

Roomates

The beast leaves teeth
under my pillow
he's been losing them for months
rows dwindling to gums
sticky black decay
the teeth are a joke between us
his gift to me
the monster under my bed
has so many wrinkles
his face a trench
the years have become lost in
a scree of warts covers
the slope of his forehead
he smells bad
and burrows back into
the corner when I approach
with brush and soap
he hasn't scared me
since the 90's
that doesn't
keep him from trying
sometimes when it's darkest
he asks me to leave
the light on
before falling asleep.