To a Congenitally Hungry Friend Whom You Saw for the First Time in 20 Years

So what if we sucked down banana splits every night at Myrtle Beach and complained every morning about how our bellies bulged in our bikinis?

For those few satiated seconds we forgot about those boys we would torment with our hot breasts in halter tops

our curvy behinds swaying in bell-bottom, hip-hugging jeans with our Tabu drenched necks and our Noxema washed faces

our wild hearts chugging like a choo-choo train right out of childhood.

So what if I believed I would become a medical missionary in Africa and you the sex-kitten wife of a Baptist preacher?

So what if our mothers didn’t get their hopes filled, desires met or anguish appreciated. We knew we would get every precious ounce of what we wanted, that the world would bend to our rules, that our mistakes would be too slight to need forgiveness

and that our virginity would be given up at the exact moment our hearts blossomed into a woman’s with the magical power to heal its nearly fatal tendency to break.

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