

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. 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.

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### **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 would she be so frivolous  
to 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.

### **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 poop 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.  
The point is: careful with falafel!  
I need not get into more,  
for I'm the keeper of the secrets,  
I protect the pooppy lore.

### **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.

### **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.