A Heart Beating Hard

Goodman, Lauren Foss

Published by University of Michigan Press

Goodman, Lauren Foss.  
A Heart Beating Hard.  
Project MUSE.  muse.jhu.edu/book/52160.

For additional information about this book
https://muse.jhu.edu/book/52160

For content related to this chapter
https://muse.jhu.edu/related_content?type=book&id=1981698
ing her inside soft and strong and painted over white and clean by the warm almost-night air. The lights of the Club glow brighter and brighter as the air darkens and Marjorie looks there and then does not look there. Marjorie keeps her eyes down on the sidewalk, on her feet, on Norman’s feet here next to hers, on the to and from of the trip.

Above them, a streetlight buzzes alive, so that even in the dark, the walk can keep going. Marjorie might understand Norman’s idea of happy. She does not know if what she feels right now is happy or not, but Marjorie knows that here on the sidewalk, in the warm-air end of the light, she feels close to good.


Going somewhere and coming back and going again. Moving. Keeping with the going, the coming.

The man named Norman is talking and Marjorie is not listening. Marjorie feels good enough here, walking, in her self and out in the air. She wants Lucy to feel it too, the sidewalk beneath, the hills around. Marjorie lets Lucy a little more out into the world. She looks up while she walks and in the light of the streetlights Marjorie sees the chain of the backs of the hills holding all around her. Marjorie turns and feels and looks and where it is dark out there Marjorie sees the forever of all the empty, the open, and the stars, the far-away bulbs of the stars slowly switching on into life.

65. MARGE

I’m so lonely, Marge.
You don’t know what it’s like.
People need people.
Your ma leaves me. All alone.
And what does she expect me to do?
I got needs, Marge.
It’s normal.
You don’t know because you’re a big dyke.
Or maybe you do.
I just can’t be alone all the time.
You and me, Marge.
Do me a favor.
My mouth hurts. My mouth needs something. My tongue gets antsy.
You know, Marge? I know you know.
Go get me that old bag’s book.
The big fat one she keeps under the bed.
I know all your secrets. Everybody in this house.
Get me that book she loves so much and we’ll do it together, Marge.
You and me.
Together.
Teach her a lesson.
Do what I say. I’m sick of her thinking she’s so much better than the rest of us.
Who cares what God thinks? God never gave me anything.
No? You won’t do it, Marge?
Don’t want to upset your dear old gram and her heart, oh, her heart, her heart?
Fine.
Then you come over here and keep me company.
You go and get your gram’s book and we have some fun with it or you come over here and keep me warm.
It’s so cold out, Marge.
I can’t be alone all the time.
Your ma would want you to take care of me.
Your ma understands that men got needs.

66. MARJORIE

Lucy in her small purple box is here beside Marjorie. What little is left of Lucy, not much, but more than enough for Marjorie. More than Marjorie’s one hand can hold. Lucy, seen, now, the soft, thin silver of Lucy dust that Gram kept safe for Marjorie inside this purple box. Here for Marjorie to touch and see and know. Marjorie, with just a pinch of the sand of Lucy kept in her pocket, now, does not need to go through her departments looking for Lucy. Lucy is all around, and inside, and here on the table beside Marjorie’s bed. Lucy is here and carried and safe and can be felt with Marjorie’s fingers, felt in the inside way Marjorie can feel the good of things.

Marjorie says Hello to Lucy in her box beside the bed and turns on the bare-bulb lamp. The room lights up bright with shadows and Marjorie goes to the window to shut the blinds. It is good to feel the new air, to smell the exploding spring, but Marjorie does not want the People to see in. Marjorie wants to be unseen and safe here inside with these important things she needs to do.