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# Mary LaFrance Ponders Her Relationship to the Late Reverend Burden

by Robert Cooperman

What tickled me about Preacher?  
He thought himself pure as Jesus,  
but it wasn't me Delilahed  
a good man from a life of Gospel.  
First time he spied me,  
his eyes burned right through  
my Kansas City silk dress.

Later, he called me his altar,  
like we was wed; he whine  
his wife didn't know  
the ways to please a man I did;  
and he couldn't educate her  
without giving our game away.

I suspected what he was planning  
for her, wanted to tell him  
it'd be better if we left,  
took new names, like we'd been baptized  
and born again; but someone took care  
he'd not succeed. My money's on  
John Sprockett, a skillet-hard killer  
with a soft spot for the ladies;

not knowing we're all whores  
under the faces respectable wives  
put on like party masks  
they're afraid to set aside.

