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snaggletooth

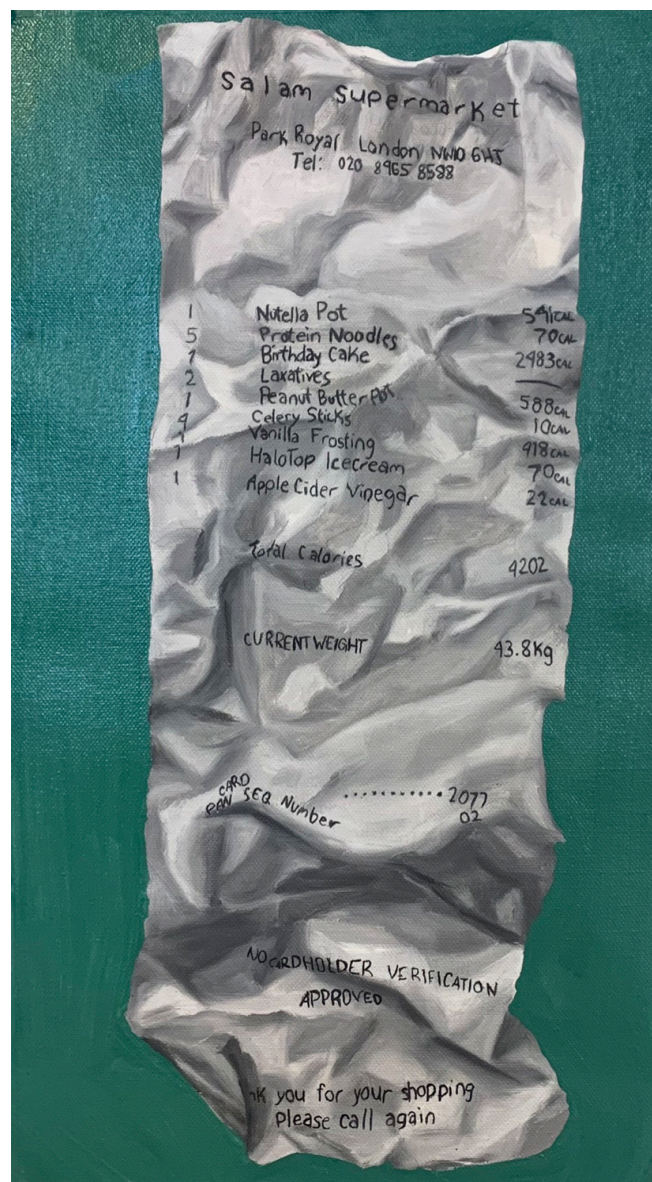
valentines micro edition

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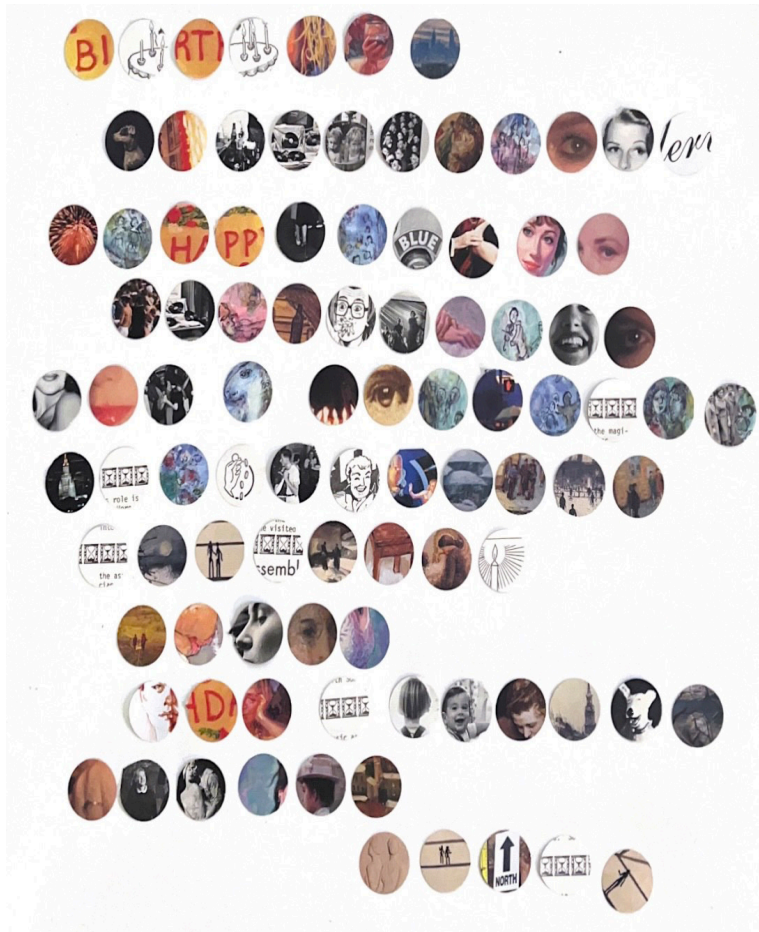


Chaos and Order Within Eating Disorders

things to love

Whales & tails & apples & little tiny beds & glass beads
& sunlight glaring through leaves & blue fire & orange peels
& old eggs & brass eyeglasses & rocking chairs & pink yarn
& film & broken shells on the shore looking to cut & green
bananas & thin flowers & words written on a page & golden
hair & animal rings & brown eyes & strange lines on the trunk
of a tree. Animated jellyfish & cherry soda & mist on the windshield
& yellow horses & high tide & sunflowers in a pale blue vase as tall
as me as tall as any of us. There are long skirts & big jackets that smell
like someone else & purple glue sticks & angels in PJs & new moons
& baby green plants & wet blueberries & hedge mazes & butterflies
resting on limbs of fallen trees & sleeping cats & whitecaps on the water &
stubby mushrooms & eyebags & copied poems & unexpected hugs
& smooth stone & eucalyptus leaves & tall, long people & clean
fingernails & thick moss & flying pigs. There are bins of buttons
& tins of buttons & packages, boxes & bags of buttons & that
mean old Grinch who stole Christmas but gave it back in the end,
he gave it all back in the end. & sun eight minutes old. The dark
side of the moon. Time. Birthdays at the end of the month. Bricks
& sticks & candle wicks & wind & sand & there are babies, babies
who almost smiled & forgave it all, baby ducks & baby trees & baby
rabbits & baby us, crying & screaming & drawing first breath, in & out.
There is the spin of the planet. & there is nothing to forgive.

-- Simon Marsh



Second Date (first published in *Diode Editions*)

Let's do it again, except for the part
where I threw up; it was fun,
except for the part where you had a name
and I had to say it out loud
before swallowing it. I had such a good time
at the museum and then the cemetery,
we kissed in front of so many dead things
and that one song you hate kept playing
but it's Friday, I'm allowed
to love you, I'm allowed to scream
about this hand in my hand,
I'm allowed to wear it like a fucked-up tattoo
I still love and paid the full price for
even though you're still in love with one boy
and sixteen different girls. Even though I know
how to say no now, but I couldn't do that to you
now could I, baby, sweetheart.
I know bus drivers are allowed to kill
three people a year. I know this isn't just a bus
I'm driving. I know you're not a big statue
architecture guy, but see that marble column over there
—yeah, it says it once stood eighteen feet high
in some Greek dude's temple oh if only
we had met for the first time wearing white
sheets. This could mean Ancient Greece,
or Halloween (you said you'd love me
with only two holes cut out for my eyes)
or the hospital where my brother was born,
where my best friend died, where I asked
my life to marry me and it said
can I get back to you? where I spread my legs
and cried not because some boy's teeth fucked me
up but because I didn't know bruises came
in yellow and until then I thought I knew everything
there was to know; in the bathroom mirror
I had never looked so beautiful as I did
in my shitty blue gown.
I will be honest with you
the way you are honest to the cop
when you're fighting many small fights
with the boy you love and all you wanna do
is go the fuck home, man, I just wanna go home
I love you the way light loves distance

the way Buddy Garrity loves football
the way grass loves a used condom
the way Cellino loves Barnes the way all injury lawyers
love eight and zero. The way white men love themselves
with all of God's heart and sing about it
on K-LOVE Live, *I'm coming as I am,*
the only way I can, I kno-o-ow
You want my heart. And this is the last one:
the way we make things nicer for our kids;
Don't feed a fed horse, two birds,
one scone, they hate the hiccups but love the feeling
of knowing someone is thinking of them;
this is the science of love, the exact science of love
where our diaphragms try and fail
to jump out of our stomachs and tell us
to give our life away. And if we do
you will sleep on the old couch
in our living room. I will dress conservatively.
I will say I'm going to plant sunflowers
then run out of time running out of subways
and doctors' offices and outstanding charges
until we have a drink and think
What have we become? and then, What have we become?
But in the industry, this is a success story: our tombstone
will have only our names printed next to each other
like a blessing to all those diehard kids who'll kiss
on top of it. They don't know how to love
and never will and that's the kicker. I love you, it is never enough.

--Kaylee Jeong

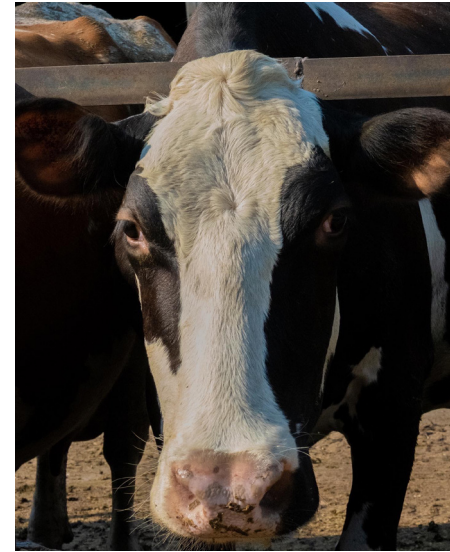


Second date

She drinks my Galician tears

She drinks my Galician tears
Without remorse she satiates
Herself with my electrolyte
Dense fountain outputs then
She grows like the tomatoes
In my garden she blossoms into
A better being than the ones
That came before her she drinks
From my fountain of aging and
Digests it for all it's worth
Merciless for she knows that
There's no dam to stop this flow
And when life gives you running
Water you leave a wheel below.

--Tim Perry



Amaranthine Avian Affection

On my midnight walk home,
Unsafe and alone,
I see two ducks
Paddling along together,
The light of a faraway lamppost
The only evidence of their midnight love affair.

--Caroline McCarthy



Dirty Bird

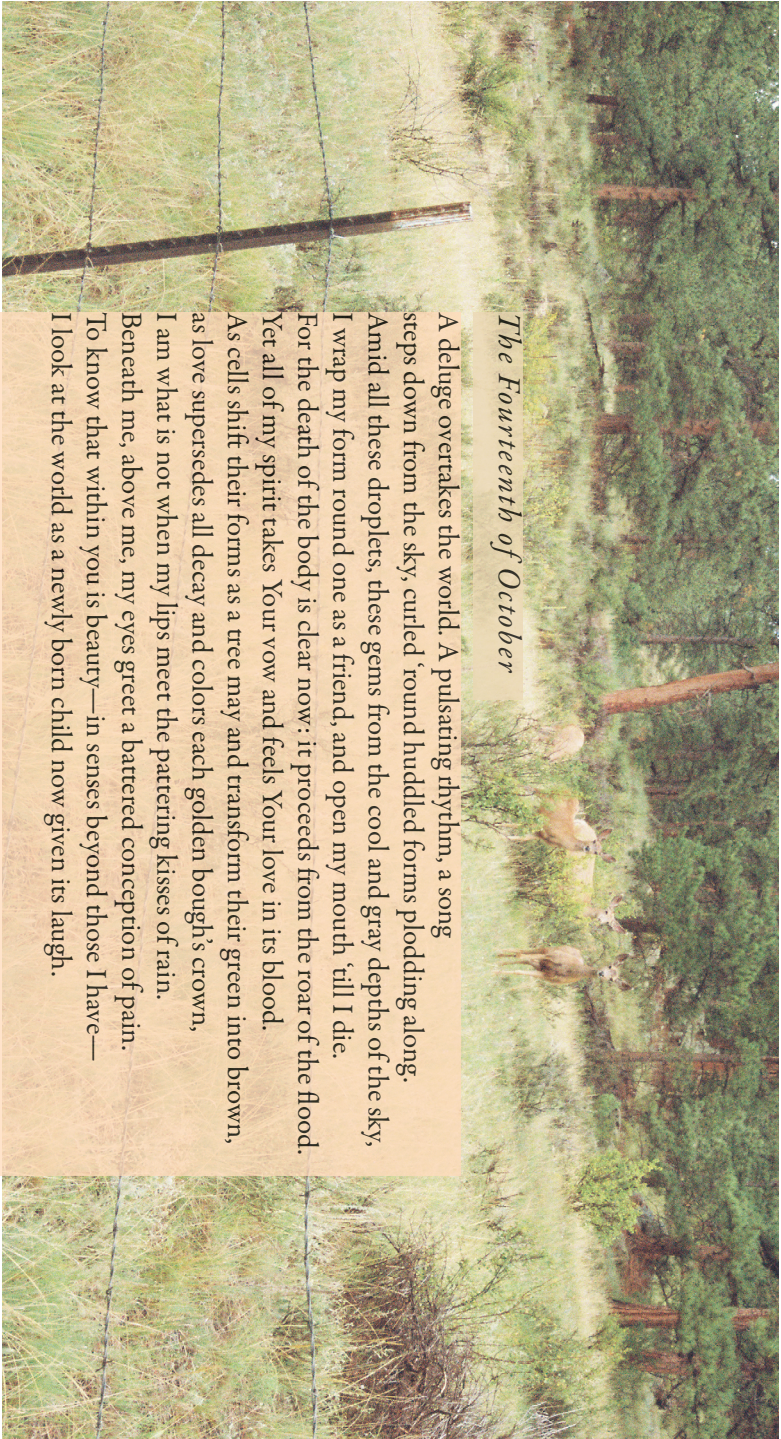
Because a river falls when I close my eyes, our gaze can no longer meet at the great gorge.
A young blue speckled grouse, searching for drink, slips into my bed of burnt twigs and globs of glue.
She burrows into my mattress, folding silk sheets to fabric, finding warmth in butchery.
Open my window, providing an exit
will be required for flight to the water.
Covered in smut, two beaks interlock
once secreted by an unfamiliar body.
As the river runs dry, I open my eyes.

--Grace Biddle

Disaster Survivors

Break the unbroken—is the taunt of time. He and I have proven to break so many times.
I've had him three years, but only one summer, and we've swung around each other
each autumn, as the brittle idea of losing him threatens to break my branches.
I think, that once I learn to let him hold me, time whispers in the poor precinct
of my mind, imploring—*Do you dare believe it's lasting?* The answer is always no.
I would not dream to hold this electricity. Yes, now I am living a love too great
to not be doomed towards loss—and I will look back, graying, weeping
into the garden that he planted on my spine. He screams *Have faith*.
But each time I wake in his bed I scramble for a drink. He is too good.
His laugh too etched. His hands too iron to not rust in a storm.
The incessant need to tattoo his eyes inside my wrists twists this feeling
that I am hopeless. I trust he will never break my heart, but time will pull us apart
like the thread from the hem of his hat. I want to be a disaster survivor.
I want him as a haven instead of this storm. So I crouch in an endless game
of hide and seek, hoping he'll find me, he'll see me, he'll fight through this shrubbery—

--Chase Crawford



The Fourteenth of October

A deluge overtakes the world. A pulsating rhythm, a song
steps down from the sky, curled 'round huddled forms plodding along.
Amid all these droplets, these gems from the cool and gray depths of the sky,
I wrap my form round one as a friend, and open my mouth 'till I die.
For the death of the body is clear now: it proceeds from the roar of the flood.
Yet all of my spirit takes Your vow and feels Your love in its blood.
As cells shift their forms as a tree may and transform their green into brown,
as love supersedes all decay and colors each golden bough's crown,
I am what is not when my lips meet the patting kisses of rain.
Beneath me, above me, my eyes greet a battered conception of pain.
To know that within you is beauty—in senses beyond those I have—
I look at the world as a newly born child now given its laugh.

--Miles Kaufman

You Died Yesterday

It's funny how accustomed to our surroundings we become.
There is a disconnect between what we know and what we expect.
I still hear the claws of your little feet tip-tapping on the kitchen's
 hardwood floors;
Slowly trying to make your way to me.
I woke and I wept.
I prepared myself for your warm body to come lay next to mine,
As I sat alone and cold.
You were the love of a lifetime, sweet boy.
I'll feel the phantom beat of your heart beneath my palms, forever.

--Caroline McCarthy

On the Wall

I watch my face change in odd reflections. The headlights of your car cast a slim shadow.
 I leave
the light on in my room in case you appear, by the time I've allowed myself to sleep,

the headlights of your car cast a slim shadow, beside the photo I won't take down,
by the time I've allowed myself to sleep, you've spent nearly an hour in the mirror.
Beside the photo I won't take down,
there is a girl with the face of my grandmother.

You've spent nearly an hour in the mirror, considering your queer complexion.

--Grace Biddle

Don't talk about my dust like that

You're in a Ziploc bag
and I stomp on you.
I jump on you in my chicken socks!
Landing with both feet at the same time, a wood-creaking jump.
Next I take the meat mallet to you,
On the smooth side of course, I just want to make you crumble,
I don't care to pulverize you.
We have been letting you sit out for days—
Flipping you over to absorb the aromas of our humid kitchen,
to marinate in the smells of fruit flies and hibiscus flowers.
I love you to dust.
You are no dust of a saw! Oh boy did I stomp home that night.
You're golden, you ask for diligent eyes and a fond heart.
Incubator.
A warm light toasts you new.
No, I can't talk! I must be alone with you.
He burns a knuckle of his right hand,
screaming Fuck, giving me a rattle.
His shout (born from anger rather than pain).
Almost dropping you!
I laugh at our care, we sure do give a shit about Wonder Bread!
Gingerly traipsing across the lawn with you in glass,
swaddled in a microfiber dish towel.
I have you in my mouth, I imagine a trip.
If I had fallen.
I puff you out in laughter,
you turn to coarse smoke, dusting my vision of Joe (across from me),
eventually their plate too, as you mist down with gravity.
Everyone mutters *Wrong pipe* through cheeky teeth.
Dusting the table with your love.

--Emma Righter

the clicking clicking gun

i remember when your
teeth scraped along my cheekbone and i
was afraid you would eat me whole

but then you
said, "i'm going to eat you
whole," and i
almost had to laugh
your grip, loosening
both of us, realizing
that this heart was too big
for those eyes, too big
for your stomach

--Audrey Cole

Bolster

If she's in a playful mood she'll
poke me with her plume
Pricking the bristle of her feather in my side, I drool on my hand.
Cusping, fidgeting, does she choose to lie with me?
Through the thin, night to morn
she stays
Sometimes she disgusts me
and I change her dressing to appease the call of new love
Although she's told not to
I swear when I turn
she presses against me.

--Grace Biddle

dame una mano / give me a hand

Me se el nombre

de tu padre y de tu madre...

Me falta acordarme del tuyo.

Sin todavía saberme el día.

Ni el natalicio de mi madre. No es lo que quiero decir.

Reconozco el olor de tu cabello

Pero no tengo idea de donde vives,

Puedo sentir, los escalones, los barandales
La fachada desgastada
Ese día llovía en mi cabeza. en la tuya,

He sentido tus abrazos

Extrañamente tus manos no vinieron ese día

Sin poder estrecharse.

¿A quién estoy viendo?

Pasare el siguiente día, y el año que viene a la misma esquina.

A buscar tus manos ausentes.

Asegurarme de que vuelvan a casa

I know the name of your

Dad and Mom.

I need to remember yours though.

Without knowing the day yet.

Not my mother's birthday. That's not what I'm saying.

I recognize the smell of your hair

But I have no idea where you live,

I can feel, the steps, the railings
The weathered facade
That day it rained in my head, in yours,

I have felt your hugs

Strangely your hands did not come that day

unable to shake

Who am I seeing?

I will spend the next day, and the year that comes at the same corner

to look for your absent hands

Make sure they come home.

--Miguel Angel Pacheco

a love poem; a homecoming

I keep my past lives in my bedroom closet in Pittsburgh. That's where my books are, my old journals, and boxes of old photographs. But mostly I thumb through handwritten cards from people I loved and don't know anymore. I'm used to that kind of temporary storage now, I've paid the price in grief. But I wanted to tell you there's a woman I met in Maine who I love for free. I wake and wish for her weather you can't feel and scents she isn't allergic to.

I imagine a whole life for her, a house and a kitchen full of food and fellowship. A pitcher of sangria, Italian lingerie, blue q socks, and resin hoop earrings. I envision perfect posture and perfect eyesight, unblemished cuticles and painted nails.

I wish for her breakfasts with fresh fruit and french toast, iced coffee and music and travel, poetry, that she has clean mirrors and clean hair, that there are no spiders, no jumpscare, no fear, no rejection, and that she never falls in love with another musician.

I wish her boldness and the kind of joy she feels when she sings. I wish her nourishment and flavor, stimulating dinner conversation, an endless supply of juice boxes, someone who holds her hand and says her name like it's the answer.

The truth is, I rely on her eyes to see myself clearly; I wish her a life with me. Ilana, let's never have a bedtime. I'll fold your laundry and make your bed. Let's get tickets to the theater, steal away into the laze of lexicon, discover together that suffering is a gift. I'll show her my bedroom closet in Pittsburgh and introduce her to the lives I'm no longer living. She can braid my hair and make me laugh. We'll dance till we're drunk. To taste tomorrow, to swing my limbs, to wish, to stay, to exist here with me.

--Lucie Green



oranges

how sweet the tenderness, how fleshy this bond
when two fruits stack to an alien substance
your eye peels its veins, hold it in your palm
see, how sweet the tenderness, how fleshy this bond
i look, bite into the pulp, as pupils meet in yawns
and eyelash-speckled love now rests in abundance
how sweet the tenderness, how fleshy this bond
when two fruits stack to an alien substance.

-- Garrett Glasgow

Ode to Plum Fruit

Oh Lord!
Oh good gracious savior!
Why!?
Had I not tasted plum before?
Why?
Did one not come rolling
down the stairs to
my mouth? Its blissful
flesh ripping
my canines
bruised yet
from its fall
yet still saying
what it needs?

Why?
just now,
do I hold the cold, cold
skin of your fruit
pulled from the fridge drawer
perfectly rounded
and split
perfectly sour
and sweet
perfectly!
Oh god, perfectly.
The first time I tasted you
was a hot summer day
you rolled across the wooden
circled table
And I took what was left on
your pit.

Oh baby.
I love you.

I love how you buy plum
fruits for me
I love how the juice runs down

your thumb as you
tuck my hair away
from my shivering hazel eyes.
You buy them in bulk, half off and still fresh
and we roll—yes.
We roll in that California King singing to the gods
who gave us plums.
Oh, the wow I feel!

The sun shines through the plastic blinds,
the linoleum floors,
the rickety clothes dryer
and its folded wooden door and I have a pot
full of seeds,
for you.
I love how you love
to garden and put things in the ground around you.
I love how you look into the trees
And see
The color of the birds.
I love how you dream of wispy clouds around our peaks.
Please baby,
plant me a plum tree.

With every fruit I ate
every purple dolloped
mahogany
I thought of you
and I kept the seeds.
They filled my cavernous heart and the pockets of my jeans and
I'm ready,
Baby, please,
Water and fertilize
Me.

--Chase Crawford

The thing about drinking black coffee with a sore throat

is that it doesn't cut through the sweet chill
you left in me. It just makes my throat want to eject itself
all over the floor

I say, sitting on the toilet coughing in split fits
losing my throat.

The thing about having a sore throat for a week
is that I don't need Fireball to feel a fresh burn
slip down my skull. And with my throat-scathing coffee,

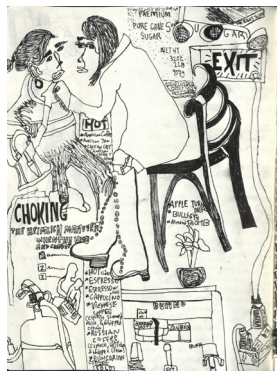
I feel jittery without the rush of your skin
during our time-bending beer toasts in the shower.

The thing about having strep throat for two weeks
and not knowing it is that

when the coffee finally hits
and Health Services call three weeks late

to tell you that the lab result was positive,
you're showered in germy memories, having
already lost your throat.

--Lucia Pizarro



First Date



Final Date

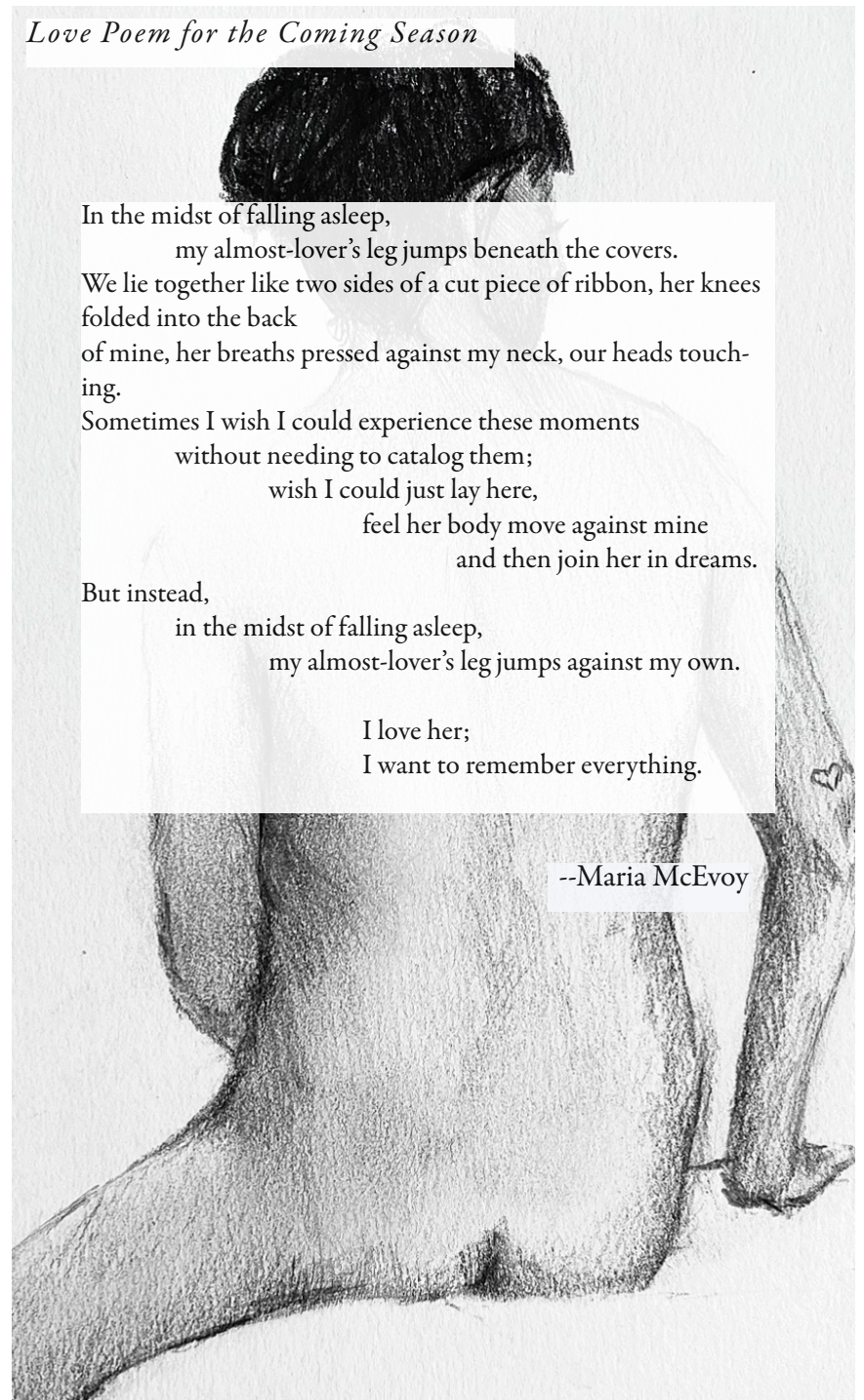
Love Poem for the Coming Season

In the midst of falling asleep,
my almost-lover's leg jumps beneath the covers.
We lie together like two sides of a cut piece of ribbon, her knees
folded into the back
of mine, her breaths pressed against my neck, our heads touch-
ing.
Sometimes I wish I could experience these moments
without needing to catalog them;
wish I could just lay here,
feel her body move against mine
and then join her in dreams.

But instead,
in the midst of falling asleep,
my almost-lover's leg jumps against my own.

I love her;
I want to remember everything.

--Maria McEvoy





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