

Baby Teeth

When I was young, I wiggled teeth
loosened just slightly by age
pushing its way into my mouth,
lifting one tooth
just barely from the gum,
enticing me with a slivered offering
I must work hard for.

Pincer fingers gripping
slippery, wet, white--
bending back and forth
incessantly.

Sweet pain,
mouth watering with sharpness
pinching my gums.
Twisting, turning
to hear root tendrils breaking,
like tender twigs snapping in my temples.

Tongue muscle pushing
forcefully and hard
against smooth white enamel
until the tooth feels
not to be
a part of me.

When I finally rip tooth from socket,
warm iron blood floods my mouth.

My tongue then fills empty space,
pressing deep into a vacant, barren hole,
perpetually--
obsessed now
with what's not there.