



6-15-1999

## Sophia Starling Records How John Sprockett Found Her Mount

Robert Cooperman

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

---

### Recommended Citation

Cooperman, Robert (1999) "Sophia Starling Records How John Sprockett Found Her Mount," *Westview*: Vol. 18 : Iss. 2 , Article 27.  
Available at: <https://dc.swosu.edu/westview/vol18/iss2/27>

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](mailto:phillip.fitzsimmons@swosu.edu).

# Sophia Starling Records How John Sprockett Found Her Mount

by Robert Cooperman

My heart swelled almost for my sister  
when Mr. Sprockett led Wren from the livery—  
a miracle in this Sodom of a mining town.  
I had spent the night too trembly to sleep,  
expecting him to break down my door:  
infected by the sour odours of lust and drink  
that rose from the saloon below.  
A lady traveling alone must be impeccable,  
and I've fallen, if only one avalanche of dalliance.

Still, when he sauntered up with my mare,  
saddled and bridled, I wanted to melt like pooled wax.  
His own stallion lost in the storm,  
a huge, gentle gelding trailed behind,  
obedient as a sheep dog.  
“She must've smelled hay and other horses,”  
he chuckled to remember Wren's running off  
when attacked by that mountain lion months ago.  
“Stable owner didn't charge a cent  
when he saw whose mount she was.  
Called it an honor to hold her for me,  
and said I could have this one free,”  
he grinned, patted the sleek, dun neck.  
“Swore it was good publicity for his trade.”

I stared until his eye dropped with shame,  
his reputation enough to mold most to his wishes.  
He gave me a leg up, smeared blacking  
against snow-blindness; a dear man,  
and the danger that shimmers off him  
stirs something wholly un-English in me.  
If he were to lead me to that locked room,  
no telling what mischief might transpire.

To be continued in future issues.

Cooperman's poems are from *The Badman and the Lady* soon to be published by Basfal Books.

