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Robert Cooperman

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# John Sprockett, After His Second Interview with the Widow Burden

by Robert Cooperman

She could've screamed  
I'd killed her husband,  
disbelieving the Preacher  
wanted her dead.  
Or she could've shrieked  
at my grizzly-scarred face,  
uglier than raiding Blackfeet  
painted all the colors of war.

But she only thanked me,  
grateful I'd saved her  
from that small, nasty dog;  
my heart pierced by an arrow  
sweeter than a honeycomb  
dripping more golden  
than stream-glitter.

But plain as splashes  
on a paint pony, she's sweet  
on that breed tracker.  
Jealousy rose up in me  
like Yellowstone's garden  
of hell-geysers and ghosts.

Simple as snapping  
a twig, to kill him,  
but she'd still never smile  
at me like she does on him,  
when no one's watching but me.

**To be continued in future issues**

These poems are part of a collection entitled *The Widow's Burden*.

Purchase information may be obtained from Western Reflections Publishing Co., P.O. Box 1647, Montrose, CO 81402-1647.

