

the washboard

I love you little washboard  
underneath my jelly belly  
because you nurture and protect me  
like I do for you with yoga  
while eating cake, and watching telly

I love you hold in all my guts  
with core strength that now is hidden  
you still make me strut and  
you ve helped me push out  
a baby made in heaven

even though my belly now is seen  
as something to remove  
I remember very fondly  
of my washboard in the groove  
of concave plays, of hipster jeans

and tiny crop top ways  
little washboard I won t forget you

I ll love you all my life  
even though I mourn I lost you  
when I too quickly became a wife

Jo Beth Gray

