

June 13

(inspired by Jackie Kay's Ma Boon's vagina monologue)

'Traumatised Vagina'

"You get to look more like your mother everyday"
spouted the gynaecologist
as I lay ceremoniously spread eagle;
knees up, on the doctors bed.
I blushed.
But it wasn't my face she was looking at.
The patronising Doctor said
"Your vagina's traumatised dear"
"Has there been more rigorous activity than normal?"
The pink turned to scarlet.
Ironic since the unstoppable flow
of deep red blood
had drove me frantically
to her surgery door.
My vagina pulsated in recognition
of the sterile instrument
used to a more ... erotic touching
in kinder light.
Alien to the broad daylight
exposure and Nazi-like interrogation.
"The bleeding will stop, just take a break"
she said.
As if I was a woman of the night
contemplating a vacation.
My vagina had squeezed out
three 8lb babies in the past twenty years
and survived the promiscuous 80's
yet suddenly I was reduced
to feeling 16 again.