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John Sprockett, After the Posse Returns

by Robert Cooperman

I led Dennehy's drunk posse
in circles and onto false trails;
around ghostly campfires I told
of Utes drooling to sink arrows
and knives into white men's guts.

Between my terror tales
and the liquor getting drunk up,
they had less stomach to search
than General Lee to continue
the War he knew we'd lose
before he gathered an army.

Sheriff knows I'll kill him
quicker than I'd swat a fly
if he asks me how that snake
of a minister got found
at the Hell-end of a dry shaft.

Let the Widow and her Tracker
find a long happy life together,
far from where I might be forced
to keep their mouths shut forever.

