

Poetry from the Porcelain Throne

Raleigh Fowler

I have found objective truth in bathroom stalls,
flaunting the freedom of a forlorn fortress,
bare bum plastered to a toilet seat,
pasty skinned, awkward fumbblings for
single-ply redemption of my shortcomings,
short-tempered contemplations found
— formed — fragilely, barriers
separating from the boisterous boasting
of college fraternity brothers.
But what kind of man am I?
Certainly no Dalai Lama.
Silent swearer of curse words
in bathroom stalls under
fluorescent light fixtures,
frightened at the forecast of
intruders in my checkerboard-tiled
fortress of solitude,
sequestered soliloquies sung
sitting serenely on the seat.