

Shark teeth**Carol Harvey Steski**

At the beach we sit on grins,
 with our sandpaper bottoms
 polishing overbites to glass,
 and try to imagine
 how these pearly blacks came to be here
 once shed from ancient mouths
 un-locked and un-loaded
 from mechanical jawbones,
 rendered effectively inert.

Thousands of choppers
 lost in a single lifetime one by one

dislodged, replaced
 dislodged, replaced

a round-the-clock enamel factory
 of henry ford-esque efficiency.

What became of those assembly line by-products?
 Did lateral cusplets and serrations drift listlessly
 through millennia floating alongside
 the flotsam and jetsam of sea junk
 and jellyfish schools?
 Surf relentless swells and curls
 riding centuries of big rollers
 before finally being spit out petrified
 on this shore?

I pity the tooth fairy,
 having neither the time nor the means
 to deliver whatever currency
 this vast collection might fetch.
 Nor the opportunity, really, as these fish
 don't stop for sleep.
 Instead they chase down wakes,
 in concentric circles, swirling.

Haunted by chronic loss,
 they harbour the common knowledge of neurotics:
 that eventually all our lovers run away.
 Even our own body parts
 abandon ship on the regular.