Margie’s days, marked by time, by words, by movement, by change. From here to here to here. If Margie had had her way, she would have stayed put. Margie would have stayed still with Lucy. She would have stayed seven and sitting beside the brook with Lucy. Margie would have stayed out on the sidewalk in sunlight, in summer. School-less, secret-less, breast-less, time-less, free. Margie would have stayed with Lucy, warm with Lucy, little with Lucy, him-less and happy with Lucy.

But the world works on time, and Margie, mostly of the world, mostly there, went where time told her to go.

Margie went home.
And we went on.

45. MARGE

I found your secret, Marge.
In your room.
I saw what you did.
Fucked up that wall.
I knew that old bag was helping you hide something. All those ugly pictures she taped up there.
I knew there was something going on.
Behind my back.
I knew the two of you were up to something.
You’re going to pay for that wall, Marge.
Thought you were being cute, putting your name up there for everybody to see.
You look me in the eye when I talk to you.
You think that makes this your house, Marge?
You trying to make problems for me? Trying to get that landlord to come in here and yell at me about what you did?
Stupid, Marge.
I’m smarter than you.
I know what’s going on.
You want to know where all your pretty pictures went, get over here and look down my throat.
Look down in here, Marge.
This is what I did with your secret.
Can’t hide it anymore.
Now everybody knows what you did, Marge.