her self, with her self, in the washing warm waters of her self. She feels fine. She will feel fine. Inside she will float up light and free in the warm and the touch of the water.

This is not a storm.
Here it will not storm.
This is a wash, a shower, a bath, a way out.
This is a flood that Marjorie is making, a flood from her self to fill her self to let go of her self to help her self to drain her self of what is dark, shaped, blinding, white, of what is known and not known and what should not be.

39. MARGE

Here, Marge, here. Get here.
Get your ass over here.
Here, a toast.
This is the good stuff.
Some real champ-pain. And whiskey. The good stuff.
Toast. Cheers.
To us, Marge. Me and your ma. Hitched.
Get that glass up.
To us. Say it. To my ma and my old man. My new old man.
What the fuck is wrong with you?
Stupid.
Can’t you talk? I know you can talk. I hear you talk.
Talk out there with your girlfriend. I hear you, Marge. I watch you two out there. Big ugly you and your pretty little friend.
Say it. To Dad. To my new daddy.
Come on, Marge. You can get one out. Just one word. Just one little word out of that big fat mouth of yours.
Sir. You want to call me Sir, Marge?
Keep that glass raised up there. High above your head.
One word and you can drink that down.
I know you know my name, Marge. Let’s hear it.
I will help you. Move those big lips of yours for you.
Too lazy to do it yourself.
Here.
Fa-ther.
Da-ddy.
See, Marge. It ain’t so bad, talking.
Mus-tang.
Mus-tang.
Now drink.
Fuck it, you know what?
You know what I just realized, Marge?
Fuck, I don’t want to be nobody’s daddy.
Mustang. That’s me.
You call me Mustang.
Cheers, Marge. To us.
Drink.
Say it. To us. To Mustang.
Louder.
Drink.
You drink that now.
That’s good shit you’ve got in there, Marge.
I bought that for you.
Drink it now or I’ll pour it down myself.

40. MARJORIE

Marjorie likes babies. She stands and watches the swinging door and does her best to smile and she waits for People and she waits for babies. Shoulders high as she can make them go. Standing. Watching. Waiting.

And sometimes babies pass by. Babies dressed in bibs in pink dresses in purple pajamas in blue tiny t-shirts in blankets in little puffy coats in strollers in seats put in shopping carts or in the arms of their ma.

Marjorie likes babies so much.
She smiles. Wider. More. As best she can.
Hello, she says.
Welcome.

Marjorie makes her voice loud. Moves her arms and her legs. Would open the door for the babies, if the door did not swing open and closed on its own.

Because Marjorie likes the babies even more than the People.
Marjorie likes babies the most.
Of everything.
But babies do not like Marjorie.