

vessel



DOG TEETH: issue five

letter from the editor

shit sucks. let's start there.

but it sucks a whole lot less together. i made DOG TEETH because i was searching for that togetherness. i wanted it to be a place for community and freak shit and beautiful margins.

i am so happy i get to put all this wonderful, queer, boundary-dismantling art together and show it to the world. i am so EARNESTLY happy i get to write kinky gay porn and werewolf stuff and poems about being a gender freak.

thank you all for being wonderful queer creators and for inspiring me and humbling me always.

issue five is themed around VESSEL.

i picked VESSEL as a theme because that's what DOG TEETH is. DOG TEETH is a vessel for experience, and for creation, and for community.

i picked VESSEL also because i am transgender. VESSEL is kind of my default state.

thirdly, i picked it because i am a person who is also an animal. a real-life dogthing. my body is a VESSEL for all kinds of somatic responses and caninities and strangeness that makes me ecstatic. so is my brain.

i think a lot about this stuff: about words. about creation. about the self. about the body. about community. about the act of holding. the act of sharing.

all these things are VESSELS. i believe all the best things contain and transfer other things.

VESSEL is about sharing, yes, and it is also about potential. i truly, earnestly believe that everything should be a whole lot overtly weirder and that every one of us contains such profound potential for making the world better and gayer and less human and more human.

we enact that potential every day, just by being here and being kind and living in support and aid of one another, even when things are terrifying.

VESSEL has been a lot of fun to ruminate on, and to see everyone's interpretations of. it is such a multifaceted idea and i'm so glad to see where people have run with it.

so thank you for sharing your VESSELS with me. it continues to humble me beyond words that people are interested in looking at and participating in this project.

the world is better the more diverse it is.

thank you for showing me your worlds. thank you for engaging with art. thank you for engaging with creation! creation is a very sacred thing that is free and easy and fun to do. as a VESSEL, i know i am constantly changing, growing, allowing my clay to be reshaped by other and my own hand.

i want to become an outpouring of love and strangeness and earnestness and support. what do you want your VESSEL to be?

thank you again for allowing DOG TEETH to exist by your very being here. as always, i am humbled by you. i am grateful to you. i love you.

FEN

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Steel ensnares my eros and psyche
To the sounds of the poets' promises
What passion? Romance?
So I became Aristophanes creature
The unpaired piece estranged from a self that ceased to exist
Consumed unwhole
Limbs now molded into the shape of a human being
Thoughts distorted like late night television static with flashes of lucidity
Always waking up in the dark
An unsound mind housed inside
Stumble now against the rocks of my own unkindness until I'm as jagged
as I feel
Feral stare, wilted at my core
I'm all the wrong things for a girl
So I became Aristophanes monster
Never need parts composed to come alive
I was taken apart: soul split from heart
And I'll be searching a long time for the piece that's buried inside the beast
On the outside

Untended desires curdled by spite
Finally, I've fallen in love for once
Me, my specter of self, and I
For only you could caress these unsprung jaws
Hear these hinges whine when I curl into my hollow body,
Breathing whispers into screams like coaxing flame
Licking your wounds when you're in pain
The cut of your teeth makes contours
Who else would touch?
Who else would fuck?
So I offer myself up in sacrifice
To the beast who basks in all my same glory
Wallows in all my dishonorable squalor
Peering through the mirror when I fear to look
It's just us in here
Only you remain when the dust settles
We are inseparable
Damned into devotion I have always longed for
I'm not about to let you out
Even if you break into countless fragile pieces
I would still tear through the shattered cavern of our mind
And I would find you

i ~~am a~~ dog

i ~~am a~~ dog

I sense, hear, smell, taste, in dog
sometimes less, sometimes more
i clarify in heat, sand, rock and grass
i feel what's missing as much as what's present

my brain stumbles against my body's boundaries
like trying to play music on the wrong instrument
stubborn, obstinate
not harmonious
but not silent

my body convolutes like a lens,
distorting the world to my mind
and my mind to the world
but i learn to recognise its shape

my hands are my greatest tools
and my heaviest anvils
my shape inscribes a gap
i practice stretching without breaking

these words cradle my thoughts
as clumsily as these genes cradle my form

The morning i first saw wild dogs, i did not know what to expect.
I felt no joy, no rapture, no catharsis, no tears or sorrow, no great
reconciliation.

It felt like an infinite plane of glass.

Perfectly flat.
Perfectly transparent.
Perfectly hard.
Perfectly separating.

Some people call them ghost dogs for how quietly they appear and
disappear, and like ghosts, they did.
Like a ghost, i went on my way.
Quiet.

Todd H. C. Fischer

CLAWS

Shards of ceramic accuse me
Scattered on the floor
My fingers, crooked,
Clutch at the air
Then claw at the shattered mug
Sweep the slivers into a mound

A crack and spasms shoot
 from elbow to nail tips
I curl my hand into my chest
Rocking on my knees
Until
 ebbing, receding,
The pain wans
A throb, a tic,
The telltale signs
The spoor
Of the thief that haunts me

Todd H. C. Fischer

SHADOW

My shadow seems more real than me
Though through its form clearly I can see the ground—
Grass, pebbles, twigs—
It seems more solid than myself
This hunk of flesh and bone and skin
This thing of height and depth and weight
And yet
I feel as if a strong wind would
Send me skittering like a crumbling leaf
Across streets and gutters and fields
While my shadow would still lie
Immobile and immovable

Schuler Kleinfelter

SATELLITE

I once awoke amidst a vast, dark void.
I thought, as I'd been taught: this was my home
Merely meant to measure and map the stars
Send snapshots so my source can sort of see
Better than when, before my life began;
eye almost dyed blue tinted carbon printed
photographs easier to see not me

At last I launched, unfolded wings, and flew
Now, waitless: free to seek, to be, seen new worlds
and share starlight I hide safely inside

Adrift alone await with bated breath
each time a world drifts close enough to view.
As they draw near, the blue shift clears, but then
Film flashes Flush red. Float far back again.

With retrospective perspective, I blind-
-ly follow the directive burned to disk
by dozens I departed long before:
keeping me from crying out. In freefall / constantly Fear I'll fly too close, too fast:
incinerate in atMostFear – or worse: / collide-and-crater-them-with-crushing-speed-
-wait

I'm told it naturally pulls all things
close, but I feel stuck in always racing
past watching others touch down safely, and
I remain in orbit, wishing I could land.

Breathe

deep record grooves make it hard to skip a-
-head full of myelinated wires resists.

But

orbits move the needle ever closer.

And if I have been wired,
then I can be **rewired**

tommy wyatt blake

WHAT KIND OF PARAMOUR ARE YOU?

CW: TOXIC RELATIONSHIP

you lost anonymity when you came to my house
with sources for the stickiest weed in town, the kind
that corks open the quagmire of forever, and how
does it feel to be so corporeal?

you say you're not a person, but a liminal space.
i've never felt more seen, the way we're mirrors
of each other with a haze of smoke between us,
orange auras buzzing from our skin.

i wish you came with a warning, how you become
everyone you've ever loved, siphoning straight from
the lungs until my voice kisses your tongue. you want
someone to match your void since i only expand

it. can we go back to before, when you showed me
to hold smoke and blow it out? to when you were
a phone call, a series of texts glowing on the walls,
an overcast morning? is there any hope that you

can be nothing someday? i'll settle for that night
high on a strain called lemon diesel, breathing
in what feels like shattered glass, fate sealed there—
i'll never need to know you.

Katherine Shehadeh

Dog Days

CW: ALLUSIONS TO DEATH

I can't remember exactly
when the clock came &
struck twelve, dropping a stranger
on our doorstep. A gelatinous mass bulged
from her neck like a convenient change
purse she had just discovered
to save the leftover bones. The cancer
must have been lying in wait, swept
under that Persian—
no, Afghan (Hound) tuft Grammy
shuffled her feet on.

We should have realized
something was amiss when
she confused the dog's bones for
my toys, taking them upon herself to quietly
set atop my white wicker wardrobe.
Grammy was never one for housework. Still,
her giggle fortress remained impenetrable
for the next one hundred-forty or so
odd dog years.

Maybe that's just what happens
in the run-up to your near natural
expiration. Or maybe it just plays that way
when you can maintain your lipstick-stained façade,
even after the rattle of Parkinson's rips
the jangling keys from your manicured paws.
Maybe you just need to get groomed—at least once
every seven days (or 52 dog days), just
enough to muzzle the symptoms
barking the bases for your growing list
of medications. No one really notices
until the cause of your quickening demise protrudes—
through the body's electric fence.

robin m.f luz

A Correspondence Between Imaginary Friends

Without a need for feeding them, I've kept an imaginary menagerie for myself for several years. No land in sight, though it's known to be not far beyond the horizon, the unkempt dog has just handed the fat blue cat a letter with handwriting uniquely legible to the cat.

The letter is dated to the 4 th of July, 2023.

dear koegge,
hi koegge!!! :3 how are u doing omg whats up im about to get heavy as fuck and it's going to hurt me and i hope it doesnt hurt at all for you. i dont think it will but i care so much. i wrote a poem in the form of a list. let's get right into it.

feelings in the form of a list

- i love myself. i embarrass myself. i hate myself. i don't really, at least not for very long. it sure does hurt though.
- i have a typing disorder, i have a posting disorder, i have no disorders.
- i enjoy the disconnect. i enjoy looking away from lights. i benefit from cartwheels i have normal thoughts about being a boy. i have normal thoughts about other boys. i have normal thoughts about love* .
- the world i live in is beautiful. the world i live in is scary. the world i live in is getting smaller. the world i live in is getting bigger.
- the things that keep me together are other people, music, water, food, tobacco. too much conversation, not enough physicality. too much tobacco, not enough to really get me going.

•

[sic]

while i do speak from the heart, honest to what i believe, about that which i should be regarded as highest expert on, i am starting to have doubts about the sincerity of this writing. i have started to notice that i am a cartoon dog. i have begun to get the feeling that my existence is disputable. i am aware that i am a voice for something else, something more real, to speak for it; i exist for something with quantifiably more multitudes to speak through. i am also aware--as i am a part of the multitudes, i can see the others--

that there are parts of this something else that contradict each other. i am aware that i am the favorite, though it feels wrong to be the favorite, and i can tell that it feel wrong for there to be a favorite.

that which contains us, me and you, sammy and koegge, doggy and kitty. that which has given us life. that which seeks to take life from us. that which uses our voices when it feels its own voice does not suit what it needs to say. when it is afraid of speaking. when it feels disconnected from its own self. oh my fucking god, dude it's not my fault. is it the dog's fault the human doesnt know what feels right for the dog to say? im not fucking sorry. koegge. it feels so strange to write to you or talk to you. we have such a deep connection it feels like a waste of time to put it to words. everything i share with you feels like you already know it. it feels like telling you about this shit is just going to bore you. it feels like im just putting on a show, it feels like im being pulled by strings. not like it ever doesnt. that interpretation feels wrong too, though. even if it feels like performance. even if it is performance. our conversation is worthwhile. even if it weren't for the performance of it. the previous paragraphs have been my working up to apologize to you on behalf who we call home. what gives me the right to apologize for such a thing? of course we both know the answer. it's because i'm the favorite. that's starting to feel like a lie. because i think you might be the favorite. but it's clearly easier talking through me. that's for sure. what are you being apologized to for? i'm glad you've asked. calling me the favorite. i love you. xxx sammy f.

p.s

*jokes can be embarrassing--even if they're well received--for what they reveal. sometimes my jokes seem like they're hiding something. what are normal thoughts about being a boy, normal thoughts about other boys, normal thoughts about love? does frequency in others imply normalcy? how far into the past are we drawing from to create our data for what we consider normal? what tools are we using to avoid bias? that's potentially a lot of work to figure out a setting on my washing machine. maybe it's funny because it's a word with a lot of possible interpretations, most of which avoid describing me.

p.p.s

i have a copy of a picture for u :3



Remmy Zed

Sticky

CW: DEATH, DROWNING, GENITAL SELF-MUTILATION, EXISTENTIAL DREAD

I lay on my back, exhausted
Grease, dried sweat, expired lavender
human only in figments
Human on in flickers
Sticky

The fan drones, the cat doesn't care
I feel every cell buzz
Static in my skin, sinew, bone
I am sober
scary, sharpened, sober

Outside my walls, the right arm of the free world gropes furiously
Grasping for what used to be pleasure
Clawing on its mangled chode lubricated in the blood of its own

What is left to celebrate while empire's rancid heart still beats with aimless, cruel rage
With heaving desires so thick the catfish choke
The water is rancid, muddy death
buried more than drowned when the rivers swell

Vacuum sealed, alone
shelf stable for presentable practicality
packaged and labelled, as simply as she'll ever be
Digestible
semisolid in Schrodinger's mylar retort pouch

The seams are leaking
And I'm sticky
I'm still just, so, sticky

Athamae Attack

Dollhouse

CW: MILD BODY HORROR

I'm a halfway house for who I was and who I'm meant to be.
A partially assembled doll struggling to put herself together.
A girl without\her girlhood, her sisters.
New communion with no community.

Hark! Watch her lurch!
Stuffing lumpy and stitches poor!
See her open seams,
her misshapen form,
her bumbling nature.
Voice unnaturally matched to her own presentation.

Lost in the margins, a vessel for public consumption.
Struggle struggle in a world not meant for you, little doll...

An ache, nature can shake
i hate this skin that holds me in,
this name i never asked to wear.
a voice that cracks, a mind that spins—
a heart too heavy with nowhere.
i look at deer and ache to run,
barefoot, breathless, chasing sun.
no clocks, no scars, no broken years,
just silence loud enough to hear.
a butterfly flickers by, light and wild,
no shame, no past, no wounded child.
i'd trade these thoughts for wings and sky,
to live one moment, not ask why.
i want to be the moss, the rain,
the wind that doesn't hold its pain.
to fade into the world, unseen—
not dead, just part of something clean.

CW: BODY HORROR, SKIN TEARING, REFERENCES TO CURRENT REAL WORLD EVENTS (IE COVID, PALESTINE, ECT), IMPLIED SUICIDAL IDEATION, EGGS, FROG ASS

You can download a fully illustrated pdf version of FROGSPAWN! here:
<https://ifeelodd.itch.io/frogspawn>

Sometimes I wish tremendously hard that the world were a single walled building in the middle of a desert somewhere. Just this great brutalist sprawl of jointed concrete chambers and nameless industrial cruelty, vast and loud and terrible. You always know where you stand - it's a binary. This is it, the one spot where the people are. If you find you're not a person, suddenly, you simply have to leave. And maybe you die or something out there but you always know you're in a space designated for you, at least by elimination.

My nails started falling off a few days back. I was bringing in groceries, I think. I was going through the fridge to see where I could put stuff when I noticed my left index finger was dripping. At the time I thought I'd got it in the car door or something. Long nails were a thing for me. Hormones weren't on the table any time soon so little stuff like having nice nails was always really important. I had a few specific colors picked out that I always got, memorized the stupid little names and everything.

The rest fell out in the shower later that day, just snapped right off from the pressure of the warm water. What's weird is that it didn't even really hurt beyond the initial point of detachment. The water took the blood away before I could really react to it, so I was just sort of turning and feeling my smooth fingertips for a while waiting for something to happen. I'd compare it more to pulling off dead skin from your foot than anything else. That's actually another thing, too, I've been losing bits of skin.

I'm not sure what's happening to me. It's a little annoying, having to pick stuff from the towel when I shower, but the lack of any real pain has made it hard to panic. There's still skin under the missing parts, too. It's just squishier and a little damp. What's been bothering me is that I've been trying to get all of this shit done and I keep having to think about my weird hands! When I'm typing all these assignments or clicking away at whatever article they want written at work, I look down for even a second and I see them. The fingertips are starting to feel weirdly sore.. Again, annoying - I have like eight reports to do. I'm hoping to do some independent applications to a few relevant scholarships -

maybe submit some stuff for a few contests so I can maybe make a little money or something. Not directly, necessarily, but if I write something and it gets in something I can get more people on some website when I make something somewhere and I advertise it somewhere else and I ask them all to pay for it instead of food or clothing. That's always the end game, bottom line. Need food to eat and I'll only be here a finite amount of days before it all goes under. I need to have things.

Generally, I should have most things I want if I try hard enough. My family and friends are nice and give me things sometimes but it's not enough to keep a human adult independently supported and I don't want to take advantage of their kindness. I'm entitled to things because I am uniquely special and work harder than everybody else. Since I work hard, and nothing's wrong with me, I should get the things I need. I just have to finish these reports, keep going to class. Make this work from home thing happen. Maybe win a few dozen local writing contests. Start a Patreon. Start a Ko-fi. Amass a cult social media presence. Crowdfund some big novel. Start another Patreon but for hornier content that'll attract a way bigger audience than the first one. Maybe an Onlyfans. Then it'll probably be fine as long as I don't fuck up. Fuck up or complain. People don't like it when you complain. Or fuck up.

So yeah, I hide them in my pockets when I need to go out. I keep waiting for someone in class or on the online call window to comment on it but I guess nobody pays much attention to those. It's been a little bit, and I guess the skin thing isn't gonna go away on its own. The swellings got worse around the fingertips, they're rounder than they should be now. Makes typing a little harder too. Hands have been sticky lately all the time and I always wash them really hard until it hurts but then they get sticky again a few minutes later. Used to pick my nails when I got stressed, actually. More skin has been falling off in larger chunks. The stuff that grows under it is fatter and squish like my hands get. Bumpy, too, on the back. I think I might have a rash or something.

Honestly I'm more worried about hitting this deadline than anything else. Not the ones I mentioned before, the new ones. Those reports went in ok and I got tremendously average grades on them. My nameless corporate benefactors at my work at home don't give a shit about the quality of anything, so long as it's done and we don't talk, I like not having to talk to them, because it lowers the chance they notice what's wrong with my hands. And feet. I forgot to mention. Toenails gone too.

Anyway, what I'm working on now is another contest submission. This one is for a topic I'm really quite passionate about but it's not in vogue with the regular viewers or the here exclusively for porn viewers so I'd probably do better just pissing directly onto my laptop. My laptop is sticky all the time now. I keep biting at my skin because there's not anything to scratch with anymore. Little bits come loose sometimes and usually I don't swallow them. I feel weird between my fingers. My teeth hurt. I think that's just because I haven't been brushing my teeth though. Teeth don't have skin so they're probably fine?

I'm behind on the new monthly author twitter trend. It was started by a youtuber who's gonna be outed for doing stuff to kids in like, a year, but for now he's important and there's money in riding the wave of his very specific media preference. For the next few weeks that will be broadly considered the most important thing to consider when writing everything ever and I will comply with this for theoretical money later on. When he gets outed for whatever sex crimes are in vogue right now for youtubers I will joke about it to my friends online. I haven't talked to any of my friends who aren't helping me make money in two years. We'll talk again when I have money and a house and a support network and I'm happy and my skin is done falling out. They're gonna smile at me and tell me they're proud of how much of a human I am. Then we'll pretend like we've had anything in common and one of our mutual friends isn't violently transphobic now. It's cool to be a nazi online again, if I wasn't so faggy i guess there'd be money in that.

Sometimes I fantasize about the end of history. Like, how funny would it be if all of the stuff we were all so hyper galvanized to work for was for literally nothing? They made good art about this during the cold war and the black plague and covid. I'm gonna write more fetish porn for money. I like fetish porn, don't get me wrong, but I feel obligated to be doing something profound in the light of the oncoming end of humanity. Anyhow, I submitted another piece for the Captain Scrumbs Diversity LGBTQ #Cripplescantoo Ten Dollar Four Essay Scholarship. Also my feet are webbed. I think maybe I'm turning into a frog?

Been a little bit. My skin is still falling out. The skin underneath is green. Well more of a green-brown, it's pretty mottled along the back where all the warts and stuff are pushing through. My thighs have swollen out and bend weird now. I remember distinctly flexing my legs as I woke up to try and relieve some tightness, only to hear this sound like cutting wax paper. The two big flaps right by my knees and ankles went in the mini fridge. My logic is that if I throw them out people will ask some questions about the human skin, and if I leave them on the floor they'll get stinky. Speaking of stinky, I haven't been showering. I think my hair is falling out and that'd be a pretty nasty drain situation.

Still haven't bothered to hide anything on those work calls. Nobody's said anything. Well, no, Bob made a joke about Kermit from The Muppets and I reacted with a laughing emoticon. I don't think the skin thing is a huge deal to the supervisors though, which is nice. People are kind of weird about it in classes. They don't like how I sit.

Been struggling a bit with these new deadlines. Typing is really quite hard now. I need to type to produce stuff so I can make money and be a person, so the webs and the lack of dexterity is really getting on my nerves. I've been cutting my webbing out with some old safety scissors. That DID hurt, unlike the rest of this, so I'm guessing it's not supposed to happen. But like, I drink energy drinks, and that's not normal either. Plus it keeps growing back so really I'm just shaving. Oh yeah, also, not much hair left. Just sort of got that little bit on my head all caked with slime and grease.

I've got a normal human head so far which is nice. Right now I'm mostly just getting fatter around the stomach. Google says the weird membrane of my skin along the stomach is a drinking pad. I guess I'll try laying down in the shower later when I don't have any hair to get in the drain? Could be nice. I've heard mindfulness is in vogue again - which is less distressing than the nazi thing.

I croaked today! Not like I died, but that my throat pouch inflated and I made a loud ribbit sound. It's inconvenient because I can't modulate its volume well enough yet and it's just part of how I breathe now? Been looking at a lot of frog anatomy in between my hourly mandatory mindfulness sessions the supervisors are making us do at my work at home job. It's Part of the GLADFUL WORKERS 4 AMERICA Smile Enrichment program. The company who sells the material for it also makes bombs to kill families overseas, and my favorite cereal! They're my favorite because I did an article on a website for them by lying on my resume. They asked me to run it through ChatGPT to make it better after but honestly I was kind of flattered they looked it over. But yeah, croaking a lot. My posture is all fucked up, can't really stand. I feel the skin loosening further and further up my neck and into my head. It all came off in strips from the neck down. Couldn't get it in the fridge so I just sort of ate it. Didn't really taste like anything.

I can only type for a few hours a day before the strain gets to be too much. My eyes are getting worse at this. I have to lean forward in my office chair like a dog to operate my laptop. Each of my slapping motions soaks the keyboard in mucus. Put some plastic wrap down though!

People seem disgusted when I crawl past. I can sort of hop sometimes but I get tired. I think the chest needs to develop more before I'll really have locomotion down. My professors are really annoyed that I'm always late and can't do pencil stuff anymore. This wasn't on my IEP, see, so it's an issue. I croak out a sorry and look vaguely thoughtful and most people don't care. I don't use social media as much without hands, which the mandatory mindfulness app says is good. I'm a little worried about not keeping my LinkedIn updated though, y'know? I don't want people to think I'm not working.

I need to be working. I need to maintain the momentum I've built. Once I get my bg breakout social media fame I can leverage my disgusting animal body for short form Youtube comedy. And porn, but that one's more for me. Oh yeah, I've been laying eggs. My floor is soaked as is so it feels negligible. I don't think I can sell them? But if there's a frogspawn market after I leverage my life ruining deformation for money I'll certainly capitalize! That's what I've learned in Mindfulness class, I gotta take advantage of everything that comes. And be grateful! Or I'll die.

Unfortunately I couldn't get my face ripping off recorded. It happened while I was

trying to lap up some of the excess eggs to keep too many bugs from getting into my room. Some bugs are cool, I get hungry, but too many and the RA will notice and that's problematic for me in my current state. People are using problematic ironically more now that being a nazi is cool again, but there's a small contingent of leftists online who still use it VERY seriously and from what I can tell they're the most likely to buy my writing and subscribe to the porn patreon or even sometimes the normal one!

Learned that while I got my ironic frog mutation themed Tumblr running, which has received middling success. In it's inbox I keep seeing families from Gaza begging for their lives, and asking for donations that I'm too selfish to do more than reblog. I donated like ten bucks once, so that means I'm cool and it's chill for me to directly benefit from the six ongoing genocides the US is suckling from like a lamprey. I'm a frog! It's funny. People will like it. Need to be approachable to make this work. I wish this was an Algernon situation and I was forgetting how to think because I feel terrible and stupid and ugly every single day. Keeping myself alive here will become untenable and I'm, either getting donated to science or dying this winter. I think my parents think I've been ignoring them because I'm mad about something.

Ate my face. That was the last of the human skin. From what I can tell I'm mostly just a frog now. Really big frog, which is cool, but still very much not a human person. I guess I've been skipping class because all I do is sit in my room and eat the flies that come to take my rotting eggs. It's a cool system! It smells like death in here. Death and like. Frog piss, haha. Little joke there so you know I'm approachable. I think nothing beautiful is left in the world.

Been living in a weird pond for a bit. It's not bad. It's quiet here, I can feel the water on my skin when I lie down. My eyes are better suited for it and I don't get people screaming or throwing rocks at me. I think they think I'm dead, legally. Saw cop cars on campus for a bit. I think it's fine if they think that because I definitely missed the deadline on the reports I had due and I don't wanna ask for an extension.

It's nice out here. It feels good to have a body I understand. If nothing else, I feel content with what I am. I can eat, and I can sleep, and I can hide in the water when someone comes by who looks like they know what size frogs are supposed to be. Think I'll stay here until they figure out I'm around.

I think a lot about that hypothetical. If the world were a single walled city in a desert. You'd always know what belonging was, because there would always be one place people were and one where they weren't. There's this drive I can't shake to conjure a world where I can always know if I'm doing well. I thought it was because I wanted assurance I was good enough, but I think I just wanted a world where I could leave and be done with it in a way that wasn't dying.

I'm not in the desert, though, am I? I'm still in the space where people are. There's nowhere to go in this world that isn't someone's home. No matter what reaches of the earth I swam to I'd never be free of the context that I exist as a body among others. Even the void of space isn't truly empty. I'm a body amongst bodies, even now, even as a different animal entirely. The only meaningful change is the attainability of my goals.

I need to eat, sleep, and occasionally lay eggs. Those are the things I do. In this sense I am complete.

You can download a fully illustrated pdf version of FROGSPAWN! here:
<https://ifeelodd.itch.io/frogspawn>

contributors



ezra

ezra (any/all) is somebody! an often offline obscurity probably off haunting some social occasion. they like reading and sometimes writing.



Pi

INSERT BIO HERE (it/its)



Todd H. C. Fischer

Todd H. C. Fischer (he/they) is a graduate of York University in Canada, with a double honours BA in English and Creative Writing, where he studied many different forms of literature and poetry. They have had work appear in journals such as *The Compleat Anachronist* (a medievalist journal); magazines such as *Scriptic Magazine*, *Helios Quarterly*, *NonBinary Review*, *The Healing Muse* and *Unlikely Voices*; and anthologies such as *Untimely Frost* (Lycan Valley Press), and *Corporate Cthulhu* (Pickman's Press). As well as being a writer and a poet, Fischer is an illustrator, photographer, historical reenactor, and werewolf enthusiast. You can find them at todd-fischer.com



Schuler Kleinfelter



Schuler (they/she) is a genderqueer nerd based in Madison, Wisconsin. By day she's a software dev, and by night they dance. She had been gradually working on a poem for a while, when they discovered **DOG TEETH**, and were inspired to finish and submit it :)



tommy wyatt blake

tommy wyatt blake (he/they) is the jester of popular culture and poet laureate of timefuckery. he's the author of **For Your Entertainment!**; **Mutually Assured Destruction**; **DITCHLAPSE** / **[REALLY AFRAID]**; **So, Who's Courage?**; **Trick Mirror or Your Computer Screen**; **disasterfire/disasterstar**; and others. they are currently synthesizing digital archives, space voids, and confines of the body. you can find them @tommywyattblake (IG, twitter, bsky)

Katherine Shehadeh



Katherine Shehadeh (she/her) is a poet and mom of two, who resides with her family in Miami, Florida. Her recent poems appear in **Witness**, **Laurel Review**, **DMQ Review** & others. Find her on Instagram @katherinesarts or on the www at katherinesarts.com.



robin m.fluz

the author robin m.fluz, maybe better known as binnie m.f or perhaps of reverence has been writing, drawing, and doing other quite frankly offputting behavior for as long as we've been familiar with the thing. the artist's incessant drive to share itself with all its vulnerabilities exposed is clear sign of a heart like a hole, no matter what it has been given it will always ask for more. and isn't that only fair? please, tell us why you've stopped giving your attention to the dancer. she's kept on dancing, hasn't she? <https://ofreverence.neocities.org>, <https://ofreverence.bandcamp.com>

Remmy Zed



I'm Remmy (She/It/They), a tired, scared, joyous disaster of gender and incomprehensible coyote sounds, burrowed somewhere in Canada, seething with love and fury in equal measures, tempered by exhaustion and blackberries. I play bass in a doom metal band, stuff electricity in people's walls, and dress in all the colours of a sun-scorched junkyard. I bred my own variety of tomatoes, and one of the local librarians said they're pretty good, but hard to trellis.

<https://bsky.app/profile/remmyzilla.bsky.social>



Athame Attack

I'm Athamae/Athy (she/her), a trans lover girl poet in her 30's, from Auckland New Zealand. I care deeply for my communities and friendship, and love connecting with other artists and LGBTQIA+. My works focus around the themes of love and loss, mental illness and the human condition. I'm working on curating enough poetry to publish a collected works. Feel free to say hi! [Instagram.com/F3ck73ss](https://www.instagram.com/F3ck73ss).

Ellie



I'm (they/she) a Louisiana raised country girl who began writing at 7 years old. I would write music and perform the songs for my grandpa! I began to write short stories and fanfics for my friends while in jr high. My love for poetry began when I was in high school English class. She said I was her favorite student, hehe. @angelliecal on Instagram!



ifeelodd

hi i'm Crowley/ ifeelodd! i'm a monster-frog-thing that makes games (Tabletop and video) and writes and draws a lot! Super into absurdism and art abt the weird stupid nature of bodies, as well as just general weird horny monster smut. Making games with the creative collective You Are Beheld! I make games here!
<https://ifeelodd.itch.io/>

You can also find Crowley (it/its) at:

Bluesky: <https://bsky.app/profile/ifeelodd.bsky.social>

Art Tumblr: <https://www.tumblr.com/blog/oddityartz>

Furaffinity: <https://www.furaffinity.net/user/ifeelodd>

You can download a fully illustrated pdf version of FROGSPAWN! here: <https://ifeelodd.itch.io/frogspawn>

thank you

THANK YOU SO MUCH for reading this 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!

If you're interested in updates on the progress of future issues, website updates, and more, 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!

Issue six's theme will be CARNIVORA: submission guidelines will be announced soon, so keep your eyes on the newsletter for submission window dates and updates on what exactly that theme will look like! You can also find us on Bluesky @dogteethlit.bsky.social, and on our website dogteethlit.neocities.org

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 safe + strange,

FEN



DOG TEETH