

Some days, I'm all teeth. My mouth is filled with nothing but rows and rows of clattering canines, biting and biting and biting away at each other. Millions of molars lead down the back of my neck. On these days, my eyes are teeth, my nose is just one long pointed tooth to cut and tear the world into bite-sized pieces. My face is made of teeth, all turning and chomping underneath my skin. If I could smile on those days, all the teeth would leak out and leave my face pale and expressionless. So I don't smile on toothy days.

And inside, it gets worse. The whole of my throat, and all the way down after that, is made of rows upon rows of teeth, spiraling around. My stomach is just a large hollow tooth. And within that large, hollow tooth, is a type of cavity that goes on forever. A void. A Hunger.

Do you ever have a feeling like you could eat the world?

Like you could devour the moon and still, *still*, the void would be there? So in my mind I gnash on pillars, find the creamy plexiglass center and bend the metal bars down my gullet. I tear up desks, cracking through plastic like the top of a creme brulee, devouring that powdery fake wood and licking my chops. But it's still empty. I'm still hungry.

My pupils are black and large, and mouth stretched wide into an almost-smile that could be mistaken for joy, or more accurately, a wince. I cannot sleep. I cannot think. I am too hungry for humanity and I have already abandoned it.

I walk out onto the streets these days. I find rats, with their warm, warm hearts, and crack them open. Who knew the crunch of a skull could be as satisfying as the crack of a can of soda? But one isn't enough, and barely fills anything at all. The void twists in upon itself and groans. If I didn't forget my wallet, I'll stop into my favorite sandwich place, and get the biggest thing on the menu. Technically, it's for two people, but I sit there in front of the people who own this

shop and just inhale the thing. I've entered five minutes before they close, and I leave with two minutes to spare. They comment on how hungry I was. I laugh. I leave.

Because now restaurants all over are starting to close. And I want to get home before I hit a crowd. Last night I popped into a convenience store and started biting away at whole isles, metal and food and all. The clerk may have seen me, but didn't do anything.

And I swear to god I was going to leave him be. But what you don't understand it the void. It groans inside. It's infinite, but the kind of infinity that can expand, untwist a little inside my stomach and send a ripple of pain like nothing else. All I can do is try to eat so much that it gets a little tangled up and shuts up enough so I can sleep.

I was a little bloody, but it was two am. I was dead tired at that point, the feeling when your eyes, even your muscles just hurt for lack of sleep. And I couldn't sleep.

I ate benches. I ate trees, I ate bits of grass, but tried to avoid dirt as best I could (dead things like those that live in dirt have unpleasant effects). I ate sidewalks and buildings, walls and windows, smashing glass to splinters before swallowing it down. I've eaten fire hydrants in the past, but it's messy. And a little too bitter for my taste.

And I know I did something that I shouldn't have. I looked up.

The stars glimmer when you can see them. I've always loved the stars, loved the way they make the dark blue of the night sky even darker to behold, how they outline invisible shapes of their own making, how they jut of out the nothingness like glimmering pins working through some invincible material.

And I reached up with my teeth and grabbed one.

It worked. It actually worked--the void got twisted up enough on that that I could run home and pass out in all my clothes, shoes too, before it untwisted itself and I was empty again.

And really, no one will notice this one star but a few astronomers, who will assume that it blinked out millions of years ago after a long, long life.

But I'm fairly sure that somewhere, there are a dozen planets just a bit too similar to ours spiraling out of control in the dark.

I hope they look at the stars one more time before it all freezes over.

And I hope that there isn't anyone on those planets who has a void like I've got.