

Lucy Wan – Oral B

I had never bought into the fuss  
of the electric toothbrush,  
until a wisdom tooth emerged, and  
beset my mouth with pain and pus.  
During numerous meals plagued  
with crying and other inefficiencies,  
I put my foot down (someone had to).  
I conceded my hand may have grown  
neglectful over the course of years  
of dental care,  
and ordered an implement slightly  
higher on the sentience scale.  
It has two modes of brushing,  
an apparent downgrade from my five  
(impatient, hungover, resentful,  
forlorn, and hungry).  
I didn't account for the implications  
of circular motion at first, and  
laughed when the toothpaste came  
spinning off into the sink.  
I could relate to the toothpaste.  
My mouth had never felt  
such enthusiasm in its life,  
but I felt comforted by the steady  
hum of the motor,  
and how it made me feel alive  
like no man ever has.  
If this is how the robots take over,  
I'm all for it.