Spring 1961

Washington D.C.

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“And you never did anything about his mother?” the detective asked.

“No,” Paul answered softly.

Paul reached the front entrance and walked into the club. The members were filing into dinner. Throughout the building he could hear gay laughter and the sounds of tinkling glassware. As he crossed the lounge walking toward the dining room, Jeff Donnelly called to him from the bar, and asked if he had done anything about the letter.

Paul stopped and looked toward him. Several board members who were there turned and waited for his answer.

“I was on my way to do it now,” Paul said. Then he turned and walked alone toward the office.

Washington D.C.

Awaited dawn is yet five hundred miles at sea;
In Union Station there are few but me to watch
The little gnomes come out and clean the urinals.

Beneath a bright orange skirt a shapely pair of legs
Squeeze into heels that echo far across the vast
Concourse, reminding me of you, my answer to their
chocolate question.

SAM PIPE