

Deintydd

Richard Hill



From home to the dentists. Scared, anxious. Knew what was coming.
Been here before. Panicky, petrified.

Cold clinical waiting room. Feel the dark green canvas chairs.
Smells like a hospital. Sit and wait and wait and hope and hope I won't be last.
But I am.

“Croeso bachgen”. The dentist man, creepy and chilling, faceless in facemask.
Stale smell of his breath. Bright blinding lamp.

Injection, gum and face go numb. Drill grinds into teeth like the waves crashing onto
a pebble beach Taste of the drilling, the numbness. “Gorfenedig”. Foul tasting
mouthwash. Spit out. Dribble and drool. “Diolch Syr.” Glad to be leaving.