

**Poem excerpted from *Sex on the Brain: Poems and Stories for Men*,
by Frank Bukowski**

Open Wide

I was trapped in the dentist's waiting room
On Monday
For forty five minutes
With a poetry book
The dentist was behind with his appointments
Some well-meaning imbecile had had the bright idea
To replace the waiting room magazines with poetry books

The first one I read went like this

*Alabaster grew the white-flecked goddess's flanks
Through the ajar
Her squadrons of emerald ephemera pregnant
Against the dawn
Cornucopia of light
Took stance
Ribald with jocular concupiscence...*

'Mr Bukowski?'

I looked up
Nurse Honey was holding the door open
Honey had one of those dental nurse bodies
Like Marilyn Monroe crammed into a Mini Mouse smock

'Mr Hoy will see you now,' she said

I practically left the book in mid air

'You've had your hair cut,' I said
Making small talk as I ogled Honey's awesome can
Following her down the corridor
Underneath her transparent clingfilm uniform
The blue triangle of her skimpy panties
See-sawed up and down with every stride she took
It was poetry in motion

'Uh-hu,' she said

'Highlights?' I asked
She shook her head

I decided whichever fashion designer
First came up
With the dental nurse's uniform
Deserved a lifetime achievement award

'I guess it must go blonde in the sun, huh?'

'Not usually,' she said

Throw me a bone, bitch, I thought

'That won't be necessary,' said the dentist
As I rolled up my sleeve for the general anaesthetic

'Doc, the tooth's a goner
I think it's gonna have to come out'

'Sit down,' he said
And handed me another book of poetry

'What's this?' I asked

'I want you to read it'

'I just read one out there, it was awful'

'I know'

'If I want my mind improving
I go to the library
Just pull the tooth, huh'

'Open the book,' he said

'I don't understand any of this shit
It's been written by aliens from another planet'

'Any page at random will do'

'Is there a code book comes with it?'

'Just start reading,' he said

Whoft, whoft
Clandestine fell the knives
Of their mercy
Love beads
Sinewed gravel
The efflorescence of patchouli

*Could time dance on tiptoes?
Clocks dragged their pregnant answers
Bleeding to the Kalahari's altar...*

'Mr Bukowski, you can wake up now'

The dentist was snapping off his gloves
Honey was rinsing the drill

'See you in six months,' he said

'What about the tooth?'

'Done'

I fingered my jaw
The pain had gone
I felt numb from head to toe

Honey handed me the mouth rinse
I swilled it round
Spat out blood and gritty debris

'Jesus, doc, I never felt a thing'

'Marvellous, isn't it'

'Am I dribbling?'
I pinched my lip
'That was amazing'

He held up the book of poetry

'It was Honey's idea
Her boyfriend gave her a book for Christmas
She fell asleep reading it
And joked I should try it out on the patients'

'Your boyfriend read much poetry?' I asked

'Only in bed,' she said
Giving me that dental nurse look
Honey leaned over to refill the mouthwash
Exposing enough cleavage to post a letter
I'd wanted to fuck her breasts for years

She caught me staring, and smiled coyly
I bet you have no idea, I thought
That every guy who comes in here
Would love to reach in there

And spring those magnificent puppies
And rough them up real good
You hot little bitch

‘Mr Bukowski?’

‘You have a wonderful teeth,’ I said

‘Why thank you, Mr Hoy looks after them
Let’s get your next appointment fixed’

I followed her back along the corridor toward reception
Watching in awe at the tight fabric
Straining against her hourglass figure
Highlighting her every contour
Every curve
Every undulation
Every goddam secret crevice
There were more mysteries in Honey’s body
Than a game of Cluedo

Back in reception, she said
‘What day’s best for you?’

‘Uh?’ I said, mentally tearing the buttons from her smock
Leaning over the counter
Reaching inside her uniform
And ripping her powder blue bra right off

‘Afternoons or mornings?’

Mornings, I thought
I always wake up with a nine-inch love truncheon
Dreaming of you in the mornings, Honey

‘An afternoon should be fine,’ I said

This afternoon I’m gonna bust in here
When your boss is out on his lunch break
Kick all the patients outside, lock the door
Back you up against that filing cabinet
Rip open your smock and fondle those magnificent tits
Bend you over that posh motherfucking walnut-topped counter
Prise that nurse’s uniform up over your ass
Rip your panties clear off your butt
Sniff them
And throw them out the window

‘I have a Monday free in November,’ she said

‘Sounds good to me’

And before I hump the motherfucking daylights outa you
From behind
I’m gonna make you vacuum clamp
Those wet, shiny, lip glossed dental nurse lips of yours
So tight around my custard cannon
You suck the goddam life outa me

‘Are you with us Mr Bukowski?’

‘Sorry, I was just admiring your earrings,’ I said
‘They’re very pretty’

‘Thank you
My boyfriend got them
You’re not with us at all today, are you’

‘A Monday will be fine, thank you’

Half crippled by my erection
I took the appointment card
And limped away from reception
Like a leg-shot cowboy

‘Are you sure you’re okay?’ she called out

‘Yeah, just tweaked my back down the gym,’ I said
‘Working out, you know’

‘Oh Mr Bukowski!’ she shouted, ‘I forgot’

I turned and did the gangsta roll back to her counter

‘Take this’, she said, ‘three times a day
Whenever you feel the symptoms coming on’

It was another book of poems

Hope you enjoyed *Open Wide*. It’s published as part of a 700 page collection of poetry and short stories, *Sex on the Brain: Poems and Stories for Men*. You can pick it up for less than the price of a coffee at [Amazon](#) and [Smashwords](#).