The HOWL
https://thehowlmag.org
thehowlzine@gmail.com
@thehowlmagazine

Teeth

Lilah Jeanne

teeth collected in a jar and old art projects on a wall movies and bookmarks
pancakes and golden smiles
toy dolls and horses
long drives and long lives
his hand, my waist
“you’re so hot,
I could cook an egg on you”
giggles in quiet rooms and unknown destinations soft touches, light words,
and dreams left unmurmured don’t look back, not now slammed doors and yelled curses lies twisted,
like snakes coiled
like hair wound tightly around fingers
“you are ordinary” whispered into the shells of ears
teeth collected in a jar and wings that fled through cracks in windows teeth collected in a jar
teeth collected
teeth

teeth collected in a jar and old art projects on a wall movies and bookmarks
pancakes and golden smiles
toy dolls and horses
we thought we had an eternity of long drives his hand, my waist
what I meant to say was,
“you are extraordinary”