

**[Daily I brush my fangs with an ax]**

Daily I brush my fangs with an ax,  
Carefully removing the green-brown slime  
built up from days of flesh consumption.  
Skipping off to bed,  
I'm careful to catch a hot shooting star  
on the tip of my tongue. Upon contact  
it sizzles like a steak on a grill.  
I spit it out again with my dreams  
and secretly hope they all come true.  
Alone, without the moon's companionship,  
I think peacefully to myself and  
drift into my secret world of unhappy fairy tales  
where Prince Charming is actually  
an alligator prepared to tear at my flesh  
with one hundred sharp teeth that won't let go.