

A VISIT TO THE DENTIST

Peter Austin

“Lie back, eyes closed, mouth open wide,
And let me take a look inside.”
Eyes closed? I’d ask him what’s to hide?
If I’d the means to heckle.

I’d also tell him, I’m a phobe,
And he who dons the medic’s robe
And prods me, with a metal probe,
May prove me Hyde, not Jekyll.

“Now, tell me: where’d you feel the pain?”
I point, because I can’t explain,
And say a prayer for novocaine,
Though not through an injection!...

Ow! shit!—a needle, in the gum,
But now, at least, it’s turning numb,
As, too, is my beleaguered bum,
Denied its normal flexion!

But that’s an overshadowed ill,
The moment that I hear the drill—
Abhorrent hornet!—spiteful, shrill,
And I, its helpless quarry!

It’s getting near—it’s in my head—
Oh, Jesus!—take my life instead!
If it was something that I said,
I’m really, truly sorry!...

I’m drilled—I’m filled—those meaty paws
That mauled my unoffending jaws
Remove the rubber dam, the gauze,
The spat-on plastic raiment.

I lurch—I lift—I stiffly stand;
His phiz is unsadistic—bland!
But why ’s he holding out his hand?
My God!—it’s not for *payment*?

“A Visit to the Dentist” © 2006 by Peter Austin

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