**one time for the girls like us**

here we are

laying in this bed

laying in your bed

your head against my breast

you hand gently moves my chin

your lips against my lips

my femininity affirmed as your hands trace my body and your lips meet my breast

this is my liberating moment

this is the moment others told me I didn’t deserve

they didn’t say it with words

but in songs, newspaper articles, photoshoots, blog posts, TV shows and textbook stock imagery

my skin made me too dirty to kiss

my weight made my kisses a last choice, similarly to the mystery meat in primary school

my hair made my love a radical political statement when really I’m just a woman with sexual desires

but in this moment I am just a woman with sexual desires

there was no paper bag test at the door

the bed was not a scale

here we are laying in this bed

laying in your bed

indulging in each other’s touch

a lovers moment

no requirements necessary