Hourglass

By Steffany Herndon

I can’t remember a moment

where they haven’t been brought to my attention.

“I seen your momma, so you obviously got ‘em from her.”

“What kind of greens you’ve been eating?”

“Stop being greedy and share girl!”

If only these were blessings that I asked for…

A blessing lined with a curse

Growing up I never felt comfortable with them

They never fit into any of the jeans designed

With my skinny friends in mind

Being the butt of jokes

because my backside refused to let me fit in

I could never hide them

no matter what I tried

they remained

And yet know these are the curves that women crave

The hips they pay for

The sway they die for

Same hips I was taught to hate

Lead my stride as I walk away

laughing at the irony of life