

character study of a young man's teeth

i will devour everything i've known;
make it mine, make it mine,
tear it apart so no one else will ever know.
breathe in the scent of grief two years gone,
three four five years six (seven),
that has since turned stale, no more
salty sea tears or sunburnt smile.

scabs on red knuckled fists
fight back at the blinding white;
i want to be raw,
i want to feel and be felt,
i want to be known;
i want, and i feel bad for wanting,
and i feel wanting for something i haven't known.

but i know too well the grind of bone on bone;
on the surface it's hard to see,
but it hurts like hell;
holes in canines sharp as a cold wind,
hard to keep a hold on anything anymore;
"he's sweet," says an incisor,
"but he wears me down."