San Antonio Review

Ode to the DMV

Jenine Baines

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Fuck. Pardon my French. But fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck. FUCK.

Oh, it could have been worse: I could have neglected to make an appointment in advance and wound up in a line snaking outside the door, around the building; I could have flunked the written test more than once. *Grâce à Dieu*, my partners in this morning's *menage à trois* were focused on my satisfaction. Which helped, except the happy ending was solely up to me – and as I told both gals afterward, FUCK! I'm too damned old for this kind of stimulation. Get me to a nunnery. I'm done with all intercourse with the DMV.

Jenine Baines is an author, poet, and former Texan now living in Los Angeles who views the River Walk as Wonderland, a place that is “curiouser and curiouser.” Actually, all places are curious wonderlands – an epiphany “j” attempts to convey in her essays and poetry. She is at work on editing her first book of essays, You Don't Have to Tell Everybody Everything: Confessions of a Chatty Cathy and Late Bloomer.