Who knew that legs had their own personal wishes and longings? In today’s poem, Mariana Tupper of Yarmouth explains.

My Hairy Legs
_by Mariana S. Tupper_

My hairy legs say No to sheer pantyhose
accompanied by stiff pumps and hard soles.
No to razors, depilatories and electrolysis.

They resent hours in the bathroom
yanking on fabric strips
and wiping up little hairs in the tub.

My hairy legs take a stand against propriety.

They say Yes to shorts,
Yes please to stockings with crazy stripes.

My hairy legs are happy to wear pants,
and gowns on formal occasions,

though they long for the moment
when the party is over and they can kick up
their heels and feel the wind in their hair.

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