

Celebration of Public Bathrooms

Like scurvey'd teeth,
the tiles rot, and fall
into crooked, homely smiles.

A portrait in shades of porcelain-
circa Somewhere, Illinois hums
the tune of a broken
hand-dryer clicking.

It is a chapel of humility,
an ode to diplomacy,
a shrine of tangential courtesy.

Perhaps the U.N. should consider
moving its headquarters.

How stupid Khrushchev
would feel banging
his leather shoe
against the tarnished
sink faucet!

Pressed up against

the row of urinals,
it would be almost
impossible, if not
impolite, for Pakistan
and India to peer
discreetly, angrily
at one another.

The gentle pink soap,
perfumes the sinking stink,
and green stalls scrawled
with the perverse ids
of those that
have sat before you-
protect all but your untied shoes.

The coughs and nods
that accompany the rendezvous
of patrons in these pearly halls,
drip drop patience,
and echo unspoken rules.

And when
serendipitous strangers

meet, in these courts
dedicated to our most
primal and humbling need-
charity between men
(which is normally in
the toilet) is applied
freely, and often, more than
two-plys thick.