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,
   stalls,
   sinks
   and
the floor.

DunnanunnanunnaDunnanunnaDunnanunna

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