where Lucy had turned cartwheels and Margie had made her circles, past the sidewalk where all the good that could ever happen had happened.

Beautiful Lucy ran through the snow to the warm waiting car and opened the door. She did not stop, did not look up. Lucy opened the door of the car and moved her body inside it. She was quick, she must have been cold. Margie watched Lucy get into the car and close the door behind her. Margie pressed her face harder against the cold of the glass and watched the white-covered car cough out gray smoke. Margie watched the car drive slowly away into the swirling white.

What is left to say?
We have nothing more.
We’ve said it.
All of it.

60. MARGE

Marge.
Marge.
Marge.
Marge.
Marge.
Marge.
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Marge.
Marge.
Marge.
Marge.
Marge.
Marge.
Marge.
Slut.