

# Gold Tooth

Kelly Joe Phelps

The air is turning cold outside  
It's a rabbi in a brothel for the third time  
The gold tooth of a broken man  
A white glove in a purse down at the bottom of the sea

The day is turning dark outside  
All aspiration face down in the street  
A pro in the alley with a red-moon sky  
The last drag of patience on a celibate cigar

The light is getting hot inside  
It's a butcher in the slaughterhouse smiling  
A mule with a razor and a swagger in his step  
Ratboy in the corner taking a leak against the wall

My heart is turning black inside  
Stealing from the army shaking bells at the door  
A hand in a bucket of creosote  
Rusty junkyard nails sticking straight up through the floor

The breath has gone away from this house  
It's a dog in the car in the winter  
A hotel window in a hurricane  
A furnace exploding down in the cellar, by the jars

My dream will come back to this house  
It's a kid who refuses to shut up  
A sheep dog playing with 84 bones  
A fast, red Ferrari in a sixteen-car garage

Let me keep my gold tooth  
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