A Heart Beating Hard

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Maybe that’s your answer, Marjorie. Maybe you can’t forgive the people who hurt you. And maybe you don’t need to.

Good. I don’t forgive Him.
But it’s important that you find a way to forgive yourself.
My self.
You. I think you are the one person you must find a way to forgive. Or else you’ll spend all your time thinking about the past.
But I hurt Tony. I am bad.
You did a bad thing and you apologized. Your friends don’t need to forgive you. But you need to forgive yourself.
How?
I don’t know, Marjorie. That’s for you to figure out.
Just keep going. Be good.
That sounds like a start.
Keep going with the days. Be good as I can.
I know you will find your way, Marjorie.
Forgive my self.
But not Him.

62. MARGIE

Well.
Except this.
We’re sorry, Margie.
That’s one thing left to say.

63. MARGE

Nowhere to go, Marge.
Snow out there is high as your tits.
Your girlfriend, gone.
I’ll miss her, Marge.
That tight little ass out there running around.
Used to like watching her right out there. Right out your window, Marge.
Best view in the house from up here.
Everybody’s gone, now.
Big fat Marge left all alone.
What are you going to do now?
Dykes don’t want you.
Your ma don’t want you.
I still do, though, Marge.
Mustang’s here for you.
Look at you, getting fatter every day. Keep eating like that and you’ll never leave this house.
But that’s okay, Marge.
I don’t mind.
You’re still pretty to me.
You think I only go for the skinny ones but that’s not true.
I like to hold on to them, Marge.
I like something to squeeze.
And you got a lot of you to squeeze.
You got a lot to hold on to.

64. MARJORIE

The day is not day and the night is not night. The light is warm, is slow to leave, is the blue light left behind after the sun goes down behind the hills.

Marjorie stands still in her self outside the Club. Resting. At rest. Listening to the whoosh sounds of the cars whooshing by on this side, the People-soup sound of the People laughing and yelling inside the walls of the Club on this side, the beat, beat, beat sound of pounding down deep in her under.

The sign.
The Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks.
The brick walls of the Club, protecting, holding.
Keeping the People in, keeping Marjorie away.

Marjorie does not try to open the door of the Club. She stands in the middle of the sidewalk and she steps two steps to the grass on the side to let the People pass by. Resting, here, in her place, halfway between the Store and home, not inside, but here. The air is deep into spring air, warm wind leftovers from a wet-parking-lot-steaming-in-sunlight day. Marjorie moves slow inside with the come and go of her wind. She will not go into the Club. Marjorie knows that Mac and Suzanne are set in their angry. Marjorie knows that Mac and Suzanne are not going to open the door. But here Marjorie is, at the Club, outside the Club, sorry, in the center of her circle, because this is her place.

And where else is there to go?
The soft round backs of the hills all around her sometimes surprise Marjorie