Jeans

by Jack Ales-Oruam

Jeans. You passed yours along to me with some helpful tips.

Threadbare Old Navys became deep navy Wranglers.

Jeans. You told me not to leave mine in tatters around the knees. All your life you toiled on all fours.

So, instead, my knees are fine. I don't think that you like the graffiti, though. It announces a new heartthrob.

"He loves me" is my usual defense, and I point to the new name. The new liar. His name inscribed in permanent marker so that he might stay there.

And, in the end, you back down because my knees are fine, still deep blue - unused.

Genes. I passed mine on (a little early) with some helpful tips.

Society called me a whore. I make sure that they call her a prude.

Genes. I told her not to lend hers out. At least until I could find the owner of her other pair. Despair. Tears bore far-too-familiar paths in my make-up.

So, instead, she develops a habit. It reeks of something expensive.

I don't ask. Her jeans are spotless. She's selfish with her genes.

I'm hopeful - one day, nobody will wear jeans.

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