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Limp, coarse, and unpadded, my mother wore
the same bra for years; years I watched it fade,
white cotton lace stained cream gray in a frame
that refused to fold. You never bought more.

The first time I slipped it on I was eight.
I burst into the kitchen, mischievous
as I was, and your face curled in disgust.
You yelled. I watched my breasts evaporate.

Last week I bought my first bra. Clearance, black,
and doubled padded: an extra-large band
for a girl with a ribcage built like a man.
My lips (though we don't talk) are yours, thick,

thicker even. How could you detest me?
Look at us. Look. Us together, sexy