

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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