

Marianne Faithfull, The Letter

One grows weary of everything, my angel. it is the law of nature, it is not my fault.

If for example I had as much love as you have virtue, and that is surely saying a lot, is it not astonishing

From this, it follows that for some time I have been deceiving you. but then, your pitiless affection for

Today, a woman I love madly insists that I sacrifice you to her. it is not my fault.

I realise that this is a fine opportunity for crying out on perjury, but if nature's only given men assurance

Take my advice: choose another lover, as I have chosen another mistress. this is good advice. very

Farewell, my angel, I took you with pleasure, I abandon you without regret. perhaps I will come back