

Hello reader!

In 2012, I emailed my friend Sarah asking her to give me a one-word poetry prompt. Her response: "Poop."

What started as a joke is now a 14 year collection of work themed around one of the most universal human experiences there is: pooping. (And also sometimes peeing...) Everyone does it and no one seems to want to talk about it! Yet in my experience, these poems tend to elicit more empathetic laughter than they do disgust.

Here are a few selected poems! I wish you only easy poops. (Unless, of course, you are an..... *asshole*.)

Perpetual Spray (Public Bathrooms) - 2022

Glossy bowls with seats atop
await a local urinator.
Will she wipe the seat ahead
and be a sprinkle terminator?

Or will she be so frivolous
and squat some inches from the throne?
Is she the kind of woman who
would add some sprinkle of her own?

A mingling of pees gone by,
a union with a price to pay:
a sweet release at zero cost,
but seasoned with the whole world's spray.

Unsolved Poop - 2022

Ever wipe and find some brown
that you were not expecting?
Clues of stool were left upon
the sheet you were inspecting.

Phantom stinkless remnants
leave you brimming with big questions -
a mystery unsolved about
your body's indigestion.

Accept, you must, the puzzle,

and to ask would be a waste.
For unsolved poop is part of life -
just wipe till it's erased.

Tough Shit - 2026

I only wish an enema
upon my most vile enemy.
A desperate plunge into the hole
is really such a sight to see!
Now, wouldn't you agree?

I hope my foe is deeply plagued
by bowels that will not relent,
and when he begs for mercy, say,
"Tough shit, but you may still repent!"

A Special Poop Poem for Ian - 2025

Because I write these fecal poems
and I fart with little shame,
the people think I'm not grossed out,
and I have got myself to blame.

My friends, they come with pooppy lore—
the stories that they'd never share—
and I'm the keeper of these tales
of sharts and brown-stained underwear.

And I'll admit, it flatters me
to be the one that they can call,
and poop is just a part of life—
we all have "been there", after all.

But after all is said and done,
the fact is: I am grossed out, too,
when friendly banter changes course
to Ian's fat exploding poo.

The thing is— I've got limits, too,
he found a threshold never crossed.
And when he spilled his shit to me,

he doubled who would pay the cost.

An Apology - 2012

You asked me for my hobbies, dear,
and I am quite contrite.
I told you I liked tennis, dear.
I lied and that's not right.

I feel it is my obligation
as your lifelong mate
to tell you my true hobby, dear:
I like to defecate.

Poop Date - 2012

You and me should poop date,
playing footsy stall to stall.
If we do it 2 more times,
surely in love we'll fall.
But if that is too much to ask,
maybe we'll start with pee?
My bladder is so very small,
so call me when you're free.