

At the doctor's, not the dentist's

■ Cite as: *CMAJ* 2019 October 15;191:E1138. doi: 10.1503/cmaj.190510

Her gaze fixed straight onto the doctor but her teeth were crooked to the side, as if swept by the wind at some inopportune moment, and frozen into a white fence behind a white forest, or a white forest behind a white fence. The snarl or the growl would be the expressions most suited to show the schisms between the warring canines, the calamitous incisors, the invading gums, that marched on a face that was otherwise long and soft like a pear, and which rested on a frame that was rigid and lanky like a hand pump. But when the baby in her lap tugged at her full-breasted zipper with curled crimson fingers, the smile had revealed the same sight, except now her teeth appeared to be the keys of a broken piano playing by themselves a sweet silent music.

Hissan Butt BA

School of Medicine, Queen's University, Kingston, Ont.

This article has been peer reviewed.