Reverend Burden Comes to a Fateful Decision

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/vol22/iss1/32

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.
I've asked the Lord if it's necessary; He's answered. Still, it's dreadful to think my wife must pay, but a man of the Book can't have the skunk whiff of divorce clinging to him.

There's nothing for it but to pay John Sprockett, famous for the deaths trailing him like cannon smoke. He'll know how to do it clean, fast, and merciful, not like that soiled dove we jerked years back. She kicked and thrashed like she was in the grip of heathen lust.

Though it's not my hands on Lavinia's throat, not me tossing her down the abandoned shaft where I pay DeLacey, to keep him quiet about me and Mary, still I tremble.