

Steve Cartwright

The Thong



You'd think a sofa was a safe and easy place to be
A place to lean and linger, nestle knees, stretch out
And ponder on eternity and fate, eat biscuits have a cup of tea
Do nice and simple things like these

And so it mostly is

But alas not always so

Today as I was leaning back upon a sofa

Just like any other sofa I had ever known

The woman sitting next to me leaned forward just to help her child get down

But

As he struggled with her clasp

She crouched a little further than she could

And leaning over, then bent down

And

As she did the jeans that somehow grasped her bulging waist, slipped down

Way past where modesty would have deemed a proper place

Revealing there within the folds of this great moon

A squeezed and bursting string of thong

That strained and pulled, but mercifully it held its ground

The waistline stayed where it had been

Somewhere just centimetres north of where her belly bulged

And so there before me as I sat transfixed

A giant straining, stretching T-shape etched itself upon this pink and blotchy waxing moon

It brought to mind those war machines

Those vast and mighty slings forged deep in mother earth

That Sauron and the Orcs had used to fling their boulders from

A vast and mighty hammock coiled, drawn tight across this hinterland of flesh

Ready to spring

It seemed that it would surely burst

It must go off

Propel these cupped and tethered genitals across the room

Out through the window into space

I looked away

And only just in time

For now

Freed of her child

She looked around

In one split second I could see she knew what I had seen

Two groping hands retrieved the sagging waistline of her jeans

And hitched them quickly up above her knicker line.