

**Floss**  
By Dudley Stone

Seems the only time I look in the mirror  
is to shave or brush and surrender  
to ablutionary evolution, sleeves  
safely rolled, hair surrounded by a halo,  
Listerine sting on my tongue — do the dead  
care about whiskers? Do the dead floss?  
Do they take their crowns to the grave  
only to be robbed for their dentures  
by the toothless living?

Do the dead care where their bones are laid,  
what tears are shed, what words said  
over them, do they care what God  
sanctifies them, whatever good?  
Do they really care about who came before  
or the others following after them?

I spit my mouth empty, towel off,  
switch off the overhead light.  
I turn away from the mirror  
without my halo, full of doubt.