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William L. Norine

Muriel

Not a soul in Grantsburg ever would blame her, how she endured the scandal and shame of Dewey's cheating, raising their two kids herself, making their favorite meals each day, her marriage on the skids, all smiles for her friends at church. Then at last a chance to follow and catch the louse, with a rude screech of tar and churning wheels, her mind simmering in her sun-baked car. No high-tech digital controls or air-con then, just the hot and sultry wind blasting through the window she cranked ajar, fanning her face, blowing her wild black hair, and ruffling her flowered, sleeveless blouse, for Dewey thought he might be being chased. And then the crunch of gravel, her blind rage

up-ended, the fatal roll, her last breath,
then peace. Her granite headstone nicely placed
says nothing of what happened. There were few
who didn't feel a little for Dewey, too,
for calamity is a most grim sage;
for the wages of sin, sometimes, is death.

William L. Norine has published work in *Candelabrum*, *Touchstone*, *The Café Review*, *Plainsongs*, *Poetry Motel*, *Aura*, *The Nassau Review* (where he won the Best Poem of the Year, 2005), and many other publications. He is also a jazz drummer and composer and has worked in both education and law.