

Wisdom Teeth Reimagined

By Skye Tarshis

In the X-ray I see the source
of my aching: four white teeth
I have grown myself. They are ripe, both
shiny as apples and round
like jawbreakers. These compact
and spectacular masses were
what forced me to teethe. I felt rabid

as I resisted the urge to bite
my friends and family. I once dreamed
of excavating them myself, scraping
at my gums and yanking
whatever lay beneath. Until now
I could dismiss them as a sensation
imagined, something psychosomatic
caused by anxiety or youth. But now

I have seen them bursting
beneath their surfaces, blooming
from my gums like budding
bulbs. I cannot possibly deny
their presence. I want

to keep the things growing inside of me,
to use what my body created.

But these gums are ready
to erupt. The roots of the teeth
are too close to fault lines. I wince

when I think about their absence.

Perhaps I will not feel
anything at first, being
too numb from the anesthetic. Then
I will flush my cavernous gums
with saltwater, creating small oceans
in the craters they leave behind.