

FLOSS

*On the streets of the Mission,
I gave a dusty fur coat
to a haggard old hippie named Storm.*

*Two brain surgeries
and a life devoid of oral hygiene
Storm says that teeth are overrated.*

*Storm wanted to be a dancer,
but these days she does her dancing
upon rails of powdered steel and smoke filled streets
cackling with the unadulterated joy, of somebody
who has nothing left to lose.*

*As she turns to leave, an afterthought,
she offers sage advice
on the alternative uses for dental floss.
She says, to always apply cocaine to the wound
before attempting DIY stitches,
and never to use mint flavoured floss.*

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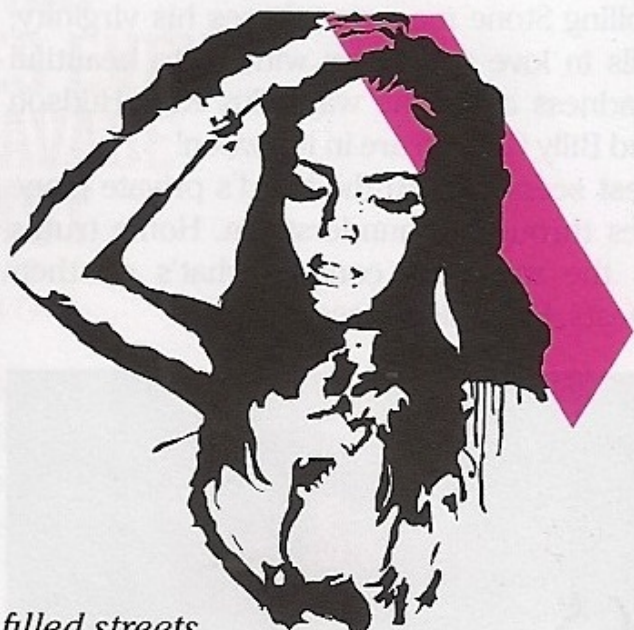


ILLUSTRATION: INDIA HUGHES

Based in Wellington, Ali Jacs is a performance poet, storyteller and New Zealand's 2012 National Poetry Slam Champion. Her work is equal parts hilarious, hard-hitting and thought-provoking, speaking to the madness, and the beauty, of our times. She blew us away at this year's Outspoken Festival of Words & Storytelling, and she has shared this poem with us.