

## Itchy Teeth

Marika Hackman

I've been left  
To lick my wounds  
For too long  
Down to bone

Calloused tongue  
Itchy teeth  
Metal mouth with rubber gums  
I can't talk now

Hold me for an hour  
Flowers bloom in less  
We'll brace this crumbling tower  
The harvest of distress

Eke me out  
Make me last  
I am a broken ship  
A sinking mast

You filled me up  
And made the holes  
With fingertips  
Red nails and cutting words  
Patch me up

Hold me for an hour  
Flowers bloom in less  
We'll brace this crumbling tower  
The harvest of distress