

Laura on Life: Resistance lingerie

by Laura Snyder

The Law of Gravity ought to be repealed. Yeah, I know it keeps things attached to solid ground so weâ€™re not all flailing fruitlessly in space, but other than that, gravity serves no useful purpose at all.

Other than a bag of Oreos, gravity is a womanâ€™s worst enemy. Around middle age, everything starts sagging like a slow-moving mudslide. We know that eventually our breasts are going to blend into our stomachs and no one will know whether we are coming or going unless we are wearing a belt buckle. Itâ€™s like the grill on the front of a Mack truck.

Letâ€™s face it, in middle age, the hair on our heads starts to evacuate like thereâ€™s been a fire drill and relocates itself onto our faces. Never before has an item been so constantly our companion as our tweezers.

Sagging hairy jowls, grandmaâ€™s mustache, and a jutting unibrow; we have all the markings of a Neanderthal. Itâ€™s no wonder that the beauty industry is thriving. We are desperate to reclaim the face and body we know we already had somewhere. Itâ€™s there, we just have to find it.

Where is it? Gravity claimed it. Oh gravity, thou art a heartless witch!

I was shopping for a suit for a special occasion recently. Everything I tried on looked as though it belonged on someone much taller and 60 pounds lighter. I looked like a Weeble.

I thought, "Where is that fabulous rack I used to have twenty years ago?" The suit looked like I had swallowed a throw pillow and it got stuck halfway down.

As I wandered around the store bemoaning my dumpy state and wishing gravity would go find another planet to live on, I came across the lingerie department. The undergarments I was forced to consider bore no resemblance whatsoever to what I had always thought was lingerie.

These were what my mother calls "foundation." Well, I thought, I suppose if you want to build a brick house, you have to start with a good foundation. They were made of whalebone, titanium and, I suspected, a material that might be used in the after-burners of the space shuttle. These hearty undergarments could squeeze and tuck twenty years off my frame if I could just get into one. Ladders should be installed in the changing rooms so that you can simply leap into them.

The first one I tried on winded me with the effort and then I couldn't suck in enough air to keep me from falling into a dead faint. Perhaps I was a little too optimistic on the size.

The second one I tried on made me sigh in relief. There's that rack! I knew it was there somewhere! Welcome home old friend! The only problem was that now my breasts looked like they were equipped with nuclear warheads: Like Madonna in her cone costume. Hmm. Nope. I don't think so.

The third one was little more subtle in the warhead area but was completely see-through. It was like it was saying: "I may be something your grandmother would wear, but I've got sex-appeal!" That's what I like: Undergarments with attitude. As if I would ever let anyone see me in that.

Liposuction, Botox, collagen injections, anti-wrinkle lotions, cellulite zappers, and underwear that finds your twenty-year old body. I may not be able to fight gravity alone, but at least the "The Resistance" is on my side.

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