

IV. MARJ

“life?

Listen”the feline she with radishred
legs said(crossing them slowly)“I’m
asleep. Yep. Youse is asleep kid
and everybody is.” And i hazarded
“god”(blushing slightly)—“O damn
ginks like dis Gawd”opening slowlyslowly
them—then carefully the rolypoly
voice squatting on a mountain of gum did
something like a whisper,“even her.”
“The Madam?”I emitted;vaguely watching
that mountainous worthy in the fragile act
of doing her eyebrows.—Marj’s laughter smacked
me:pummeling the curtains,drooped to a purr...

i left her permanently smiling