

I make them mine

I know one thousand two hundreds thirty nine mouths
In teeth, thirty thousands two hundred ninety-nine

Some filled
Some sealed
Some crowned, though most commoners
Some wisdom, though most choppers
Some with peaks and valleys, mostly worn
Some even milky with thorns
But most decorated not in vain
With gold, silver, plastic or porcelain
More solid wall to gain
and to fight back decay
Brush twice or thrice
Floss, soak them in fluoride
Bleach them white or
Make them black instead
to keep the stronghold and fight
with new discovery of silver diamine fluoride

But all teeth, veteran or not
Are beautiful to my sight
As I know them well
Since now they are mine
I made them mine!