

391 Costume & personal appearance

by Em dash

I hate the way you walk. The motion goes like this: hip swivel, thrust, forward, followed by curving sweep of the calf and dainty step of the foot, finished with a provocative arm swing.

It's nor survival-oriented at all. Your stance will not fend off predators nor will mountains be impressed by your stride. Though maybe boys will, and maybe that's why your kind is still roaming around, writhing in unlit corridors and populating the planet with come-hither babies. It's all sexy, and I guess sexy works.

I see you and your brethren all over the place. You are gelatinous, firing at will, a filigree web of hair and flesh, bound together by the miracle of alchemical biology. There's no escape from pheromones, or even the memory of pheromones, males sharing the sight of the elusive catch-of-the-day, passing the sweaty tale through word-of-mouth into your cleavage, where you will infect it, let it swell and fester where all can see.

During bus rides, the guys in front will mention you, unearthing the wad of phlegm coating their throats, the fluid the vision of you, walking, has inspired. Your allure transcends age, affecting even the barely pubescent, you, who gives them an excuse to feel adult like. In the privacy of their homes, boys will simulate your touch, while, almost simultaneously, girls will tear off their shirts in an attempt to feel as powerful as you, to command the same amount of respect the imprint of your thong does.

From tinted windows, I see you pass, deep breath, pulling stray strands of hair from your mouth, lickety-split, lip-smack. I can't deny you're beautiful, though it's unsure how many of your defects are fudged by my myopia. It's your walk I hate. I can't stand the way you lean a little forward, at a near forty-five degree angle, chin tucked high into some fold of lofty ego in a way so contrary to nature it's an

abomination. You are not a stupid pretty girl, nor a fairytale princess, you are well-aware of what you provoke, and you instigate it. I haven't decided whether this is prudence, as in, assuring yourself of potential mates, or vanity, as in, assuring yourself of potential mates. Perhaps everything about you is meant to perplex women just as it intoxicates men.

What I hate about your walk, though, isn't its intrinsic loveliness. In fact, from a critical standpoint, it's not all that attractive; it is merely structured to display your attributes. Or, rather, it showcases the lack thereof, and this is exactly what I dislike: as you breeze past the bus, every girl within a twenty meter radius, myself included, is watching you intently, and delighting upon the fact that, after all, you are not perfect. In a gesture that is as unanimous as a salute, a cry, a strike, we pass a comforting arm around our breasts and thank God that you have no boobs to speak of.

