

Molars

Cinema Strange

He collapsed into fists, and his fingers burned.
He spent shadows growing tall and thin.

He had hardly lived, was only just a man, when he was consumed.
He might have smoked a briar pipe, might have worn a monocle, but instead he ATE.
He never dreamt of teeth, he never dreamt of molars, growing where they should not be.

He crafted knots using miles of throat.

He screamed with chipped enamel, blistered airways flecked and sprayed with digestive juice.

He fingertips, he broken lips &
Whoa-oh-oh and so forth.

He wasted memory, his smallclothes eaten &
He fashionably undone, his crepe-covered family &