

## Incisors in the Junkyard

*Dude you dropped your teeth*, says the girl wearing a shark costume. She's pointing at an oxidized conveyor belt with eight yellow incisors scattered around its joints.

*Ow oo ahh puf em 'ack in? I say.*

*Righty tighty, lefty loosy*, she says.

Her hands crank as if starting a car.

My incisors are sheathed in gums again, viscous tongue navigates the angles tapping out words. *Why are you wearing a shark suit?* She puts her dorsal fins on her hips, *What the fuck do you think I'm wearing a sharksuit for?* Then I see her mouth open wide, like a bear trap cranking open stadium seating style rows of white razors. *Nice smile*, I say. *It's just a suit, jackass, now go be a mammal somewhere else.*

Vegetable teeth, play dough teeth, teeth you might meet on the cashier at Smoking Joe's Cigartopia they're my fucking teeth, but she says to adapt you have to lose a few teeth in a surfboard or depth charge doesn't matter which but they gotta go.

She says,

*I hope*

*Our teeth*

*Fall out everywhere,*

*Snapping on*

*agoraphobic*

*Concrete.*