

Ode to my lost tooth

The sound of my eye
tooth ripping from my head, an airplane
in the sky, the orange
line down the street, a dead blue jay falling
from a tree. Thud. I could never
fly, but I dreamt it.

My tooth is gone, decayed, a sweeter
word than rotten. They don't say
rotten at the dentist, but that's what
my tooth was. Decayed has a mystical
quality, as if it wasn't really my fault,
it was caused by the fairies in the forest.

I don't want to live in the mountains
and raise goats and feed off the land.
I want to live in the city and be able
to talk to people and read poetry.
And to look sane, people need teeth.
They don't have to be perfect,
but acceptable.

Nobody has to be perfect in this world, just
acceptable. That's all
anyone should ever ask.

...

The smell of water

The waterfall cascades down
the drain. It's the same as when

you were my Lamborghini
as well as my Ford
Pinto. The smell recalls

lust and LSD and chasing
a rock star
around a mall.

- Shannon O'Connor