

## Damn Car

By Robin Lipinski

Sitting there, silent.  
In her garage waiting patiently like a panther, waiting for the pain to start.

With trepidation, I crept up with cold key in my hand.  
Stalking, padding softly, as if she had never before seen my plan, I continued walking.

Fooling her for the moment by a diversion of tripping over the rake,  
I grasped and opened her wide door.

With gravity grasping my fat ass, I fell in.  
She was mine, I thought, victory shining on me as the automatic garage door opened.

Plunging in a symbol of power, I thrust the shiny key.  
With a turn of confidence, it failed.

Why me?  
With constant attention, I cranked, yet at every turn she fought me.

Realizing failure and seeing the time I'll be late to work,  
It was going to be another day,  
Of using my feet.

The End