

trunc & frag

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Jeff T. Johnson

our teeth

2015

Across the Specific

preparanoia

feels like a bigger gap

Something older or less worse off, rare

O suicidal song of the ice-cream truck!

When Trakl ruined the moon

Poetry will eat itself
and capital will continue to kill our asses

The city's final poetry
the names of its eateries

Already we are too tight

This one's called "The Savages"

Contents

three sets of poems arranged
by shape and theme
in appositional spreads

limited

anectotally

dragoning

TO SNATCH
A PIECE OF MEAT
FROM THE MOON
WITH THE HAND

The world takes friends

Compliant

what are we
doing in this poem
when we could be
starting a new language

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#3 in the [mandible chapbook](#) series

typeset in Avenir Book
and Avenir Medium
designed/edited by
kevin mcpherson eckhoff

OUR TEETH

(a site of [communitious poetrying](#))

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