

## 32 teeth

32 teeth. I couldn't name them all.  
Molars. Babies. Wisdom teeth...  
Do they bring me wisdom?  
I'm looking at her (who really is everyone).  
And, I smile. *Sonreír. Yo sonrío.*  
Smiling through it all:  
that uncomfortable feeling.  
Smiling through the need to run.  
Smiling politely.  
Smiling correctly.  
Not trying to turn political.  
32 teeth, but I couldn't name them all for you.  
Even if I wanted to.  
Couldn't neatly categorise those pearly whites.  
She keeps talking and I've stoped listening.  
But still I smile *con una sonrisa pequeña.*  
Smiling with 32 teeth and nodding.

My smile is my only defence.  
My smile is insincere.

