

There's a Hole in Your Shoe, Mr. Stevenson

by Kathy Fish

On a night in 1952 he walked her home in the freezing rain, past the nativity in front of St. Mark's, sharing his flask of schnapps. *Look, my fingers are prunes*, she said. He kissed her hands and said, *Let's name our firstborn Adlai*. She laughed and said, *No. Dwight*. They were democrats with an acute sense of irony. They ducked under an awning and he pulled her close, describing their future on her neck, the magnificent new world their children would inhabit.

