

## Hoops and Pearls

By Rena J. Mosteirín

The world is a bowl of pudding, so put on your best earrings  
(the silver hoops) and your pearls before sinking in.  
Poke it and the skin clings to your finger and lifts.  
It sings when you taste it, it sings beer-drinking songs.  
You are making Kenny Hofferwitz, your dentist in Queens  
uncomfortable as you explain this. He simply asked why you don't floss.  
The world is not a bowl of pudding, he says  
it's a minty fresh mouth. Kenny tells you about his kid.  
She plays soccer aggressively, she is getting out all of her hostility  
now so when she settles down with Mr. Right  
she'll be peaceful and Kenny will teach his grandsons how to be dentists.  
They will be iconoclast dentists, born to pull rottens  
perfectly on the first try, he says  
and then he tells you to leave his office, because you  
have been glaring at him since he rejected your pudding hypothesis.  
Roobear, he says, Get out!  
When your mother comes in for her cleaning she will hear about this  
your lack of dentismal deportment (his words)  
*Ich bin darüber nicht erfreut*, he'll say in slightly new-yorked German  
and his tools will respond first by dancing and then by swinging  
large mugs of dark beer to and fro with gusto.  
Your mother will laugh and say; *high is the life, Kenny!*  
Which is a literal translation of a birthday song, it sounds awkward in  
English  
but it's true. And then she'll tell him that her children are geniuses  
and so is she. And he could be to, but he flosses too much.  
Flosses the genius right out.

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