

CHAPTER 3: MY OWN PLACES

310 6th Street SE

My Room

Moving into John's lovely house on 6th SE changed my attitude. The jumble my mind was in chez George clarified immediately when I took possession of a duly rented room, the one in the square bay, upper left with the dining room below. The windows in the center were a bathroom, and the round-bayed windows were John's room over the parlor. It was a shallow but wide house with windows on each side, making very bright rooms. The stained glass panels were gorgeous, and just climbing up those wrought-iron front steps was a thrill. Home again, at last.

My room was brilliant with the bay and side windows, the walls painted an off-yellow and woodwork white. John had hung white sheer drapes at the windows with tasseled tie-backs and very tastefully furnished it with antiques, an ornate dresser and armoire, both with mirrors. My bed was an iron Civil War army cot of unusual width, reputedly made for some fat general.

In the front window sat the variegated dracaena named Claude (after Monet) and on the stand at left the dark green dracaena named Auguste (after Renoir, of course). My treasured Renoir engraving* hung on the window divider. Can't recall the names of the other plants, but the big one on the right was a false aralia. Sorry for the quite sketchy drawing and overdone perspective. I drew it in a fit of aesthetic appreciation of the splendid space. By the way, my pet finch Nineveh lived in its cage at the back of the room by the armoire.

Having a room of my own assuaged my lust to own a whole house right away—soon though... It freed me to experience the pleasant security of job and home, and my romantic self-pity disappeared. I once again became a supposedly mature man of thirty, a free agent, free to create things—like the above drawing and sketches of Victorian details in the neighborhood. My earlier focus on romance (and sex) was soon replaced by nebulous artistic aspirations.

Moving into John's house meant getting to know this musical Marine, a charming landlord, always ready with an affectionate smile and occasional invite to dinner. He seemed truly interested in my esoteric job and though he never accompanied me, impressed by my frequent dancing at the Lost & Found. Generally not very observant unless such interest was made explicit, I never noticed any sexual inclination on John's part. And with my new-found artistic bent, I simply wasn't looking for another...

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* "Nu Couche" played a role in LORD WIND.

My happiness in having a home at last spurred me to indulge in poetry again, though my maunderings were mostly rather negligible—since they tended to historical, non-personal, and frankly trite. However in one poem I noted that I'd received a package from old friend Charles with an FM radio to bring me music again. Without my old record player, my beloved records had been gathering dust on the bookshelf, but at least there was a classical public radio station in DC to keep me entertained. The first piece I heard on the new radio was one of my favorites, Shostakovich's Fifth. Charles wrote that he too was moving to DC soon for a great new job, and I was thrilled that my old school chum would be with me again.

On the 22nd Chas and I went to the Marine Barracks near the Navy Yard for the Evening Parade and another Marine Band concert conducted by our friend John. He was really impressive in his Master Sergeant uniform directing the uniformed musicians. The program was "The Free Lance" by Sousa, "Marche Troyenne" by Berlioz, a medley "Themes of Today" arranged by our own John, and "Overture Solennelle" by Tchaikovsky. Besides feeling terribly proud of John, I was even more thrilled to be living in the cultural mecca of DC where there seemed to be artistic events wherever you turned.

Later in the month, in anticipation of his birthday in October, I reminisced in a poem about the last year's affair with beloved Kenny with a few marginally quotable lines:

*I'll see him with the autumn in Central Park,
But we'll have changed since our idyll,
I alone at this golden time of year,
And he with another—but no matter.
All he ever was to me, he is and will be.*

Another cultural high point came in early October when I saw Chas in a production by the Foundry Opera Group of "The Mikado." He played Pooh-Bah, which I frequently called him afterwards. In the program he was identified formally as Charles, and his bio informed me that he'd danced in many productions with the New Orleans Opera Ballet. Another impressive piece of new information was that he'd also appeared as Oberon in Milton's "Comus." My respect for Chas's theatrical chops grew, especially with his hilarious Pooh-Bah.

I rode Amtrak to New York to visit Kenny for his birthday. It was brief but memorable for our lovely autumn walk in Central Park, quite like what I'd prophesied in my earlier poem. He seemed still to be happy with Steve, but this time I slept on their sofa.* I promised that on my next visit I'd come to see him in "Fiddler on the Roof." The other memorable occasion was my first experience of Grand Central Station where I caught the train back to DC and rode along feeling very professional and cosmopolitan.

A week later my poetic muse managed to pull it together for a verse:

SHRUG

*I walked to work this morning under trees already shedding leaves.
At the bus stop, in a young black man, I saw for an instant
The brown visage of beauty but didn't turn to look back.
The leaves skittered across the walk, scattered by a gust of joy,
And in my leather jacket, I shrugged from the shock of it.*

10/24/1972

I love it that I could simply rejoice in the existence of beauty.

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* See LORD WIND for very different sleeping arrangement over the previous New Year's holidays.

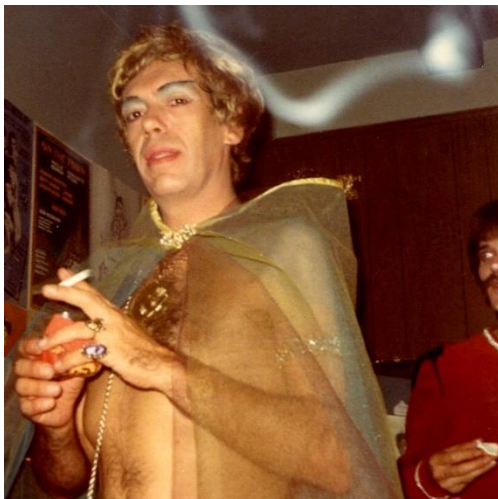


Théophile Gautier (Google Images)

I forgot to mention that when I moved to John's house, I started growing a mustache. (That means I've now worn one for 48 years!) I'd been seeing more guys at the L&F with hairy upper lips and thought they looked real stylish and sexy. Maybe the sad episode of Steve's beard changed my opinion, or maybe I was just adjusting to current 70s styles. Either way, I happily watched my own whiskers grow out, complementing my once again longer hair. (Having landed the job, I could now afford to dispense with the clean-cut look.)

By late October, it got to the point that John thought I looked like a young Théophile Gautier (19th-century French poet). When he showed me a picture in one of his books, it was uncanny seeing my own face on a guy from 150 years ago—flattering but for those wispy hairs on my chin. I wasn't ready for that look, but it gave

me a shot of inspiration. I started making notes on a sci-fi novel. More on that later.



Chas as Oberon, Halloween, 1972

On Halloween there was a party at Georgia's again (upstairs from Chas's apartment). He went as a reprise of his Oberon from "Comus" the year before. For a Halloween celebration, I'm not sure how frightful his costume was, but as you can see from my half-glance askance on the right edge of the picture I seem to have found it scary enough.

I've got no idea what the red shirt-thing I was wearing was intended to be, especially with what look like a bracelet, necklace, and dark thing on my shoulder. Maybe a spider? But I must say my new mustache certainly looks nice. Very trendy for the times. You'll note that unlike my fairy friend, I wore no makeup, scary-fairy or otherwise. (I should add that within 20 years my macho-man stache had turned white!)

On weekends, this "Romantic" young macho man would dance wildly at the Lost & Found, fueled by Cokes and ecstasy (the real thing, not the later drug), then wander home alone to his lovely garret, pondering on poems or the world of his novel. But on the first Wednesday night of November around 9:30, I hit a plot conundrum and went out to mull it over. Out, that is, to a nearby gay bar, the name of which I can't recall, where I drank a Coke thinking over options and oblivious to all else. Like waking me up from a dream, a fellow at the bar on my left turned to me and asked brightly what I was thinking so hard about. I looked up at a blue-eyed blond youth with a curious smile and answered honestly, "Another world."

He had no trouble, this inquisitive, cute Robert, getting me to jabber about my sci-fi ideas, take my mind right off them, and put it completely on him. Need I say that in only a few minutes Robert accompanied me back to my garret and shared the fat general's specially built bed? It was just wide enough for two very active privates.

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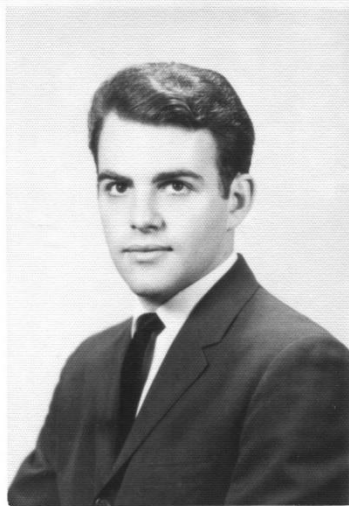
In our brief introductory conversation in that nameless bar, Robert shared his history of coming from California where he'd made a bunch of porn movies. I found his resume promising, and he proved adept in many roles, almost as talented as I. The general's bed bore up well, not a squeak one for the whole two hours of several impassioned scenes. In the silence after the finale, Robert flopped back and exclaimed, "My God, we did it all!" Indeed, I couldn't think of anything else to do except maybe repeat...

With no more ado, I found myself with an affectionate and delectable roommate, and we diligently rehearsed various love-scenes to perfection. Robert was still in his early, eager 20s and charmingly New-Age in his attitudes about spiritual and political things. For instance, when he met my plants that first morning, he greeted Claude and Auguste warmly and kissed the dracaena marginata on the window sill—naming it Maximilian. Robert was a salesclerk in a jewelry store nearby, so we did our jobs and lived like love-birds in the garret. Speaking of birds, one morning while I was replacing Nineveh's water dish, it got out and flew right out the window. I was distraught, but Robert insisted the little bird was happy now—for however long...

About a week later, my dear Charles arrived and came straight from his hotel to see me and meet John the Marine. In our greeting hug he cheered, "Now you live at La Marina!" (Of course he was referring to La Casa de los Marineros from so long ago in New Orleans.*) I was on the verge of tears at seeing him again and felt a great peace having him near. The brotherhood I'd found with him in Ann Arbor seemed to have grown over our months of separation.

Charles's third reason for coming over immediately was to bring me a big green and yellow parrot in its cage to take care of till he could get a place. Robert greeted the complete stranger Charles with a big hug and immediately took charge of the bird—which was named Lorro (merely Spanish for 'parrot'). He cautioned it not to fly away, and Charles assured him that she couldn't. Her wing feathers were clipped. Then patting Robert's cheek, he told him to be nice to me so I wouldn't fly away—but don't clip my wings.

John, still in his uniform from work, was clearly taken by the drama of my friend's arrival, but refrained from hugs, settling for a lingering handshake. Charles greeted him correctly as Master Sergeant but didn't salute. A gracious host, John offered sherry around and presented his Napoleonic collection. Charles was clearly enchanted with the Marine, and vice versa, facts on which Robert and I concurred with raised eyebrows.



"Sister" Charles, 1964

As mentioned earlier, Charles and I had been great friends for many years since going to Tulane in the early 60s, where, to quote from LORD WIND, "Charles and I hung out in the Snack Bar with two other "sisters," Ralph and Rolfe. I called us the Four Micekeeters. Charles was a high-class queen who went to Dixie's and Lafitte's, while I was a low-class Decatur Street faerie."

Only now, after Ann Arbor we were more than siblings, more like halves of a whole. Charles was still as sharply turned out and handsome as in his graduation picture here, if not more so. There was a charisma about him rarely encountered, and I still wonder why I'd never felt in the least physically attracted to him, or apparently vice versa. We were both profligate with our favors, though he rather more than I. But our spirits were conjoined. Now eight years more mature, he was definitely star quality.

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* A Latin sailor bar that figures prominently in *DIVINE DEBAUCH* and *THERE WAS A SHIP*.

It was no great surprise when the next day Charles moved into John's bedroom, and we became a congenial household of four. Charles started his new job with the National Register of Historic Places a couple days later, and we fell into a comfortable routine, taking turns making dinners in the little kitchen behind the dining room—or more frequently, going out to local eateries. Lorro got plenty of attention and care, her cage hung near the bust of Napoleon in the parlor, and she supplied much entertainment. Her repertoire included revolutionary Spanish songs (apparently learned off of a radio) and routines of a mother calming a crying baby (also in Spanish). Before long, she learned to mimic my laugh exactly, something of a cackle.

When Robert and I weren't rehearsing love scenes, we quietly read and wrote. He'd get into some book on psychology or the occult, and I'd scribble awful poems or sketch out ideas for the sci-fi novel. It was a very comfortable, affectionate affair, punctuated with Friday and Saturday nights out dancing insanely at the L&F. That my bonnie Bobbie the Bruce (he was of Scottish heritage, his middle name...), liked to dance was like chocolate icing on the cake.

But I should back up and tell you about how in mid-October at work I'd come upon a notice in a newspaper from Gdańsk (Danzig) of a competition for a new anthem for that Polish city. I proceeded to write a three-verse poem in Polish which by early November Chas had scored for piano and voice. "Do Rannego Portu Gdańskiego" (To the Morning Port of Gdańsk), was sincere and not half-bad Socialist Realism. If not for the complicated Polish orthography, I'd bore you with it, but suffice there being lines about dock workers in the harbor winds moving freight with cranes and tractors, railroad men driving locomotives along the rails, and everyone working happily for a better future for all people. Sadly, it didn't win the contest.

As you might expect, my sci-fi scribblings were inspired by Tolkien's "Lord of the Rings" and Herbert's "Dune." (George R.R. Martin had yet to blow the genre away.) Imagining another world and time was enormous fun. I based my alternative timeline in the geography around Lake Baikal in Siberia with several different genetic populations of humanoid beings. Oddly, nowadays there's much study of that Altai region as the homeland of various species of early Homos, like the Denisovans. As Robert would've said, I must have been channeling the primordial past. Sadly, I wasn't doing it half as well as Auel would later in "Clan of the Cave Bear," but there was still the exhilaration, even ecstasy, of creative imagination.

My story line sprang from the birth of a neuter "child" who from birth has psychic powers over those around "it," from simply influencing their emotions to controlling their perceptions of reality, i.e., working miracles. In short, the novel would be the history of a god in that fantasy world. My imagination would have to conjure up the details of that history.

Over the weeks, I tried to scribble my way into that world several times, approaching it from various directions, levels, and points of view. Sometimes I'd manage a halfway decent scene, but sooner or later the approach would hit the wall, and then I'd try another tack. It was most frustrating, this first serious literary effort since the two novels from my early teens, and by early December I gave it up, filing it all away—for me to read here 50 years later.

I'd venture my decision to abandon the Baikal project was in humble response to the impressive performance of Chas's "Mass for the First Sunday in Advent" on Sunday, December 3 in Christ Church on Capitol Hill, DC's oldest Episcopal church. And to humble me further, our dear Sergeant John conducted! We're talking about a big choir and orchestra of flute, oboe, trumpet, strings, and organ! Robert and I sat with Charles and Chas, who was in seventeenth heaven, and surrendered to his art—magnificent in spite of its blatantly sectarian subject matter and an occasional echo of Leonard Bernstein. I decided to try my own art again—later.

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Those two months from Charles's arrival through the holidays were for me an unusually peaceful, inspiring, and perhaps blessed interlude. I was so focused on my art and my bonnie lad that I hardly noticed Thanksgiving or Christmas. Logically, I expect that they were celebrated either at Ginger's or at our place, but I have no real memory (or documentation) of any of our group festivities. But shortly after dropping Baikal, I vividly recall taking another stab at creating art—in a totally different genre.

In John's house he had managed so far to nicely restore the parlor and bedrooms upstairs, but the dining room was still respectably seedy, the kitchen questionable, and that bathroom upstairs behind the center windows in dire need of help. Once the four of us stood at the top of the stairs looking into the regrettable little room—painted a dark green with a discolored metal bathtub, pitifully tenuous sink, frightening toilet, and scabrous radiator—John thought maybe if he painted it... Like pink?



Tiger and Hunters, Henri Rousseau

Charles was quick to veto that and suggested doing it like a jungle, like being in the middle of a Henri Rousseau painting. At his mere suggestion, I got a full-blown Rousseau vision for the room, and John said, "Do it!" So for several days I did it, my own Sistine privy, with monkeys peering between fantastic flowers and a sun shining through the trees over the tub, the radiator a stand of bamboo with lurking tiger hidden between the bars (a wild *trompe l'oeil* thing), vines and birds around windows and mirror, and the commode and sink camouflaged in plants and more dreamlike flowers. I think old Henri would have liked it. We all did, and I felt redeemed as an artist.

Between loving bonnie Bobbie B and jungle-izing the bathroom I noticed some situations developing between the other three of us living in La Marina. First and foremost was that John and Charles weren't exclusive in their relationship. John would spend nights away in a dalliance somewhere, as would Charles, and they made no noise about it. Meanwhile Robert told me that at one point John had very politely made overtures to him, but he'd equally politely declined. On the other hand Charles and Robert established a warm rapport around paranormal and occult topics that I just couldn't relate to.

Charles often hung around chatting and encouraging my privy painting. He was already full of stories about historic preservation projects here and there, and when I mentioned my desire to buy a neat Victorian house, he excitedly agreed that was something we really needed to do. I was thrilled that he'd immediately bought into my hopes—and that we could do it together. I told him so, and he said, "I wouldn't do it with anyone else!"

One of Charles's regular extra-curricular dalliances was with a cute guy named Glen, a former high-school science teacher turned real estate entrepreneur, apparently already well off from it. He was into buying up cheap little Capitol Hill houses, redoing them, and selling them at substantial profit. Charles took me to see several of Glen's projects.

Right after Christmas Charles came home with the news that Glen had just bought a place on Independence Avenue where we could live in exchange for working on the rehab. That sounded to me like a deal you couldn't beat with a stick.

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Without doubt there was a big New Year's Eve bash somewhere, maybe even at John's for all I know, being as I was oblivious of anything aside from darling Bobbie the Bruce. He was hands-down the most intensely affectionate lover I've ever had, using every—even passing—opportunity to hug, kiss, and caress me. It was easy to reciprocate, but he rarely gave me a chance to initiate such intimacy. The constant contact naturally kept him vividly in the front of my mind, and I paid no attention to bashes and such frivolous goings-on.

John obviously got a bit embarrassed by our adolescent canoodling in the parlor, on the stairs, or wherever, and though we weren't flagrant, Charles would laughingly call us shameless sluts. We tried to be proper when out in public, not always succeeding. On the dance floor at the L&F, however, we could and did get shameless at times, and in the privacy of our silent iron bed we took flagrant to new levels, rehearsing our wide repertoire to utter perfection. In one of our occasional collapses, Robert wondered if it was really healthy to have so much sex, and I bent him over to check his rectal temperature—a little feverish, but otherwise in fine fettle.



1366 Independence Ave SE (nowadays)

Being so addled by my bonnie lad, I barely noticed when he, Charles, and I moved our few effects out of John's house in early January and have no idea what John felt about us leaving him. I did regret leaving the splendid garret and Rousseau bathroom but was excited to move into Glen's new old house at 1366 Independence Avenue SE.

Back then the house was much different than in this modern photograph: I believe it was white-painted brick, with a plain wooden door, no landscaping, and no tree along the front walk. To the right was and is an open triangle with bushes at the intersection of Independence and Massachusetts Avenues. It was convenient having only to walk up Massachusetts across Lincoln Park to Constitution and to work.

The house was eminently in need of being redone, though nothing really structural was wrong with it. No demolition or reconstruction needed, just general refurbishing. We settled into the sparsely furnished room with futons, a table, and a few chairs and started in immediately on re-plastering and stripping woodwork. It was work new to me and Robert, but Charles had done it before and showed us how. I found it very satisfying fixing up a place of my own, even if it was Glen's, and it would only be mine until we got done. It was clear that would take some few months working as we did in the evenings and on weekends, and in the meantime Charles and I could be on the lookout for a house to buy.

Our futon on the floor of the room on second-floor right proved even quieter than the general's bed and comfortably wider, though Robert and I slept entwined... In mid-January the weather turned blustery winter, and our radiator had no effect on the chill. Worse, from the loose windows I feared the drafts on Claude, Auguste, and Maximilian. Charles kept Lorro in the much warmer dining room, but he didn't mind sleeping in his cold room. We moved into the even warmer basement (bottom left window), where the furnace sat in the gloom along the back wall, quietly gurgling and wheezing, but after a while you didn't hear it. The important thing is that it was a now-warm place of my own—with a loving companion. Bliss.

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However, pre-bliss there was a lot of work to do. I set my chlorophyll kids under that (south) window and started some crude, complicated construction with Robert's dear help. It started out as a platform for the futon, with large drawers beneath for whatever. With Charles encouraging me and expertly advising on design, I took it the project a bit farther. First, let me note that I'd never been much of a builder type. The best (and coincidentally worst) thing I'd ever built was a bird-house which strangely attracted no avian tenants.

We put high sides on this platform, one with a bookshelf above the bed, and the other with a collapsible end-table (for breakfast in bed). Overhead, about four feet above the bed (leaving room only for crouching) were more cabinets, again for whatever. Placed along the wall, it became a sleep-shelf. It was a marvelously unique experience the first night Robert and I made love in our bed-cave and slept in that warm womb.

Shortly after completing our carpentry, Robert suggested that I rework my sci-fi idea and start writing again. I quickly conjured up an alien "xenologist" who comes to a strange planet to study its populations, the story line involving "body-snatching" that scary old movie. And when we weren't rehabbing, Robert would read in his books about horoscopes or UFOs while I typed quietly on Charles's old IBM. I have no doubt that he encouraged my imagination to distract me from his lovely body. After three months of continuous passion, I was probably wearing him out. Our affair was the first time in my life that I'd really lived with a lover, and I'm sure I'd been pigging out like a diabetic kid in a candy store.

In December, a month into our liaison, Robert wrote a page about his overwhelming love for me, later passed me affectionate little notes, and in between physical intimacies expressed his tender feelings, but I never really thought about our love or wrote any poems. Maybe I was just enchanted by the joy of possessing a beautiful young man, caring for him intensely, but not really in love. Or maybe it actually was true love—for once: a feeling of contentment without concern about where it came from, what it was, or where it was going. Perhaps profoundly, my bonnie laddie once said that love was peace found complete in another.

In any event, my renewed concentration on the extraterrestrial did cut back our schedule of amorous rehearsals in the bed-cave somewhat. More often now we slept chastely, though still entwined, but we continued to kiss and caress about the house as avidly as before. It seemed we'd indeed found peace complete in each other. Robert explained it as slowing down to feel the love, security, and peace of mind, to feel the flow of the river. I appreciated his metaphor, but in the preceding year I'd learned not to surrender my fate to the Flow—or to Lord Wind. I'd just slow down and watch the river flow by.

It may have been February 2, Groundhog Day, in bleak mid-winter, when Robert and I awoke to a good-morning kiss and heard a slight, squeaky mewling from behind the dracaenas. In truth it came from outside the English basement window—where a tabby kitten huddled and shivered on the sill, meowing and mewling pitifully, barely loud enough to hear inside.

I moved the green guys aside for Robert to open the window and rescue the tiny creature. To warm it up, he snuggled and cuddled it against his bare chest, creating the most beautiful image I recall of him, though his face is hidden by looking down at the kitten and shaggy blond hair hanging. (If only I had any picture of Robert...—and could remember his handsome face.)

And here's me not particularly caring for cats... Robert asked what we should name it, and I came up with Ye-cat-er-eeen-a (for Catherine the Great), AKA Cat-you-sha (Kitty). Robert and Charles pronounced it Cat-2-sha, but I wasn't a purist. The disturbing thing was that we now had a cat—which turned out to be appropriately female.

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Naturally Lorro had nothing to fear from Katyusha, more like vice versa. The parrot made threatening noises and sometimes sang at the cat which paid it no mind. While we worked on a room, Katyusha was too curious and had to be closed in the bathroom with her litter box. But otherwise she had the run of the house and seemed constantly underfoot. Her favorite place was Robert's lap (one of mine too), where he could pet her while he read. By mutual agreement, the feline and I had little to do with each other, and Charles was welcoming but distant.

Even with a playful kitten sometimes in the way, Robert and I continued finding peace complete in each other right up through Valentine's Day. Independently we bought each other the same box of chocolates! Charles invited Glen, John, and Chas over for a dinner party so they could see our great progress on the house in six weeks. After the chocolate cake, Robert and I left Charles and Glen alone for more Valentine celebrating and walked John and Chas home—since it was nicely on our way to the L&F to dance for Cupid.

Waking up the next morning, I opened my eyes to Robert turned up on his elbow and looking down at me with a pained expression, almost a grimace. I did that sudden-surprise jerk and asked what was wrong. He quickly kissed me, nuzzled into my throat, and said, "Rich, I'll go away soon." Robert wanted to go back to San Francisco, tired of selling jewelry... He sounded so like Emerson, but this time we both loved each other a lot. He added that he had to go to set me free—to let me create my art without distraction. After the sad news and my begging him not to go, we made love again, a good way to start saying goodbye.

His simple statement shattered my peace and the next week generated an untitled poem:

*With this late snow the winter blurs the walk with white.
He said he'd be leaving soon,
After holding me in the cold, lying with me out of the wind.
Now there are drifts in the offing
While he leaves one night at a time.
The snow will be bitter then, the peace of white quiet cold
When he won't come home again.*

2/23/1973

At the end of the month, likely because I'd gotten so desperate about him going, Robert did go—not directly back to San Francisco, but to stay for a couple weeks with Chas before departing. Understandably and to my chagrin, he had to leave Katyusha with me. I helped him carry his stuff the several blocks to 6th Street where our host broke out the brandy for the occasion. I tried to get Chas to adopt Katyusha, but he was afraid Pucket would object.

The next week was Mardi Gras, and John, coming from Cajun roots, threw a big party with a crab and shrimp boil and lots of liquor. Almost everyone came *en masque* and raised hell. I did a simple toga with floral cape and ivy in my hair as Bacchus, and we did Robert up in fake fur pants with a perky deer's tail, bare chest, and little horns hiding in his blond hair. We still made quite a splendid pair.

After the party peaked, Robert took me upstairs to our old garret, sat me down on the general's bed, and read my Tarot. We did a shuffling, cutting, and dealing ceremony, and never having been near a Tarot deck, I had no idea what to expect. Reading the cards, Robert spoke about my future, saying I'd get what I wanted most in life, intimating a house but leaving it open to the big question of what it was I most wanted. He added that a powerful, dark-haired woman would come into my life and make everything work out right, though she could be dangerous. Much later I would discover that my bonnie lad was a real prophet.

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