

## **These Arms Are Snakes "Your Pearly Whites"**

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The family blood runs through me this oil in water.  
My family blood cut through me clear like teeth made  
of sauter.  
My childhood passed through me smooth like the  
throat meeting water.  
A dental sighs, "son, we're going to have to take your  
last good set of teeth."  
Someone once said, "why do you try to speak when you  
don't have a mouth?"  
You could have been fine, you could have made it.  
You could licked the lips of god but you chose the  
pavement.  
Just lay there with your mouth wired shut.  
You went too far out on a limb and you fell.  
You know your track record shows that it's full of holes,  
so the next time you try to open your mouth, just don't.  
Why do you let them count your teeth while you sleep.  
When they will take a few and parade them around like  
they know you.  
I want to be able to sick my fist in your mouth and feel  
all 32.  
You look so beautiful with a full set of teeth and a great  
mouth to chew.  
I know I lose track of you sometimes.  
I lose track of myself sometimes.  
I lose track of my grammar sometimes.  
Dot dot comma dot.  
You know I try things six times.  
One is for every shot.  
How many triggers do we got left in the chamber?  
What's to remember?  
Lost family.  
Lost friends.  
Loose ends untied.  
The years loop themselves and run over and over  
again.  
You need to buy a piece of this land now, boy.  
It's running out quick.  
I'd take this I guess over the other one.  
The sun sets on the things that I should have done,  
they acted too quick.  
Some things need to remain still.

It's that you shouldn't, you couldn't.  
It could weigh down your eyes.  
As all these walls start to sing, you know you shouldn't,  
you couldn't.  
And then the gums start to bleed.  
Don't drink from this fountain, you are liable to drown,  
and I might ask this once or twice.  
What is this?  
This, my gaping mound of wires.  
My flapping speakerbox.  
Human connection of disconnection.  
Why exist?  
Why take the risk?  
Another day brings you close to your last hour.

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