

Bound

by Matt Potter

Look at the pain in her eyes.

Look at mine.

Feel the joy as she follows the yellow brick road. But watch her shortened breath as she dances over the cracks. See the tears well just behind her eyes. And hear the throb in her voice.

Then watch as I gasp, stepping off the bus. See tears flow as I tread the cement footpath to work. And hear me sob as I pass colleagues en route to my desk.

Eight hours at work, then home on the bus and only once inside can I unbind and breathe free.

But my toes disappear until morning.

The surgeon pincers a fat measurement of my breasts.

"You have an impressive pair there," he says, hands warm as he cups them. "Shame they're on a man though."

He sits behind his desk as, holding the binding close with one arm, I start winding it 'round my torso with the other.

"Still," he says, flipping through the pages of his operating diary. "They could be nice little earners on the freak show circuit."

I fasten the binding under my armpit.

"Judy Garland was too old for the part in *The Wizard of Oz*," I say. "So they bound her breasts too."

The doctor scribbles on the page.

"But she would've seen her feet at night when she took the binding off," I add.

"April 1st there's an opening." He smiles. "And just think, after the reduction you'll be able to see your cock again too."

