

**A
SET
OF
DRACULA
TEETH**

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Opus, To Live with Your Head in The Lion’s Mouth, I
Can’t Drown with You Anymore, The Giver, Not the
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Fields of Many, The Stars Are the Styx, Lunacy,
Serpentine, Waves, Caged Sun

Sam Mckenna – Little Girl Lost

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After of Evers, Incipio, Path of Contention, Unbending
Shape

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I. Longing

Natives

Ghosts Along the Throat

A Tree of Wolves

Cauterize

Beach House

Silver Pillars

Your Voice Had No Funeral

City of the Dead

Beloved Star

The Notes That Once Rose

II. Millennium

The After of Evers

The Fields of Many

Reverie

Millennium

Marrow

Opus

The Stars are the Styx

One Day This Will All Be Yours

III. Of One Root

Incipio

Serpentine

The Path of Contention

Lunacy

Caged Sun

Unbending Shape

**To Live with Your Head in the Lion's
Mouth**

Sacred Womb

Two Funerals

IV. Recycled Resolutions

Waves

Vegas Eyes

Young Mistakes

Little Girl Lost

I Can't Drown with you Anymore

The Judas to You

Coursing South

Recycled Resolutions

The Giver, Not the Ordained

Introduction

For years I have penned poems and lyrics only to watch them rot away in a closet. I've always envisioned compiling those shreds of thoughts into something more but never lit the match. A few years back, I finally lit that proverbial match. While revisiting old works and sifting through skeletons of old metal band songs (RIP CTS), I found the need to write more. I ended up with a mix of new material and reworked oldies but goodies. Along the way, I found that Dracula needed more to his teeth.

I convinced my friends, who just happen to be incredibly talented artists, to illustrate some of the works. It was an incredible experience to see the words come to life. The illustrations like a great rug, really tied the room together. With the illustrations complete and the four chapters mapped out, I had something that I could share with the world.

This project is a true labor of love and would not be possible without the help of some amazing humans. I want to thank my wife, my friends, my family and everyone who encouraged me to write over the years, especially Retta. I thank all of you from the bottom of my heart. That said, I present you with A Set of Dracula Teeth. A collection of poems looking at what we long for, the lifetimes we waste, the roots from where we grow and how we recycle our resolutions. I hope you enjoy.

The **LONGING** to be heard



Natives

from that native lens, the visions begin
formed from prospective eyes
shapes and speech, an endearing entwine
the rate at which we evolve
these rituals of full disclosure

immersed in digital seas
voices without a footprint
sink into these digital seas
an anchor never to return
we welcomed the capsized

these years adrift
longing for the next horizon
accept what we've become
shadows and figures
drowning in fiction
we've lost our creative selves
echoes of identity

from that native lens, the visions began
formed from prospective eyes
abandon boundary
abandon discovery

