



Ailah Carpenter
It feels like...I've been here, long ago
Relief Woodcut Print



Ailah Carpenter
Mystical Mycelium
Printmaking, Relief Linocut



Teeth

Ailah Carpenter



I'm seeking, I'm hiding, I creep in the night
If you had seen me, you'd be cursed for life

I give and I take, my will is your weight
And what I want, are the gems in your face

Considering family, my macabre affinity
For something like teeth, is hardly as deadly

My relatives who swim, sing songs so lovely
Eat flesh from men, with no chance of recovery

My family in the forest, who dance among leaves
Capture children in rings, and drink as they weep

My ravenous sisters, eat bones pulled from skin
You'd be quite lucky to die before they begin

At least I know business - I insist, it's a trade
Because I'll leave candy and coins in exchange

Sure, some are more pleasant - they live with nature
My cousins garden, grow flowers, happy to labour

I'm jealous of my brothers, masterful tricksters
Play pranks, hiding valuables, perfect time-wasters

I think the luckiest of all, are those fed by pleasure
Acting as humans, in ecstasy, always at leisure

We're modern, we've adapted, we're established fairytales
Children happily give their teeth - I needn't assail

But sometimes, I embrace ways from the past
Baby teeth are good - yet roots taste high class

Adult teeth, complex flavour, yet so little supply
I'll hire my starving sisters, I'm sure they'll comply



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