

# Seateeth

Fay Ballerino

Baby teeth surround me,  
faux pearls washed up on shore  
reveal moon's mysterious force

Her hissing tides,  
the ideof time that steal  
seashells from their home

But these are not shells,  
these pure and polished  
bits of stone

They look like molars,  
children's cuspids  
a fairy must have thrown

Deep into the ocean,  
to be ground in salt mills

of the fire monkeys' abode

Where they melt the bars  
that shape the Earth  
and Aido-Hwedo moans  
For underneath the steely weight  
of ancient myth- a heavy world-  
he cannot help but groan

Fate resting upon his scaly shoulders,  
the great dragon guards the city  
of Atlantis from ever being known

And all the while the monkeys toil,  
limbs muscular and roan  
pouring iron bars to feed the snake below

Beneath the waves, a serpent coils  
in blue reflections of my own;  
he bites as I grip hard

The incisor in my pocket,  
a small reminder that

time's mill grinds fine and slow

Yet not so fine I cannot find

nacreous magic within

my grasp of the unknown.

\*Author's Note- this story is based upon a South African creation myth referencing the all-powerful god, Nana-Buluku, and his companion, the mighty serpent Aido-Hwedo. Symbolically, Aido-Hwedo represents the ouroboros, carrying the weight of the world upon his shoulders.