

Cesarean Section

In 1960
one C-section meant
all the rest by C-section
And a long, red snarl of a scar
up a soft, fleshy stomach.

That's where you were born,
she told us
when we lay in our underwear
in the smothering heat of summer.

We notice the hair under her arms.
We remembered those times later
when she said,
Don't start shaving now, girls.
You'll be a slave to the razor
the rest of your lives.

In 1960
one C-section meant
a menu of options
And tucked discreetly beneath
the bikini line,
A thin, prim smile of a scar
Smug
as if we deserved to not be
cut up the middle
like our mothers.