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Pissing in Good Company

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Abstract

In lieu of an abstract, below is the essay's first paragraph.

"Sleepy Hollow Cemetery opens at 7 in the morning,
so I arrived before 5 intent on some contemplation
prolonged and private, a plan of some merit but less
well executed since by the time I'd found Emerson's
grave on Authors Ridge my bladder was ready to burst,"

Cover Page Footnote

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DAVID WHITE

PISSING IN GOOD COMPANY

Sleepy Hollow Cemetery opens at 7 in the morning, so I arrived before 5 intent on some contemplation prolonged and private, a plan of some merit but less well executed since by the time I'd found Emerson's grave on Authors Ridge my bladder was ready to burst, not at all embarrassed if I knew its distress to the extent I was ready to piss in my pants and get it over with, still determination can work wonders of invention, so I dropped my pants and squatted next to the marker, so if apprehended at all I would appear to be engaged in nothing more offensive than some unauthorized grave-tending, then in another burst of the creative as would make Ralph smile, I did a slow release despite my pain and urgency with each drop grateful I am woman and get to piss like a girl with none of the crude male competitiveness of who can arc farther, no, for me as for Ralph Waldo the question is rather how deep one goes, my thin yellow cord going deep indeed reaching my man and quenching his long thirst for the non-conformity one needs to be a man. With each timed release I sent the sage a terse and personal message of gratitude, complaint, perplexity, irreverence. No, I say to my Ralph, as he receives my urine, my sacred fluid, a part of myself I cannot part with without ceremony, a ceremony worthy of being heard of by others in need, if not all over the world. They did not beat a path to me that morning I pissed on Emerson's grave, but so what if they had? It was a good piss, I, and perhaps you, shall remember it fondly whenever, for the rest of my life, I relieve myself and remember to take the time to think of what matters most, how the waste I no longer can use goes back into the great moral economy that brought Emerson to Concern, to me, and I to him, this early, dark, morning, still dark, still cold as I pull up my pants preparing to make my escape, my day's work done before breakfast, a broad margin of life spread before me.