

Pap

By Kelly Ann Malone

There comes a time in some girls' lives when modesty
is forced to take a backseat.

When your most prized possession is subject to cold steel
and a dollop of lubricant.

Inner thighs still creased from constant crossing are given
liberation, and self decency is asked to take a powder.

Forget for a brief moment your reserved existence and
open up with confidence, you have not sinned today.

This space, which we have spent most of our years trying
to conceal and protect from the deluge of curious gawkers,
is exposed without hesitation and prodded by antiseptic
fingers. A necessary violation.

We are expected to hide our feelings of propriety while
fervently being asked to scoot down ... scoot down ...
a little more.

Some of us find no angst in the event. How I envy them.
Blessed with the liberal gene.

They also had no problems stripping in PE, and were not
shocked when they first menstruated.

As I age, I feel compelled to accept this ritual of indecency
and go with the flow.

While I am never ready to offer up my dignity, I know it is
essential.



Kelly Ann Malone is a Project Analyst for Business Risk Management in Pasadena, CA. She was born at KP Panorama City and has been writing since she was 12 years old. Her poetic inspirations are Ogden Nash and Dorothy Parker. E-mail: kelly.a.malone@kp.org.