Leah Rosten and the staff at SASS Communications, The Student Association, The Marvin Center Governing Board, David McAleavy and the English & Creative Writing Department, and The G.W. Review.

Wooden Teeth is published twice each year and is open to all members of The George Washington University community. Undergraduate and graduate students, faculty, alumni, and staff are encouraged to submit their poetry, fiction, non-fiction, and art. For additional information, please refer questions to:

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Submissions can be left at Marvin Center 431 or sent electronically. All submissions should be typed with name, phone number, and email address. Limit of three submissions per person per semester. If you choose to submit via email, please send a new email for each submission. No literary work is returned, but art will be returned at the request of the artist. If art is not claimed after four semesters, it becomes the property of Wooden Teeth. For more information, including deadlines and selected pieces from this issue and others, please visit our website listed below.

http://studentorgs.gwu.edu/woodenteeth/

THE GEORGE WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY
WASHINGTON DC
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A Warning to

William F. Rutkowski

My Favorite Poets

The old classics professor told the class,
"Attend these works as you do your music."
Which was cool, I'm a classic rock fiend.

No one was happier than me to find,
Lennon, McCartney and Bob Dylan
Right there in my Norton Anthology.

I grew up explicating radio songs.
Check the iambic pentameter here.
Count it! Boston's "More than a Feeling"—
"I dream of a girl I used to know."

I saw Bruce play the War Memorial.
I elbowed my way down to the front,
Climbed a shaky wall and jumped the gap.
Just to sing and shout along with Clarence,
Rosalita's chorus— "Hey, Hey, Hey, Hey..."
When a big roadie dragged me off,
I watched four more encores from the wings.

So, if you see me heading up to you,
I'm not bum-rushing the podium.
It's okay—step over and share the mike.
I left my seat because I love your stuff.
The Longing of a Lint Trap
erin shea
My mouth is stuffed with bits of tissue and hair
So you dangle me over the garbage can,
Scrape out my insides. Back in the machine,
I fill with your sweater's fluff, and you don't care.

I keep watch over your lacy underwear
While you read your magazine I can see you
Through the dryer's glass, between the clothes falling
Up, down, up, down, while you play your solitaire.

I didn't ask for this life spent spinning inside
A hot, sideways tub full of pants and socks.
With you, is where I would've chosen to abide
In the cool, stationary world outside.

andrew rainer, Magic Act
The trick lies under the covers:
How you seem to be there, but aren't.
My Father's Mother

The pulse flickering below her rolls of chin danced beneath the flesh
And my Father held her hand because the others were too involved.

Two fleeting plunges.
Thank God, they cried, squeezing hands.

She left him when he was four.
Some could call it abandonment, but I've always looked at it as reality.

Stillness—call the preacher.

I curled up on the couch hugging down pillows and watched a TV show—
A doctor show when the episode reveals
Rednecks too involved in their dead 90 year-old mother—and I laughed.

One more breath. Come on, come on.
A quick bulge on her neck,
Shrieks.

The couch melted and
I was standing on the hard tile
Of mashed potatoes and soap operas and cooked peaches and tombstone arrangements.

I held a garbage bag and helped the nurses pick up
The Reese's wrappers and the dirty tissues.

I was too far from the
The niggers and damn gays and from
The trot-lining competitions and from the
Beauty pageants and from the
Cheap Christmas decorations

And too close to the
Trips to Europe and
Expensive wine and
Knowledge to do anything else.

The cleaner.

I couldn't think of a better role so
I patted backs and picked up trash until
My mom finally gave us permission
To go home.
kaitlin vignali

Try Not to Jump

When I am sad
I go into the bathroom.
Turn the lights off
Open the window.
Press my legs upon the radiator
Let the heat burn my skin.
Rest my head upon the cold brick
Let the wind freeze my hands.
Let my tears drip down
Six stories.

right

nataša simons

having a drink

I asked him what he was doing
on a fine night like this one

having a drink with my baby
said the man, voice too loud
I nodded politely and went to get them their order
the man watched my ass leave their table

as men are wont to do

he lit up a cigarette—he was allowed.
our favorite customer,
the owner used to say,
to the tune of exclamation points and cash

well, I guess his baby thought smoking
was kind of a drag
the door banged shut after her
when I came over with their martinis
he said, eyes rolled to heaven,

women
he eyed my chest
and invited me to join him
The Sandwich Heard Round the World

The possibility of becoming a revolutionary figurhead or an enemy of the state would never have occurred to John O'Brien, but then again, few things had ever occurred to him at all.

For two and a half years, John had been enrolled at American University. He had never felt more liberated, his mind open to the possibilities of academic enlightenment and free to be generously bombarded with whatever chemicals John could rum from his friends. While enjoying one such chemical once, John received the Secret of the Universe and, citing his college education's irrelevance in the cosmic scheme of things, chose to discontinue it.

Luckily, John's friend Carl Ward had found part-time employment in the mailroom of a prominent investment bank in the heart of Washington, D.C. Carl, possessing a good heart and a head perhaps only slightly less muddled than John's, recommended his friend to his supervisors. And so John, taxably employed and supplementing his acknowledged income by dealing to his friends and landlord, was on course to lead an uneventful, unremarkable life.

At 11:42 A.M. one Tuesday, John stumbled out of bed, free to enjoy a day off. Aside from a small cadre of cockroaches and some mold around the sink, the only other living things with whom John shared his small basement apartment were a pair of hamsters so addled that such a nominal task as running on their wheel often brought on seemingly impossible mechanical difficulties. Observing the absurdity of their condition, John had named them Vladimir and Estragon. He fed the sleeping rodents then prepared his own favorite breakfast: a bowl of Lucky Charms and a bong of chronic. He settled on the couch and switched on the TV, beginning to light up and chow down as the local news glowed to life.

"...the alleged incident on the farm, which is said to have taken place three weeks ago. Mr. Beck, the goat's owner, has agreed to drop the bestiality charge after receiving an out-of-court settlement offer from Mr. Coulter's attorneys.

"And in local D.C. news, protesters have been gathering in front of the White House for the second annual Peaceable Assembly Day. As per the terms of last year's H.R. 754656, better known as the First Amendment Security Revision Act, citizens are allowed one day each year to petition the government for a redress of grievances in a safe, military-protected setting. And as you can see here in front of the White House, people are turning out for all kinds of causes on this once-a-year opportunity."


"Everyone from the A.C.L.U. to Jews for Jesus is here today," the newscaster continued, "and I think I speak for most D.C. residents when I continued on page 16
I can't wait for them to be gone tomorrow. When we come back, we'll bring you an update on Hydra, the three-headed cat born last week, and bring you a dire official warning from the Surgeon General's office about marijuana use and its newly declared side effect of rotting off men's testicles. We'll be back in a moment.

This latter revelation caused a Vesuvius-like eruption of coughing in the wild-eyed John, sending a marshmallow pot of gold rocketing from his mouth and splattering against the T.V. screen, where it remained stuck. Estragon briefly opened one eye to investigate the loud hacking, recognized it as part of his master's routine, and immediately fell back asleep. John had not yet completed his coughing fit when the guitar riff from Black Sabbath's "Paranoid" filled the room; his phone was ringing. He picked up its receiver.

"(cough) Hello?"

"Johnny, why aren't you at work?"

A grimace spread across his face at the sound of the shrill voice. "I've told you a hundred times, Benneta, I have Tuesdays off."

And I've told you a thousand times, John O'Brien, that I want you to call me Mom! If not Mom, then Mother, or Ma, or something else that acknowledges the fact that I carried you for nine months and brought you into this world!"

"Right. Uh, thanks for that. What's up?"

"I know it's probably no use, but I thought I'd call again to see if you'd sent your resume anywhere else."

He sighed and twirled the phone cord. "No, Benneta. I told you that I've got all I need right now."

"But John, don't you want something more? Do you have no ambition at all?"

"Of course I have ambition," he said as he took a huge bong hit. "I swear, one day my music is going to take me places."

John's band, a conceptual Christian death-metal act called the Bloody Virgin Marys, had inexplicably failed to take him places in the arenas of either Christian rock or death metal.

"John, you left college three years ago! The band is going nowhere! Where are you going to make something of yourself?!"

"Uh-oh, Benneta. I think I hear the air-raid sirens—the terrorists must be coming. I've gotta go." He quickly put down the receiver, then closed his eyes and took a deep breath. Beginning to reload the bong, he looked over to Vladimir and Estragon. "The nerve of some people!" he proclaimed. In response, Vladimir shook his head, licked himself, then fell back asleep.

John was just returning to his placid stupor when the Sabbath riff filled the room again. Exasperated, John picked it up. "What's up?" he exclaimed.

"Uh, now what?" a perplexed male voice replied.

"Oh, hey, man," John said, recognizing Carl. "What's goin' on?"

"Not too much. Want to meet for business lunch?"

"Eh, I'm just finishing breakfast," he said, scraping at some bong resin.

"You sure? I was going to go to McDonald's," Carl replied.

John had often said that there were only three things that drew him from his apartment: work, weed, and the sweet promise held within the Golden Arches. "I'll be there in fifteen minutes," John declared. Embued with a sense of immediate purpose, John arose, hung up, and headed toward the Metro.

On the north side of the White House, more than several squads of heavily armed Secret Service officers flanked the group of citizens employed plably enough to attend Peaceable Assembly Day. They corralled the conscientious objectors into a neat, tightly patrolled quadrangle in which pandemonium could safely ensue. Two protestors had broken out in a fistfight, violently pummeling and strangling each other and trampling their respective cast-off signs, which read "Peace for Israel" and "Peace for Palestine." Three others, one wearing fashionable Nike sneakers, another sipping a Frappuccino, and another chattering into a Razz cell phone, held signs bearing vehemently anti-corporate slogans. With the exception of one joker holding a sign reading "I'm Holding a Sign," the protest was a spectacular kaleidoscope of causes, a gathering of concerned citizens joined not by common origin or thinking but by common purpose: to speak out, to right what they saw as wrong, to keep fighting the good fight. They knew that one day, they would overcome.

"I fuckin' hate hippies," John said, observing the scene. Carl and he had just crossed 17th St., noshing on their just-bought McDonald's sandwiches and having a spirited conversation, when the Peaceable proceedings came into their view. The Secret Service agents had moved the crowd several yards back from the White House lawn, centering it on the road that separated Lafayette Park from the President's palace. Thus, John and Carl sauntered along as close to the White House fence as possible, keeping John's hippie allergy from being agitated by maximizing their distance from the mass of civil obedience.

"Anyway, as I was saying, ZOSO is obviously better than II," John continued.

"You're out of your mind," Carl replied.

"That's like saying Physical Graffiti is better than I. Do you like Foghat now too? Tell me, are the Eagles better than Creedence?"

"Man, don't be such an elitist. The guitar part from 'Life in the Fast Lane' is real, real good." John finished his McChicken, then turned his nose up at the wrapper that was left. "Hey, do you see a trash can anywhere?"

Carl looked around. "Not one in sight. They probably don't want the hippies to have anything to eat from."

"Aw, man, I want to get rid of this trash. Maybe I'll just drop it."
"Just wait 'til we find one," Carl advised as he looked on at the armed agents. "I don't think it'd be wise to even litter right now."

"Echh," John replied. He then looked to his immediate right, at the White House lawn beyond the fence. Inside John's foggy head, a lightbulb blinked on. He raised one eyebrow, looked around him, and believing that there were no eyes on him, made a decision. He crumpled the yellow wax paper into a tight ball, and nonchalantly, without looking, cast the McChicken wrapper aside and onto the White House lawn.

This was, indeed, unwise.

Before John knew it (quite literally, as a result of his chemically dulled reflexes), three Secret Service troops had thrown him to the ground, trained their automatic weapons on his head, and bound his hands and feet. "Ow!" was all he could muster as his face ground against the pavement and a booted foot pressed down on his back. "Jesus, man, that hurts!" he cried.

Then a conscientious objector who had been protesting for peace in the war on Christmas noticed the agents as they detained John. "Hey, look, they're beating that guy for throwing trash on the lawn!"

A pro-NAMBLA protestor joined in, saying "We have a right to put our trash wherever we put it! Fuck the man!" He quickly dug through his pockets then threw the first thing he could find: an empty condom wrapper. It plopped onto the meticulously cut lawn next to the McChicken wrapper.

Others began to join in. "The President is trashin' our country!" "Take back what you give to us!" they shouted as they catapulted their missiles. Soon, every protester, having found their martyr, began to emulate his action, throwing whatever trash they had on their persons onto the White House lawn, creating a no-man's-land of flying garbage.

As the Secret Service agents hoisted John atop their shoulders, something occurred to him. "Oh, shit!" he exclaimed, desperately scanning the crowd in search of Carl. He spotted him standing by the fence, trying to appear as innocent a bystander as possible. "Hey, man, can you take care of the hams?" he called. Carl did not turn to acknowledge John, but gave a brief thumbs-up to signal his affirmative.

Meanwhile, the trash-tossing had become a full-blown deluge, an ongoing meteor shower of waste that continued to pelt the White House lawn long after John had been hauled away.

"...runners-up in the Time Magazine poll include Mahatma Gandhi, George Washington, and Martin Luther King, Jr. In a press release, Ronald Reagan's estate thanked Time's readers for naming him the Most Popular Leader in World History."

"And in a continuing story, the attack on the White House during Peaceable Assembly Day appears to have been a first strike, as several similar assaults have taken place in the subsequent days. continued on page 20"
Insurgents have spray-painted the Thomas Jefferson Memorial black, covered the statue of Franklin Delano Roosevelt in silly string, and most appallingly, thrown several Whopper burgers at the face of the George W. Bush Memorial. Federal troops have been authorized to use all necessary force to put down the uprising.

"The terrorist leader, apprehended immediately after he launched the first projectile towards the White House, remains secure in federal custody."

As he walked toward the interrogation room, Agent Edwin Johnson clutched John O'Brien's FBI file in his left hand while he clenched and unclenched his right. Johnson, a gruff, mustachioed man who had distinguished himself at Bob Jones State University and Quantico with his unwavering constancy of inaptitude and flights of self-heroizing fantasy and who for fifteen years had been enjoying a thoroughly unsatisfying marriage, was excited; at long last, he was able to interrogate a real live terrorist. He had been disappointed when he found out that the terrorist's last name wasn't Muhammad or al-Whatever, but found immediate solace upon reading the name O'Brien. A fervent Protestant, Johnson relished the prospect of taking down an IRA operative.

And so, upon entering the room, he was shocked not to find the burly Mick he'd expected, but the scrawny brat who greeted him with "Oh, hey, man. Can I have my phone call? I have these two hamsters, see, and..."

"Shut the fuck up," Johnson reflexively snapped, still off-guard at the sight of this punk. He collected himself and looked at the file. "John O'Brien. That your real name?"

Quieted but smirking, John replied, "My mom named me after her favorite Beatle. I suppose some asshole was gonna get me sooner or later."

Agent Johnson mentally vowed retribution for the terrorist's insolence. "You seem to have no prior ties to terrorist organizations, but you do have a criminal record."

"Aw, man, I thought I got that expunged," John said exasperatedly. "All I did was walk out of a 7-11 with a bag of Cheezos, but I honestly just forgot to pay."

"Tell me, Mr. O'Brien, what have you got against the United States?"

John considered this, furrowing his brow and looking up to the ceiling. After a moment, he replied "Mmm, not too much. I wish our drug laws were more like Canada's, but no biggie, really."

Johnson fumed. "I want to know why you launched an attack on this sovereign nation, Mr. O'Brien."

"Man, like I told the other guy, I just couldn't find a trash can. In retrospect, I guess chucking the McChicken wrapper was a bad idea. There, I apologized—can you mark that down in your file?"

The fury within Johnson was barely containable. "Goddammit, I'm going to get the answers I want from you, no matter what I have to do. Tell me, Mr. O'Brien, have you ever heard of waterboarding?"

"Well, I went to Maui for spring break once, but I'm not a big surfing fan."

Johnson exploded. "I swear on Jesus' name I'll take you down! Try all you want, you terrorist piece of shit, but freedom and justice will always prevail in this great land! America will never fall at the hands of uppity hippies like you!"

For the first time since Carl had slipped Woodstock into his Netflix queue, John became livid with rage. "A hippie? Man, fuck you, Porky Pig! Hey, while we're at it, nice mustache—you've really let yourself go since you were in the Village People! Now where's my phone call, man? I've got hamsters to worry about!"

Johnson cursed the activist Supreme Court, which had unfortunately prohibited him from doing what he felt was necessary for the good of the nation: beating the living hell out of his suspect. He forced himself to exit, but not without first turning around and leaving John with a warning: "You're going downtown."

"Protestors are once again violating the terms of H.R. 74656, forming a demonstration outside of the White House in a show of support for John O'Brien. It was announced yesterday that the terrorist leader was convicted by a federal grand tri-

bunal of violating Title VIII of the USA PATRI-

OT Amendment and was sentenced to death. "Demonstrators appeared not only for O'Brien, but rallied for other imprisoned crimi-

nals and insurgents like Mumia Abu-Jamal, Den-

nis Kucinich, and the late Cuban guerilla leader Che Guevara. Despite numerous letters and phone calls from his prison cell asking for support, however, no one outside the White House today stood in support of Michael Moore. "O'Brien's execution is scheduled for midnight tonight.""

"Mr. O'Brien! Any last words for the record?" the Fox Daily News reporter giddily asked, drool-

ing at the chance to get a top-of-the-fold quote from the most famous terrorist in America. "Yeah," John replied as he was strapped into the electric chair. "Don't fuckin' litter."

The chair was every bit as uncomfortable as John had imagined. His newly bald head itched but he was unable to scratch it, owing to the fact that his hands were secured and he was wearing a helmet designed to zap him into oblivion. Worse still, he had heartburn. Refusing the lobster and steak offered him by the prison's cook for his last meal, he instead made a special request. It was granted, and the last meal John had on earth was the same that had doomed him in the first place: a McChicken sandwich.

As the minister began to administer the last rites, John's mind began to wander. He looked..."
around and smiled as he noticed Carl enter the room. "Oh, hey, man!" he called.

Carl stared at his friend in trancelike disbelief.

"Uh, hey."

"How are the hamsters?" John asked.

Carl snapped out of it and grimaced. "Uh, I'd kinda hoped you wouldn't ask. There was a terrible accident with the wheel, and after that, well, there wasn't much left of them."

John gave a look of final exasperation. "Ah, shit," he said resignedly.

"Yeah. Sorry, man."

"No biggie. It could be worse, after all," he said, indicating the helmet with his eyes. He sighed.

As the priest finally quit his droning and finished the rites with "May God have mercy on your soul," John caught a glimpse of the TV in the next room. The news was broadcasting from outside the White House, where swarms of the same hippies whom John so loathed waved signs supporting him. Some even held McChicken wrappers in the air. John's thoughts turned from mangled rodents, and he grinned. Aghast, Carl asked his friend "What're you smiling about?"

Just before the executioner threw the switch, frying him like his favorite foods, John looked to his friend and replied "Tell Benne- tell Mom that I made something of myself."
tucson is where
my dad slept with that woman and I
wish I knew her name so I
could write her maybe? and ask her maybe if she ever felt bad

maybe

she'd say adultery is such a strong word
these moments where we're all scared—
something, everything's happening.
parallel lines are a tragedy when you think about them sincerely;
they are after all of similar minds and will never meet.

and we stood, we two lazy eddies of a strongly moving current. we were flummoxed by possibility.

I say sacrifice is such a weak word.
our moments used to reflect white light into this pool,
and I still run after that woman like receding water
It Happens

This year is a little bit funny
The things I saw last were
Twenty-one empty glasses
Lined up militarily
To perform Russian art of war

A much needed escape
Fake Houdini,
The same one who came on my fifth birthday,
Pulled a trick on everyone
He made me disappear

I was flying high
Holding on to
the colorful balloons
Landing perfectly on
Mattress Land

Opened my eyes
Realizing that I was in the middle
Of an examination

The question was
"How do you explain the mathematical progression of a man?"
I wrote:

The cake is a time machine
That brings back sweet memories
But it's just an aspirin
It temporarily kills the pain of reality

Once you blow the candle
You'll realize that life is not
y = mx+c
The gradient being positive

It's a Normal Curve
Defying the principle of infinity

The adding candles
Without our approval
Constructing a bridge
That brings us closer
Back to zero
Missing

Seamus Heaney edition.
Respected among the hoard.
No ancient text for consultation.
Concerning the lineage of Hygelac.
Recalling the Finnsburgh incident.
Harsh punishments await the thieves.
The Steel-Breaker.

She Says She Lives in Constant Fear That Every Cry Is Something Wrong

carolyn b. kerchof

I walk in and the child is crying.
I bend over, slowly, over the crib
and the baby is lying on its back,
it’s little ginger feet prying at the air.
Its bulbous eyes can see my face in the moonlight.
One more cry, then silence fills the room like cold milk.
Oxygen is smoke. Roll it into a drawn out sphere and light it.

Breathing isn't exclusionary. Make it otherwise.

Sucking makes (un)sightly pleasure. Sucking makes cool pleasure, Times 3.

Hickey, orgasm, cancer. One of these three is not like the other!

Back to gravity-less smoke, goes down and up one before the other.

I turned 18 and I bought a lottery ticket. Some people leave high school early, lie about their age and join the military.

Sure tastes great. Smells like independence.

A bunch of people have died in the military.
A carton of people have been smoked in the military.
Bring it all together.
Las Palomas

tovah pentelovitch

En Plaza Catalunya

[in the style of Elizabeth Bishop]

Warm winter siesta
In the circle of granite squares,
Centered—an inanimate transit station,

Staying on the perimeter, perched
On a wooden bench
I eat a Skinny bocadillo and see

Iridescent pigeons
Purple with dusty, heavy wings
Swarming a toddling child.

A mutinous pigeon and I
Follow the flocking, squawking
Avian puddle of gasoline spreading

To the pugly palm of nuts,
Taking sustenance and leaving
Behind the debris of the streets.

I cringe. Rather, I wonder
If the parents care
Or whether they know

What germs from a foul dark alley
Deep in Barri Gòtic,
Nestle under the feathers and in the banks.

olga tsyganova

The Rough Year

The bed needs just one pillow now,
Last night, I sold my soul for a little art,
And there ain’t nothing but soul food
In that fridge.

My feet are blistered from tough going.
Under a jack and coke breath,
I seek a warm shoulder, but
All I hear is some smartass:

“Wrap a cigarette ‘round ya, honey.”
I quit the smoking last month.

amy katzel

On Purpose

I let the covers tumble to the floor,
left the shower dial just below warm,
basked in the shards of water
long enough to run late.
Ripped woolen gloves off my fingers
and trudged through bitter wind,
stepped on yellow littered leaves
already cast off and dead.
Burned my tongue on China black tea,
gripped the porcelain handle
through chapped skin.
Ate chocolate raisins
till my stomach tore apart.
Called when I knew you couldn’t answer
and hung up on your machine,
so this time,
when I crawled beneath those heavy covers to cry,
I could have a reason.
georgia chaconas  

**Contrapuntal**

I've learned to sense a change in tone of voice.
You brace yourself for what words might
hurt us both. I feel the hardening of space
connecting you to me, as your voice takes on
new sound. Our tongues sharpen, grow defensive
as the phone wires tighten, stretch us apart.

I suck my breath in, hold the space ajar.
Each word of mine reverberates as if
encountering stone (a drum ear), and
returns to me with foreign force. I wonder
if the line will loosen on its own. We're taut
like thin-skinned skeletons now, and only
total rupture might sever us both intact.

---

sonja vitow  

**Up All Night**

She knows every mercenary by name;
(how they went and how they came—
it's not my choice to be so far from home)
Let's find a place where we can be alone.

This girl hears footsteps when her heart beats
(Six times out of ten she's right
it's the other four that keep her up all night).

And everyone knows she is thankful for that rhythm
(redefining herself with every cataclysm and
did you hear how grandly she lost touch?)
She's only thankful for so much.
sonja vitow

Autumn

you and i, we vagabond our way through puttering streets
it's the season of hailing leaves (you told me to wear good walking shoes)
destination is for those who learn but don't realize.

we will turn our heads from unwilling prosperity
and the circumventing suspicion that I am damned
(you are saved because you pray).

when dusk drops like a foreign subtlety
and one tree at a time fluids dimmer (graying leaves on a cold, cold night)
my hand is in yours like a bolted door.

we always end up at the same place.
contributor Biographies

giorgia cinacca is a senior at GWU. She hopes that you enjoyed her poem and invites readers to consult a dictionary in reference to its title.

The photography of vytor balsio appears on pp. 12, 29 and 30.

The photography of havan maragova boko-hop appears on pp. 9, 15 and 22.

amy kordt is a junior majoring in Political Communication. When she is not sharing her knowledge of useless 90s rock trivia, she is likely playing Taboo, watching sunsets, and wondering how she can help preserve the sanctity of writing.

carolyn b. kordt is holding the puppy. She's a freshman.

Double majoring in History and Political Science, amanda martineau thought that he could master the art of the future. But reality speaks differently, as he becomes a fool that enjoys riding the bicycle of uncertainty: Carpe Diem! Although born in Indonesia, he adamantly claims that Pluto is his place of origin; hence, the reason why he believes that constant exposure to love is necessary to keep him warm. At the end of the day, he wishes to be a penniless writer that lives in a world where words can buy happiness and a glass of milk.

The photography of kirstal moeain appears on p. 25.

jason magowan is a universally-renowned expert on galactic travel and has personally engaged in hand-to-hand combat with giant squid on three occasions, nearly winning once. His easy-listening band, Dear God I Fucking Hate Myself, is currently opening for My Chemical Romance. Hate mail can be sent to mel.gibson@antidefatinationleague.com.

The photography of chrishley orlov appears on pp. 35 and 37.

orlov paulinapryk, whose friends call her Tor, Toes or T, is not a poet, yet has only ever had poems published. Her poem may express disgust but in reality she is actually afraid, terrified even, of pigeons. They are gross and evil. She is a senior and is hoping to succeed at something after she graduates.

Andrew napier is a senior. He specializes in Marine Biology and believes the mantatee to be a delicate, loving creature that does not deserve the name "sea cow."

william E. rosewalt is the Staff Instrument Maker for Physics, Chemistry and Engineering. When not constructing scientific apparatus he spends his time overanalyzing popular music and trying to keep track of his stuff.

aron shel is a senior majoring in Art History and minoring in Creative Writing. During her down time she enjoys watching House of Carters even though her favorite Backstreet Boy was always Brian Littrell.

shaina shenk is a freshman from Birmingham, Alabama. She is a fan of Wolf Blitzer. Ken Burns. R. Kelly, Patrick Dempsey, and Paul Revere. Her favorite Febreze scent is "Linens and Sky Air Effects."

According to googlism.com, mataia simion is a 21 year-old woman from Moldova who is desperate to leave the dreadful poverty in her homeland, a physically small space, in the process of being adopted, the only one you risk being bitten by when taking too long to cut her claws, and probably the most beautiful frett in the whole world. She is also really into grammar, nostalgia, any type of reunion, and Andy Warhol. She can usually be found on Facebook or watching Jeopardy.

ian stoker is a jew who can't watch the suspenseful parts of scary movies. Recent shots at brilliance include: mixing Mos Def over Nina Simone samples, only running at night, and vanilla yogurt with organic peanut butter.

aigne magowan is a senior English and Creative Writing major. She is completing her senior thesis this semester and is glad to be part of Wooden Teeth. In the future, she plans to teach high school and seriously work on her writing.

The photography of nick valkmutt appears on p. 19.

kevin vignali grew up in Albany, New York. She is currently a freshman at The George Washington University. She enjoys chocolate, public transportation, the Mets, hats, Cinnamon Toast Crunch, poetry, the ocean, down comforters, orange-colored accessories, Macs, fresh mozzarella, corny movies, Imogen Heap, laughing, the way books smell, photographs and sleep. She would like to thank her Mom and Dad for giving her her first poetry journal.

enya vittk is a senior. Her life goal is to wear every color on the visible spectrum at the same time. Unfortunately, this might be a distraction to those who must interact with her and may cause blindness if overexposed. On the upside, she is the only human being who can be seen from outer space.

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