

No Mystery

By Robin Lipinski

Thrusting ambition at an early age, 10, 11, 12, depending on an individual's situation.
Girls stuffing their bra's to gain attention...

Looking down, a young boy is trying to figure out why it is growing.

Growing is coming of age.

A story old as a story can be,
Sex, a common denominator since man swung from trees.
Suffering puritanical moods to the bizarre nature of modern fantasy.

Mothers job to guide those she nurtures,
To seek only for their best,
All this has been tried in the past, and more,
When actually there is no mystery.

Breasts, tits, mammary glands, smooth mounds of twin supplation.
Make up or use any word you choose,
Feel mad, sad, or happy and glad,
I see them as twin peaks of graduation.

I say this as a man, but even if I was a girl, I'd be proud!
In the words of one unknown,
Regarding the power of the feminine charms,
And in particular, for that Hooters woman,
"You Go Girl!!!"

The End