

## 2<sup>nd</sup> Floor Jordan Hall East Men's Rest Room

A standard urinal  
third from the right  
with white porcelain  
corroded

like the  
marble façade  
of Athena.

Only it was constructed not by the ancient Kings of Hellas  
but by a laborer named Ted.

If only he could be here now  
to join in the proverbial ritual  
of post Linear Algebra pissing.

Suddenly the Batman theme song  
reverberates through the air,  
echoing off tiled walls,  
trashcans,

stalldoors,  
sinks and  
the floor.

DunnanunnanunnanunnaDunnanunnanunnanunna—

Only instead of Batman materializing  
form a puff of smoke or unflushed turd,  
in walks Nebuchandnezzar's prisoner of prophecy.

I call him Ratboy, but this ain't Babylon, it is Greece.

DunnanunnanunnanunnaDunnanunnanunnanunnaRatboy  
DunnanunnanunnanunnaDunnanunnanunnanunnaRatboy.

He respects the unspoken male buffer zone,  
positioning himself the furthest from me so as to prevent  
the drip

drop  
pitter  
patter  
of urine splashing down into the urinal bowl  
from entering my ears.

For fun I decide to pretend he is Ted,  
using the urinal for the first time to make sure the rim  
is wide enough  
to capture crossed streams and hold piss correctly.  
The realization that girls don't know about crossed streams  
makes me smile as I float  
off  
into a Bacchuvillian orgiastic daydream.

-John Blum