A Heart Beating Hard

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Published by University of Michigan Press

Goodman, Lauren Foss.
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I know, Margie said.
You know what?
That you hate that.
Fuck, Margie, Lucy said.
She leaned down lower into the soft sink of Margie's body. Lucy put her arms around Margie's leg and rested her head on Margie's knee and she squeezed. Margie felt the heat of Lucy move up and down her body in waves. She felt her face burning hot and she felt the wet of Lucy's forehead heavy against her knee. Margie put her hand on Lucy's head and kept her eyes closed tight.
Lucy's voice, when it came, was far away and low and sad, was a sound, a pain Margie did not want to hear.
I can't believe it, Margie.
You still look for them?
Margie?
You still look for the small people?
I am still looking, Margie said.

35. MARGE

Look out there look there, you see that?
Look at it, would you look?
Marge, I'm telling you to look so be polite and look.
See there, that baby? That's mine. My new baby.
Good? You think that baby is good?
Good is nothing. That baby is the fucking best.
I'm going to show you, Marge.
I'm going to show you how much better than good that sweet baby is.
Get out there. Let's go.
Yes, into the car.
Too stupid, Marge.
Now.
I'm saying so. Your ma don't care.
Out. Now.
Go, Go, Go. Move those fat legs.
See how the sun hits her? See those curves, that shine.
All mine, Marge. Mine and nobody else going to fucking touch her.
Don't touch that handle. I don't trust you.
No. You are not going back inside. You are going for a ride.
Good, fuck.
Don’t touch anything. Get in.
Get back there. I don’t trust you up here.
Can you fit? You fit back there, Marge?
Life hurts, Marge. Deal with it.
Now listen to her. This baby purrs. Like a little kitty cat. Like a fucking woman, Marge. Listen to this baby moan.
You hear that?
What’s wrong with you back there? Like you never been in a car before.
Your ma don’t need a car. She’s got me. I’ll take her where she wants to go.
Okay, Marge, hang on tight. Here we go.
No belts back there, Marge.
Just hold on.
Fast? You think this is fast? Fucking fast my ass.
I’m going to show you fast, Marge.
You hold on and you watch. Fast is coming. We’re getting to fast.
See that? You hear that? Get your stupid fucking head up out of your lap and look.
I told you to look.
Look at me, Marge. Look at this baby.
I’ll decide when we go home. You just fucking sit and watch and like it.
We’ll drive around all day like this if I say so.
Tell me you were wrong. Good is fucked up. Good is an insult to this beautiful baby.
Say you’re sorry, Marge.
Louder. Say you’re sorry for what you said.
Not to me, stupid. Say it to my baby. Say it to her.
Apologize. Now.
Say it. Tell my baby how fucking sorry you are for insulting her.
Now lean down and kiss her.
Do it, Marge.
Do what I fucking say.

36. MARJORIE

Angry. A lot of angry.