

## Breast Test

With scorn, I look down at my bosom's crest.  
You girls call yourselves a pair? You jest.  
Size A on the right, B on the left,  
nipples placed like God was in a dart contest.  
I feel repressed.  
Good luck getting me undressed.  
But I found the best surgeon east and west.  
"Easy," he said, unimpressed,  
"I'll just cut and slice and rearrange this mess."  
But my stomach turned in protest.  
I almost had a cardiac arrest.  
"Don't be stressed," he said,  
"You just need ten thousand dollars to invest."  
Shit. That's more money than I guessed.  
I feel depressed.  
Obsessed.  
Were you listening, God? Symmetry was my one request!  
Then I went for my yearly pap test,  
and after, the doctor felt my chest.  
From my neck to my ribs, she pressed and pressed and pressed.  
"You've got million dollar breasts," she expressed.  
"These are healthy, soft, and full of zest.  
"My daughter had a lump," she confessed.  
"In peace may she rest.  
"Tissue like yours ... is a life vest."  
  
Damn you, God, you sneaky pest.  
Turns out,  
when you gave me these,  
I was blessed.

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