11-15-2007

Lavinia Burden Risks Everything

Robert Cooperman

Follow this and additional works at: https://dc.swosu.edu/westview

Part of the Fiction Commons, Nonfiction Commons, Photography Commons, and the Poetry Commons

Recommended Citation

Available at: https://dc.swosu.edu/westview/vol26/iss2/33

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by the Journals at SWOSU Digital Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in Westview by an authorized administrator of SWOSU Digital Commons. For more information, please contact phillip.fitzsimmons@swosu.edu.
Lavinia Burden Risks Everything

by Robert Cooperman

I'd decided life
with William was impossible.
But just as I was packing,
resigned to a Boston widow's
lonely drizzle of years,
William appeared, and led me
into the moonless night.

When my husband had been alive,
that cottage was my prison,
especially when he led "Revelation
Sessions," the only revealing
his and Mary LaFrance's
naked flesh.

Now, with each step away,
I felt William and I could fly.
That night we lit no fires,
shared jerked venison and huddled
in each other's arms, knowing
the Sheriff would lead a posse,
his vanity tormented,
like a wolf caught in a steel trap,
that I'd chosen another.

With the first gray of dawn,
we were off, a biting rain
devouring our footprints
as if swallowed by a tide,
like that childhood holiday
when I danced among Cape Cod
fairy-waves.

No less an elfin maiden now,
swooping to wherever the wind,
and William, might lead me.