

The Bra
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One day I woke up, and I had gorgeous cleavage.

I was 28.

You might think that this was a little late for a woman to start developing, and you'd be right, but it's never too late for a woman to start shopping. Bra shopping, that is, at a place where the sales people actually know what they're doing. The difference between the 32 A I'd been wearing since I was 15 and the 34 C that actually fit was like a revelation. Blessed is the lord who granted me these beautiful breasts... her name is Susan and she works Saturday afternoon in lingerie. I thought about baking her cookies, since there was no way I was going to manage a virgin sacrifice.

It's amazing how many women wear bras that don't fit. It's symptomatic of our culture, I suppose, to squeeze our bodies into jeans that are one size too tight, or shoes half a size too small, just to retain the bragging rights that go with the lower numbers. It doesn't work though, the jeans make us look fat, the shoes make us walk with an unattractive limp, and the bras don't fulfill their designated purpose. They don't support our light or luscious bosoms to protect our posture while displaying those glands that are so much more than secondary sexual characteristics in the most flattering manner. They are uncomfortable, poking our ribs or slipping down our arms; our backs and shoulders still hurt; and our bodies never live up to their full potential.

It's a lot of responsibility to place on any piece of clothing, but a good bra doesn't just support a woman's breasts, it props up her ego and her self esteem. She stands taller, because she can, and she doesn't fidget or feel uncomfortable in situations where ill-advised undergarments are simply one more source of stress she doesn't need. It makes her life a little easier by becoming a part of her wardrobe that she doesn't have to worry about. It might be purple plaid and make her giggle, or a black satin number so sexy she can't wait to get out of her clothes, but most importantly once it's on, if she wants to, she can forget it even exists.

I love my new bra. Now if only I could find a pair of shoes that left me feeling equally fulfilled. Maybe Susan has a sister in footwear...