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# John Sprockett, After His Murder of Reverend Burden

by Robert Cooperman

He thought me a simpleton,  
quoting Shakespeare at me  
like the Bard justified  
the murder of a woman.  
Then he accused his wife  
and Emil the Frenchie:  
as if she'd ever soil  
her marriage vows.

I took the pouch he proffered  
like mine were the dirtiest hands  
his Bible-dainty fingers  
had ever touched;  
and since it was full dark  
by the abandoned shaft  
he wanted his wife to lie in,  
I twisted his neck  
quick as a chicken for a pot  
when I was a Reb raider,  
then flung him into the pit.

No one'll find him for a while.  
The hard part's figuring out  
how to sneak that pouch of dust  
to his wife without her knowing  
where it came from, or why.

