

All My Dentists Love My Teeth  
by Elia Karra

They lay me on their dental chairs,  
run gloved fingers over sharp canine points,  
dip them in the grooves of my molars.  
Some (the boldest of them)  
ask for my x-rays. I send them  
a love letter of twisted, naked  
roots and shiny, spit-soaked enamel.  
I like to gift them bony fragments  
in a little blue box.  
I like to imagine their mint-fresh sighs,  
their powdered rubber  
touch.