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Two Boys Make a Dreadful Discovery

Robert Cooperman

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Two Boys Make a Dreadful Discovery

by Robert Cooperman

Me and Timmy doubled-dared
each other into that played-
out shaft, hoping
nuggets was lying around
like hardened horse turds.
That's when I stumbled over
something soft and scary.

I screeched
like my older sister clawed me
so fast I couldn't even think
of fighting that booger off.
When Timmy shined the lantern,
there was Preacher Burden,
dead as a donkey
a bear intends
to make leftovers out of.

We lit out of there
like all the banshees
in Ireland was chasing us:
me yelling for Timmy to stand
guard at the mine entrance,
whilst I fetched the Sheriff.

Saloon trash climbed
all over each other—
like wolves on winterkill—
so each could brag
he discovered the body.

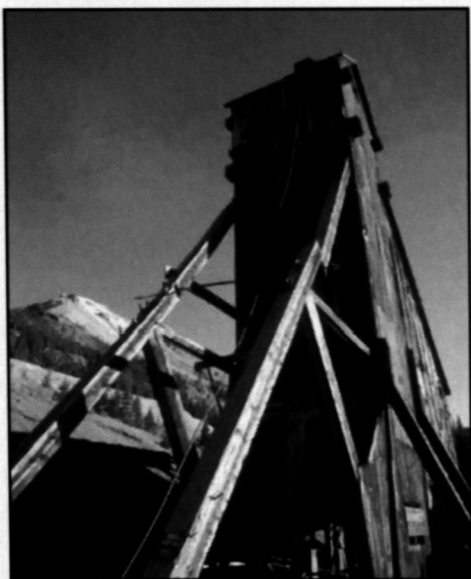


Photo by Carlos Gauna

To be continued in future issues

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

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