Pissing in Good Company

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Pissing in Good Company

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
grade on Authors Ridge my bladder was ready to burst,"

Cover Page Footnote
"Faculty Award" Appeared in the issue: Volume 6, Issue 4, 2006.
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I'd
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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
dee
connhng
my
nhan
and
quenching
his
long
thirst
for
the
non-conformity
one
needs
to
be
a
man.
With
each
timed
release
I
sent
the
sage
a
tense
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,
orning,
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.