

Richard Speck

The Gun Club

In my sleep,
in my sleep last night

In my dream,
in my dream last night

In the dark,
in the dark last night

In the hall,
walked Richard Speck last night

[Going back. Going way back. Rewind. Chichichichichi. Going way back to 1966.

My mother was talking with her sister about some nurses who were murdered up in Seattle late in the night. Her description of these murders was vivid, and she accurately identified with the fear that the surviving must have felt, all curled up underneath that bed listening to her friends get killed one at a time. Waiting for the moment she too would be discovered and disposed of.

Hence, in my overcrowded childhood mind, these murders played out time and time again like a sickly off-Broadway production that keeps getting revived. And so, sometimes in my dreams, Richard Speck walks the hall at night.]