



## *False Teeth*

Justin Marks

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I love my teeth—they are really, really white—and fear losing them.

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I asked my shrink about this when I was in high school. He said, *People who don't look perfect are the sexiest*, but also knew I was a really paranoid and neurotic kid and probably figured that if I found out my fear was legitimate, well, I wouldn't handle it too well.

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When I was a young tot, I remember brushing my teeth. I was so friggin' happy, and the changes were amazing.

*E&F VII*

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As I grew and developed, so did my fascination with teeth and my love for biting. My own teeth were unusual from the beginning. I had too many. My parents were always on my case. Regardless, I loved my round head.

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I was Mommy's little girl, and I adored my Daddy. The woman on television said I should just learn to love my teeth for how they were.

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My grown up teeth are crooked and my two canine teeth are impacted. I could gnash them and get all frustrated, but that doesn't solve my problem of loving my job but never smiling.

*Marks 74*

*False Teeth*

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Whether I'm brushing my teeth or washing my face or sitting on the big potty, I draw flowers. My teeth feel naked and I have to resist the urge to burn them.

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The fact that I have no pain because I have no real teeth and there are no root canals expected makes me smile with all of my soul. My love is strong and will float atop my chest forevermore.

*Marks 75*