

# Your Pajamas

*by* Angela Kubinec

*Your pajamas are subtle.*

They imply the curve of your frame without demonstrating it. The fabric soothes itself on your skin. It makes you move a little differently, a movement barely visible to anyone not accustomed to your rhythm of bend, stretch, reach, embrace. You love being touched as your skin floats below their surface. Pressure exerted by a hand results in a magnificent little wrinkle that makes you whisper something wordless.

*Your pajamas are demure.*

Their color is pure. Their composition is natural and basic. They reveal nothing, yet more than you know. Only the tender urge of your breasts is visible along the edge of the neckline, and they have stopped their demanding beckon, for they exist within my heart, captured in a timeless state.

*Your pajamas are merciful to me.*

They allow me to press my face into the fabric that covers your belly. They guide my hands to your waist. They yield to the weight of my body. The trim along the edges provides a strange and welcome dryness to my lips, and I wet it a bit with my mouth. They do not ridicule me when I cry softly against your neck.

*Your pajamas are kind to you.*

They witness your pleas. They unwrap themselves from you with understanding and care. They prompt your pleasure as they rest on the floor. When you neglect them, they welcome you back without question. They gently remind you to accept what is offered, as long as it is offered with grace and humility.

*Your pajamas torture us.*

They become unruly at critical moments. We love and hate them for their willful resistance. They will bind us when we least intend. When moist they uncomfortably cling. They have evil buttons, and they cause us to stumble on them in the dark.

*Your pajamas make me grieve.*

They languish in the hamper, empty like my arms. They mock me from the drawer when you are away. I can't stand the soft beating noise they make in the dryer. Their rumples remind me that one day I will no longer be smooth for you. Their worn spots haunt me, for I know that one day I will be less for you than I am now.

