

spring
2025

snaggleteooth



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THE RECKONING

From the Heavens things look good but the birds are telling me terrible things about you. That you went to church with your grandmother but you DIDN'T WANT TO, that you tripped over the shoelace your mother SPECIFICALLY REMINDED YOU TO TIE, that you took a LEFT-HAND TURN on a RED LIGHT. The birds tell me you got HAMMERED and fucked up the lyrics to JUST DANCE at a DIVE BAR in TORONTO, promised your brother you would pick him up from practice and FORGOT, took TWENTY-FIVE MINUTES to get dressed when you were ALREADY LATE. They say you LOST to a RIVAL TEAM in SINGLES PINGPONG, acted UNENTHUSED during a SIXTH GRADE GRADUATION, told your BOYFRIEND you were TOO TIRED to have SEX. That you DROPPED the RINGS at your GAY UNCLES' WEDDING. After, when your GAY uncles were GAY MARRIED, everyone said it was funny. That the way you didn't get upset, just carefully collected the rings from the stubby grass and carried them the rest of the way down the aisle, was so gentle. No one has ever called you gentle before.



sunshine city

the banyan trees down Central Avenue
have roots that pierce my skin and weave their way into my bones
my grandmother tells me
that, no matter what happens,
the ghost of your umbilical cord will always pull you back
to the place where it was cut.

it is not the only ghost that lives in this city.

the parking lot where i learned to ride a bike,
then to drive a car
the spot by the mangroves that we used to play in as children
the old coffee shop, with its windows barred like a prison
where i learned to feel fear
the air here is hot and humid
as if the city herself is trying to waterboard me.

beneath her unrelenting sunshine,
there is nowhere to hide
i am naked on the hot pavement outside the church,
every triumph and shame and secret of my life
an open book
to the city that has eaten me alive.

Inheritance

How lucky am I to wear these tattered seams?
A gift, this threadbare pain in stitched-up lines,
To mend the fabric of their distant dreams,
And tailor it to fit this life as mine.

They bore a seam that stretched beyond their name,
A want worn thin where quiet stains inflame.
The pattern of their youth was torn by work and blame,
I stitch their lines to claim a borrowed frame.

I feel their shadows, laid upon my skin,
Their quiet strength is woven in patches, frayed but bright.
Their battles rest where my own threads begin,
And from their past, a future I ignite.

How strange, to grieve for wounds that were not mine,
Yet from their hands I weave a life, defined.



The Sprawl

Hard black sky and I watch the rearview mirror like a TV screen. I don't leave the house anymore but I call the places I've never been *home*. Like the state cemetery replete with unmarked graves, one chainlink fence from the anarchist bookstore. I fear the dead because I know they're nothing like me. At the very least I question their need for real estate, even more so a gated community. Or maybe I really just want another mixed-use weed shop Pilates studio artisan coffee house with the turfed outdoor seating to take their place. The state sold a fraction of this city and declared it restricted airspace. Now, the stars rarely emerge after one big cloud of light materialized over the Tesla factory. I've waited for them to sliver again. To guess which ones are already dead.



Savior Impulse

I'm going to save the world.

Bullets of sweat punch through
Women and children
Come raining down like
Cats and dogs
Dials cranked to doomsday

I'm going to save the world.

In the cosmic ether we are
Blips,
Less than that,
And there will be no record of our passing.
Even if you ball up your fists and mash them against your eyes
Hold the pulpy globes pinched between forefinger and thumb
And pull-
*All burned up. Shriveled and made me mean ash,
like a dead grandma.*

I'm going to save the world.

Like an uncooked,
Doughy,
Frozen man
Ripped out of a freezer unthawed
And thrown into an oven at
Just the right temp,
He's on the way but,
Not quite

there.

I'm going to save the world
I'm going to fix it all
I'm going to create a utopia

The ashes are disposed of from mountain to sea.





Emma grants me a wish

after Angie Sijun Lou

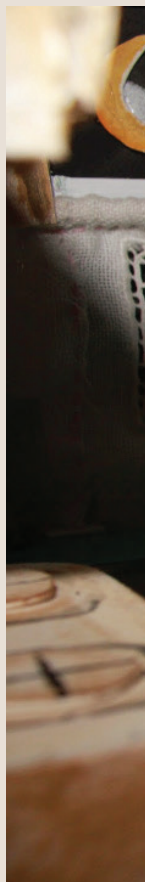
Emma is a people person,
she grabs my wrist, presses my hand
to the ice-locked puddle
and says *doesn't summer feel good*,
Emma knows how to feel,
when we've had enough our hands
pass through each other's skulls
until we both go completely transparent,
something like a purgatory that only
New England winter can approximate,
afterwards Emma licks my wounds
and forces me to admit that I'm human,
she gives me a childhood
and a Zippo lighter burn in the shape of
a perfect circle on my tongue,
scorched earth for my stupid nerves,
Emma loans me a pair of scissors
and we cut out the human-interest stories
from *Playboy* magazines on her bedroom floor,
I found a heart once, in her ringer tee closet,
I gave it to the Salvation Army,
heart needed somewhere to go
but I don't need a second heart, just one,
something that she doesn't own,
I kept the rest of me in a box on the lawn,
sign said something like, *FREE*.



One Night Stand

As the sun fell down
With sky in coral, rose
Foot stepped through the door
And darkness swooped in, closed;

The night rolled over
And turned itself around
The stars prickling
My fingers and my scalp;





The moon looked at me
And, harshly as the night
It just looked right through,
My body out of sight;

It saw me as a pond
Reflecting stars and trees
I saw myself as firewood
Burning as I freeze;

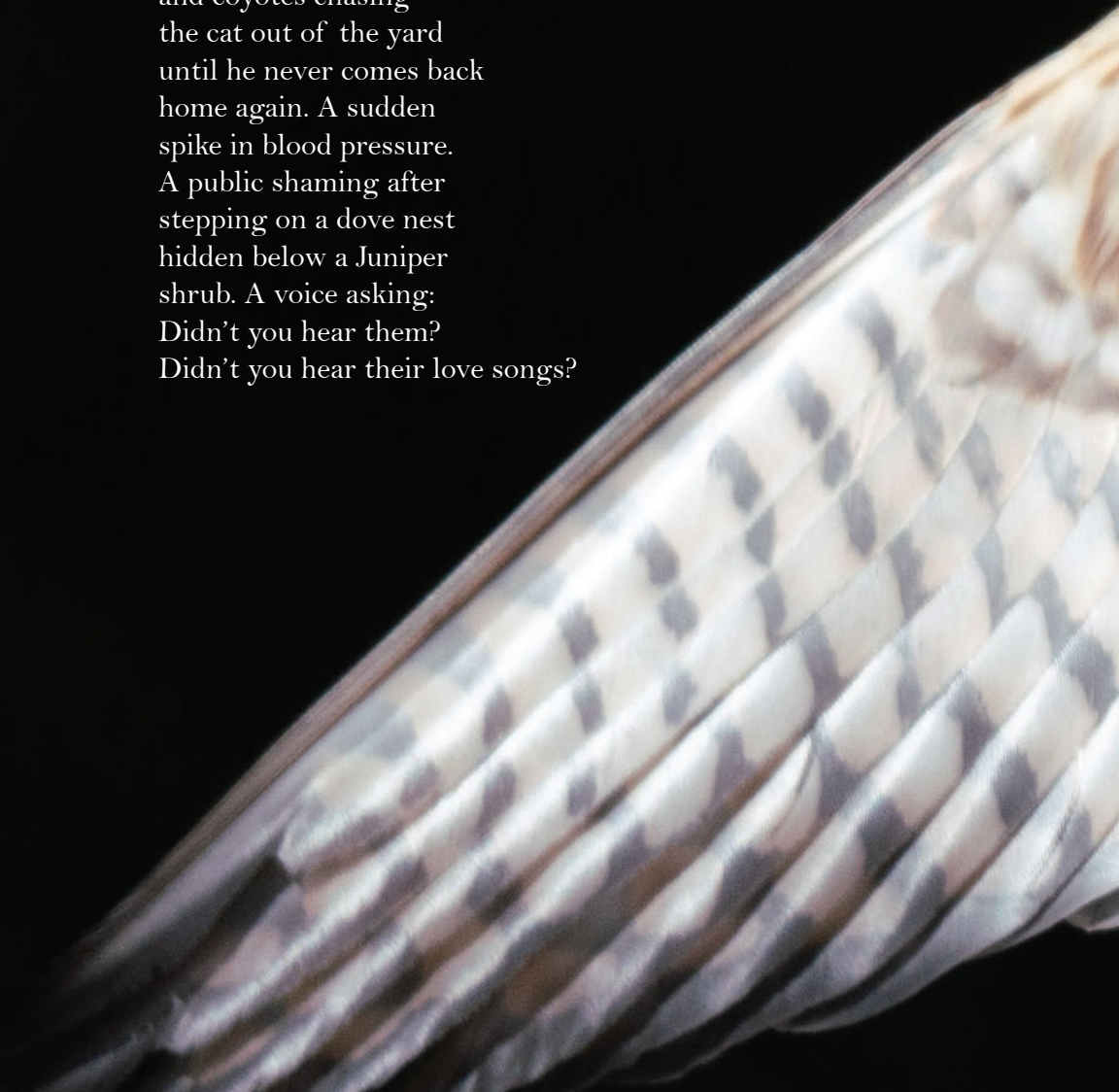
When I fell back down
To the solid earth
I had a little blue flower
Wilting in my hand.



Heredity

I am sitting here waiting for a catastrophe.

A panic attack
on the laundry room
floor or a ripped callus
on a fingertip. A cottonmouth
in a creek with bare feet
and coyotes chasing
the cat out of the yard
until he never comes back
home again. A sudden
spike in blood pressure.
A public shaming after
stepping on a dove nest
hidden below a Juniper
shrub. A voice asking:
Didn't you hear them?
Didn't you hear their love songs?









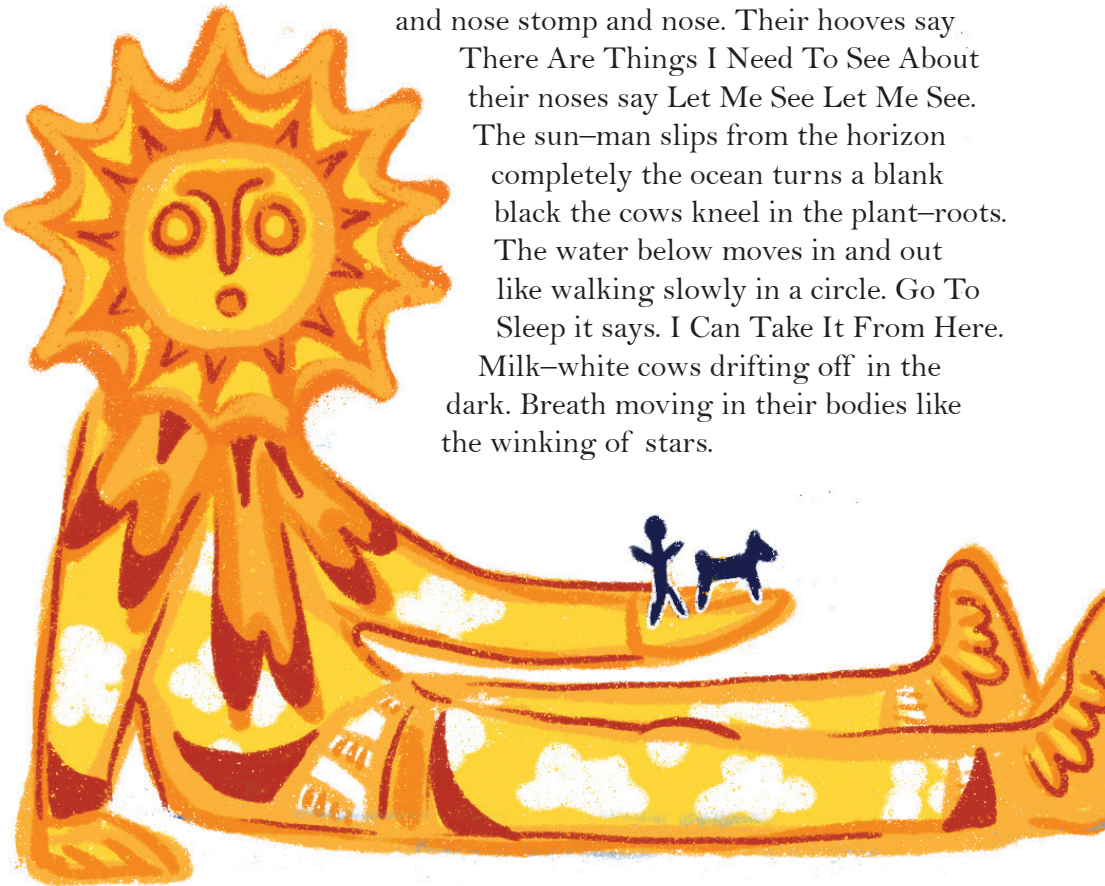
The Dream

Wild fennel, beginning, Malta. Dark purple heavy with ripeness, green wrapped around its stem like a spine. It makes a field. Water on the horizon yes blue—orange horizon, sun—throat filling with sticky sea spray. In the field here at the beginning there are cows in the fennel yes many of them so many cows. Their necks bent in milky white arcs into the ground; the lines of their bodies sharp against the purple—green. The sun—man is shrinking away from them but he will be back. The cows are nosing the purple fruit growing from the ground and stomping their feet to keep the flies away. They do not even look up as his gold—yellow fingers caress their ears goodbye they only stomp and nose stomp and nose. Their hooves say

There Are Things I Need To See About
their noses say Let Me See Let Me See.

The sun—man slips from the horizon
completely the ocean turns a blank
black the cows kneel in the plant—roots.
The water below moves in and out
like walking slowly in a circle. Go To
Sleep it says. I Can Take It From Here.

Milk—white cows drifting off in the
dark. Breath moving in their bodies like
the winking of stars.





D i s s e c t i o n



Time roasts down through all my ribs,
and i dribble slowly down Time's chin.
above the drip, he giggles, he groans;
the words slither from his mouth
like hot tar:

"So small!"



I am pinned down by hands and feet
and a dark green scaly creature with sharp teeth approaches me,

I turn my head to say "you look so beautiful" with half my breath, like a woman on an operating table

she closes her eyes and takes a deep breath, says

"we haven't had meat in months, I worry that my children--"

I slice off my left breast and hand it to her

some people say alligators never really cry,

but some alligators are mothers,

I swear she begins to weep,

as I feel my final breath build in my chest, a beautiful beige patterned winged woman flutters over my heart,

"miss your dress, it is the most beautiful thing I've ever seen. So many of us have been battered and killed sneaking into closets for scraps; and my wife and I, we haven't eaten in weeks," her voice begins to crack and waver

"when you- would it be ok if--"

although my last words have already been spoken my eyes begin to glaze over
and I smile bigger than I ever have and she knows,

the fluttering of her wings is in synch with the rhythm of the slowing beat of my heart,

A young vulture lets out a sigh of relief from just beyond the nearest mangrove,

her children will eat soon

here in my final form I feel rectified and completely at peace.

Women never get to keep our bodies,

I have never met a woman who didn't have a man take her body at one point or another,

what a joy it is,

to choose

to give it back.

How to Say No

I walk through the hot damp thicket,
my trajectory as straight and unwavering as a bullet exiting a chamber,
white nightgown with lace trim tickling my ankles,
bare underneath,
the isopods and deer do not seem to notice
how the outline of my stomach bulges in my
silhouette,
the soles of my feet are beginning to collect shards of rock and splinters,
I'm sure if I looked back, I would see bloody footprints,
but I know exactly what I want,
I feel the ground grow soft and encase the shape of my footsteps,
my body is at the will of water,

I lay to rest on my back,
I see a leech's mouth watering at the sight of my bleeding feet,
I make sure my feet are pointed straight down and still,
her entire family quickly begins feasting
mother after mother approaches me,
this one is on wings and has a long lovely nose,
"hello ma'am, I love your dress, how pretty I am so sorry to ask but my children, they are so
hungry I don't want to hurt you but... just a few bites? only for my daughters? I don't need to eat"
I grin and grab a sharp rock and slice my left palm open—
before she is halfway finished,
"I'm so sorry ma'am but—" and I slice my right palm for her, holding my arms out at perfect
ninety degree angles for them




Dissonance

Black cadillac, windows down, roof up.

License plate: *123-U-OWE-ME*,
white tank top, basketball shorts,
no contacts, no hair.

Cigarette in his right,
steering wheel in his left.

XL t-shirt, even baggier jeans;
sunglasses up, tennis shoes, tied.
Exposed. Disinterested.
Noon.



Teeth grow,
east to west,
cigarette to steering wheel,
right then left then
straight ahead.

What're you doin' out here, all alone?

Don't you want a ride?

Do you know where I'm goin', baby?



The Crib Looks Up at Me From Six Feet Below

The internal clock
It's slipping— my hold,
on ice that pulls me,

three of me in the mirror,
circus pills
swallowing. Counting

jewels. I pick;
it's coming off anyways.
Flaxen wallpaper, slippery and

underneath
I look down at
my limp arm resting,

empty wood and
I don't carry in my belly—
heart. Memorabilia laces the

rotten house. The
times. The
wallpaper receives

Protrudes from my abdomen.
I have no traction
toward the precipice.

One shoving
under tongues, and the second
clicking rainbow

skin crossing my thumb.
Like peels of
stiff and

I find what I'm looking for.
The side of my bed
against the pointed lip,

empty wombs embrace me.
But I'll carry in my
foundation. Of the

floors cracked open, some
windows shivered with frost. The
hands like blessings.



From Wool to Wolves

My hands lick the underbelly of her wooly arching stomach.
Her restless baby legs thump the frozen ground, tiny
earthquakes that pass through my aching arms, but I hold
my careful hands steady while I undress the torso with surprise.

Bits of fleece catch in the freezing wind. Rain check on that yarn,
rain check on that sweater, rain check on that sky. Fat snowflakes
split the air between us. Eyes examine my work from beyond my
periphery. Traveled by chill and I'm wary,

Keep ears out for the strange cries. They blossom from oak
cradles, breaking through ice and glass to bristle my attentive ears.
I steal the wool from my wispy sheep, spun into threads,
to wrap around my sinless baby. My grave eyes apologize

to the ewes, taking their babies' coats, shearing off virginal cloud.
Wooden sheep line the sill of my baby's window—open
despite the chill, so I can hear her howls from across the field.
Mother to mother—I'm brainless. Operating on soft machinery

that has outdated my hardware. My body mirrors my baby's muted
predation, her pillaging tenderness. I made a whole, hungry daughter
out of my fear. Shucked a child out of some ancestral divination
that laces my organs, shears my marrow. She's inevitably feral.

The frilly dirt unfolds between tiny paw pads. Spreading seeds;
sending out primal vibrations. Codes that call in wolves. Yelps
and shrieks permeate the snowy grass, winding around the stocky
legs of my sheepish and sickly flock.

I grip the frozen ax and wield my maternal exhaustion above
my sour breath. I stalk between armrests and crawl over the crib,
positioned like a wrathful saint, looking down into the ravenous,
beady eyes of the great wolf, pink gums bared like shearing scissors.

People Palimpsests

I'm told that trees first appeared
in the Devonian period.
and have, through the sowing of seed
clawed themselves through millennia.

I watch palms sway and overlay their fronds
dancing and holding themselves in the breeze.

My grandad sits a few feet away but
can't hear what I'm saying unless I look
dead at him.
Every time we hug,
I hear clicking and whirring from his ears

I should like to sling myself upwards
drape myself around a trunk, lizard-like as I bask in the sun and
don't think of how it yellows
and wrinkles me
like the worn pages of an old book.

My dad sits closer.
He used to carry me along
in arms as big as I was.
I look at him and see my own smile:
reflected across years,
worn but not out.
I look at his close-cropped hair
To search for touches of my own color.

The palms read me.
They wave to me,
throw sunlight across my eyes.
I hold up a hand, warding away what I don't want to see.

My grandfather sits bathed in light,
glowing through his skin with varicose veins.
My arm is marbled with its red and blue promise.



The Wedding

Yesterday I swallowed my eyes. I held open my eyelids and scooped them out with a spoon, one by one, pressed them past my lips down my throat. It was bloodless. I started at the beginning. Pink is the color of my flesh but in the body everything is warm and black. Cosmic.

Love in the time of cholera, love in boxcars of bodies and trailer parks of turtles without shells and bears without pants. Now there's ice cream cake on my lap at a wedding of anteaters. At this holy matrimony I cough, then sneeze, then blink into my cupped hands. Eyelids closing over empty sockets. In my stomach, these eyes of mine sit pleasantly on the bride's side. Later, you bring me water with warm ice cubes but I am already out on my rambling. Feet after blistering feet on the pavement.

The city is a leaning tower I have yet to look up at. Symbolism runs rampant through the sky. A kite parade goes up in flames and I just stand there and stare. What are you doing! I say to them. I laugh so hard tears run down my face. You're sinking!

I sit on a park bench working for the government. My job is, snap cigarettes in half and put them back in the box for resale. I stoop to offer one to the pigeons but they turn their beaks up. My eye sockets are dirty so I take a dip to soothe myself. I can smell blood in the water. Uh oh. The sharks call me freak so I take my spoon to them. I steal their eyes!

The world above water is warped through shark eyes. I see everything in slits of shape. It hurts and I toss them back into the sea. See, I say to my stomach, but my eyes have grown teeth and are clamoring to get out. It's not safe out here. It's a bad time.

I wrecked this motorcycle that isn't mine because I drove it headlong into a hot dog truck. To cope I sit on my hands and watch for you, singing songs while I wait. People give me 24 cents for my trouble. They can see I'm trying. You come into sight with a nasty cough and an empty plastic cup. Love has excused itself for siesta time. Inside, soft and dark, my eyes clink against two dimes and four pennies.

I relent. I open my eyes against the light bearing down on me. Bride's side. Sunset weddings facing west are always brutal. The ceiling glares down at the floor, the moon tugs and tugs on the tidewaters. In and out we go.

Something's wrong, you lament, standing still in the center of the room when I come back from the reception, smelling of beach and mam-mal, your eyes in my pocket. You clutch at empty sockets. Something's wrong.

New Year's Day, 2025

I am pushed out of December like a just-kissed girl stumbling out of a car
smelling of firework ash and the chocolate oranges in my sock drawer.

When faced with a miracle chance to be good,

I falter:

pick a fight with my mother,

jerk off in my unmade bed,

leave the mouthwash half capped on the edge of the counter.

I take a shiny penny and place it in the soft, rotting pocket in my stomach,
where fungus blooms

on those labyrinthine fantasy novels from my fifth grade year,

and the strong, lean hands of the boy I miss,

and all the other ribboned things

that I've been thinking of

as the holidays linger like a dry woolen cough.

So tell your brother yes,

I'll smoke, if he's going to,

because anyway I've been thinking of sitting this one out.

2046 will be my year, silver, cold, and distant,

or maybe I'll take 1999

a lung-stretch shout before y2k destruction.

1773, 3004, 1968, 12.

Come 'round to see me getting pious, getting lucky,

getting good at this life thing.

Every time I wonder all day who loves me.

Every time I wish for clean, fresh snow.



MEET OUR CONTRIBUTORS!

Lauren White

Lauren is a senior Neuroscience major from St. Petersburg, Florida. She likes painting, cooking, and watching Star Wars. Thousands of bees live in her backyard and they are her friends.

Colin Bright

Colin is a sophomore from Ocean City, Maryland. He's majoring in English, with a concentration in Creative Writing. He enjoys any book by Brandon Sanderson, days without any wind, Irish goodbyes, and making himself laugh. His dogs are named Scout and Schmolze and he has a favorite.

Fish Dellangelo

Fish is a Non-Binary, Lesbian Poet. Fish's poems are about their lived experience with medical trauma, queerness and sexual assault, tying these things to empowering themes of reclamation, healing, lesbianism, and feminism.

Mary DeWitt

Mary is a junior at Bates College, studying American Studies and Gender & Sexuality Studies. Originally from Gorham, Maine, she's passionate about poetry, creative writing, and storytelling that challenges the norm. Her favorite weather to write in is a summer thunderstorm—the perfect mix of cozy and chaotic. When she's not lost in a story, she's probably listening to music, deep in a podcast rabbit hole, relaxing outside, or making yet another stop at Aroma Joe's.

Kate Hayes

Kate is a first-year from Austin, Texas majoring in Creative Writing. She enjoys researching the etymology of words like EXPRESS and reading literary magazines. Right now, she's working on a poem about airplanes.

Colin Kenny

Colin Kenny is a freshman who is from New York City. He is an English and Film major with a concentration in creative writing. He is a sailor, a filmmaker and a photographer when he feels like it. He can frequently be seen doing something dumb and then immediately regretting his decision to do said dumb thing.

Omer Kitov

Omer is a Junior, Tel Aviv-Yafo born and Boston grown. He's majoring in Psych and minoring in Educational Studies. He loves writing songs or poems, reading about witchcraft, consuming fantasy novels/shows, and winter.

Avery Lehmann

Avery Lehman is a visual artist from Portsmouth, NH. She loves cooking, hates cleaning, and needs to get out more often. If she could do anything in the world she would host Taskmaster UK.

Talia Skaistis

Talia Skaistis is a senior who calls both New York City and Austin, Texas home. She just finished her poetry thesis, and feels pretty relieved about it. Ask her about mermaids, playing the bass, herbal tea combinations, or her opinion on the oxford comma.

Ramona McNish

Ramona McNish is a first-year from Alameda, California. She likes novels, summer, and the mango ice cream in Commons. She doesn't like writing about herself in the third person.

Emma Paris

Emma Paris (she/her) is a first-year student at Bennington College, she's studying Creative Writing and Ecology. Her poetry has appeared in VT-Digger; Moonstone Arts Center's New Voices Anthology, (m)other tongues, MORIA, and more. Emma was the Youth Poet Laureate of Vermont runner-up 2024.

Alex Provasnik

Alex is a senior from Arlington, Virginia double majoring in Chemistry and Art. When she is not in the ceramics studio she loves going for a polar plunge or re-dying her hair a different shade of purple.

Whitney Riley

Whitney is a senior from SoCal majoring in Art and Sociology at Hamilton College. They enjoy ocean swimming, writing silly Letterboxd reviews, picnics, painting, laying in bed, reading graphic novels, and mango milk tea boba. Whitney is a co-host of 'the secret society' on 88.7 FM WHCL and a docent at the Welin Museum of Art.

Clio Turner

Clio is a sophomore from Western Mass, majoring in Sociology and minoring in Education. She's a lifeguard and thinks Annoying Orange was misunderstood.

Juno Rogers

Juno Rogers is a freshman from the best city in the world (Atlanta). She is planning on majoring in Sociology and Hispanic Studies. When she is not running track, she prefers to climb trees, ride public transportation (shoutout MARTA!), and toss around the old pigskin. Her favorite shows are Psych and MacGyver (NOT the new version). You might find her listening to 2000s reggaeton hits, laughing with her friends, or riding her blue and red penny board down Alumni.

Simon Marsh

Simon Marsh is a junior from SF. He likes to paint, swim, climb, draw, and be generally peaceful and calm. Right now he is reading 'Stories' by Susan Sontag.

Maddie Weinstein

Maddie Weinstein is a sophomore from New Jersey. She started taking black-and-white film photographs in high school and developing and processing film using a darkroom. She loves exploring and going on adventures all over Maine, which is where many of her photos in snag come from. She also works on the social media team for Snag!

Katie Birrane

Katie Birrane is a first year from Ellicott City, Maryland, pursuing a biology major. She loves crocheting, watching movies, and roller skating, and believes that pufferfish are objectively the best animal on the planet. You can disagree, but you will be wrong.

OUR

Editors in Chief

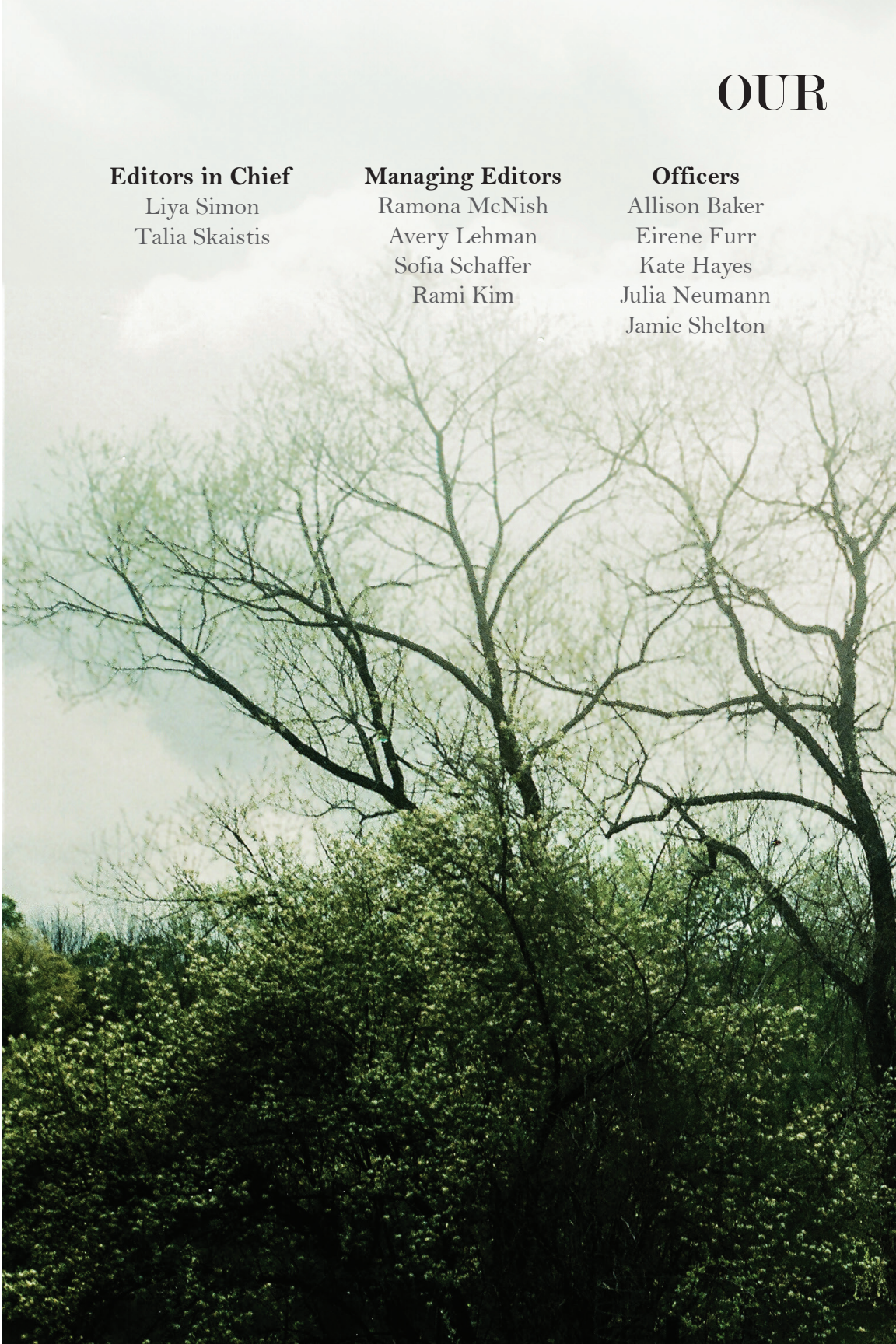
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Letter from the Editors

Dear Readers,

This issue of Snaggletooth emerged during the coldest months of the year, when we left our warm beds and trekked through snow to create something fiery & vivid. Our artists have explored the anatomy of bodies, relationships, and the page itself. This issue is deeply visceral, & we hope you feel its weight, and are pulled in by these powerful pieces, while also finding something gentle within them.

This process has been extra special, because we have ushered in a new generation of Snaggletooth Staff. Our new head of layout, Rami Kim, who stepped up to an enormous role and performed admirably; our managing writing editor Ramona McNish, whose confidence & leadership kept us running smoothly; Managing Arts editors Avery Lehman and Sofia Schaffer, whose strong vision and creativity made this issue what it is; and our other fantastic new officers - Allison Baker, Eirene Furr, Kate Hayes, and Jamie Shelton. Also Julia Neumann, who has been an essential organ of this magazine for the past many years.

This is our last issue as editors-in-chief, and we are so proud of what Snaggletooth has become. We feel so lucky to have been part of such a special group of people, who make the hours of work worth it. This magazine has been the heart and soul of our college experience, and we are not the same people we would have been without it. Thank you for writing, editing, and reading with us. We loved every second of it, and we will miss it.

Love,

Liya Simon & Talia Skaistis

Newly sprung in June,

My lures like the melody, that's

My lures like a red rose, that's

Sweetly played in tune





snaggletoothmagazine.com