

Death of a Toothbrush (a random observation)

by Carl Santoro

Gone are the bristles bristling.

Embedded with memories
of crevices that once
fought to hold the spinach or walnuts within.

No more feeling the undulating
responses as the velvety tongue
winces and curls as
the wine is scrapped away.

Is it wine, as we stare, or
is it blood.

Ah, the surprising
blood days.

Gone will be the role as mattress
for the minted
layer of paste or gel.

No more thoughtful gentle or
reckless vigorous
strokes - forward and back,
circular, up and down.
No - no more of that.

The bristles,
once hungry hunters of

plaque, winking at cavities,
smirking at tired gums,
now cast aside like
worn out toothpicks,
chewing gum that lost its flavor,
single-use water bottles,
one shot coffee pods.

Once a sword, a dagger...
or simply a brush,
fighting the good fight,
now a home to
the leftover trapped bacteria
looking for nourishment.

Gone are the bristles bristling.

The bristling bristles are gone.

