

# kin



**DOG TEETH: issue two**

# letter from the editor

Welcome, FINALLY (!! ) to DOG TEETH issue two! I am so so happy to see it take form after such a long and tumultuous few months!

DOG TEETH is my favourite thing I've ever done, and it fills my heart with joy to see people making so much space and time for it!

This issue's theme is *KIN*; the light of this topic touches so many different experiences and emotions and I'm excited for you to walk this issue's winding road and experience heartbreak, frustration, joy, and everything in between.

It means so much to me to see so much of my own experience, and so many of my own feelings about the world and about identity, mirrored back to me each issue; I hope everyone who reads this can find something

that resonates with them just as much as every piece here resonates with me.

I mention this every chance I get, but the thing DOG TEETH wants to do, above all other things, is make a space for the inhuman (both literally and metaphorically; we enjoy narratives of reclaimed monstrosity as much as puppy P.O.V stories, and we enjoy the venn diagram of those two most of all!!).

For me, kin is messy and difficult and inhuman and painfully human; it is love and desire and digging treasure from the dirt until your fingernails crack and bleed.

It is community and space made and held; it is showing up and holding on and reaching out. It is transforming and growing and the press of knuckles,

fisted in your shirt, against your spine.

*Kin* is a declaration of love, and a recognition of the fear and heartbreak and anger and betrayal that can come from those supposed to be closest to you. I hope DOG TEETH makes space for you to pause and reflect on who your kin are; who is in your community, who is in your heart.

This issue is full of some really beautiful reflections on pain and joy and loss and grief and complexity and love. And, obviously, lots of dogs, as always! Thank you so so much to all our contributors; you make DOG TEETH.

Issue two is a little shorter than issue one, and despite how long it took to get here, I'm so glad it did, and I'm so grateful for everyone's patience.

All our contributors are, as always, incredibly talented and I'm so excited for them to share their work with you.

I hope you love it as much as I do, and I hope you are as thankful as me for the contributors. Please support them and their other works! Contributors' socials will be listed so you can go check them out once you're done with the zine!

Thank you so much, once more, to all the contributors of this issue. We couldn't do this without you!

Stay queer, stay weird, read more zines about cannibal canids, and keep supporting art you love! Catch you in issue three!

Jack

# contents

**PLEASE MIND THE CONTENT WARNINGS: ALL CONTRIBUTORS HAVE PROVIDED THEIR OWN CONTENT WARNINGS WHICH ARE LISTED BELOW AND ALONGSIDE APPLICABLE WORKS.**

1. **REQUIEM** - jennifer r. edwards
2. **kaiju epilogue** - c.s. thomas (cw: animal cruelty/death)
3. **ROAD TRIP**- jim redfoot (cw: blood/violence)
5. **VIVIPARY** - meg whitelock
6. **STAINS** - ashley anderson (cw: language)
8. **A STORY ABOUT TWO DOGS IN A PARK** - jade winterburn (cw: violence, drug use, suicidal ideation, dogs in confusing situations, deliberately mixed tenses, underlying tensions)
11. **LUNAR LIBATION** - NoxProph (cw: drug use)
13. **the day after the army calls to tell me my brother's humvee hit a roadside bomb** - kimberly glanzman (cw: suicidal ideation)
14. **EVOLUTION OF AN ORGANISM** - jonathan fletcher
15. **NANA'S HOUSE, AGAIN** - erin jamieson (cw: disordered eating)
18. **Complexity After Leaving Mars (My Therapist Calls it cPTSD)** - salem b holden (cw: family trauma/abuse, transphobic trauma)
19. **A COWBOY SMOKES WEED AT HIS FATHER-IN-LAW'S FUNERAL** - savannah gripshover (cw: mentions of familial death, drug use (specifically weed), and vague references to prior abuse/trauma)
20. **the sleepy poem in two parts** - m.v. riasanovsky (cw: death, body gore/horror, bodily fluids, implied complicated family relationships, implied religious trauma.)
21. **requiem** - m.v. riasanovsky (cw: death, body gore/horror, bodily fluids, implied complicated family relationships, implied religious trauma.)
22. **KIND OF YOUR KIND** - Noll Griffin (cw: brief blood mention)
- 23 **contributor biographies**

# jennifer r. edwards

## REQUIEM

This morning, I returned to  
My childhood home to pick  
Up the pieces of myself that  
I left behind

Crumpled polaroids, foreign coins,  
Dust-coated birthday cards,  
Fragments of cinema tickets,  
All manner of forgotten treasures  
That I could not bear to abandon

They laid in neat nests forged by  
My mother. I picked through  
These memories, piece by piece.

She watched over me

As we listened out for the coo  
Of a mourning dove.

# c.s. thomas

## kaiju epilogue

CW: ANIMAL CRUELTY/DEATH

what does the military intend to do  
with the monster's body after it falls?  
no convoy could hope to lift it;  
its tail alone shook the ramshackle  
buildings apart when it struck the ground,  
an ebb tide of blood still slicking the streets.  
the coppery, animal reek of it will rise from  
the asphalt as if drawn from hell itself on hot days  
for the next millennium

how many carrion beetles to clean this carcass?  
how many circular saw-blades to cleave  
limbs from the trunk of it, how many  
man-hours to strip leathery hide from  
bloated flesh, how many buyers for the  
teeth, the great sickle claws, how many hours in the sun  
for the dog-sized parasites to bake and die, and how many  
unknown ecosystems die with it?

how many eggs in the secluded nest tucked beneath  
the arctic ice or in a deep ocean vent or the furthest humid  
reaches of the rainforest will wither while the body  
turns to sludge or calcifies?  
do we use the skeleton as scaffolding?  
do we build monuments, museums, to celebrate our triumph over  
the world's last primal gasp?

or do we allow the beast to crawl, wounded, from the crater  
it made as it fell, and slip unmolested  
into the cold ocean to bob with the currents,  
to drift back to a world that was not so  
painfully small that a single footstep would shatter it

# jim redfoot

## ROAD TRIP

CW: BLOOD/VIOLENCE

"Shower's all yours."

Wyatt looked up from his seat on the lumpy motel bed, light spilling in through faded curtains. "You know, it doesn't have to be an actual bite." Brick said, towel around his waist.

Wyatt opened his mouth, then hesitated.

"It's just a ceremony." Brick continued, "keeps the old wolves happy." Wyatt stared up at his chest, skin webbed with faded scars. "They like tradition, even if it's not how things work anymore. Tomorrow will be more... Chill. Like a barbecue."

Wyatt's head dropped, arms resting on his knees. Brick mussed his hair. "You've already turned, many times. You did it on your own!"

Wyatt stood up, silently peeled his shirt off. Brick persisted. "You don't have to do this. You've got nothing to prove."

He finally spoke. "When you found me, what did you see?"

"Fear, mainly. Pain." Brick said, clasping his shoulder. "You don't have to—"

"I *want* this." Wyatt growled, "I want to be at the ritual. I want *you* to be the one to do it."

"It's just theater."

"Not to me." Wyatt pulled Brick into a kiss, lingered there. He felt his cock twitch. "I want you to bite me." He whispered. "I want my blood to hit the earth so that everyone sees it." Wyatt dragged his palm across Brick's crotch. "I want it to hurt."

The towel dropped. "I want to feel... everything." Wyatt ground his hips against Brick, underwear straining against his own arousal. "It's not an act. Not for you, and not for me." He knelt, and gently took Brick in his mouth.

Wyatt pulled back after half a minute, Brick moaning in protest. "Promise me you'll do it."

"You're already part of this clan."

"Promise me." Wyatt pleaded.

"I give you my word."

...

Wyatt took slow steps, flanked by Brick. Silent figures formed a wide circle around a roaring bonfire. Young and old, entire families together beneath blankets, jackets draped over bare shoulders. None spoke.

The moon hung full above the treeline. Wyatt knelt naked, chin tilted toward the heavens. The fire's warmth shrank as Brick stood behind him. As dusk fell, Brick transformed. Other faces in the dim light began to shift in sync. Wyatt closed his eyes. A paw snatched his shoulder. Another wrenched his neck sideways. Before he could exhale, massive jaws bit into his flesh.

Wyatt screamed, writhed helplessly.

Brick released him, claret jewels spattered on his muzzle in all his lupine glory. Blood flowed freely down Wyatt's torso, where fur sprouted and muscle knotted beneath his skin.

The circle had widened to accommodate the gathered werewolves. Brick let loose a full-throated howl. Wyatt joined as the circle followed suit. The air reverberated with music that said *belong, rejoice, and welcome*. This was joy unbound, voices shouting *brother, child, family*.

Brick nuzzled Wyatt. The wolves of the circle approached to chuff and snuff and lick their greetings. Flared nostrils drank in his scent, and committed it forever to their memory.



# meg whitelock

## VIVIPARY

I remove  
every seed from the punnet  
of strawberries with  
my eyes, I have a  
science brain and a knack  
for making everything  
that much  
more difficult, I call it  
foreplay  
for the sick.  
Notice me  
caring about how much  
I occupy  
you  
because it feeds me  
ever-seedless  
fruit that is ripe  
and skinned  
and smooth just  
how I like it

# ashley anderson

## STAINS

CW: LANGUAGE

The trees fly by in blurs and I feel my phone buzz in the bag. *I'm coming, I'm coming. Fuck, fuck, FUCK. Already ten minutes late, don't need the reminder, thank you.* Caramelized sugar and freshly cut grass fill my nose as I step out of the trees behind the ice cream shack. *Got here faster than I thought, where can I change?* A thick patch of bushes at the edge of the park catches my eye and I throw myself behind it, letting the bag fall to the ground as the fur falls from my body.

My clothes are, unlike my fingertips and palms, still clean, but my skirt is wrinkled. I put it on anyway, then shirt, shoes. *Of course I forgot a bra..* I shake my head and smack the dirt off of the bag before slinging it over my shoulder. My phone buzzes again, it's Sally, she's just arrived. /Just got here, where are you?/ I ask, looking around the park. I spot her wild lavender hair.

"Hi Sal." I lean over and kiss her, watching her rubbing her palms together as I sit.

"Hi, babe." She hugs me loosely. "Sorry I was late, got home from work and had to change."

"I was running late too, you're good." I lean against her, disappointed that I can't smell her peach perfume over my own dirty animal stench.

"I'm glad you suggested we do something outside, the bowling alley and ice rink are fun but I do love being out in nature."

"I spend a lot of time outdoors, I really enjoy it. I wanted to share it with you." I look into her eyes while she sets a hand on my leg.

"Did you have anything specific in mind?" She slides her hand up my thigh and I look down for a moment, frowning when I see an elongated, dirty pawprint on my skirt. "Jules?" She looks at the paw print and brings her hand into her lap.

"I'm sorry, let me clean it." She quickly digs through her bag and produces a pack of wipes.

"Sally." I give her a skeptical side eye and pull my hand close to my chest. "I need to tell you something."

"I have something to tell you too." She grabs my hand and pulls it up to her own chest. "I'm not human, Julia. I'm something else."

Taken aback, I tilt my head. "Huh?"

"I've been lying to you since we met." She opens her hand, holding it out in front of us. Just like that, everything makes sense. I always had trouble getting along with humans, but with her everything felt good, normal, familiar. I laugh at myself for not realizing it sooner.

"You're a wolf too." I say, opening my mud-stained hand beside hers.

# jade winterburn

## A STORY ABOUT TWO DOGS IN THE PARK

Content courtesy of Jade Winterburn, age 25, December 2023

“Eat, piss, and be a brick”

**CW: VIOLENCE, DRUG USE, SUICIDAL IDEATION, DOGS IN CONFUSING SITUATIONS, DELIBERATELY MIXED TENSES, UNDERLYING TENSIONS,**

### A RECIPIE FOR YOUR ARM FALLING OFF

300mL Tequila, gold

900mg Pregabalin

1-3 unidentified (dirty?) benzosphere pill

There's a dog that lives on my couch. That dog lives on the couch with his owner, but this particular evening his owner was working, and that dog was hanging out with my former best friend and someone I recently met who said over a month ago that she intended to kill herself within a month.

It was clear to all she'd thought better of dying that month, and I figured it'd be nice to reward that perseverance with some degree of positive interaction.

I delayed and detoured my journey, acquiring (for the incredible price of 35NZD) a 750mL bottle of Buen Amigo Gold.

For myself, obviously.

I like to savour the feeling of tequila on my tongue. That burn like distilled sunlight. As everyone knows, tequila is for sipping. Not everyone knows that the cheapest ones taste the best, especially when you drink directly from the bottle. This bottle follows me for the next couple of days.

I arrived, smalltalked, and was introduced to the friend the alive-friend had brought with her. A bag (or was it a bottle?) of blue pills with crosses in them. I had high confidence it would be benzo adjacent, like the previous unidentified pill I'd taken, which had been packed into a pressie made to look like Xanax, but was in fact (supposedly) not a legitimate Xanax (about which my former best friend had advised me it was the thickness that made the difference).

I should probably have something to say about the difficulty of accessing drugs that are what you think they are, but I actually just didn't care. It was a pill. Pills go 8

in my mouth. I take pills all the time. I take pills lots of days. I'm supposed to take pills every day, but sometimes I forget I haven't taken a pill, because I take so many pills.

Having taken Probably Just One of those, I played a video game {CRUELTY SQUAD, which my new friend who is still alive was moreso familiar with than me, but was impressed by what I'd gleaned thus far} while couch-dog and alive-friend played with Magic The Gathering cards. My keen nose caught the mention of Pregabalin in conversation.

Pregabalin? Pregabalin? Is it for me? Am I a good dog?

As it turns out, I'm a very good dog. I did three tricks for alive-friend and each was rewarded with a 300mg capsule of Pregabalin. I wish I'd been able to do more tricks for them, but it is a lot to ask a dog to do tricks, especially one you're not so familiar with.

Part of me thinks I would have just taken the pregabalin if that had been an option from the outset, but I don't think I'd have had access to that without being a test user for the blue not-Xannys. Terrible testing logic, but then again I wasn't asked to report back my findings.

Aren't I so good at staying friends with people, and making friends? I love meeting small friends I can put in my mouth. I love when I can take something and make it part of my body. Perhaps the test being performed on me by my former best friend was whether I would like it enough to buy some later. As I write I know I will buy some later. My friend (dropping former-best because I am not habitually vindictive) tells me it felt like etizolam.

This is all to say that past feelings wither in the face of new information. The alcohol hits like a truck, and I am flattened in the relief of the pills that carry it forward.

I'm told afterwards that after the gathering the other dog and I spent at least an hour talking loudly late at night. I remember a complaint about the noise from my flatmate who hangs off the side of tall buildings for a living. I think this is fair enough, and I care about that flatmate, and I don't want my friends who live on the couch to get kicked out besides. But I am on drugs doing and saying things I won't remember, so my powers are limited.

My dog friend suggests we go to the park. Hell yeah. I love the park, and more than that I've recently discovered I love being taken for walks, and I already knew I like taking dogs for walks. Let's go for a walk to the park! I spend a minute looking for my collar and leash but I can't find them so "let's just go" and we do.

In the park there is a circle of large stones with grass in the middle. We both have the same read of the space. This is our colosseum. Owing to the darkness and the intoxication our teeth stay sheathed, so we frame the dog-fight as a wrestle. Again and again I am on the ground, rolling, flipped, pushed, sloppy. Sometimes I can bring him to the ground with me. I smile as we push each other. It's always fun to wrestle with me, I never win but I'm never trying to lose. I am sincerely and eagerly weak and incompetent.

“This isn't even wrestling anymore, is it?” he says. He says on different days I feel like different things from a list I mostly can't remember. He said “partner” and “friend” in that list. I think we like each other. I don't think of him as a partner. I think a partner is someone you choose to structure your life around. I think maybe he does have to structure parts of his life around me, since he lives on my couch. He says right now I feel like a friend, but this physical intimacy means more to me than friendship.

He creates the most wonderful bruise on my right arm. Although I was raised secular, I can see foetal jesus in it, the way Evangelical North Americans sometimes see white adult jesus in burnt toast or a spoilt pop-tart.

He moves on to the left arm. Within five quick hits there is a deep bruise and a few smaller ones, and my left arm is no longer so strictly attached to my body. It is strung from me like a ribbon-dancer, its body held from the floor by wide sheets of flesh. I do not have to look to know that it is not broken. He stops when I say “stop”.

We try to walk home together, but our colosseum is in a pit I cannot climb out of. Pain isn't a burden, I like pain. My right arm is blissful. My left is simply wrong, like a check-engine-light, or a message from someone that says ‘can we talk about something?’ I decide to lie down, in the circle, near the stone at the edge that we felt most oriented around. She goes back to the flat, and brings the blankets her and her owner share and wraps me in them, and leaves a bottle of water and some painkillers where I can reach them. The next day in the evening I receive a message “Hii umm. Sorry about the arm Ux.xU <3”, when I thank her for the blankets and water and pills the day after she says “Ofc!!”/“Nothingz important 2 me liek taking the care tht I can”

I laid there snug, warmed by the sunlight in my body on the first night of summer, my arm bandaged by a blue pill with a cross in it, my head resting on the large and pillowy 900mg pregabalin. I am neither awake or asleep. I keep thinking people are coming to help me. I can see them, hear them. My flatmates. My friends who live with me. Other friends who live nearby. Helpful strangers. Lighthouses. I am not upset by these phantasms. I know that they do not know I am here. I know that my dog friend would not be able to explain it to them. I am glad to have such a high opinion of my friends.

# NoxProph

## LUNAR LIBATION

CW: DRUG USE

Biking through intersections of flashing lights, they raced down midnight college streets. Tires paved asphalt into gravel, into a tamped dirt patch beside the riverbank. For a first, Azal led his friend to their lunar invocation.

Dark water surged beneath starry spring skies that waxed the churning surface. *Wolf Blood. Hit it near nighttime streams*, the dealer had said. Azal packed purple buds of the strain into a borrowed paw-shaped bong. “You sure?” He handed the water-filled ceramic to his childhood friend.

“Look, if it works, this’ll be our secret pact, right? Any magic words?” Rudy smirked, eager for this superstition.

“No verbal component.”

“Whatever.” Rudy toasted, “Here’s to some real change. Some fuckin wins, finally.”

The flame was lit and their offering deeply inhaled. Ribbons of skunk-smelling smoke twirled from his mouth. He passed it to Azal, bracing himself while eying Rudy’s reaction.

Slowed breathing, his impatient pacing and fidgeting fingers abruptly ended with Rudy throwing his t-shirt off. The sweating muscles of his athletic torso glistened under the spotlight from the gibbous above. Fresh stubble darkened his face; the hybrid herb already gave his eyes a hungry, vermilion tint.

Azal sucked at the glass. Baby lungs coughing out earthy smog. Quickly, Rudy snatched the bong, greedily finishing the bowl.

“Wait, w-we shouldn’t—” The words scraped over Azal’s tongue; his mouth begged to quench the radiating warmth drying his throat. His eyes stung when his fuzzy hands wiped them. His blurring focus left his itching skin and constricting pants to see Rudy standing stronger, shaggier with black hair lopping down his spine.

“You feelin’ it?!” Rudy exhaled, petting his arm hairs. “It fucking works!”

Added musculature on his hips and thighs strained the denim when he kicked his shoes off, sparing them from his claw-tipped feet. From head to toe, Rudy shone; a captivating, masculine beast.

Azal’s head throbbed, tense with longing to seize his crush. Years spent tempering this secret flame were burned away; reignited tonight and daring himself to act.

Amped with a wolfish grin – *this* was what Rudy wanted: craving his victories and the fame his energized body would achieve running along the athletic track.

Gratefully overjoyed, Rudy pulled Azal by the shoulders and locked their lips together.

His lungs ached. That hazy flutter in his chest prickled his hairier skin. Slipping from wide shock to blissfully closed eyes, the hot, musk-laced desire engulfed himself.

Timidly, Azal reached for him. Leaning, pushing, falling into that kiss.

Suddenly as they met, his friend pulled away; a peck by all definitions. Rudy was sprinting in his own empowered, yet oblivious world.

“Where’d you get this?” He growled in raw excitement, “Whatever they cut this with... we’re sharing it with nobody!” Restlessly Rudy took off, adopting an agile tiptoe gait zooming off down the park trail.

Azal’s thicker nail pressed where their lips touched, still numbed by fading magic tasted by his tongue. Staggering in tight shoes, he chased this high after Rudy. *He* was what Azal wanted.



# kimberly glanzman

the day after the army calls to tell me my brother's  
humvee hit a roadside bomb

CW: SUICIDAL IDEATION

in the desert my brother dreams  
about wasps & at the top of a mountain  
a bee flies into my mouth. i wish

it were his gun. i covet the bullet. i would  
kiss it like a lover, swallow it like a river,  
invite it to travel the rapids

of my body, swaddle it in my blood.  
my brother wakes in the desert  
with a smile. on the rocky trail

before me, the furry body  
of the bee twists and drowns  
in my saliva until i smear it

across the dirt with my boot heel.

# jonathan fletcher

## *EVOLUTION OF AN ORGANISM*

1984: I am born and adopted.

1996: DOMA is passed.

1997: I boycott Ellen Degeneres.

1998: Matthew Shepard is murdered.

2000: I meet my first openly gay teacher.

2003: Supreme Court rules on Lawrence v. Texas.

2003: I vote for Bush.

2004: Massachusetts legalizes same-sex marriage.

2007: My best friend comes out to me.

2008: California achieves marriage equality.

2008: My supervisor comes out.

2008: California passes Prop 8.

2009: I visit my first gay bar.

2011: "Don't Ask, Don't Tell" is repealed.

2014: I attend my first pride parade.

2015: Gay marriage is legalized.

2022: I come out to my mom.

# erin jamieson

## NANA'S HOUSE, AGAIN

CW: DISORDERED EATING

The sky is the gray of pressed ashes. It's hard to remember what sunlight looks or feels like.

My nana's house is red brick, trapped in a foggy snow globe- picturesque and enchanted and trapped with memories from my childhood. Before these rituals of pretending to be happy.

Nana is 90, her skin lined from years of sunny days spent at the pool with cousins I now barely know. From vacations where I sculpted sandcastles, often not quickly enough before the tide obliterated them. She answers the door, her striped sweater highlighted with the spectacle of Christmas lights.

"How have you been?" She asks. She smells like sugar cookies and cinnamon, of years I used to eat without counting calories.

I hug her the way I usually hug family now. Tentatively, worried they are measuring if my shoulder blades stick out, if my arms are too bony.

"Fine. Busy." The same things I always say at family gatherings.

It's down to a formula, really. Never admit you're anxious or depressed or lonely or just trying to survive- a mistake I've made too often. Add that you're being productive, *doing things* with your life.

I walk into her house, my parents trailing behind me. Even though I'm 30, going on 31, the moment I come to a family gathering, I am my parent's daughter. The one with the crazy mind.

And every gathering, we perform the same haunted choreography: anything but risk my mental illness might taint others' happiness.

"I have a fruit and veggie tray just for you," Nana says. As though that's all I eat.

I smile, that tight but not-too-tight smile.

“Erin’s on a committee this year, did I tell you that?” My mother says. She reaches for a chip, dips it casually into spinach artichoke dip.

“I’m so proud of you,” Nana says.

Is she, or is it what she wants to see? It’s not that it isn’t true- I am on a committee. The part my mother left out is that, since I’m not tenured, I’m not really someone who changes anything. She also left out that I don’t know if my job will be renewed from year to year.

Nana and my mother discuss other things, mostly a litany of accomplishments I or one of my now-distant cousins have done this year.

We don’t mention my older brother. That’s a new addition to the holiday ritual of vacuous conversations. Ever since he left his *respectable* (read: requires a college degree) job that made him vaguely suicidal for a job fulfilling orders at an Amazon warehouse. That doesn’t fit into our tightly woven narrative of college educated relatives with *good* jobs.

Which makes me miss him more.

My cousins arrive, and aunts and uncles. I follow the script, discussing my teaching and committees and writing projects.

I don’t eat appetizers, but I manage to fill my plate for dinner without exposing my internal anxiety attacks. I select a seat at a table with cousins too concerned with their own plates- crammed with pigs in a blanket and olive cheese puffs and rumaki- to pay attention to mine (plain shrimp, bread, fruit and vegetables and- my challenge- spoonfuls of dip).

It’s just as I’m finishing my plate when I notice the snow.

Powdery, elegant snowflakes, gradual then falling, almost with precision. Blanketing my nana’s driveway while everyone is busy listening everything they’ve done this year and will do the next year.

And I fall out of step. I veer off script.

That’s the thing about rituals that make your body feel empty inside, that force you to place dazzling disguises over your worn body, your haunted mind.

Sometimes, you can’t hold on any longer.

I slip out of the dining room, away from the aroma of roasted ham and candied yams. Out onto the driveway, which is steadily becoming slicker.

Sharp wind pierces through turtleneck. My hands are bare. The sting of the cold wakes me. Inside my nana's house, my body was weighted with obligations and childhood memories, with a need to be okay, with a need to be who everyone wants to see.

Raw. The cold makes me vulnerable. It makes me experience the anxiety of being and not being. It forces me to feel the pain of a childhood long gone, of *failing to be happy*.

I glance inside.

Nana is bringing out desserts. Turtle cheesecake. Peanut butter blossom cookies. Chocolate dipped biscotti.

A shadow.

Just for a moment, I could swear I see my younger self, sheepishly grabbing several cookies as my mother warns me *not to eat too much*.

I turn away from the window, from the dining room and its gum-drop hued string lights.

And I start walking.

# salem b holden

## Complexity After Leaving Mars (My Therapist Calls it cPTSD)

CW: FAMILY TRAUMA/ABUSE, TRANSPHOBIC TRAUMA

Yellow sun splattered onto page  
Mix in the crimson red (or is it rouge?)  
Virgo to undo their belt  
Aries to strap them in  
(I always dreamt of queer love)

Driving passengers as a passerby  
(what an intense ride)  
Picking out thickets from your tires  
and chewing on them like your father's tobacco

My lenses are my own (but also others)

Two things i(I) learned from my mother:

1. Don't be yourself if you want to be loved
2. Check your oil every 6 months or less if you drive  
vicariously through your daughter

# savannah gripshover

## A COWBOY SMOKES WEED AT HIS FATHER-IN-LAW'S FUNERAL

**CW: MENTIONS OF FAMILIAL DEATH, DRUG  
USE (SPECIFICALLY WEED), AND VAGUE  
REFERENCES TO PRIOR ABUSE/TRAUMA**

Purple mountains majesty drip from the horizon  
And cascade into puddles at our feet – maybe  
They mean to drown us, but in the meantime,  
Our work boots prance through the sludge,  
Happy as children / innocence all-natural

Inside the barn parades the funeral procession:  
Shadows waltz around the machinery birthing  
The smelting, bleeding, sick-shining weapons –

Stampedes of people tear the skin off fried chicken,  
Spitting grease like songs / outside, pet cannibals  
Stumble moon-drunk through the summer grass

I mourn on the floor of my parents' bedroom  
Inventing knockoff constellations in the ceiling cracks  
Exploring the concaves behind picture frames with a finger,  
Skin pricked by drywall and mangled animal instinct –

Somewhere my mother is crying / somewhere  
Her father is a smudge atop glass and dust inside a tray /  
Somewhere, my father, her husband, is inhaling  
Pure americana cradled in work-rotted hands, sending puffs  
Into the night like clumsy prayers, desperate for an answer  
Before they dissipate into nothingness

My nuclear family is radioactive, cancerous /  
We paint the powerplant like it'll matter  
In the end when an eat-us-all forever-bright blaze  
Glints through the sheet metal and shit, swallowing us whole

I picture the godly light, oasis melting, all the  
Firefly winks dazzling-dead like a blunt's fizzle  
Sparkling sad soldiers free into apocalyptic Kentucky sky

# m.v. riasanovsky

## the sleepy poem in two parts

CW: DEATH, BODY GORE/HORROR, BODILY FLUIDS,  
IMPLIED COMPLICATED FAMILY RELATIONSHIPS,  
IMPLIED RELIGIOUS TRAUMA

### the sleepy poem in two parts

two

i wanna be an inventor  
and a magician and a  
witch and eight feet tall  
subsist on tree bark and  
potions rotten toes and liquor  
peel my guts open invent  
new ribs crack mine for the  
potions replace them with  
twigs stitch myself together  
vibrational risings and slumber  
only on the softest lily pads  
i will invent something great  
i whisper to myself and my friends  
who are all toads and trees  
and swamp and ash and  
mist and bile and sky and  
moon and dusk and dirt and leaf  
and algae and root and  
tadpole they whisper back

it will be so

they feast on my body in tiny  
nibbles at first all of my bones  
now are gnarled branch i don't  
mind return me to the earth  
where my littleness can thrive  
for i was the greatest witch  
when i spilled myself  
down rivers of vomit with  
sleepy rabbit magicians holding  
my arms up and doing a wistful  
dance every earthworm imaginable  
playing the fiddle they can  
wiggle now in my crumbling flesh  
we made magic together,  
the earth and i, while i became  
the most beautiful invention  
a writhing mess of blood and lean  
and all those pesky little organs  
chipping with longing and that  
leftover tree bark i was  
saving for later. eat my shit and blood  
take my offering little squirrels  
the toads and all my other friends  
take good care of me as i am  
softly dissolved into the lost place  
into the lost place



# requiem

CW: DEATH, BODY GORE/HORROR, BODILY FLUIDS,  
IMPLIED COMPLICATED FAMILY RELATIONSHIPS,  
IMPLIED RELIGIOUS TRAUMA

everything needs everything to be alive  
i reach this conclusion when i am in space  
i am peak celestial at the moment  
this isn't arbitrary and all grandmas remind me of other grandmas  
here is my zenith  
aren't you asking for something to culminate

i can't tell you where we are going in the spaceship  
i can tell you what we are becoming  
you are terraforming yourself  
with blood and modelos and ketamine  
you can hold all of our life in your cells  
our grandmas died on almost exactly the same day  
just seven years apart  
what does that say about anything

i want you to listen i am really speaking to you right now  
did you have a grandma before you were a comet  
did you eat asteroids crush them like bones  
or mints at the restaurant  
did you ever wonder  
about getting lost in yourself

no, this isn't about that i guess  
this is about fossils or something to do with a pet funeral  
where we bury the bones and the bodies matters  
it has already fueled the starships  
grief the vacuum  
grief the terraforming  
we breed ourselves from ourselves  
we drink shit beer and hold hands  
we warm up by the fire and laugh

sometimes when there's something funny to laugh about  
when our backs feel frozen, basking in night sky while our hands are  
crisp from the embers so we  
turn around a little to warm our backs at the fire  
and we look up  
and we look up and there isn't a heaven  
for dogs or grandmas or the versions of ourselves  
that got us here

but the stars are out  
and they've sparkled into your retinas something  
spectacular and sensational  
then the grief is the fossil and catacomb then

the grief warms our backs

# noll griffin

## KIND OF YOUR KIND

CW: BRIEF BLOOD MENTION

Embracing clumsily over the line of chipped paint at the airport,  
At the temptation of parking tickets above your chomped-to-bits soda lid,  
Demure rescue dog scratches in your record and  
Permits to care so much more than anyone else ever did. We're two  
Stinging nettle stalks braided in your chlorine-streaked hair,  
Cousins in the same slack of used-to-it pain.  
Cans of green chiles and orphan snack bags rolled  
Down to the truck bed ten minutes before,  
Surprise gifts that didn't make it home when we sat on my suitcase.  
We ended two weeks of spoon-bending tension slapped in  
Ten pints of my favorite ice cream, it was on clearance,  
And the way you ripped tissues from  
The local news and your bloody knee to clot my nauseous tears,  
Anything to keep me from howling when the train went by at night.  
I left my swampy boot print on your dollar store dashboard mat,  
A militant impression like a compass rose,  
Pointing towards the only way to feel whole again I know,  
And you say, don't go.  
Or I just remember wrong,  
You don't, I just want to say no.  
It's just one of your t-shirts held taut across your collar at the brink of us,  
Crusting-off logo for a weary band's tour,  
Meant to be borrowed more than worn.

# contributors



## jennifer r. edwards

Jennifer (she/her) is a writer from the South of England. She has an affinity for all things mystical, magical, and mythical—all of which infuse her writing with a sense of wonder and enchantment. Her work has appeared in places such as Swim Press and Spellbinder. You can find her on Instagram at @jenniferdoesbooks. Failing that, you will find her haunting an old manor house on the moors.



## c.s. thomas

C.S. Thomas (they/it) can be found in the old growth forests of the East Coast, writing xenofiction, thinking about terrible women doing equally terrible things to each other, and rhapsodizing about lycanthropy to anyone who will listen. They delight in exploring the intersection between human society and the natural world, and the strange and beautiful ways that our surroundings warp and change under pressure. Find them at @gnollfriend on twitter!



## jim redfoot

Jim (he/him) is a bisexual engineer, aspiring werewolf and novice author living on the East Coast and has devoured sci-fi and fantasy literature from a young age. He found community and shared interest through the *Werewolves Versus* anthology and its authors in 2022, and his first work of fiction appeared in the final issue. Writing allowed Jim to explore and embrace his queerness, and find the courage he needed to live authentically. The works shared in *DOG TEETH* feel visceral and deeply personal, and Jim is elated that so many individuals find the same sort of comfort and validation in this art form that he does. Readers can find Jim (he/him) at @jimmyredfoot.bsky.social

## megan whitelock

Meg Whitelock (she/her) is a British artist and poet based in Lincoln, England. Both her performance and written work explore her masochism, mental illnesses, and relationship with fetish amidst her struggle with self-acceptance. She is currently studying for her MA in Creative Writing alongside producing 'The Lincoln Sloth Storytelling Event' and operating her literary magazine Hellmouth Lit. Find her @megwhitelock\_ on Instagram, or @meganwhitelock on X



# ashley anderson



Ash (it/its) is a nearly-30 trans woman, aviation professional, and upstart fiction writer based in the Midwest. Her writing is primarily focused on werewolf fiction, in which she tries to explore themes of otherness, internal struggles, queerness, non-humanity, and self acceptance. She lives with her dog in the woods and longs for a day when she can run through the woods on all fours without abandon.

Find it @peltofash (twitter) or @peltofash.bsky.social



# jade winterburn

Postmodern 'neo' marxist Jade Winterburn (she/her) has bones in her skin and occasionally emits slime. She writes words for lots of different reasons, and says things that make people laugh, especially when she has the chance to stand on a stage and thereby be granted attention. She believes in queers, prison abolition, and getting massively fucked up. Give her a kiss and a bump if you're so inclined.

Find her @jaded\_pith on twitter and insta, Jade Winterburn - Comedian on FB (ick)

# NoxProph



I'm a Black, gay, hobby writer in the ten-thousand lakes area, pouring ideas onto the page as winding prose which has buoyed me across my few decades. Blinded by the moonshine of those cryptic, enchanting, monsters, I have tried to depict the meanings dredged from that dichotomy of beast and human. Tried, because there is no single cage of allegory, tropes, or descriptions that can perfectly contain the rising sea of what the werewolf can be. In my writing of flash and short fiction, submitted to magazines like Werewolves Versus and campus literary collections, or simply uploaded to art sites, I enjoy exploring how this perceived monster transforms interpersonal relations; how you see your fur, how your claws are seen, and who remains your side when that lunar secret is revealed.

Find NoxProph (he/him) on twitter: @Noxiousprophet

# kimberly glanzman

Kimberly (she/her) earned her MFA from the University of Kentucky. Her work as appeared or is forthcoming in Baltimore Review, Santa Clara Review, Iron Horse, South Dakota Review, Electric Lit, Iron Horse, and Whale Road Review, among others. She lives near the coast of North Carolina, where she runs miniskirt magazine and writes words in various shapes and sizes.



# jonathan fletcher



Originally from San Antonio, Texas, Jonathan Fletcher holds a Master of Fine Arts in Creative Writing (Poetry) from Columbia University School of the Arts. He has been published in *Acropolis Journal*, *The Adroit Journal*, *Arts Alive San Antonio*, *The BeZine*, *BigCityLit*, *Book of Matches Literary Journal*, *Catch the Next: Journal of Ideas and Pedagogy*, *Colossus Press*, *Curio Cabinet*, *Door is a Jar*, *DoubleSpeak*, *Emerge Literary Journal*, *Flora Fiction*, *FlowerSong Press*, *fws: a journal of literature & art*, *Glassworks*, *Half Hour to Kill*, *Glassworks*, *Heimat Review*, *Hyacinth Review*, *LONE STARS*, *Midway Journal*, *The MockingOwl Roost-An Art and Literary Magazine*, *MONO.*, *Moot Point*, *The Muse*, *The Nelligan Review*, *The New Croton Review*, *New Feathers Anthology*, *OneBlackBoyLikeThat Review*, *The Opal*, *Open Ceilings*, *Otherwise Engaged Journal: A Literature and Arts Journal*, *The Phare*, *Quibble*, *Rigorous*, *riverSedge: A Journal of Art and Literature*, *Route 7 Review*, *The San Antonio Express-News*, *San Antonio Living*, *San Antonio Public Library*, *Speakeasy*, *Spoonie Press*, *Synkroniciti*, *Tabula Rasa Review*, *The Thing Itself*, *TEJASCOVIDO*, *Unlikely Stories Mark V*, *Vagabond City Literary Journal*, *voicemail poems*, *Voices de la Luna: A Quarterly Literature & Arts Magazine*, *Waco WordFest*, *Whale Road Review*, *Wishbone Words*, and *Yearling: A Poetry Journal for Working Writers*. Additionally, his work has been featured by *The League of Women Voters of the San Antonio Area* and at the *Briscoe Western Art Museum* and the *San Antonio Museum of Art*. In 2023, his work was also chosen as a finalist for the *Plentitudes Prize in Poetry*. That same year, his work was also chosen as a finalist for *Synkroniciti's Poetry Prize* for its Issue, "Broken." He has also been nominated for a *Pushcart Prize*.

Find Jonathan (he/him) here: [@jmfletcher84](#) (Twitter) | [jonathan.fletcher9](#) (Instagram)



# erin jamieson

Erin Jamieson (she/her) holds an MFA in Creative Writing from Miami University of Ohio. Her writing has been published in over eighty literary magazines, and her fiction has been nominated for a *Pushcart Prize*. Her debut novel, *Sky of Ashes Land of Dreams*, was published by *Type Eighteen Books* (Nov 2023). Twitter: [erin\\_simmer](#)

# salem b holden



Like their gender, Salem B Holden can be found everywhere and nowhere, probably hugging some tree in the woods, talking to spiders and praising them on their beautiful webs, or foraging mushrooms. They've completed three chapbooks: *How to They/them*, *Life in the Body*, and *Rebirth* and have been published in *Babyteeth*, *The Insurgence*, *Nude Bruce Review*, *Pink Disco Magazine*, *QT Literary Magazine*, *Exist Otherwise*, *Many Nice Donkeys*, and *Lions Online*. Their collages and poems have been featured in *SOS Art Cincinnati's Pride Celebration* and have won the *R.M. Miller Fiction* award twice for their *Young Adult* novel. Instagram: [@salembholden](#)

# savannah gripshover

Savannah Gripshover (she/her) is a writer and student from Kentucky. Her work has previously appeared in Miniskirt Magazine, Anti-Heroin Chic, and Crab Apple Literary.



# m.v. riasanovsky

m.v. riasanovsky (they/them) is a nonbinary/trans, queer, disabled, poet living in the foothills of the mountains in central Virginia. They have self-published several zines and been published in several lovely journals. They are a grant writer and are passionate about leftist movements. <https://mvriasanovsky.tumblr.com/>



# noll griffin

Noll Griffin (he/him) is a visual artist, musician, and writer based out of Berlin, Germany. His poetry's appeared with Reap Thrill, The Wild Word, and The Purposeful Mayonnaise in the past and you can find his home-recorded folk-pop on his Bandcamp at [bandcamp.com/nollgriffin](http://bandcamp.com/nollgriffin). You can also find him on twitter @nollthere and on instagram @nollthere



# thank you

THANK YOU SO MUCH for reading this (long-awaited) issue of DOG TEETH!

If you liked what you read, please share it with your friends and visit the contributors to let them know how wonderful you thought their work was!

Issue three is coming soon, and if you're interested in updates on the progress of that, sign up to DOG TEETH's newsletter! We're DOG TEETH NEWS on Substack; if you subscribe, you'll get updates on submission windows, issue themes and progress, and interviews from contributors in your inbox!

If you want to join the pack, submit to the next issue! Our third issue theme will be PERIPHERY; keep your eye on our Twitter or the newsletter for submission window dates! You can find us on Twitter @dogteethlit.

Thank you so much again and don't forget to check out the contributors and their other amazing work! It would mean the world to us if you'd let them know you loved their art, and shared it with your friends!

See you in the next one and stay strange,

Jack

