

## Scar Tissue

December 15<sup>th</sup>, 2019

I am driving around my small university town with my friends in someone's dad's car  
It's below freezing, and all the windows are open (what's the point of singing so loud if all the windows aren't open)

I think: there is nothing better than right now, being a girl, in this car.

-Seeing how many streetlights we can touch before the light turns green (not all 4).  
-Laughing and screaming. Freezing lungs. Screaming and laughing. Cold teeth.

(I feel as though I have stepped into my skin)

There is a bond here, a thin gold thread. I notice it when we take a hard left, and together we crumple up against the window, like swept up candy wrappers.

(A note on driving with your friends late at night, when you all feel electric. The music is important. You all should know the words. You should all inhale together.)

We decide on a song within its first few seconds, there is a collective breath held: if we like it, we may keep it till the first chorus.

The sunroof is frozen over. The sky looks cracked through the ice. A deep blue/black.  
I think: this is probably the only way I'll ever see the sky from underneath ice.  
I think: I will remember this forever. We may never do this again

At dinner we laughed with our mouths full, and one of us said she could levitate. In that diner booth I didn't believe her. In this car I believe her.

There is so much here, in this weather. There is so much on this thread. I wonder how it does not snap. I wonder how all of us, together, do not snap. The weight of laughing so hard, of being a girl. The weight of all of us, together. A deep blue/black

I get dropped off at home. I hear the snow, that delicate noise it makes if you really listen. I stand still, waiting to hear if they'll change the song. The shadow of the car stretches under the streetlight, then crumples in the afterglow.