

All is Fair

Ann Oxford

There's ink wet on the pages
Of her journal leatherbound
There's ash white in her hair
From the city burning down
There are bodies on her conscience
She chokes back tears and starts to drown
She rips the pages from the journal
She can't think about that now

She licks the envelope
And tastes metal on her tongue
The ink will be smeared but legible
And that will be enough.

It's hard to write love letters
To a man who doesn't know
About the secrets that you carry
About the blood that stains the snow,
It's even harder when you're dying
To sign X's and O's.
It's hard to kiss the enemy
And pretend that you don't care
But this is love and this is war
This is when all is fair

To win the war and save the people
If this is what it takes
Both her and her opponent
Can handle the heartbreak.
One day he'll have to know
Everything she's done
But by then the war will be over
By then she will have won,
And he may still be alive

Or he may be dead
Perhaps she will have killed him
Poisoned him with lead
Perhaps she may have shot him
While he slept in her own bed. . .

This is love, this is war
This is when all is fair
She dries her tears, caps her pen,
And brushes ash out of her hair.