

*Kiel M. Gregory*

**THE DENTIST**

has drill and dripping  
syringe in each hand,  
and I am tensed up so anxiously  
he and the nurse can feel it too.

He says to me,  
*the poets are calm,*  
and if he weren't about to fix my knife fight,  
I would probably laugh at him.

*Hah!* Not the poets I know —  
We are eyes  
and margins,  
want  
and tirelessness,  
hot need  
bordering on whoredom,  
and homelessness,  
and rage.

We are  
the loveless pillow-grip  
longing for cold toes and arms  
to cool our ceaseless inferno.

I say  
give tortured souls microphones  
so we can all be their healing  
and their perfect broken  
teeth.