

The Lady Who Drives Her Husband Around

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“I wish they would be smarter. I wish they would get smarter. They think they’re smart. They think because I’m there, it’s okay. It’s fine. Like I’m their mother gonna make it all all right. He says something, he’s so smart, he says something they look at me, if I don’t say anything, they think it’s okay. It it’s not okay. They’re young. Fifteen maybe. They don’t know anything. He’s the one’s smart. He’s the only one here is smart. He says you want a ride? She looks at me. I’m not gonna say anything; I don’t have anywhere I can go. Always the same. She makes cracks, he smiles. She thinks it’s fine. She always handled herself before. Before at her school, only thing, before all she was handling was some school kid, maybe some dorky teacher she makes turn red, she thinks she can handle the world. I made a dorky teacher turn red, I didn’t know anything. He makes a joke, he touches her, it’s okay still. Then he touches her more personal, she gets all mad. He says oh sorry, I didn’t know I was dealing with a virgin, had I known I was dealing with a virgin never would have asked you to go on a ride. don’t want no virgin in the car, do we May? I don’t look in the rearview mirror. She starts with how much she knows, what she’s done. He acts impressed, good, good, I’m glad you know that because All I want is this. He says it like it’s nothing. Like it’s natural, some small little thing he likes, he’s so smart, that’s what it is, if he was to act like it was special what he asks for, he’d never get it, he acts like it’s what everybody does, like it’s the usual. I guess she can’t believe it but she doesn’t want to look uncool. I know what happens because from the sounds. Stupid, well, she’s not so stupid when she gets out, not like when she got in. I ride him home. I feel bad. We don’t talk. We never talk. I don’t have anywhere else to go. If I did, I’d go there. All I know is how to drive. I don’t even know how to get a license.”