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The Widow Burden's Suspicions About John Sprockett

by Robert Cooperman

When Mr. Sprockett haunted my cottage—
the night my husband never returned—
and left that pouch Christmased with nuggets,
he refused to say why the gold belonged to me.

Whenever I've thought of his visit, a scorpion chill creeps into my heart, For the one offense that badman finds unforgivable: disrespect to the weaker sex.

Alive, my husband cast amorous eyes—and more—at Mary LaFrance.

Not a large leap across a narrow chasm to think Thomas would leave a barren wife: an abomination to Gold Creek's preacher.

From there, no more than a stride over a dry stream bed for him to consider divorce a sin he could no more countenance than deny Jesus spoke directly to him.

And from believing a legal sundering blasphemous, Thomas had only one course left, my heart rasping like a rabbit in one of Mr. Eagle Feather's snares, to contemplate his dread logic.