2nd 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.

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.

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

to capture crossed streams and hold piss correctly.

The realization that girls don't know about crossed streams makes me smile as I float

wide

enough

off

into a Bacchuvillian orgiastic daydream.

-John Blum