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## Uncle john has stained teeth that stink like lies

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# Uncle John has stained teeth that stink like lies

Sean Hoen

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