

## Dentist

I've just come back from the dentist and I'm writing this poem,  
My head is still spinning yet my pen is still flowing.  
Anaesthetics pathetic if you're trying to write,  
You try to make sense. It doesn't. It's tripe

I could tell you a story so gory you'd bleed,  
As your eyes fear the paper you'll go weak at the knees.  
I could talk about cancer, caring or dying,  
But that's terribly morbid and would get you all crying.

I could wallow and whinge 'till sun turns to moon,  
Yet right now I'm the stars, escaping the gloom.  
I sparkle and dance through this happier life,  
Now the dark is behind me the future looks bright!

This poem I know—is a load of nonsense,  
I apologise thus—I've misplaced my conscience.  
I blame the filling. Not the sandwich sort,  
I can't eat for hours. How I'd die for some pork!

Whilst my stomach feels poorer my heart is so rich,  
Full of the money that comes from an itch.  
An itch to run free with my head full of words.  
So thanks, Mr dentist. You've created a nerd!

*Freddy Gilder*



**Special  
Commendation**