



Sula Draft Fragment

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were truly empty and dead too and it was Sula ^{who} had taken the life
from them and Jude who smashed her heart and left her, the both of them
with no thighs and no ^{heart} heat just her brain raveling away..."and these old
thighs and what am I supposed to do with them now just ^{walk} ~~eat~~ up and
down these rooms what good are they Jesus ~~if~~ they will never give me
the peace I need to get from sunup to sundown what good are they are you
trying to tell me that I am going to have to go all the way through these
days all the way to that oh my god box with four handles with never nobody
settling down between my legs even if I sew up those old pillow cases and
rinse down the porch and churn the butter and feed my children and beat
the rugs and haul the coal up out of the bin even then nobody oh Jesus
I could be a mule or plow the furrows with my hands if need be ^{or} ~~of~~ hold
^e these rickety walls up with my back if need be if I knew that somewhere
in this world in the pocket of some night I could open my legs to some
cowboy lean hips but you are trying to tell me no and Oh my sweet Jesus
what kind of cross is that?