

BABY TEETH

Our world changes when we lose our baby teeth.
At first it is most exciting to be
All grown up
But once we discover the truth behind the Tooth Fairy,
Perception is duller.
We want to stop believing in magic
So that we can never be broken in such a way again.

Reality is less real once we've lost our baby teeth
—Simply because it is all too real now.
Childish dreams become credit card statements
And buying an ice cream at the store becomes math.
Before we lost pieces of ourselves
Weren't we more hopeful?

The thought, "I can do anything," falls away with baby teeth,
Grinding and slicing through skin
Leaving unimaginably deep wounds to nurse.
Wounds so deep that instead of growing over them
We must grow around them.
The human in us develops around the pain.

The fatal flaw in the loss of baby teeth is the loss of truth.
As soon as we grow to deal with parting,
We grow to expect it.
We brace ourselves and lock ourselves in
So that we may never have to be the one to pull a tooth out
With a delicate tug of string.