

She is driving, angry. She is driving, sad. She's been driving for hours, nowhere in particular – post-fight. Highway, industrial landscape – in transit. By now, together with fading daylight her mind is turning soggy and dropping off, out of focus. Her eyes are on the road, thoughts floating around her; some circling back, again and again.

She's worn out from the fight, her emotional state and the smothering synthetic smell in her car are stirring up something; the spiralling thoughts are gathering, she's driving into a vortex.

Barely acknowledging it, she glimpses things she isn't really sure are there, objects or images she can't place – superfluous and not part of the landscape. A flash of blue sky, when it's clearly getting dark. A round pattern, a bit detached and too close – what – doesn't matter. The bitterness and chafed vibes from before and the stuffiness of the car are closing in on her – leaving little room for anything outside – pickled, probed and gray – ugh, can she even be??

All the fights she's had in this car! Why do arguments always happen in the car? And then you are stuck in a wildfire in a tin box with no escape – that is just the worst.

With mom it had been long passive-aggressive streaks. Their fights were thick, like expired plasticine or shit, you couldn't get it off of you, you couldn't get the smell out. And the level of pettiness was unreal.

Something registered – like – she doesn't – umm no.

And then, with her – heavy screaming, fights so intense they were physically exhausting. It had obviously not always been like that, but eventually she had grown to resent everything about her, she had grown to hate her hair in particular, sometimes at night she had thought she's gonna cut her fucking hair off in a clump. Cut and run – just leave it – just –.

Heavy beats, gasping for air. Get – get the – fuck – fuck – out – out of – my car. I don't get mad!

A story so cliché she was embarrassed to admit it. Another unplaceable object faintly flickered in corner of her eye, or in her mind's eye, or somewhere in-between.

She now knows for sure, this car is a vehicle of fights – she can't get the exhaust fumes of confrontations out, everything is drenched in it. She needs a new car to vanquish the spirits. Somewhere along the road she has become like all those women laughing alone with salad, quietly gone mad – and she – will go off – blow off – up – and beyond. The neon letters are all fucked up, she can't read the signs anymore. This one's gone to the vortex.