wooden teeth
# Table of Contents

## Poetry

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Author</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Enhancement</td>
<td>Michael Fauver</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Red Tales</td>
<td>Rachel Malis</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gulliver</td>
<td>Andrew Ratner</td>
<td>12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Breathless</td>
<td>Olga L. Tsyganova</td>
<td>12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Supercenter in Pennsylvania</td>
<td>Michael Duffy</td>
<td>16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Drama</td>
<td>April Meyer</td>
<td>19</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Long Island, Greenwich, or Westchester</td>
<td>Aaron Reisman</td>
<td>23</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Philosopher</td>
<td>April Meyer</td>
<td>23</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>For Jeremy</td>
<td>Stephen Rosenshein</td>
<td>25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Anamnesis</td>
<td>Georgia Chaconas</td>
<td>26</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stained</td>
<td>Amy Katzel</td>
<td>31</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stolen Title: Nostalgia for a Language</td>
<td>Andrew Ratner</td>
<td>31</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>wouldn't it be enormous</td>
<td>Erin Hohlfielder</td>
<td>33</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

## Prose and Short Fiction

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Author</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>How to Tell a Sea Story</td>
<td>William Rutkowski</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>How to Tell a War Story</td>
<td>William Rutkowski</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ode to My Little Señora</td>
<td>Hilary Price</td>
<td>15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tide</td>
<td>Julia Magee</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Home Preservation</td>
<td>Evelyn Duffy</td>
<td>27</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

## Art

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Author</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Untitled</td>
<td>Victoria Eisenberg</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Flower Girl</td>
<td>Adam Chamy</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Untitled</td>
<td>Michael Fauver</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Waiting</td>
<td>Katherine Russell</td>
<td>13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Untitled</td>
<td>Victoria Eisenberg</td>
<td>14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Buffalo</td>
<td>Mark Goldfarb</td>
<td>18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Untitled</td>
<td>Victoria Eisenberg</td>
<td>21</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Forecast</td>
<td>Katherine Russell</td>
<td>22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Accordion Player</td>
<td>Michael Fauver</td>
<td>24</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Untitled</td>
<td>Victoria Eisenberg</td>
<td>29</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tide</td>
<td>Katherine Russell</td>
<td>30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sunset at Harkness</td>
<td>John Thomas</td>
<td>32</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

## Contributor Biographies

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>34</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Enhancement

I leave work—
my leather loafers
traded for Birkenstocks—
crossing the grid-locked sidewalk,

Soles slap my feet.
Each step in the people-
packed aisle paved between offices
takes me closer to comfort, plasma-thin
and leather-bound: technologically-enhanced home.

Lightweight cotton keeps
me cool. Head phones tucked,
snug, keep out walking advertisements
claiming the majesty of ‘LaRouche’, or offering a test-
drive of science-based religion, or a Segway from the past
pain of walking among equals to a rapid workward commute.

My condo sits supreme, perpetually pent-
up on the top-floor heights of cement and steel.
Sliding glass parts ways and I step inside a marble-embalmed
lobby where an old woman stumbles, staggers beneath the weight
of her neon green furry pack. We enter the elevator together. I raise
the volume on my headphones and I can’t read lips. I pretend she’s narrating
our journey together, describing what it feels like to grow, rise, swell, before she gets off.

I sit before my computer’s lightning-speed connection,
and I have only one message waiting for me; a chance to enhance
my
male
parts.

—Michael Fauver

Wooden Teeth  7
Red Tales

Raina Saccone had a flame-red ponytail
that hung down to her waist, shockingly bright
like scalded skin fresh from a burning bath.
We would walk home from school together,
and get to her house to see the red head of her father
bobbing in the green blur of the yard,
shooting birds, telling himself jokes we didn’t yet
understand why this shivering man still wore his
Vietnam fatigues, why his hands shook
while he smoked cigarettes and told war stories
to girls more interested in ponies and kickball.
Then he would go silent, we’d collect
the butts from the ashtrays, trying to find
a reason why his smoking left us so

tempted to ask Raina why she insisted on using
the free Marlboro backpack we got from
sending in “proof of purchases,” wishing we
could mail in questions instead, find out where the relief
would come from, when it would get here, and why
the coloring of the Irish and the grief of a soldier
both manifested themselves in Raina Saccone.

—Rachel Malis
How to Tell a Sea Story

Start with, "This is no shit..." Or better yet, put yourself right in the shit with, "No shit, there we were..." There should be alcohol present. You don't have to tell sea stories in a bar but that does seem to work best. Throw in some military acronyms, like "WESTPAC" and "1st CIVDIV." Assume your audience actually gets your meaning. A little mystery couldn't hurt. Spice it up with foul language. This is for a real "salty feel." Be creative, turn verbs into nouns and vice versa. Mention the cool hardware with the cool sounding names. Not the common stuff you get to see on CNN. Work in the "Phalax Gun" whenever possible. Oh Yeah. Don't kill anyone off. People in sea stories certainly can get hurt. (In keeping with the genre say they were A.F.U.) Dying isn't part of this. If you want to talk about dying, see How to Tell a War Story.

How to Tell a War Story

First, skip the "This is no shit..." You might as well say, "Once upon a time..." Instead, start with a real place and time- "On the way into Baghdad on the second day of the war..." The language of your particular time and branch of service will surface. Tell it straight up. Don't let the truth become a casualty. Exaggerations will only distort. It might take a bit of alcohol to get it out of you. Be careful. Better to be known as, "The Guy that was in the War" than "The War-Obsessed Veteran." Tell what you saw, both the good and bad. Say all these things in a cautionary tone. Do not forget, this is a war story and before it's over people are going to die. You might find this unpleasant. If so, see How to Tell a Sea Story.

—William Rutkowski
Gulliver

Love you know how it is
to be strange, to be looked at
and be strange; tall
and fat with loneliness.

But look at us: we’re rulers
of cities! bankers
and typists! Still
I can’t shake off

that island feeling, even now:
always watching where I step,
half expecting some ant
to look up and yell Freak!

—Andrew Ratner

Breathless

The hour falls in my lap in halves and quarters
Where the cold beige of Teala’s hands,
Are stiff and arranged as severed baby’s breath in her hair.

Lithe, ribbon-like, her image hardly lingers anymore.
Dawn’s stale breath pulls at my cigs, gnaws at the eyes,
Salt freezes, stilted, half down cheek.

Just a drag of sweet euphoria —
Those lungs couldn’t hold up the joy she craved so hard,
As hard as the face of the gravedigger.

In these tossed days, full of small terrors,
Empty addiction and mock resolution,
She’s smoke in the wind.

—Olga L. Tsyganova
Ode To My Little Señora:

Her kitchen is a combination of old-dirty and cheap-new. I sit in it everyday trying to communicate, first attempting words, then resorting to wild gestures. I cried when I burned a mark on the plastic table in my room—I had broken my flat iron and there was an irate little Spanish grandmother yelling at me in gibberish while talking to herself. Please don’t ruin my clothes in the wash, Señora, I’m sorry, I won’t even complain that they smell like the alley you dry them in, or when you serve the same thing for dinner three nights in a row, or when I have no idea what the mushy stuff is in my zucchini.

When all is well and I eat all of the food on my plate (regardless of what it might be or how long it has occupied a place on the countertop) and I don’t have too much laundry that I am not allowed to do myself, we laugh at my Minnesotan vegetarian roommate and her zany exploits with boys with mullets—because really, what’s more hysterical than a vegetarian in Spain who dates boys with mullets whose from Minnesota? MULLETS! ¡En serio!

And then there was that time that we cried for the little Minnesotan together after watching her have a panic attack at the kitchen table because she missed her flight. I didn’t want to cry because it was too early and crying always makes me feel stupid, but when I found out her mom passed away a year ago, I was so stunned that she didn’t tell me and realized that she showed me pictures of her and her mom together. I couldn’t help it, I just cried. I tried to stop by stuffing pieces of naranja in my mouth but I just ended up choking on tears and having a molecule of orange come out of my nose. It was funny but it hurt a little and it didn’t change the fact that I was crying. When my tears were reduced to awkward sniffing my little señora gave me a hug and called me muy simpático. I realized I was lucky to have this little señora, even though it is below 50° F when I wake up in the morning and all of my whites have turned gray. Maybe one day we will go out for that drink and I will be able to tell her thank you in a language she understands.

—Hilary Price
A Supercenter in Pennsylvania
for Allen Ginsberg

Our adolescent souls were lost on that midsummer’s three a.m. We could have used you as a guide, Allen Ginsberg, though you were still seeking answers upon final breaths.

The Corolla swerved on damp asphalt past vacant buildings and graveyards where the dead may or may not have found purpose.

The passenger seat window, partially down, reflected my face in scattered raindrops looking at the full moon.

We were three statues among the crowds of trembling shadows in that endless parking lot. Wide-eyed with bloodshot stares.

Thank you for your open arms, Sam Walton. When it was no longer safe to drive we found sanctuary in your concrete box.

I staggered past the shopping carts with rusted wheels and sale racks of rainbow plastic.

I had no doubt I would choke on the first taste of freedom due to my greedy thirst for it.

Towers of toys, aisles filled with silverware! The communists in your mother’s basement would have sneered at such capitalist excess.

Runaways by the BB guns with shimmering eyes! Mothers with diapers and aspirin in arms overflowing! The heroin junky called us lightweights as we congregated around the cough syrup silently, without coughing.

We shielded our sensitive eyes from the brightest lights in Pennsylvania. Spotlights once illuminating cheap jewelry and canned beans caused sweat to bead on our foreheads as we were scrutinized by the entire world at once.

Our brains were slurping up dopamine and serotonin like they could no longer stomach our depressed scowls. Visions of a Blakeian paradise and grandiose chandeliers juxtaposed with hallucinations from white walls and dangling fluorescent lighting.

We were floating aimlessly at four a.m.; lapping up the eternal soup of hours and hours and hours to the hymn of growing bellies.

Thank you, dextromethorphan, for your insights on the mundane.

Beigle is sniffing women’s clothing; his lungs are filled with the scent of Chinese children in shops!

Jason is staring and swearing he has seen Jesus Christ comparing prices on the fishing rods! What did He say about hooks but no bait?

I am hiding behind the toaster ovens in aisle twenty-nine, terrified but praying to be confronted by my demons once and for all.

Where are we going, Allen Ginsberg? You’ve seen this state of mind. You’ve taken these steps from the lawns of Paterson to the alleys of San Francisco, the bars of Greenwich Village to the barefoot hustle of India. You’ve been lost in visions with lysergic acid and marijuana and Benzedrine and Lord knows what else!

Do we grow out of this to wear black business suits? Does America mature with every generation or do we just die and decay for the amusement of future failures? How am I to sit silently with your ohms, and Buddhas, and Diamond Sutras?

I left them behind that night. Jason and Beigle. They may still be in that supercenter in Pennsylvania for all I know.

I’ve heard that the doors never close even when you leave.

There’s no need to check.

—Michael Duffy
The Drama

ha. That night meant nothing
when I laid myself beneath your feet
and begged for you not to leave

and wept
I slept that night upon your step
at least,
I would have if you had not agreed
to take me in, where
I avowed my sin
and promised to be better.

How naïve!
a heart that has done no wrong
cannot confess
but only grieve

but mine, confused at the time
by your pride
took the opportunity and lied

as if
the pain I felt came from within
when
it was really theatrics (drama) all pretend

—April Meyer
Tide

We were all there: me, Liz, Dad, Mom, and Mia, with grabbing, pricking rocks floating, turning, drowning under our feet—except Mom and Mia, because Mia was too small—they stayed on shore, but we were surrounded, rocks everywhere under our feet and blue on top hitting us splash after splash after splash, some over our heads, others leaving layers of salt on our skin while they ebbed toward infinity and away, except they always came back, couldn’t stay away, the sand continually pulling them back to the land, houses and colorful umbrellas, each time returning as bigger, stronger, tougher, splashes upon splashes making our water-weighted bodies buoy, buoy, but Liz’s wouldn’t float in the thick, almost solid foam, no, hers thrashed, whipped, lashed under splash after splash, until her little body was conquered by salty blue sucking her down slowly at first, then suddenly gone while she kicked the emptiness under her smooth, pink feet and pushed her seven-year-old hands to the sky as she never learned she could until that day, and her weightless body plunged under, sideways, backwards and away, a speck among the onslaught, her body tumbled, cart-wheeling a leg and arm barely surfacing then disappearing just as fast, and me and dad saw time speed up and Liz’s brown hair buoyed, so we ran with our anchor legs dragging and pulling behind us all the time the rocks slipping, stabbing under our feet, bloody and stinging with the wretched stickiness of salt which fell in our eyes over and over temporarily blinding us in split seconds of utmost importance, and dad ran faster, harder, stronger then in one motion, he dove, his swelling muscles sucked under the swells toward an arm and leg and hair, and I saw time slow down, while I buoyed, alone, above.

—Julia Magee
Long Island, Greenwich, or Westchester

Khaki.
Oh my god.
(Grins)
Bradley,
Look
At her dress.
Black
A mess.
Pink
He nods.
(Nods)

—Aaron Reisman

The Philosopher

people don't understand
    i am a philosopher
    so deep
    it hurts to think
    today i painted my nails
    so pretty
    pink

—April Meyer
For Jeremy

Two months you lay in the river
Two months in the chill of the Mississippi.
Stuck like a barnacle, under a boat
Once-skipy hair, waving like seaweed

Two months in the chill of the Mississippi
You made me think you might return
Once-skipy hair, waving like seaweed
Outsmarting me, one last time

You made me think you might return
You made me think you were an angel
Outsmarting me, one last time
Like when you gave me my first cigarette

You made me think you were an angel
A faultless face that hid your mischief
Like when you gave me my first cigarette
Or when you stole that coat from Nordstrom

A faultless face that hid your mischief
Like when we stole beers from the teacher's lounge
Or when you stole that coat from Nordstrom
I still have that in my closet

Like when we stole beers from the teacher's lounge
Your laughter contagious then, painful now
I still have that in my closet
I wear it like your jacket, to keep me warm.

Your laughter contagious then, painful now
That laughter echoes, turns to tears
I wear it like your jacket, to keep me warm
Drowning in the memories

The laughter echoes, turns to tears
Two months you lay in the river
Drowning in the memories
Stuck like a barnacle, under a boat.

—Stephen Rosenshein
Anannesis

Was it really you in there?
I'm still unconvinced.

We were sixteen,
fumbling knees, sheets, and elbows,
a spiral of your experience
around my desire.
I'm afraid that my memory alone
may not survive.

I'll wait
for that mad phone call
midnight in the night,
for the glut of recognition
in some future meeting time.

You meant this death
to last with us all.
You, who left us gaping
at a faceless wood coffin,
waiting for the real you to arrive.

And already the living you
slips past consciousness,
slowly erased by that leap
(your casket being lowered)
into the other side.

—Georgia Chaconas

Home Preservation

Mrs. Jablonski edged into her darkened bedroom. The shouting outside was louder. She knelt on the bed, peering out between the curtains at the crowd gathering in the street, their shadows flickering in firelight. Makeshift torches were lit and another nearby house would be turned to smoldering rubble by daybreak.

Mrs. Jablonski watched with a fear that bordered on reverence. Her hand held its accustomed place on the patched curtain, ready to wrest the fabric forward like a shield along its rusty track the moment any of the fiery mob came too near.

In all this time, they never had. Even when the pathogen had just begun to spread, before the prowling, restless gangs started burning infected houses, Mrs. Jablonski’s house had been given a wide berth by the doctors, the soldiers, and even the leftover handful of police.

The protective border that seemed to surround her house started at the weathered mail-box at the foot of the driveway and snaked all the way around to the sandbox that had gone undisturbed by tiny feet for over a year.

A small eternity, Mrs. Jablonski thought, resting her head against the cool pane of glass before her. If she craned her head just enough, she could see the fire lick the side of her neighbor’s besieged house, devouring paint rapidly before it moved on to its second course. Mrs. Carter should have built her house from bricks,

Mrs. Jablonski thought primly. Bricks wouldn’t have saved her home from its eventual destruction, but it might have let her escape with her children’s lives. Mrs. Jablonski thought as her eyes trailed the lines of fire racing to the rooftop. There was no sign of anyone attempting to leave the house. Dedicated mother that she was, Mrs. Carter would never think to leave the little eye-bleders behind to roast in their beds while she pulled herself outside to safety.

Mrs. Jablonski sniffed, dropped the curtain, and straightened the sheets on her bed. She retreated to her brightly lit den, shutting the bedroom door behind her. Stacking the bodies beside the mailbox was what had done the trick, she thought. The garbage man had actually placed a call back to headquarters to ask what he was supposed to do about dead bodies left neatly along with the week’s trash and recyclables. When life falls to pieces in front of you, she had reasoned at the time, it’s best to simply dispose of things and be done with them.

Besides which, the job itself had been quite neat. The shotgun had of course made a terrible mess in her den, but the actual disposal of her family was orderly, practical, and efficient.

“Much like yourself, ma’am,” the county sheriff’s officer had said at the time, tipping his hat toward her respectfully. He was one of the few remaining law enforcement officers, and naturally the one she suspected of harboring a secret affection to her. Almost all the others had fled the town or, like her own Fred, Jimmy, and Kristen, watched
the flesh rot from their own bodies before they died.

The county sheriff's officer must have been planning to leave town even then and spared her the indignity and fuss of an arrest. Instead he'd taken a quick, furtive look at the holes in the children's skulls, and a long, thoughtful look at Fred, and let her go back into the house.

"You're a hard woman, Mrs. Jablonski," he'd said at the time, and this upset her, but she felt better when he added the obvious. "Still, I'd bet everything I've ever owned that you'll survive us all."

After that, he'd even been so kind as to send out a squad to burn the grass the bodies had been resting on just to make sure the disease hadn't spread. In return Mrs. Jablonski sent a thank-you card and a plate of homemade cookies back with his squad, although she hadn't seen him since and guessed that by the time they reached the station he'd already left town.

Now, although she feared those who roam the town in wolf-like packs at night, she knew her reputation would save her from their fire. Although they weren't neat, certainly not clean, and never close to orderly, they'd gotten it into their rough minds that there was no danger of disease-carriers going into hiding with Mrs. Jablonski at the end of the lane.

There's no reason to touch or touch this house, Mrs. Jablonski thought rather primly to herself as she settled into Fred's old armchair. She curled her stocking feet up under her and allowed herself to luxuriate for just a moment in the soft, aged leather.

The small patch of blood that had flown from his head and settled onto the chair was disease-ridden, she knew that. Naturally she hadn't touched it, and she'd even tried to breathe less whenever she passed or approached his chair over the past year. She'd put a little sheet of plastic over the blood, and tacked it into place, reflecting as she'd done so how angry Fred would have been to see those tiny holes pricked into his precious leather.

Now, enveloped in the warm feel and smell of her late husband's favorite chair, feeling brave and just a little reckless, she reached out and touched the plastic sheet lightly with her index finger.

"Happy anniversary," Mrs. Jablonski whispered, ignoring the crash that came from next door as Mrs. Carter's roof finally caved in.

—Evelyn Duffy
Stained

We may have stumbled stuck
into a paint-peeled corner,
my shoes planted in sticky floor,
and he may have tasted like stale apple vodka
warmed with cigarette ash,
but now, at least i can say
the last tongue to slide against mine
is no longer yours.

—Amy Katznel

Stolen Title: Nostalgia for a Language

_element_

I loved a girl once
because her hands made words
as well as her tongue.
So I too waved tongue and arms
and we spoke Jewish,
which rolls out the mouth heavy
but tastes of sweet rugel and brisket.
And we ate this way,
growing fatter and drunker.
Now that things are off I’ve lost
a bit of weight.

—Andrew Ratner
—John Thomas

 would not be

Erin Holfielder
Contributor Biographies

Georgia Chaconas is a dynamic figure, often seen scaling walls and crushing ice. She writes award-winning operas; she manages time efficiently. She sleeps once a week; when she does sleep, she sleeps in a chair. Critics worldwide swooned over her original line of corduroy evening wear.

Adam Chany fled an evangelical WASPy Dallas suburb to attend GW. When not sporadically oil painting in the Thurston 3rd floor laundry room, he oftentimes can be found sitting outside feeding small woodland creatures. Adam also enjoys fresh popcorn, sporadic dance parties, and faux hawks.

Evelyn Duffy despises cooked vegetables. In fact, she hates them with the heat of a thousand over-used metaphors. She’d also like everyone to know her stories aren’t usually as weird and creepy as this one, but even so, thanks are due to Jelbo Bolsema for inspiration and lots of Irish coffee.

Michael Duffy is a Criminal Justice major in the Columbian College of Arts and Sciences at the George Washington University. He is originally from Hollidaysburg, Pennsylvania but now resides in Washington, D.C. Michael writes poetry, short fiction, and music as a hobby and is influenced by poets such as Allen Ginsberg, Jack Kerouac, T.S. Eliot, William Butler Yeats and any writer or poet who can successfully combine brilliant thoughts with outstanding creativity.

Vicky Eisenberg is a sophomore Psychology major, Philosophy and Fine Arts minor at GWU. Her dream is to become a freelance photographer for National Geographic. Since she knows that this is an unrealistic aspiration to have, she has decided to take the safer path. She has still to decide what the safer path may be. Her photography can be found in the current issue of Wooden Teeth.

When Michael Fauer spells his name on the phone, he must emphasize the F-as-in-Fred and the V-as-in-Victor. He does this so that The Telephone Operator doesn’t accidentally ship his dehydrated vegetables and beef jerky to a Mr. Snuber. He learned the tango after a night of passionate French phonics with Muzzy.

As a ventriloquist, Mark Goldfarb has made his way through the swamps of Mississippi and Alaska with ease, but he couldn’t have done it without the help of Easy Cheese – Thanks, Easy Cheese!

Erin Hohfelder is a sophomore majoring in International Affairs, where her poetry writing will clearly be an asset to her blossoming diplomatic future. She maintains torrid love affairs with the Pittsburgh Steelers and turkey sandwiches, and encourages everyone to rid the world of AIDS and pink sports paraphernalia.

Amy Katz is a sophomore majoring in Political Communication. She loves New York City, elephants, and the color orange. She and her brother are also featured characters in a Star Trek book, To Reign in Hell: The Exile of Khan Noonien Singh. No, seriously.

“Title” by Julia Magee can be found on page 20.

Rachel Mallis is a current junior double-majoring in Women’s Studies and English and Creative Writing. She has an obscene infatuation with watching clouds on the national mall and writing about the people who haunt her childhood.

April, formerly known as Melissa, Meyer will graduate in Spring 2006 from the George Washington University with degrees in Political Science and Environmental Studies plus a cherished minor in Philosophy. If she could stay longer she would also get degrees in economics, physics and writing. Instead, she aspires to life as a ski bum and a professional animal rights activist.

Hilary Price is a junior at GWU. She just got back from a semester in Barcelona, Spain. She never drank with her Señora, but now has way more respect for the mullet.

Andrew Ratner is spending his second semester abroad in Santiago, Chile studying literature among other things. He’s developed an extreme love for avocado and is now starting to consider putting it on hotdogs as a condiment.

Aaron Reisman thanks you for reading his poem.


Katherine Russell is a sophomore from Massachusetts majoring in Psychology. She encourages everyone to blow more bubbles.

William Rutkowski is the Staff Instrument Maker for Physics, Chemistry, and Engineering. He spends his days constructing scientific apparatus and parrying the occasional saber attack. He increasingly finds himself musing about, “The way things used to be…”

John Thomas is a freshman from Connecticut majoring in Economics. He enjoys sports and indie rock, but his true passion is photography, which he first realized on a trip to Yosemite National Park at age sixteen.

Olga Tayganova is a junior English and Creative Writing Major at GW. She minors in Philosophy, and enjoys the concept of Drink and Walk, DC’s best “poetically-driven” event on Friday nights. This is her first poetry publication at the college level.

Wooden Teeth