

## LAUREN YATES

### Traitor

The day I learned that Brandy and Ed from *Good Burger*  
were wearing lace front wigs, I mourned  
the hours spent in salon chairs. My butt a frozen pack  
of pork chops. My neck a cinder block.

Oumy's manicured flamethrowers burning my scalp.  
Sealing each braid to a point, like the Bugles  
I would place over my fingertips at recess.

All the white girls in my classes had crushes on Kel.  
*He's so cute.* I didn't see it. One got blonde  
box braids down to her waist. They only lasted a week.

On the jungle gym, my friend and I role-play seduction.  
I wear a feather-trimmed chiffon robe with  
nothing underneath, so my husband can see my penis.

The Queen of Dullsville calls me a freak. She does not  
want to play with me, Miss Spiritual Tramp of 1997.

*On a girl, it's not a penis. It's called a pugenda.*

She means a *pudendum*, Latin for "a shameful thing."

I like hers better. Pug-enda. My vulva, a list of plans  
for dogs with wrinkled faces. My bob,  
a head merkin drilled into my scalp to hide the kinks.