, and refolded so often.  Letters from my father. Odour  of leather and powder, which ever  since then has meant womanliness,  and love, and anguish, and war.  Ruth Fainlight | Handbag  My mother’s old leather handbag,  crowded with letters she carried  all through the war. The smell  of my mother’s handbag: mints  and lipstick and Coty powder.  The look of those letters, softened  and worn at the edges, opened,  read, and refolded so often.  Letters from my father. Odour  of leather and powder, which ever  since then has meant womanliness,  and love, and anguish, and war.  Ruth Fainlight |
| Handbag  My mother’s old leather handbag,  crowded with letters she carried  all through the war. The smell  of my mother’s handbag: mints  and lipstick and Coty powder.  The look of those letters, softened  and worn at the edges, opened,  read, and refolded so often.  Letters from my father. Odour  of leather and powder, which ever  since then has meant womanliness,  and love, and anguish, and war.  Ruth Fainlight | Handbag  My mother’s old leather handbag,  crowded with letters she carried  all through the war. The smell  of my mother’s handbag: mints  and lipstick and Coty powder.  The look of those letters, softened  and worn at the edges, opened,  read, and refolded so often.  Letters from my father. Odour  of leather and powder, which ever  since then has meant womanliness,  and love, and anguish, and war.  Ruth Fainlight |
| Handbag  My mother’s old leather handbag,  crowded with letters she carried  all through the war. The smell  of my mother’s handbag: mints  and lipstick and Coty powder.  The look of those letters, softened  and worn at the edges, opened,  read, and refolded so often.  Letters from my father. Odour  of leather and powder, which ever  since then has meant womanliness,  and love, and anguish, and war.  Ruth Fainlight | Handbag  My mother’s old leather handbag,  crowded with letters she carried  all through the war. The smell  of my mother’s handbag: mints  and lipstick and Coty powder.  The look of those letters, softened  and worn at the edges, opened,  read, and refolded so often.  Letters from my father. Odour  of leather and powder, which ever  since then has meant womanliness,  and love, and anguish, and war.  Ruth Fainlight |