

My Wife's Tits

They once defied gravity.

And now, after breastfeeding our baby boy,
they define gravity.

And this kills her.

She has become jaded, insecure
about her tits,
now closer to mammaries,
she thinks, like the ones dangling
from our 4-legged friends
on National Geographic.

She no longer feels attractive,
like our baby has sucked out
all her sexiness.

But what she doesn't understand
(though I tell her all the time)
is that I don't care what they look like.

They can look up at me, down at me;
they can lean east or point west;
they can be full and proud
or sagging and tired –
It doesn't matter to me, because
I just want them back from that
scandalous thief baby.

It's like sending your child off to war.
At some point you don't care if
he comes back without legs,
you just really want him to be back.

Tits, please come home.



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Kevin Patrick Lee is just a guy trying to get through it all. He has a bottle of Jameson and a baby by the same name, and a beautiful wife that gave him both. He is the editor and owner of Aortic Books, home to Re)verb poetry journal. More at aorticbooks.com or catch up on facebook.