

“Thank God I Can’t Drive” by [Camonghne Felix](#)

My brain is trying so hard to outrun this.
It is doing more work than the lie.

I could go to jail for anything. I look like that
kind of girl. I only speak one language. I am

of prestige but can’t really prove it. Not if
my hands are tied. Not if my smartphone is

seized. Not if you can’t google me. Without
an archive of human bragging rights, I’m

[] nobody, an empty bag, two-toned
luggage. I’m not trying to be sanctimonious,

I just found out that I’m afraid to die, like,
there goes years of posturing about, beating it

like I own it, taking it to the bathroom with
the tampons—like, look at me, I am so agent

and with all this agency I can just deploy
death at any time. The truth is

that I’m already on the clock, I’m just a few
notches down on the “black-girl-with-bad

mouth” list, the street lights go out and I’m
just at the mercy of my own bravery and

their punts of powerlessness, their “who
the hell do you think you are’s?”

