

Bathroom Lore

(ONLY MEN WILL UNDERSTAND)

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“You’re always there for me – for all of us really! You never question, “Why?” You just accept. I admire you’re ability to consume whatever comes your way. Yes, yes...we do the flushing of course – we work together – you might say.

“Whenever I need to come and er, well...ahh, use you...I always find shiny white porcelain and sparkling chrome expecting my arrival. That brightens my day like nothing else can! I like the glistening white discs at your bottom where my coffee and other stuff goes bye bye. The odor these silent nestling dwellers give off, assures me of your commitment to freshness. Ahh, reminds me of hockey games and the pucks ah flyin’.”

The man placed a hand on the top flat area of the cold porcelain. He lowered his head and whispered, “I don’t even know how those odor-cover-uppers end up in you – but they’re great! Some days, more than others, I’m just glad they’re there – and you – are here, too. You mean a lot to me – like I said, to us all!”

He patted the chill sleek side and lightly rubbed the silver handle. “Honestly, I don’t know what I’d do without you. Most guys here probably never give you a second thought, or wink a ‘thank you,’ but truly, you’re damn appreciated!”

Seeing his own distorted reflection in the chrome plated pipe and fittings, he ran a fingertip back and forth over them, making himself disappear and reappear. Nostalgia over took him. “I recall other members of your extended family. Wherever I go, a dutiful urinal awaits me. Oh, oh I know there’s plenty of mistreatment of your profession. Jokes, cigarette butts and worse...pitiful, just pitiful.”

A flat hand returned to one side. Lost deep in thought the man rubbed the full height.

“When I was kid and graduated from the toilet to junior urinals, well...I still remember that day with pride. Those big, higher-up “man” urinals, were years in my future, but I could wait. The big boys and the grown-ups well, I’d be side-by-side with them one day.”

He chuckled, “I couldn’t even reach the handle if I wanted. Nope, Urinal Jr. was my place in the world and potty seats in my past. Whoo hoo!” He shook his head, let out a deep breath and smiled.

The men’s restroom door opened. A man walked right up to the row of silent urinals. Facing forward, and without words, he did what all men do. Then, after zipping up he made a sound in his throat and spat into the gleaming, easy target. He turned and left, not washing his hands.

The man watched all of this and stared at the closed door for a moment. Reflective, he turned back to his urinal with a scrunched up expression. He thought to himself, *The guy didn't even flush!* So, he walked over, did that. Soon, silence prevailed in the tiled room.

His gaze returned to the broad open receptacle. But he couldn't help but sweep across the row of similar sentinels to his left and right. *They're all so proud, secure, faithful, useful and never questioning. How do they do it, day in, day out!*

His cell phone rang. He needed to leave. As his feet headed towards the door they turned. His body went rigid, his chin stuck out, heels clicked together, eyes looked straight ahead and his chest puffed out. He saluted his fixtured friends and left.

But only, if only he'd stayed a moment longer, just a few seconds more. In unison, every urinal flushed in a chorus of loud appreciation. The rushing water came, went, all of their surfaces glistening.