



Ruby

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Paradise

For many are the pleasant forms which exist in

numerous sins,

and incontinencies,

and disgraceful passions

and fleeting pleasures,

which (men) embrace until they become

sober

and go up to their resting place.

And they will find me there,

and they will live,

and they will not die again.

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and incontinencies,
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Ruby

They shoot the white girl first. With the rest they can take their time. No need to hurry out here. They are five miles from a town which has seventeen miles between it and any other. Hiding places will be plentiful in the Convent but there is time and the day has just begun.

They are nine, over twice the number of the women they are obliged to capture or kill and they have the paraphernalia for either requirement: rope, palm leaf crosses, handcuffs, Mace and sunglasses along with clean, handsome guns.

They have never been this deep in the Convent. Some of them have parked Chevrolets near its porch to pick up a jar of honey or have gone into the kitchen for a gallon can of barbecue sauce; but none has seen the halls, the chapel, the school room, the bedrooms. Now they will. And at last they will see the cellar and expose its filth to the light that is soon to scour the Oklahoma sky. Meantime they are startled by the clothes they are wearing--suddenly aware of being ill-dressed. For at the dawn of a July day how could they have guessed the cold that is inside this place? Their t-shirts, work shirts, and dashikies soak up cold like fever. Those who have worn workshoes are unnerved by the thunder of their steps on marble