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Robina's Tights

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Robina’s Tights

I slide Robina’s turquoise and lime striped tights on my hard 12 year old thighs. The cold fabric droops like the underarms of a pruned woman. I poke my finger in the unraveling hole above my right knee. A warm tunnel for ants and beetles to burrow through. A cavern for hungry men to explore—Paul Bunyons and Don Juans; their large intruding fingers grope through this door. Robina is forbidden. Forbidden like the word fuck, white cleavage and Mom’s top dresser drawer. She is the sun inviting ants and beetles to nest and lay their drab oval eggs in her skin’s pores. She is a keyhole for men to peek into, 25¢ a look. their greedy fingers push through this eyelet hoping to be the first to score. And I am the little girl who loses her tights at show and tell.

Annmarie Borucki