

Wisdom Teeth

By Marirose Bernal

faded white, with blood resting on the lips
seeping up from the gums
and gathering in pools on the crowns:
my wisdom teeth are talking to me again.

just shut the hell up already

I know where my wrongs are –
my memories, laughing, scars –
my sins sit on my lap and ask me to reclaim them as sons and daughters,
but the truth is that I never left. My sins braid my hair
ask me to turn off the sun, bring nighttime back into my lungs,
and inhale.

her mouth tastes like you but sweeter.
her mouth tastes like arsenic but sweeter.

so stand before narrowed eyes at seventeen
and tell them
that your country is burning again.