Written on The Bathroom Stall

Grunting, lip biting,
moist condensation
in the corners of my eyes.
Hot giardiniera, spicy and oily
turns my lower half into
a volcano erupting pyroclastic
flows of hot sauce lava.

chicago skins
14/88
WHITE POWER
kill all white mothafuckas GD folk nation

God
I hate public restrooms.

Every truck stop bathroom
and quick mart shitter
black sharpie drawn swastikas,
urban glyphs of tribal war
This half-assed race war
attempted fourth Reich
turns Hitler in his grave
and some boneheaded Nazi
thug in Blue Island presses
his bald empty head against
a dirty pillow knowing
he was carrying the flag
across the segregated battlefield
of racial holy war in the Citgo bathroom.

Meanwhile, there's a disgruntled
brotha on the block in Roseland
out in the wild 100s, far south side,
posted on the corner in the falling snow
I grant him an iota of understanding,
the guy can't even take a dump
without being reminded of an historical
legacy of oppression carrying on today.
Still, I may be a white mothafucka
but I've never owned a slave,
ever turned hoses or dogs on anyone,
didn't burn a cross when the black family
moved into the three bedroom next door,
ever even drew a swastika on a stall,
and some gang-banger wants me dead
because he reads racist graffiti?

All I can do is laugh,
anyone saying we live
in a post-racial society
must have never crapped
in a gas station men's room.
People are complicated,
I don't know what it means
to be black and I can barely
conceive my own whiteness,
beyond my love for flannel,
bushy beards, trash metal
and bologna on Wonderbread.

What's worse is white toilet paper,
one-ply and abrasive.
I'm only flesh, soft and pink.
You sell enough gasoline
and with those prices
quilted comfort is affordable.