
POETRY | FALL 2017

Buried, Somewhere

By Molly Fels

Buried, somewhere, are your
wisdom teeth, still
intact.
I see them flash
in the mouth
of this boyfaced stranger,
his organs swollen
with seawater.
When I touch him
I feel your hands
in mine, the whites of
his eyes your
neon yellow track shoes.
I still taste
your birthday candles,
those faraway burning buildings.

His heart thumps as
I hold his wrists, he
offers me his pulse,
a privilege. If you
were still here I would
grab with anything I could:
my teeth, my hands, my teeth.

Molly Fels is a fourth-year medical student at Rutgers-Robert Wood Johnson Medical School. Her poetry has been recently published in the Icarus Anthology, nominated for a Pushcart Prize, and Fels is the recipient of an honorable mention in the William Carlos Williams medical student poetry competition. She is interested in writing about the experience of memory.
