Uncle john has stained teeth that stink like lies

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beneath the
hairlip, before your speaking
muscles, I’m fixated on the process of your
jaw, marbled brown and
bone cream that your lip, pulled back,
reveals with each sneer or
cackle, the smooth and viscous of your eating bones tarnished,
plaqued, and tartared along
their edges, yellow gum lines receding into film and crust

I imagine your front teeth
made giant, in a row of 5
or six, made the size of windows, or
automobiles

I could then examine your life, the maps of filth
on your teeth, thirty years of working man’s nicotine
20 of bad liquor, lifetime of guzzled
skillet grease, and gnawed fats

looking closer, I could catch a glimpse,
some small piece,
of every lie that’s ever breathed through
their cracks, I could scrape at your giant teeth and fill my
hands with orange crust, the dull orange crust of white
midwestern subdivision satellite tv red blue and sports channel porno catholic
lawsuit budweiser saint daddy
lies

if the row of giant teeth were 7 or
eight long, I might search your fangs for the clit hairs of every
secretary or housewife you’ve eaten yourself through,
I could pick at the crumbs of eucharist, and scratch the words of
christ
from your rot
I can smell your teeth,
the stink fills me, and I breathe the concentrated vapors of the bread
of life and every sin you’ve
whispered, to your daughters
in their cheap clothes, bellies pregnant from apathetic
young cock

I smell morning decaf, and white
meat, I smell your wife’s yeast, and the drool that pools
and slithers when you see boss’s
new sports cars

in the worst of
hells, I might lick the sour
spots of your decay, I’d suck your tartar
and tongue the cavities, be humbled in stench and crust
5 times a day I’d see my reflection in the foul marble of
your grin, run my lips along the metals of your fillings

but in our handshake,
I smile and nod with your every
emphasis, controlling eyes, to not fix too long
on any given tooth

I fantasize, briefly, about tearing the bones of
your smile from your posthumous
face, about burying your mouth fossils
perhaps for good luck-
in the wet cement,
of the front
porch, of my first home