



Alfred A. Brissette, Jr.

The Song-Tooth

Of granite I sing, for the steel of the pick-axe
in the garden of blood and the warriors' rage,
the wall, the stone.

I sing the ice-rhythm in the snows of long winter,
dream . . . dream . . .

Come, listen to the ocean, it is near;
it is in my song, my eyes, and my soul,
listen.

Come to me, lady angel, my eyes
on your soft skin sing.

The Song-Tooth, dreaming, guiding through the
pain
and the blood, wild with hope for love.

Dream, oh lady angel, dream your dreams of hope
and sow the fields of littered darkness and fears
with your song, your love, your tears.

The oceans within, the ice-rhythm,
the snows of long winter,
dream . . . dream . . .

Alfred A. Brissette, Jr. writes: "Currently incarcerated, I started to write and draw as a way to escape the confines

of my cell. Most of my poetry revolves around the things I miss most, Love, Family, Freedom, etc. I . . . have had several poems and drawings displayed at the Hera Art Gallery in Wakefield, Rhode Island, for a show called 'Ekphrasis: Art = Poetry, Poetry = Art.' "The Song-Tooth" is Mr. Brissette's first published poem.