

Crimson King

"The Letters"

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With quill and silver knife
She carved a 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 with emerald fire
The wife with soul of snow
With steady hands 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

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