

# The Guitar Lesson

Steven Wilson

The pupil is twelve-- attractive, withdrawn  
In a midnight blue school uniform Lips just a little too full for her face  
Distant eyes full of space In her posture no trace of coquette  
No defiance She fingers the frets, looking forlorn  
Crossing her legs where her tights have been torn Starts as her mother comes into the room  
And the afternoon grows still And her mother feels a chill, shivers  
And buttons her coat I gently correct the curve of her back  
And I open my back in the now empty flat At the classical piece I've had her prepare  
And her arms are bare as she plays And I draw back behind her ear  
A few strands of hair gone astray She shows her my bracelet, the lesson is done  
I turn it around between finger and thumb  
We sit face to face, and it seems to me then  
That her face is the face of a cat And touching the place where her breasts will be  
I press my hand flat She comes into my lap  
I turn her around  
Her hands clasp my neck  
And her feet skim the ground Her skirt travels up under my palm  
But the pupil sits looking so calm As if listening to the distant sound  
Of a burglar alarm What happened next is hard to recall  
The guitar lesson left no traces at all  
But now, from afar, it seems to resemble  
A strange composition in oil Of a man, a guitar  
And an innocent little girl

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