

Phoebe Cates's Bikini

Karen Weyant

We still had our sleeping bags and pillows, our friendship bracelets, our eye shadow and pink lipstick we stole from our older sisters or shoplifted from Susan's Corner Superette.

We ate popcorn and drank Pepsi, watched *Fast Times at Ridgemont High* on the VCR, fast forwarding through the boring parts, until we found Phoebe Cates emerging from the pool, her dark hair slicked back, her body dripping. We scrutinized her striptease, one hand unclipping the top of her red bikini, her seductive catwalk towards the camera. She was more confident than our older sisters, young women who wore their jean shorts cut high and T-shirts tied tight around their stomachs, but often slouched in their own swimsuits, hiding their own bikinis under long shirts and hunched shoulders. She was far flashier than our mothers, women who seemed to sag around all their soft edges.

We paused the tape, watched the scene in slow motion, sure we could get all her moves right. Then, Kasey Scott, the only girl I knew who skipped the training bras, took the lead. *Went right to the real thing*, she said proudly, chest jutted forward, her curves cupped in lace. She wore pajama shorts lined in satin while the rest of us sported polyester.

I watched the others pranced through the folds of blankets, hands fumbling with their straps, confident in their worn cotton panties and bras, single pink flowers nestled between their buds. I only pulled my pillow tight towards my chest.

Karen J Weyant only recently started exploring prose. Her poetry can be seen in the *The Barn Owl Review*, *Caesura*, *Cold Mountain Review*, *Conte*, and *River Styx*. Her chapbooks are *Stealing Dust* (Finishing Line, 2009) and *Wearing Heels in the Rust Belt* (Winner of Main Street Rag's 2011 Chapbook Contest).