

# Spring for Poetry in Takoma Park

We all live in dread of our teeth  
falling out into our cupped palms.  
We pray for our teeth, clattering  
in the bone chamber of the skull.  
And when the little insanities  
creep up from our throat, our teeth,  
good soldiers holding their ground,  
grind them down in our sleep. And praise  
to the wolf with his sharp incisors,  
the better to eat. And the ice-maiden's  
teeth, sheathed in enamel, biting clean  
through the bone. Oh we would never  
depart from our eyeteeth, rooted dependably  
above our unremarkable necks. And who  
is not awed by the white buds of milkteeth  
that sprout from red plushness and become  
the cutting edge.

Barbara Goldberg

# TEETH

*Spring for Poetry in Takoma Park, an urban poetry walk, is sponsored by the Friends of the Takoma Park Maryland Library ([www.ftpml.org](http://www.ftpml.org)). Poster designs are by students of graphic design at Montgomery College, Takoma Park.*

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