

I MUST GO DOWN TO THE BEACH AGAIN POETRY CONTEST
1ST PLACE POEM

Sweet Nightmares

By Rachel, grade 4

I walked into his office
And I climbed up in the chair
What made him seem so scary
Were his eyes behind his hair

The dentist was a madman
Who stood there with a scowl
He held a shiny instrument
Like a shovel or a plow

He made some spooky gesture
To get me in the room
I had an eerie feeling
This was going to be my tomb

So now I'm in the leather seat
Beneath a real dark cloud
What's he going to do to me
I need to scream real loud

I don't know what to say to him
Because this isn't right
I'm afraid that if I do speak up
He's going to take a bite

At first there was some drilling
Then came all the scrapes
Climbing out the chair so high
I was level with the drapes

I didn't mind the snicker
Or the wheezing, that was fine
But when he grabbed the suction hose
I had to draw the line

I stood up in that seat right there
And demanded with a shout
There's no way I'll ever let you
Suck my spirit out

So as the apparatus
Was brought up to my face
The pain began to increase
I tried to leave that place

Everything was spinning
As the room became so bright
The dentist simply vanished
As I woke up with a fright



All poems copyright © 2007. Reprinted with permission. All rights reserved.
Illustrations copyright © 2007 by Judy Love from *I Must Go Down to the Beach Again* by Karen Jo Shapiro