

# Itchy Teeth

Marika Hackman

I've been left,  
To lick my wounds, for too long,  
I'm down to boneCallus tongue, itchy teeth,  
metal mouth, with rubber gums,  
A contoured mouthHold me for an hour,  
Flowers bloom in less,  
We'll brace this crumbling tower,  
The harvest of distressEek me out, make me last  
I am a broken ship,  
a sinking mastYou fill me up, I'm made of holes  
With finger tips, red nails and cutting words  
Patch me upWell hold me for an hour,  
Flowers bloom in less  
We'll brace this crumbling tower  
The harvest of distressOoooooh ooh ooh, oooh  
Ooooooh ooh ooooooh,  
Ooh ooh, ooh ooh,  
Ooooh ooooh, ooh oohWell, hold me for an hour,  
Flowers bloom in less  
We'll brace this crumbling tower,  
The harvest of distress

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