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.