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Ode to Panties

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ODE TO PANTIES

Marnie L. Parker

Yes, panties are my business.
In shades of crimson, royal,
And the yellow of bees, triangular
Patterns are made
From softest cotton in Italy,
Micro-fiber in Canada,
And slick vinyl in Hollywood.
The full panty,
With your plush lines,
Pacifies my nerves.
I keep shaping you,
Pushing out your belly,
Testing your elastic.
Sometimes, I swap partners,
Desiring a low-rise thong
So I can show you off—

And on special occasions, I prefer, you, g-string,
With your dark,
Tiny threads.
Yes, panties are my business.
In the middle of my day,
I yell across the room
Ladies, raise your hand
And show me your panty size!
Some come in to buy a skimpy five,
Athletic six, and stretchy seven.
As a customer steps up to the counter,
Holding a flesh tone,
Nylon and micro-fiber panty,
I suggest she buy five panties,
Get the sixth one free.
She escapes, her power panty
Clinging to her thighs,
As she sways past three men with yellow hardhats,
Holding their buzzing saws and metal shovels,
Digging below the earth,
Eyeing her pleated skirt.