

# The Letters

## An Education

With quill and silver knife  
She carved the poison pen  
Wrote to her lover's wife  
"Your husband's seed has fed my flesh" As if a leper's face  
That tainted letter graced  
The wife with choke-stone throat  
Ran to the day with tear-blind eyes Impaled on nails of ice  
And raked for emerald fire  
The wife with soul of snow  
With steady hand begins to write "I'm still, I need no life  
To serve on boys and men  
What's mine was yours is dead  
I take my leave of mortal flesh"

Lyrics provided by

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