



## L5

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L5

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L (5)

*you have to  
fault him for  
that.*

You could call him a good bad man, or a bad good man. Depends.

[catalogue of his generosity tk]

Just as well they ~~argued and~~ fought over <sup>my menus</sup> a menu and never saw the thing.  
 real will-witnessed by me, notarized by Buddy Silk's wife-leaving everything,  
 everything to Celestial. It wasn't right. If I had been allowed to read what I  
 signed in 1964 I might have put a stop to what he had in mind-leaving  
 everything we had worked for to the one person who would have given it  
 away rather than live in it or on it; would have burned it to the ground  
 rather than let it stand as a reminder of why she was not permitted to <sup>mount its steps</sup> step  
 on its porch but was <sup>the</sup> real sport of a fishing boat-its first and only reason for  
 being. Regardless of what his heart said, it wasn't right. If I had read it in  
 1964 instead of 1971, I would have known that what looked like laziness,  
 like <sup>or</sup> resignation from despair was vengeance, and that his hatred of the  
 women in his house had no level. First they disappointed him, then they  
 beat him, then <sup>they</sup> turned his home into a barrel of quarreling she-crabs and



Came to think of it.

1 <sup>never</sup> liked the way Mr. Cozey <sup>treated</sup> my  
menus. He ~~thought up~~ the named ~~for~~ dishes  
for people he knew, card games he'd  
won - anything - ~~then he name it~~  
~~and change them~~ <sup>he felt like it.</sup>  
the same dish whenever he wanted.

1 He liked to ~~give~~ mix flat - talking  
in with fancy. If I made an  
angel food cake that fairly floated  
he <sup>called</sup> ~~named~~ it mammy's milk

He spent Hundreds ~~on~~ ~~he~~ decorating  
on - silk <sup>draperies</sup> in  
the - room and called  
it

What was  
he ~~trying~~ aiming  
for? No wonder  
the + called  
him +.

his life's work into a joke his enemies loved to repeat. Whether what he believed was true or no, I wasn't going to let him put his family out in the street. May was sixty-one; what was she supposed to do? Spend her old age in a nut house? And Heed was forty-one. Was she supposed to go back to a family who had not spoken to her since 1947? And

Christine—whatever she was into in 1971 it wasn't going to last. Days before the undertaker knocked on the door I tore that thing up. Better for them to stay connected arguing over a menu <sup>that</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>had become of his brain.</sup> learn what ~~he~~ <sup>he</sup> planned.

Besides, without a will maybe they could find some way to live in the world without drawing the attention of Police Heads hunting wicked women and unruly children. It's hard, I know, but I know at least one woman who did it. Who stood right under their wide hats and scared them off with a shout—or was it a note?

Her scar has disappeared. I sit near her once in a while out at the cemetery. She is disgusted by the words on his tombstone and perches on its top so the folds of her red dress hide the insult: "Ideal Husband. Perfect Father." Other than that, she seems content. I like it when she sings to him. One of those raunchy tunes that used to excite everybody on the dance



I never got anything back

I want something back

floor. Either she doesn't know about me or has forgiven me for my solution because she doesn't mind at all if I sit a little ways off, listening. But sometimes her voice is so full of longing for him, I can't help it. I join in. And hum.

I want something  
back.