

excerpt from **Table Dance**

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"This won't hurt a bit". Such a cliché. This fucking hurts, I want to scream. I want to grab my middle aged doctor by his balding head and throw him from the roof of the Moses Taylor Hospital. You're a douchebag! I want to scream at the top of my lungs until the little dangly thing in the back of my throat grows raw and red, and my glands hurt and swallowing becomes painful. I want him to land on the roof of some rich bitch's Hummer and explode all over the pretty leather seats.

But it's not him I'm angry at. Sure, he's standing there all smug in his blue scrubs which someone, somewhere, apparently decided were a better wardrobe choice than the white jacket and stethoscope look. The blue scrubs make him look casual, like he just happened by for a drink while I was bare ass naked, spread-eagle on the cold metal table in front of him. I've seen pants like those before. The institution-issued blue cotton pants, with huge branding on the side... I suddenly remember being eighteen, standing outside of the Lackawanna County Prison waiting for my best friend's brother to walk out. We stood there an hour before the light blue pants emerged from the brick building. Blue pants, which I found out later, can be slipped on just as easy as they are slipped off, as in: "I'm done now". fucking prick.

But it's not him I'm mad at either. Just like I'm not mad at my mother in the waiting room, secretly lamenting at her misfortune, I'm sure. I'm her daughter, who is supposed to be perfect, and instead I'm spread out like a pig waiting for dissection day on a desk under the shaky knife of some teenage boy all hopped up on hormones and menthol cigarettes.

The truth is, I'm mad at me. At almost a hundred pounds overweight there is no one to blame for my current predicament except for me. As I lie on the cold table, with purple dye flowing through my fallopian tubes, I can feel every Snickers Bar, every pizza, every Quarter Pounder with Cheese that landed me right here in this spot. Fucking McDonalds. Corporate assholes.

"Well, this is good news." The balding doctor looks up from between my legs.
"They're not blocked?" I ask as if his head between my thighs is a normal dialectical position.

"Nope, they are perfectly clear."

It's not good news.