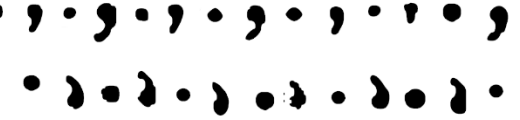
Teeth

TEETH

GRANT
LEUNING

I am digging

These are my teeth



I cut out your teeth

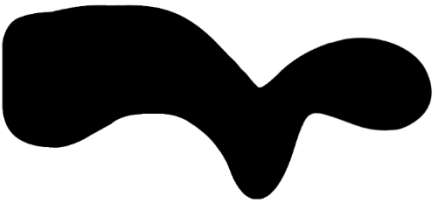
you have no teeth now



No, I left you one the worst one
so you look unnatural

The teeth pour out of your mouth.

Here, pull them out with my fingers.



Take all the pieces

to see or hear and take
them out of the head

and put them on the
outside by their ornament



Do you string them together

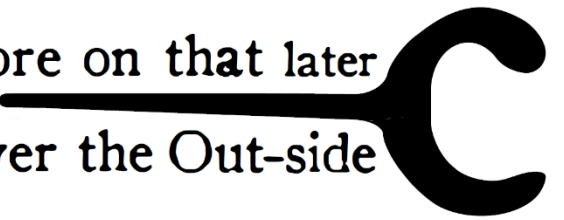
Not on the outside, your
nerves would go bananas!

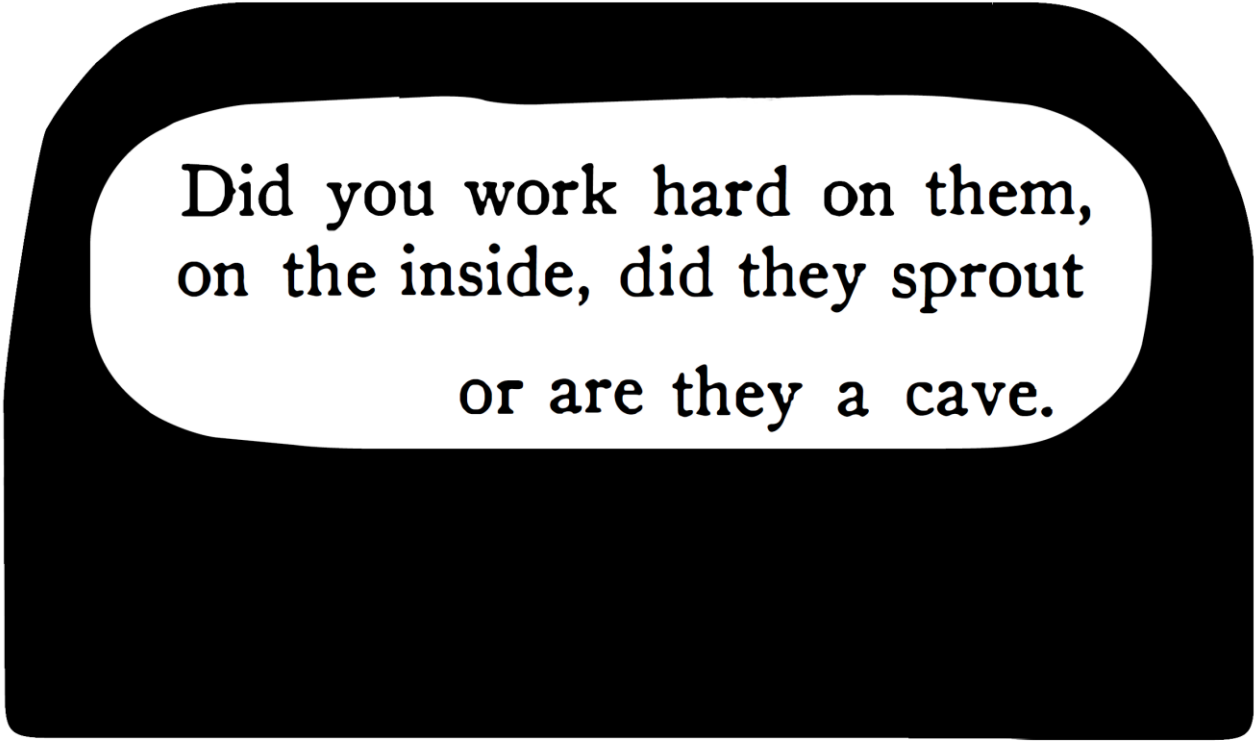


Inside, reconnect by pressing on the parts of the skin.

More, more on that later

Fuss over the Out-side

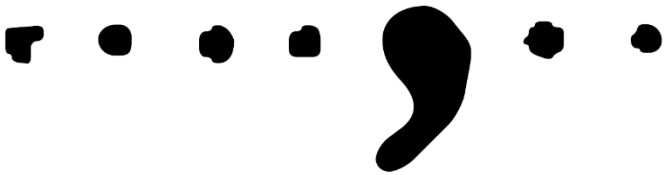


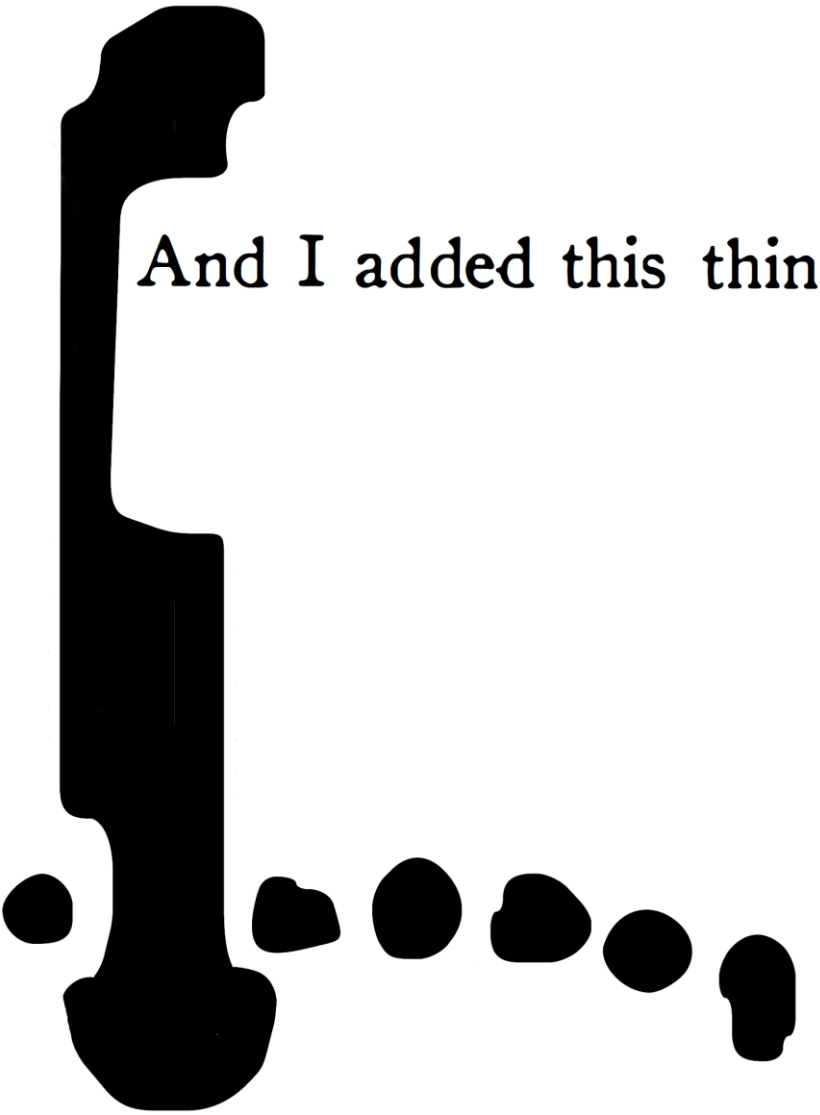

Did you work hard on them,
on the inside, did they sprout
or are they a cave.

I took all your teeth away.

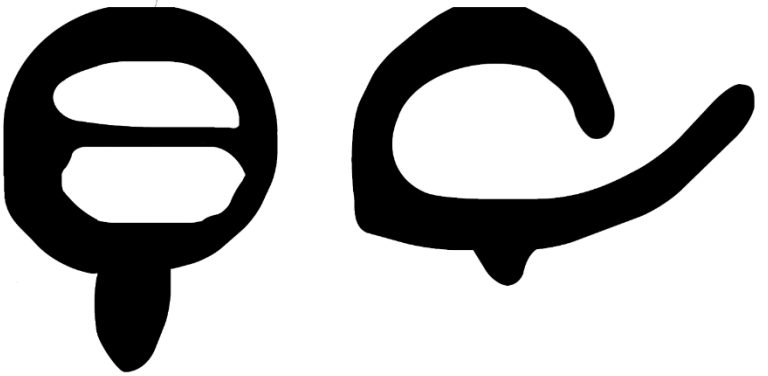
. . . . . .

Except one.



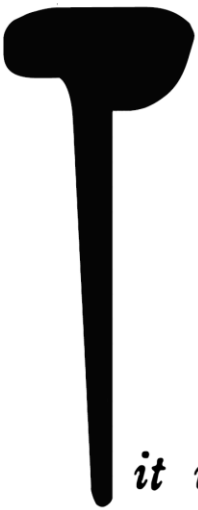

And I added this thing

When you put the pieces on the outside,
Why not the eyes and inner ear?



Pro-tective cases.

What is there more outside,
the pieces, the eyes, the inner ear?



it is the inner ear, &
is they are too long, &
is they grow after dead—



It hang on the outside
it hang on the outside

hang on the outside
hang on the outside
hang on the outside
hang on the outside

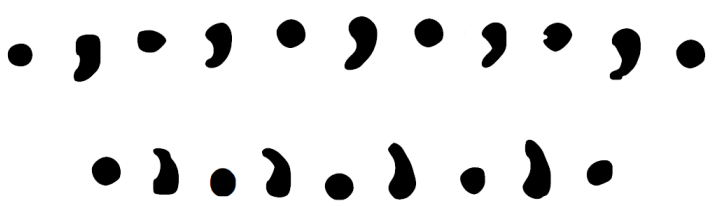
Mouth goes outside

goes out to steal

I take your last tooth

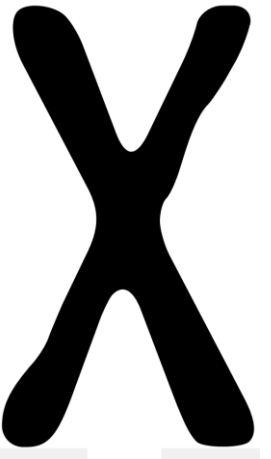


and show mine again



Fuss and gone.

Fuss and believing
in fuss, and gone.



XOXO

Grant Leuning