**Za Tatu**

Lana Lehpamer

I sit in his car and blow the warm anger in my hands just to hide it between my thighs.

I’ve learned early, his anger is bigger than mine.

I melt into the formaldehyde wall of my forbidden skin.

Involuntarily lipsticked to the cement.

He's the fight I swipe away with a useless broom.

Fresh from the womb of naivety, I make peace with the scar tissue.

I run 100000000 meters in my brain that listens through the ventilation shaft.

Immobile in resin,

like in dreams of driving when you can't drive, you feel late to your body.

When I open the door, he falls down the stairs and crashes the car.

Still selling his fantasy of obedient dogs.

A couch shared in silence when he comes back from the ER.

He gets down on all fours and bares a smelly smile.

I say only yes and no

but it feels like running again.