Yes, we think so.
We think it is easier this way.
We think this is the way things are meant to be.

48. MARGE

Show me, Marge.
You love this cute little bunny so much, you show me.
I see you and him.
How you sleep.
Fat arms wrapped around his bunny neck. Lips on his little bunny face.
Do you love him, Marge?
Tell me how much you love your little faggot bunny.
Why don’t you talk, Marge?
You tease.
Why don’t you move?
Are you scared of me?
Too stupid, is what I think.
Stupid like your ma. Ugly like your ma.
But don’t tell her I said so, Marge.
I don’t mean it.
I love your ma like you love your blue faggot bunny rabbit.
Hold her close and feel her mouth.
You won’t tell nobody, I know.
Maybe just that bunny. I bet you tell him all your secrets.
Well you know what, Marge?
You tell that bunny to watch out.
You tell him I’ll rip him up and swallow him whole.
Come on.
Can’t take a joke?
It’s just too easy with you, Marge.
You got to learn to put up more of a fight.

49. MARJORIE

Marjorie, again, always, again sitting back up against the hard headboard, feet, knees, thighs, belly, self sunk down into the soft, too-soft bed. The shape of Ma in the mattress becoming every night more and more the shape of Marjorie and
still she cannot sleep. Marjorie, again, breathing, blinking in the seeping blue light of the soundless television. Marjorie, here, again. A day, a night, a night, her life in things thrown off shelves, of departments leaking into departments. Marjorie, again in her inside, again and again watching her big black-sneakered foot fast-kick Tony’s little chest. Again hearing Mac’s Get out. Suzanne's Go away. Marjorie alone. Watching the People on the television walk and touch and nod and sway. Marjorie wanting. The hard, the holding, the remembered feel of the springs of the sofa bed. The good of the usual.

Marjorie with both hands squeezes her skin more alive. Behind her knees, in her neck, under her armpits and in her head there is pain. Waves and pokes and pools of it. Marjorie feeling so much she cannot say. She opens her mouth to whisper, to speak to her self, to Ma or Lucy, just to speak, just to see what she will say, and Marjorie says nothing. Marjorie squeezes her shoulders and arms and opens her mouth and moves her lips and she is quiet and unknown as the People on the television.

She rubs her rough elbows and her hands take turns touching every one of her fingers. Marjorie puts her hands in the warm place under the big of her soft breasts and makes her hands into shelves to hold her self. Thinks. Feels. Sees. Suzanne’s body covering Tony’s body. Benjamin and his braids and his bicycle. Mac and his angry, his hand hurting her arm. His prayer.

Jesus, Marjorie, Jesus.

Lucy.

Marjorie rubs her hand down to her belly that rises and rolls with her wind.

Where is Lucy?

Ma, real Ma, burned up into dust in a box under the bed. Ma is here.

But Lucy.

Marjorie remembers.

Marjorie remembers the shape, the dark, the red quiet of Lucy. Real Lucy. What was not shown to her. Who never had a chance. Special, secret Lucy. The surprise of Lucy. The small body, almost body, the becoming body messed up by Marjorie’s body. Lucy, who did not need to be so wrong. Lucy, but Lucy, Marjorie did not know. Until Lucy had stopped becoming Lucy. But now, and now, Marjorie wants to know.

Where is Lucy?

Taken. Lucy was taken. But where? Marjorie holds on hard to her belly to her big empty feeling. Marjorie is trying to remember. Looking hard into the bright of the lights inside, trying to see, trying to know. So much time she cannot touch. Things she wants and cannot remember.
Where is Lucy?

Marjorie rolls over onto her side and rocks her self until her legs are off the bed and on the floor. She wiggles her toes and waits for her blood and breath to slow.

There must be ways to know the things she does not know.

Marjorie stands up. She steps into the hallway quiet as she can and across the hall hears Gram’s snores loud and slow. Marjorie uses her hands to help her walk through the dark apartment to the kitchen. She switches on the bright white light. The sudden shock of things, dark shapes, shadows, shaped into what is known by the light. Marjorie blinks until her eyes can see, and then she picks up the telephone.

Probably Dr. Goodwin will not be there. Marjorie does not know the time but she can see from the dark and the quiet that she is somewhere in the deep of the night. But Marjorie wants to know.

The ring. Ring. Ringing.

This is the sound of Marjorie looking for People. Wanting to know. To get out of her self, away from her self, free from what she does not remember.

The rings are long and unanswered. Marjorie’s heart beats fast and faster. The pains of her body will not rest.


A beep.

Her voice, too loud in the too quiet kitchen.

Marjorie needs to know this.

Where is Lucy?

Hello, Dr. Goodwin. Here is Marjorie.

Where is Lucy?

50. MARGIE

This was a new place for Margie, this huge open abandoned place where Lucy said the people in the town used to sit in their cars and watch movies. A long, gray-green lot stretching out all around, bordered by almost-leafless trees on three sides and a giant white square screen at the front. Gray poles stuck into the ground in rows. And the wind, the cold hard wood-burning wind of autumn, blowing.

Those poles were for the speakers, Lucy said.

That’s how you hear the movie from your car.

Margie walked slowly, Margie followed. Big, bloated, belly-down clouds