

Dentist

Sitting in the waiting room, trying to blot out every thought
My head stuck in a magazine from which cars are sold and bought
A radio is playing music, though the volume isn't loud
Not loud enough to drown out, the screaming, whistling sound

A pretty girl in uniform comes in, all smiles around the room
And as she calls my name I get a sense of dread and doom
I stand and give a smile, acknowledgment that I'm here
Follow her through the doorway into the dungeon of my fears

In the torture chamber the pretty girl transforms
Instead of wearing a uniform she should have cloven hooves and horns
And she's just the assistant, to the monster behind the mask
Who's demanding that I take a seat, so he can get on with his task

Cautiously I take a seat in their enormous electric chair
Which tilts me at an angle, that's designed to keep me there
Then the girl hands me some glasses that really don't improve my sight
Before they burn out both my retinas with a beam of burning light

They're pulling on my chin, demanding I open real wide
So I open up so far that they could fit a bus inside
Then just before he started, he offered up some hope
Said I only had to raise a hand if I felt I couldn't cope
He sticks his sharpened hook with force inside my mouth
Right inside a cavity then struggles to pull it out
And the shooting pain is so intense as it blasts across my face
I have to stop myself from jumping up and running from this place

His assistant rams her vacuum in to draw out pints of spit
Alongside Mr Hook in hand, I don't know how they fit
With a touch of claustrophobia, I find it hard to breath
So I try to raise my hand up for a second of relief

The bastards take no notice of my arm as it's swinging round
In fact, the evil assistant bitch try's her best to pin it down
And still they keep on stabbing and sucking inflicting a world of pain
Running around my mouth and jaw and right up into my brain

It's more than I can handle, so I have to stand and fight
I throw myself out of the chair and with punches I take flight
The shock on both their faces as they jump back in surprise
Trying to catch the goggles as I throw them from my eyes

So they struck me off, saying they never want me there
Which sounds perfectly alright by me, I really couldn't care
My teeth are black and broken, but at least I'm not in pain
And I don't think I'll go to see the dentist ever again

By Lee Haigh