

Kegel Exercise

by Ann Bogle

1. It was unfair to my time and my small kitchen rug that it took me two days to finish reading Meg Pokrass' "The Big Dipper," pp. 10-12
2. in *Damn Sure Right*. Hours passed, and my labored laughter apparatuses would return to normal and I would return to the story and then
3. be seized by laughter again, so hard that I squirted pee and had to drop suddenly to the kitchen rug and block the squirt of pee with
4. the heel of my foot. That was due to not practicing Kegel exercises, not recommended for me (though I'd heard of them) by my petite,
5. boulder-headed gal therapist in Houston, who routed me toward "white, celibate multi-mental" after my feminism outlasted its song.
6. "Blythe looked like Pinocchio. She was a violin prodigy. She had a European haircut—short, black, severe. She was proud of her breasts,
7. which were large, adult size." ... "Blythe was wearing her bikini bottoms, but she left her top on the side of the pool. The pool seemed
8. much smaller with her beside me. I was glad it was cheap." ... "Blythe looked wet and slick—her womanly breasts gleaming. I felt angry" ...

