A Heart Beating Hard

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Published by University of Michigan Press

Goodman, Lauren Foss.  
A Heart Beating Hard.  
Project MUSE.  muse.jhu.edu/book/52160.

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warm and breathes and breathes until the smell of the air of the Club feels gone from her inside. Marjorie looks up past the sidewalk and the Club and the lines of the telephone poles to the place where the hills touch the sky.

Sorry, Dr. Goodwin, she says.

Marjorie moves her wind with the outside wind, lets in all this good open air and raises her finger up to trace the backs of the far-away hills. She follows the white snow lines of the slopes, turning her body big in a slow circle.

I do not go to Prime Rib Dinner, she says.

Marjorie moves her finger slow, making the shape of the chain of the hills. She leans a little to the left, moves in her containing circle, draws the hills in a whole ring all the way around her. Follows the tall of the mountain up high and back down to the long curls of the hills. The circle of hills, keeping in, keeping out.

Marjorie makes fists with her red fingers and puts her hands inside her pockets. People pass by and into the Club and Marjorie can see how they walk fast and heads-down and hungry for Prime Rib Dinner. Marjorie turns and starts walking. The Club at her back, Marjorie, surrounded by hills, by blowing, clean air, moves the mountain of her self slow and free in the cold direction of home.

29. MARGIE

L-U-C-Y
L-U-C-Y
M-A-R-G-I-E
M-A
M-E
A-G-E
R-I-G
G-E-M
G-R-A-M
R-A-G-E
L-U-C-Y
M-A-R-J-O-R-I-E
M-A
J-A-M
J-E-M
L-U-C-Y
J-A-R
Middles of the nights Marjorie, free from her bra, from Gram, from the Store, rolls over to lie in the worn-in place Ma left in the soft sinking mattress and presses the button on the clicker that turns on the soundless television. The set is an old brown box with only two channels that come in clear enough to see People inside all the dots and waving lines of light. Marjorie lies in the shape of Ma, held by the mattress of Ma high up above what is left of Ma, Marjorie’s arms and legs curled up near to her to feel warm to feel the whole big whole of her. She is careful with her self, careful not to make the headboard sounds. Marjorie holds her hands close to her chest and slows her wind, slower and slower until her skin is so still she can feel her heart beating beneath her fingers.

Marjorie holds her self close and warm under her blankets and from inside the very dark of the room she watches the way People move through the television light. The men and ladies on the screen smile so much. Their mouths move quickly, teeth flashing bright white and their lips are big and red and wide and open and closed and open. Marjorie stares at the light lines of the television that take the shape of lips and when the television People smile, she smiles, and when