

Repetition Compulsion

I press my forefinger to the dark
spot, split tooth at the back of my mouth.

I can convince myself that teeth are more
than just bones when the pain shoots sharp

down my jaw. A hand folded into a fist
and used to kiss a cheek, having four raised

knuckles, will leave four red marks. Each one
stands for a letter in *Love*. Loving you was like that,

spitting split-toothed *I'm Sorry's* from
my lovestruck jaw. Do you remember?

We would stare down at the dull white things
in the dirt and you would say how teeth are just

bones and I would pray for an empty mouth?
I had thought I would want a love like this.