

**I Present to You the Tooth Performer**

I've always been fond of the quiet ones  
Ponder the type of person they could be  
Ponder whether they are living in a dream  
Or whether they are slowly collapsing  
Under the crushing weight of the world  
The quiet people, the thinkers  
Cursed with their own imagination  
They are the tooth performers, flashing a smile  
But behind that smile is a story  
The ones who bleed emotions,  
Nevertheless nobody cares  
Nobody cares enough to pay any attention  
Curious in their sorrow  
Transfixed by their euphoria  
Full of captivating words  
And catastrophic thoughts  
The quiet people, always the brave souls  
Fighting unspoken battles  
They could very well be an eccedentesiast  
Or just simply idyllic  
The realization that each stranger has a life  
A life just as complex and vivid as your own  
The mystery of a quiet person  
The longing to know the story  
That is hidden away inside them  
I've always been fond of the quiet ones

### Junk Drawer

The junk drawer in my head is crammed  
Burdened with memories of the man he used to be  
And of the man he slowly became  
Or maybe he was always that man  
Maybe I just never really realized it

The junk drawer holds the memories of good times  
The day he took me to the beach with our puppy  
A furry present he got me for my birthday  
A 10 year old, fascinated, with the setting sun  
The way it made the deep blue water glow golden

In that junk drawer sits a memory  
A memory of him and I  
Our favorite songs blasting loud in that green jeep  
A smile almost too big for my tiny face  
And in that moment I was blissful

As I grew older the junk drawer became cluttered  
Noticing things that weren't quite right  
Bottles strewn across the basement floor  
Less family outings  
Less laughter  
Less smiles  
I told myself it would be okay  
*But those things never are*

In that junk drawer new memories were added  
Memories that would change me forever  
Yelling, about me not being good enough  
"Why are you like this"  
"I didn't ask for this, for you"  
Accusations, hurtful and needless words  
Damaged. Destroyed. Devastated

In that junk drawer the memory of the day  
The day I begged to go home  
Back to my moms  
I was scared and he was infuriated  
I stood in the middle of living room  
He was seething with rage

He picked up the glass bottle and chucked it  
It shattered against the wall  
Glistening, tiny, broken pieces of glass  
Littered the floor  
There was a deafening silence  
Hushed tears streaming down my face

In the junk drawer, I put these memories  
Because they made me who I am today  
No matter how frightening or horrid they are  
I for some reason cannot let them go  
So they stay tucked away  
In the junk drawer inside my head