wooden teeth
The George Washington University's Student Art & Literary Magazine

Jessica Sergio and the staff at SASS Communications, The Student Association, The Marvin Center Governing Board, David McAloney, Paye Moskowitz, 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 e-mail, please send a new e-mail 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/
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**Cover Art:** joshua patchus *Are We?*
aleks marciniak

Shedding (an acrostic poem¹)

What swung you towards the shed,
Uncle? Did you
Jingle your keys for the last time to
Echo across the yard like a
Knell?
What swung you towards the shed?
Under which you
Jostled against life's gut
Expending. Your hands starting to
Knot your neck
With something like an
Umbilical cord for the listless, then you
Just dangled like a chandelier
Enrusted in artificial heat, lights
Killed, and the shed put to sleep.

¹ “Wujek” means “uncle” in Polish.
she talks to him

From the box of ashes still sitting on the table.
Five months later and he hasn't moved her.
She lies among half-hearted sympathy cards.
I'm sorry for your loss... If you need anything...

He says they should have cared while she was alive.
She yells at him for not eating enough at breakfast,
reminds him to take his pills at noon. When the refrigerator was accidentally unplugged she woke
him to fix it. My dad wants to get him help,
I think he just needs to keep hearing her.

I've never been jealous of him, but now I wish
she would speak to me. Still call to ask how
much snow there is or when my next exam will be.
But for now she remains in the same spot unmoved,
and she will never know how she has moved me.
**Driveway**

Winter mornings we'd eat scrambled eggs
on china dinner plates with silverware
between frozen walls of the snow fort
we built at the foot of our steep drive,
where, at the end of summer one year
we smashed that coconut from St. John's,
hard as we could on steaming pavement,
waiting for it to crack open and
spill shiny milk against dark gravel,
but all it had inside was mold.
On quiet snowy nights, Dad let us
sled down slick ice right into the road —
where he'd stand looking out for cars,
to catch us shrieking at the bottom.

Nights in blossoming springs, I idled
in cars with boys, the emergency
brake pulled creaking tight — once, waiting for
a kiss, checking dim windows to see
if Mom and Dad are awake inside,
fiddling with my seatbelt and purse,
dumped open on the floor like the words
we say and don't say and I sat there
wondering what comes next while the stars
hovered, straining to reflect there on
the drive: hot diamonds on a black pond.
This driveway where each day I pass, one
day older, and our parents struggle
to shovel. He doesn't wait for us
at the bottom anymore, but waves
from dim windows where they are always
awake, waiting for us to come home.
Home, up a driveway of stars that will
someday reflect and sparkle like they do
in my mind from those days we ate eggs —
kids in a snow fort before kisses.

**Pending Italy**

The smell of peanut brittle on her tongue,
a shudder jolts the airplane's fragile wings.
Che bella casa, she writes in angling print.
For on the road to Florence all things are beautiful —
soft petals of reverse nostalgia. But also
worry, gnawing like nuts unsalted.
She will feel lost, a buried certainty,
and it's rumored coffee is hard to get,
no paper cups, no way, and black black black.
A man at the bar will stand close, surely inquire
where is she from and why is she here, she knows.
"Scrivo," she'll say. I write. She writes of things
too big to write and in her mind that city grows,
the bells and arches of Florence.
Summer House

Summers in Freeport, Maine were distinctive, marked by the smell of heat and moisture and tempered with the cool scent of pine trees. When the air was too humid, usually around noon to two o’clock, she wound up lying on the forest floor behind her summer house, letting the deep green leaves and needles absorb the stickiness from around her body. For five years, her family rented the same house with the peeling paint and the blue shutters, one of which hung stiffly by a rusted hinge. During summer thunderstorms, it swung wildly in the ripping rain, banging against the side of the house but never detaching itself. Her last summer in Freeport, when she was fourteen, she brought the boy from two houses down to her spot in the woods. “These leaves, they suck the heat out of the air.” When he didn’t say anything, she led him farther into the trees and let him lie down on the ground next to her, let his dirty fingertips crawl over her body like ants. The next morning, she woke up with her skin on fire, her legs covered in poison ivy. It was her last day in Freeport, and she spent it sitting on the cracked toilet seat, her mother doting pink calamine onto her burning thighs, the used cotton balls thrown to the floor.
Night in the Cemetery

Gravel road pierces our bare backs,
we look up at salted sky.
Sweet green from a fresh mow,
but earthy stink—like metal—
reeks from still-wet graves.

Yesterday’s rain gone, we revel,
tongues dry, summer t-shirts
sticking to the road.
You sing Bowie and ask,
years later, if I remember.

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Elizabeth Iothian Like Legs Moving Towards the Door
(excerpt)

Dear Ellen. Her first message to me on her Dry Erase board had read: Who the fuck are you? Her second: What do you want? She had ripped the top off her marker and began scribbling as soon as I had walked into her room so that by the time I got to her bed she was able to throw her board at me to read. I can still hear her red, red tips descending, one by one, on her tray as I was reading. And I can still see the wispy hair she still had left, shining magenta, as she threw her hands and eyes up to the ceiling—the skin on her arms dotted like chicken wings and jiggling low off her bones, eyebrows far above her glasses—after I smiled wide.

After walking into Ellen’s room, it was the day I met Ellen. Before walking into Ellen’s room, it was the day my neighbors, John and Patty Russo, had been found dead in their brownstone, and partially eaten by their dog, Lady. Three weeks had gone by and they hadn’t been missed. No one had noticed, but rather the mail had started to pile up on their stoop and a smell had started to float, heavy, from their home. When the fire department had finally knocked down their door and broken in, even Lady was dead.

While I painted, that morning, drinking coffee and eating spoons of peanut butter, Charles Mingus slinking through my speakers, my father had walked in and told me, Lady had died of “starvation.” She had just done what she had to do to try and survive. She was noble. “Eating your masters,” my father had said, “should never be an option. She should have loved them more than that.” Sketching out my piece—a nude young man standing behind a reclining nude woman, a glass vase with a revolver (stock in the vase, barrel sticking out) sitting on the table in the foreground—I had thought. Take no prisoners.

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That day, the city had recorded its hots test temperature since 1936. Walking from the subway to the hospital, I had still been reading. I tended to do that. I never started my trip reading but after pushing my way through the turnstile—hips first—and after standing on the edge of the platform—feet hanging over the yellow—checking for the rush of air, warm and stale, and any sign of incoming light, that’s when I’d take out my book. The underground world had always been over-stimulating. There were too many bodies, all distorted in some way or another—arms too long, legs too short, torso round—too many wrinkle-circled eyes, too much stubble and contoured makeup, and shadows like I could never find in the aboveground world.

The first sketchbook I ever owned was filled Strictly with subway drawings. I got in the habit of sporting the perfect body parts on each person in the car. I’d spot the perfectly proportioned arm and sketch it out, wait for the perfectly proportioned torso to walk through the doors and sketch that. I’d see how long it took me to draw a perfect, Renaissance body and count how many different people it took to compile it. Then I’d draw the compiled people in scenes together—a young couple with a baby, the woman’s head on the man’s shoulder...a homeless man, bags surrounding him, cup held out to passersby’s—or sometimes I liked to draw the compiled people alone—a young girl sitting in a subway car by herself, eyes fixated at the window as another train rushed by.

By the time I had gotten to my teenage years, I started ditching school to ride the N train all the way to Astoria, and back down the line, out to Coney Island, just to draw these compiled people. I never moved from my seat. I didn’t need to, everything was moving all around me. All I had to do was sit there and draw it. Thinking of those days was like thinking of an old boyfriend. Although mostly good memories were attached to him, they now had this mourning feeling resting on their surface that made them too painful to still make you happy. You just had to pretend he didn’t exist, that those memories never existed, in order to ever move on. You just had to clutch a pillow at night, wrap your leg around it and pretend it was breathing. That’s why I started reading on my train rides to the hospital. Reading covered all that stimuli, all those memories, let me pretend my muse didn’t exist.

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When my stop came and it was time to get off the train, I had always been in a part of the book I just wasn’t ready to leave so I read while I walked. Another nurse had told me—when we had happened to be walking on the same block one day, when she had shouted, “Ava! Ava!” until I had stopped walking and waited for her to catch up to me, breathless and sweating—about her friend who had fallen into a manhole while walking down the street texting her that day! I assumed the gods would save me from a similar fate. They found literature respectable. I believed. When I said something of this sort to the other nurse, she told me I should come to Book Club.

“A bunch of us get together on the second Friday of every month, talk about the assigned book and sip on some wine coolers. You’d love it!” She had said, squeezing my arm.

When she told me they had just read Ms. Danielle Steel’s last novel, I, as politely as I could, declined her offer.

As I read and walked to the hospital that day that I met Ellen, the streets had been like Neverland. Children played, adult-less, imaginations unrepressed. The strips of sidewalk I saw, moving below my book, were chalk covered. I had tried not to step on the monsters, flowers, names—with the occasional backwards R—because I knew what it felt like to have people stomp all over your sidewalk chalk art. I had been the one that knelted for hours, pretending the sidewalk was canvas on an easel, the chalk brushes, until my skin ripped open, letting bits of grime—stinging—into me. I had been the one that sat at dinner and told my Dad I was going to be a painter and if he didn’t believe me he could just go right outside and look at the sidewalk right in front of our house and he would see that if that’s what I could draw with some chalk on some concrete then there was really no telling what I could do with an easel and some brushes, if only I had them or someone to get me them, and how if he could just be the one to get me an easel and some brushes, when I became a famous painter and kids went on field trips to the MET and climbed the center staircase—hands on the marble railings (always cold no matter how hot it was outside)—to where my paintings were hanging, well the teacher would definitely note that I had gotten started because my Dad had bought me an easel and some brushes after seeing what I had done with just some chalk on a piece of sidewalk.

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I had been the one rushing down my stoop steps after breakfast, yelling behind me to my Dad to come see, wondering if I had finally gotten proportions, if I had finally made it past the whole big head-tiny body thing that seemed to plague my peer’s art. I had been the one feeling like I was in an elevator falling, when I saw nothing but a mix-up of colors had survived the night. And I had been the one that stole masking tape from my Dad’s workbench in the basement, colored it yellow and wrote POLICE DO NOT CROSS in big black letters on it, and stuck it on the railings outside my house, wrapping it around to the fire hydrant and then the tree, enveloping the sidewalk square so the next time my work would be protected. But now I was the one who had come to realize a sidewalk is only so big. When I reached the hospital and rubbed my feet on the WELCOME mat, I left smudges of color—"It’s rainbow flavored," they’d say at an ice-cream store—behind.

It was only after the air conditioning hit me, blowing my hair—long and fiery—back, away from my face and drying my sweat too quickly over my skin, that I’d put my book away, swapping it in my bag for headphones. Walking through to the nurse’s station was the time of day I reserved for songs that people made while on Ecstasy. It covered the buzz of the ceiling lights. It kept my attention off the walls the color of plaque destroyed teeth, the gurneys that sat deserted in halls, sheets still wrinkled with impressions of the former occupant, away from looking in through open doors, to beds—some filled with nothing more than flesh on bones. But, it didn’t cover up the smell—like what I had decided Pompeii must have smelled like after the eruption, like burnt earth and decomposing flesh.

I started my rounds in Room 113. That day, it was an easy blood pressure, respiration rate and temperature check on both patients—both too sedated to even notice I was there. In Room 114, I performed a phlebotomy on a middle-aged female who told me she was going to vomit in my face if I stuck a needle in her—she lied—and checked the vital signs on an elderly male, who had recently seized. Room 116—once the plain-clothes cop outside had frisked me, said, “Tell me if he says anything,” and pushed me into the room—was a dressing change on a gun shot wound of a young male. He had his own room. Witnesses always do.

(continued on 20)
When not making rounds the nurses on my floor huddled around each other talking about killing their husbands, parent-teacher conferences and Tivoing One Life to Live. That day, they were talking about their preferred brand of Topperware when I walked by. I stood on the edge of their huddle, scratching flecks of paint off my hands, going through every closet in my brain for something to say. My dream from the night before was the first thing that came to mind—being in the middle of a clearing in a forest...alone...turning around in circles...looking up at the trees towering over me, so tall they touched the sky...going to open my mouth to scream but no sound came out...instead, my teeth began, one by one, crumbling in my mouth. Once they had all begun to crumble they started to loosen in my gums...they fell slowly out of my open mouth onto the forest floor. There was no blood.

"My neighbors, this couple, were found dead in their home today," I said, running my tongue along my teeth, checking to make sure they were still all there.

"Oh," Nurse Jane shrieked. "My, that's terrible."

"Who found them? Jesus. Tell me it wasn't one of their kids," Nurse Selma said.

"Someone on my block called the fire department. There was mail piling up and some said there was a smell."

Nurse Selma gasped. "Didn't their kids wonder where they went? Didn't anyone wonder?"

"I mean, they were the practical type, you know. I don't think they had many people, you know, they were that close with."

Nurse Selma lowered her eyebrows, making the lines on her forehead deep. "Practical?"

"Oh, my, my, that is the most terrible thing I have ever heard," Nurse Jane shook her head and, putting her hand over her mouth, walked away.

"Practical!"

"I mean they were old."

"So?"

"So, I mean if you're old—and they were really old—what's the point of being close with people? You could be dead the next day."

"Child, that is some twisted logic." Nurse Selma shuffled away, US Weekly rolled up, sticking out of her pocket.

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In Memoriam

I feel your absence in the places you once were,
the spaces where you would rest your hands,
where you would lay your head. Surfaces

are now wiped clean, table tops suddenly
bare, revealing colors I had forgotten
they had. The quiet speaks emptiness:

air unmoved by a baritone voice,
a closet cleared of dress shirts.
One side of the bed a blank canvas

of undisturbed sheets laid taut,
the lines as straight and unending
as the smooth dirt over your grave.

I trace false wood grain with bruised fingers,
feel the places where dust will collect
and smother what might be left of you.
kara wright

Wondering

A man in our town had a crazy house—
actually, five houses patched together
with time and money and concrete.
We would poke our heads from car windows
to gaze at the mansion with the dark grey walls,
the gargoyles in front. Marble fountains looked
patched from years without water. Tall, dismal lamps
and light bulbs peered out at passersby
from every edge of the property. Neighbors
liked guessing about the man who lived inside—
a ghost, a mafia lord, a retired wrestler,
or if he even existed at all.

The paper ran a story about the crazy man
on Kessler Boulevard. His name was Jerry,
and he'd had trouble with zoning
his estate—conquering all the houses
on the row and smacking them together
hadn't gone over well. He'd designed the inside
with no corners—walls bled into
each other in curves, rounded openings, no doors.
He was afraid of the place where you have to stop,
where two rigid things convene to make a special
little haven perfect for eavesdropping and quiet.
Then he'd be safe from people trying to hide
from him. I wondered where he'd go
when he wanted to hide from himself.

chelsea kerwin

in the Elevator

If you keep making pig-faces at me
I'll lock us in the attic
and we can banshee scream
for hours until, exhausted,
we search for some words to say.

Your slack eyes, dripping
lip, I saw it coming.
I never stole nothing of yours.
There is lots of work to be done
there is sweat to be wrung
from our brows for the day
when a woman can trust another woman.

Once we've talked about our fathers
and our brothers and our uncles,
our boyfriends and our secret loves,
that gaze, that slender wrist,
the quiet intrusion of a cold hand,

once we've forgiven each other
for him finding us both so lovely,
for all those hours at the looking glass
for the tweezing and the painting
the powder and the blush,
then can we say something, something
leftover, some shock of information
we didn't even know was available to be told
about the view from up there
or the urge to sneeze in sudden sunlight.
The Basement has a Drum Solo

You can hear the rattling of walking feet above
and the soft squeaking of strained hardwood.

Slow rolling rain stick sounds of septic pipes
accompany the thrumming thermostat.

The tinkering tin air vents occasionally
thump like the beat of a bass drum

and florescent light bulbs buzz
about the hollow, empty cavern.

At times couches scrape against the cement
and vibrations from boxes dropping below,

but even after the lights off are turned off and the
rhythm of stair-walking ends with a closed door,

the Basement has a drum solo.
kara wright: Anecdote of the Bottle

I brought a vodka bottle to English class, pressed hugging and full inside my purse, and talk of prose and poets blended fast with smooth, clear poison in the air. Sluts and druggies felt it first, their cheeks stained, hot with drink; their smiles grew lazy, wide; lungs sucked in the liquor-breath that seeped from under my desk. Then came the B-students, who cared, but not enough—the stench plagued their nostrils, stung their eyes. Schoolbooks dropped slow on the floor, and answers grew inane, far-fetched. The front-row kids were next, their pens betraying hands in spirals on the page, and then the room was lost—the girls laughed hard and fast, a few kids teetered in their seats. The chalkboard notes looked foreign to my eyes. Once everyone was fully drunk, we saw we weren’t alone—the teacher’s face had flushed, his shirt gone wrinkly, vodka swimming in his speech. And class was over, and no one made it to the next—the bottle I’d brought was empty, its contents spilled into our minds and stomachs, changing us.

chelsea kerwin: Messes

The dog will go inside, the neighbors will leave their small children in charge of the Christmas lights. The swivel chair will knock red wine infinitely onto the white sofa. I want to tell my mother all I accept about life, and not be blamed. Messy spaces, the disasters natural and man-made, how to not admire crimson crashing against the blank wall of the couch. She has tramped outside to leave boot prints on the ice edged snow. A volcano erupts in the sea; flour blossoms in silent fistfuls above the ash-crusted lava creeping along the ocean floor. Here, snowflakes dash their brains against windowpanes, and burst into clinging beads of rain.
Hot enough to hurt—the afternoon I left it laying beneath the iron-fisted sun, our hands touching over and under the open-air café table. Cold enough to shock the time I lost it in the high-piled snow outside his building. The metal shivered electric every time I unlocked his door, such pleasure in the sensation of groove against jut, jut against groove, not a sliver of air to spare, a hook into an eye, he and I.

Hot enough to char the thin-skinned curves of my palm when he first pressed it into me.

Now cold and dead as anything, dropping from my numb fingertips, into his empty, closing hand.
josie price

Glacier

I begin at the beginning, at the top,
where you are coldest and callous,
your snow pressed firm against the rock
face. Here, the flurry feeds the rest of you,
snow condensed by its own
weight, hardening itself from the outside
in and out again. You thicken to ice
only to return later back to water.
As I pace along your stretch I follow
the glacial tongue licking down the basin.
Your tongue is your body, a river of ice
descending the mountain without flowing.
I measure your melt, the patient rate
at which you shove, shape, kill:
dragging black till that you screech away
from the earth to hold and suffocate
under and inside your heavy body.
The small things surrender to you, plants
and unnamed creatures, the sharpest rocks
flattened. Only eventually do you thin; finally
your hard tongue softens. Meltwater
that runs beneath your arctic core
comes out to taste air, to make real liquid
rivers, nourish flora to grow again. I end
at the end, where you fall apart,
from start to finish. You shift
under your own weight, harden yourself
only to dissolve away to nothing.

i.r. puddy

Tornado Warning

The sky falls in on itself:
sickly green-grey haze
we run through to reach
our home, then downstairs
and the bathroom. Here,
inside the heart of the house—
the smallest room, hidden
beneath the stairway—the sirens
blast one steady note through
hail that hits like bullets
as we whimper in the tub.
That’s what I’ll remember most.
Waiting here feels like falling
in a vacuum: static, impossible.
My hands turn cold
from the tub’s stony touch;
in the dark I can’t find a face.
The world is just sound now:
whip of air on windows,
slip licks of noise catapulting
us black. The smell is cerie
emptiness, like the smell of dust
without the feeling of it.
Our tongues taste thick
and dry inside our jaws,
tight, set, immovable.
| Snow Ground |
What snow has said is not cold
just soundless

Throughout the night,
the crying of the crows on my roof
hushes the old dog next door

The crows, traveling from December,
speak solely
through black attire and
desireless eyes

and all of a sudden
they open their mouths,
Wah – Wah – Wah –
pouring milky moonlight
all over the ground
Between the Shadow and the Soul

"I love you as certain dark things are to be loved, in secret, between the shadow and the soul."

-Pablo Neruda

I.

this is how it begins,

in darkness, half-drawn breaths choking me
even as you hold me steady, arms like branches,
bracing me,

lips on hair, laughter floating in between
like water through a net, water through
a sieve—I can't catch it, can't catch you—
your eyes hidden from view, some expression
of hope & doubt & happiness & fear hidden behind
glass, hidden behind

me, frozen in your arms,
feeling the cold air from your room
slipping between my legs, slipping
between us, chilling my marrow
and holding me to the spot,

you, holding me, laughing,
the sound one note of
hello & goodbye.

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II.

and if there's something telling you
no, no, this is not
okay, this is not
fine, not normal
(not moral)
then relay the message,
write it on a scrap of sketchbook paper,
write it in black ink so I cannot erase it,
write it down so I cannot mistake it:

No.

III.

you slipped in, breath smelling of rum,
around the edges of my door, shadowlike, stopped dead
in the middle of my hallway.

we stared at each other, eyes wide,
mouths open, hearts—
what's to speak of hearts
when they scream all on their own?

if I'd had the sense, maybe I could have
briefly seen what you keep blind:
thruths with rucksacks over their heads,
rough cloth wearing on pale skin,
weaving away what is solid and what
is not, what is infinitely changeable
in the slipperiest of lies.

maybe I could have seen through
those eyes,

(continued on 38)

may be,
but you blinked, scattering
my uncollected thoughts,
lashes like children’s feet jumping
into a perfectly still lake
until I could not see clearly.

you tucked me in/to your arms,
packaged me, silent, smelling only
the sweet liquor stuck
on your breath like a lie.
when your whisper thin secrets
and your silent desires
leave the pulsing safety of your mortal skin?

IV.
I catch what you don’t say
in the oddest places, unspoken words
like misplaced geese—
flocking and flying away,
they go just as quickly as they
come.

there is speech in your hesitation,
fingers reaching out to push
hair out of my face, stopped
by some secret wall made invisible
by your desire, realization
that touch screams
the loudest truths.

flesh retracted, you search yourself,
you search your own crevices
for a place to hide your secrets,
dark corners that you never want
to find again to store half-uttered
whispers that float away as easily
as smoke.

V.
I speculate

when you dream, the images
behind your lids spin like uncoordinated
dancers, flash like cheap dollar store
jewelry, sound and color
that gives you no rest.

who will you dream of
from moment to moment—

her, draped in her familiar melancholy,
cocooned in her sadness, half-drowned in so many
unshed tears, scrabbling
for whomever will bear the weight
of those knife-edged words;

or

me, reborn from the cold fire
of shadowdays and pitch nights,
battered and repurposed like old
armor or mended chainmail,
rust melting red into the silver
of the untested new?

and who will you choose
when your whisper thin secrets
and your silent desires
leave the pulsing safety of your mortal skin?

VI.
this is how it begins,

our weapons hidden, wounding
in secret, drawing blood
from unseen (unspeakable) places,
unspoken wishes melting into
this carn(i)val (of) desire;
tricks of light leaving us blind
and stumbling in the darkness,
winded, gasping for air, grasping
for things we cannot hope to own.
 contributor biographies

david feating is a freshman in the CCAS. In his spare time he enjoys drawing comics and writing horror stories. He is excited to see his photography featured here, and is very glad to be a part of Wooden Teeth. David would like to dedicate these photos to Katie, whom he loves very much.

chelsea harwin is graduating soon from GW with a major in English and Creative Writing. She is very concerned about the rest of her life. Meanwhile she works on a poem about Chat Roulette and celebrates all April holidays.

i has poetry featured on page 35.

ashley harbin is a freshman majoring in Journalism and Women's Studies. She channeled Robert Hass while writing.

elizabeth hobson has fiction excerpted on page 16.

lacey l is a freshman planning to major in English and Creative Writing, which really means that she's aiming to be a starving artist. She enjoys fake birthdays, purple pens, and excessive amounts of sass. She also answers to the name Melissa.

sids marcinuk has a folder from first grade titled, "Improtant Notes." Her spelling has improved somewhat since then.

jordan nelig is a senior majoring in Political Science and minoring in Creative Writing. He stumbled upon poetry and has Jane Shore to thank for his newfound passion. Jordan owes central Pennsylvania for the source of his inspiration.

joshua paecht is a senior majoring in Statistics and History. Photography is about just being at the right place at the right time for a lot of his pictures. It's been a pleasure working with Wooden Teeth, and an experience he's glad he took! Pictures say what words can't, tell a story without a plot; he tries to take the picture and let the viewer decide the rest! He'd like to thank Matt for getting him out to the meetings, Aaron for spotting the homeless guy, and Cap for always being there!
Rachel Platen is a freshman majoring in Communications and minoring in Fine Arts. She loves traveling, baked goods, and spending time in the sun. She would like to thank her fabulous modeling sister and her parents for always being inspiring.

Justin Price loves Seinfeld more than most things. Shout-out to her friends BN, Wells, E #3 and Deformity. A thousand thanks to David, Faye, Jane, Ed, & Greg for absolutely everything.

J.R. Puddy is from Washington state by way of Cincinnati by way of Washington state again by way of Cincinnati again by way of a birth in Albuquerque. “Tornado Waiting” is for her mom and her brother Ben.

Anna Rehmuth is a junior majoring in Journalism. She strives to depict a feeling of nostalgia in her photographs and she dreams of one day living in Paris. Anna would like to thank her high school teacher, Ms. Cathy Bottoms, for introducing her to the art of photography and teaching her to notice the subtleties of gray in a black-and-white world; and her older brother, Ahmad, who has always believed in her.

Justin Ritchie writes but he doesn’t consider himself a writer. As with writing, Justin considers himself an amateur in most aspects of his life. Nothing else about him is relevant.

Umaima Sanchez ESIA Senior 2010. bicycle enthusiast. fun.

Alyssa Wood is a senior majoring in English and Creative Writing. She would like to thank the garbage man in Maine for the inspiration for her latest fiction, as well as her friends and family for all the love and candy. She hopes her new life path after graduation will keep her writing for a long, long time.

Jara Wright's arteries are clogged with nacho cheese.