William Lewandowski

Dr. Y. Frederickson

Eng. 388, Poem 8

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Ode To Urination

I sense some sort of imbalance.

An uneasiness of internal fluids,

but I push the sensation aside.

But the slight unrest

becomes a feeling

of Urgency

In panic,

I sprint

Nothing

Can stand in my way.

*Hurried,*

*I rush*

Then I see it:

a god-sent,

porcelain white beauty

with metal handle

I let all tension go…

and I become…

*r e l i e v e d…*