

7 am

and still the tooth aches

and nothing else matters.

not the sleep you didn't get

not the dishes to do

not the unpaid bills

not the smack she gave you

not the 4 alarm fire downstairs.

The only thing that matters is

the absence

the abscess within.

Then, out of nowhere

mana from heaven,

the door is opened

and the hot iron

is taken off the wound.

Nothing else still matters

only this absence

that pain ? where did it go?

How wonderful a world it now is.

Fields and fields of relief.

Belief, again.

A toothache is a poem

that we live

the moment pain is

re placed.