urinal

there we were

lined up, almost shoulder to shoulder

each man unzips with one hand while holding his pants with the other

reaches in with his dominant hand

snakes through the hole, or pushes down the top, as he is accustomed to do

fishes out his penis, possibly having to unfold it from its constriction

stretches it slightly to relieve the cramping of uncomfortable garmentry

holds it lightly between thumb and forefinger while holding clothing out of the way with the other

some stand almost in the white porcelain, shy of being seen

others further away, uncaring

i’m usually quite far back, paranoid of being splashed with a stranger’s urine

it often takes a long tense time for the flow to begin

it’s uncomfortable waiting, embarrassing when nothing happens, it marks you as less than manly

finally it flows out, in a stream or spray weak or strong