

GRANDMOTHER'S CORSET.

By dadio

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His grandmother said
She hated wearing
The 22in
Corset, it nigh on

Cut me in two, she
Told him, and breathing
Was difficult too,
I used to dread your

Grandfather asking
Me a question when
We were out because
I had quite a job

Drawing sufficient
Breath to give him an
Answer. She showed him
An old photo of

Herself wearing the
Corset, her small hands
Pulling the corset
Strings and she looking

At the camera
With a shy false smile.
And going to the
John was a big no

No, if you could help
It as it took time
To undo yourself,

And if you had to

**Rush it was a sight
You didnâ€™t want no
One else to see, you
Can believe me. He**

**Smiled and imagined
His grandmother there
Trying to undo
All the underwear**

**And corset and she
Looking at him said,
There was none of that
Quickie lovemaking**

**Then, you know, it took
A good time to get
All that stuff undone
And off and by that**

**Time the manâ€™s either
Gone to sleep or has
Forgotten what the
Heck he was there for.**

**His grandmother laughed,
Put the photo back
In the cardboard box,
And shaking her head,**

**Added, never did
Show your mother that
Photo, but between
You and me, I used**

**To be able to strip
Off in record time**

**If the need arose
And your grandfather**

**Would concur with that
If his memory
Wasn't shot through with
Booze, sex and age. His**

**Grandmother winked an
Eye, there was something
There in her mind, some
Memory that made**

**Her smile, but she said
Nothing more, she just
Lifted the coffee
Pot and let it pour.**

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