

Almost a Sonnet for the UberModels In Their Underwear

By Tonn Pastore

Ubermodels in their underwear have difficulties too
Their lives are not as perfect as in our dreams.
Their bras sometimes don't fit so well neither do their shoes
They need someone to straighten up their seams.

Ubermodels in their underwear have trouble making friends
It isn't just as simple as a pose
Other girls don't like the way their bodies curve and bend
Or the way they can cavort without their clothes

Perhaps it is their lives though, forever in that scene
Poised to touch each other's hands and hearts.
Lounging in pajamas, underwear always clean
Affection is obvious it must hurt when they're apart

Do you think perhaps they see us admiring that lace?
With that look of empty ponder in their eyes.
Their minds must be vacant to have that look upon their face
And everything they see is a surprise.

They are there for us four times a month, new outfits they want to share
They are our private and personal, Ubermodels in their under wear

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