
Tits

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A 12 year old girl sits in a bedroom with two boys from 6th grade
trying on identities they learned on tv
Her breasts, freshly budded but too quickly in bloom
are silent below her chin
mom is at work; its okay to shut the door
so with too little prompting she removes the shirt
under the fabric a stretch of white sand screams as the cotton is
awkwardly yanked up
over her chest, caught on her neck and then over her head
she laughs, lewd, before she knew what that meant
the boys stare: their first pair of breasts
she now knows the power of two mounds of flesh
interprets their eyes and bends over the bed
just like the pink porn star she saw on the 'net

the same girl who writes stories of starshine and cats
she draws Pegasus pictures and despises math
she gets caught by her teachers reading ahead
and still plays with ponies under the bed

the same girl who explores the woods and her newly-found clitoris with unbridled zest
is reduced to a set of tits their first set of tits

she will grow up learning how to suck dick
how to fake it
how to make it seem like she's desperate to fuck
she'll shave her head, then dye the new strands purple then pink then flat black
she'll learn to hate her body
and it will hate her 'cause she uses it hard
with each penetration her cunt jerks, embarrassed, but she ignores it
its what

they

want

she will grow up with eyes older than her years
constantly trying on creativity like a brand-new dress
she'll learn to be a woman among greedy swarms of men.

she will grow up to turn heads with intellectual wit
writing essays on the etymology of the word "bitch"
but she'll never forget
the first time she was just
a pair of tits