On UTIs

I could have sworn, I sat on the toilet today for two hours

Didn’t want to get up because I knew I’d be back again

Grazing through pages of WebMD as I wait

For some hell to pass through my bowels—a trickle or childbirth

In the stall as the neighbor to my left dumps rotting eggs

And packs out, the faucet on off and the whoosh of the door

The handout at the doctor’s office says in Arial 12

“Several factors increase the likelihood of developing a UTI,

Including frequent or vigorous sexual activity.”

F\*ck. I mean literally. We do do it often. Maybe that’s it.

Maybe that’s why I’ve had my 2nd UTI this month

Doctors asks, “how bad would you rate your urge to pee?”

Mild, moderate, or severe? Severe, ma’am! --why do you think I’m here?

Or maybe I just wanted to check out the nice informational posters

You have on your desk, or maybe just watch you type into your computer

Without glancing my way as I’m almost about to pee on myself

My leg bounces, like I might as well quit my career and be a tap dancer

When do I finally get to pee in the cup, doctor?

I rush the stall, nod yes yes yes as she gives me the directions.

Try to alcohol swab front to back but oh gosh its coming

Maybe I’ll just catch it before my trickle is over

Crap, I wonder if its contaminated

Some weird urine culture comes back positive

Congrats! We found coronavirus in your urine.

I’m gonna die, but well, we’re all gonna to die.

Back to the exam room and I amazon search

D-mannose and cranberry juice

And probiotics to counteract my antibiotics for the UTI

Ah, she says, the urine culture came back with positive nitrites

Grand. Called it.

I rush to the pharmacy, legs still bouncing

Ready to pop that Macrobid into my mouth

To be home and safe on the toilet

Giving blessings to the noble gods of indoor plumbing.