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Yoused Underwear

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Yoused Underwear

Your first husband gripes that you lounge around naked at night watching TV. "Get dressed," he says.

Your first husband never wants sex, but he tells you he masturbates five times a day.

Your second husband wears red longjohns to bed one night. You find this terribly erotic. The next night you wear the longjohns.

It's night, and you take it into your head to wear used underwear: three pink taffeta half-slips at bust, waist, and hips. You find this erotic, but your second husband is frightened of your lust.

Your second husband buys you three thermal undershirts for Christmas — white, blue, and daintily flowered. Then he complains to a marriage counselor that you wear them to bed. You find them soothing after lifting weights.

Your second husband wants sex three times a month, and he tells you he masturbates six times a day.

Your lover buys a red body stocking for four dollars on sale at Penny's. You cut out the crotch and make love.

You've a drawer full of stockings and garter belts and bras and panties that fit you to a T in 1984 — a prophetic year, that brought scars and fat. You gather the underwear and stick it in a box in the closet: the elastic rots.

Your lover buys you a beautiful teddy and black stockings with elastic tops that stay up by themselves. You look like a hog in this getup, and you tell him so. He insists on videotaping you in this outfit.

Your lover says he wants to buy you a sexy black bra. You and he go to the mall, and you end up buying him three pairs of briefs — lizard, leopard, and tiger — in a fabric you don't like.

You see a pair of men's underwear at Frederick's of Hollywood — sheer white boxers with red polka dots and a red satin fly. Your boyfriend scoffs at these boxers. Three days later, he brings them home in a pink moiré sack. You attempt to make love, but you accidentally damage his penis. You and he watch a depressing porn movie about a voyeur, then go to bed.

Wilma Kahn