**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.

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