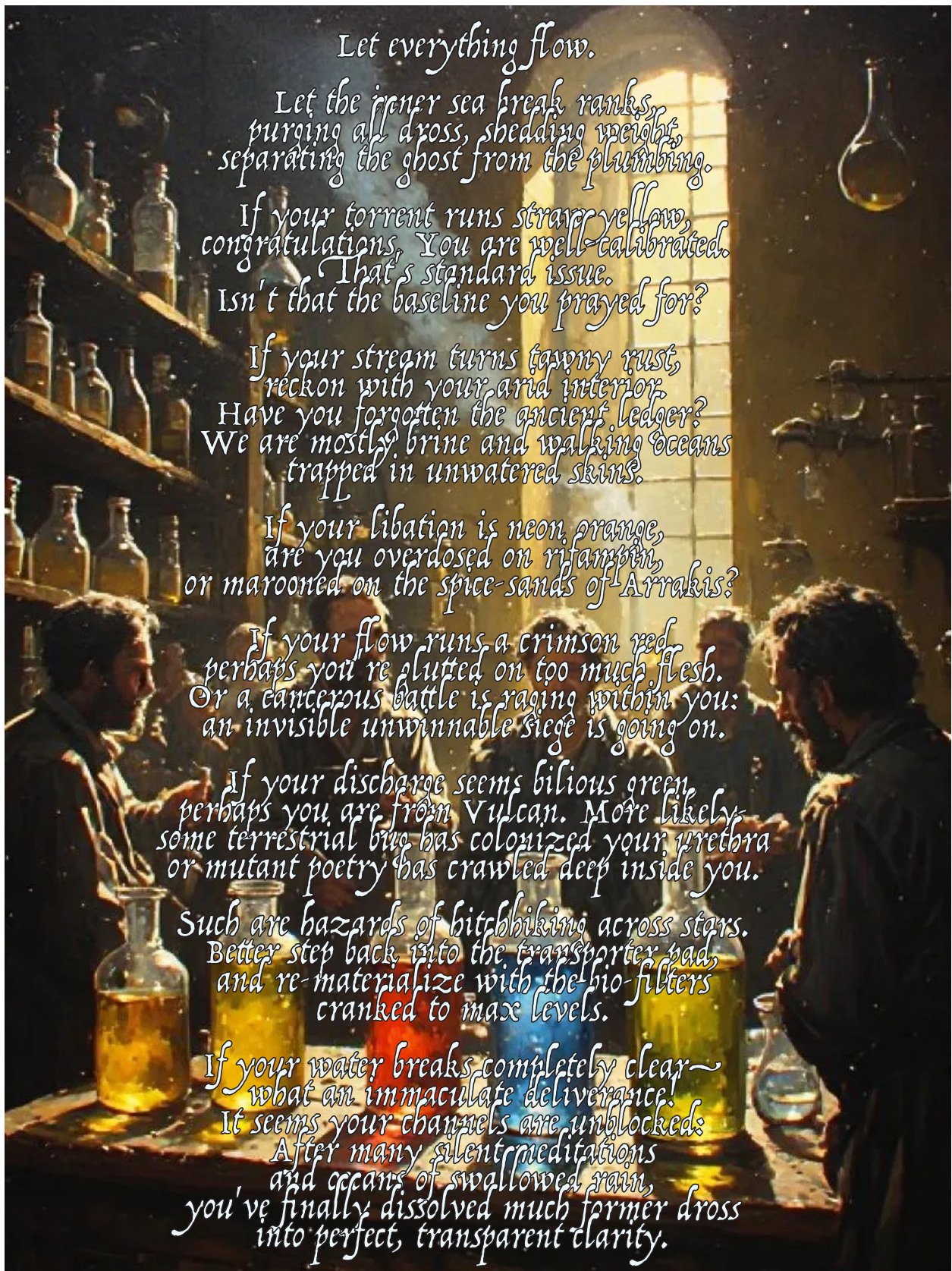


A PISS POEM:

The Metaphysics of Micturition



Let everything flow.

Let the peneer sea break ranks,
purging all dross, shedding weight,
separating the ghost from the plumbing.

If your torrent runs straw yellow,
congratulations, You are well-calibrated.
That's standard issue.
Isn't that the baseline you prayed for?

If your stream turns tawny rust,
reckon with your and interior.
Have you forgotten the ancient ledger?
We are mostly brine and walking oceans
trapped in unwatered skins.

If your libation is neon orange,
are you overdosed on vitamin,
or marooned on the spice-sands of Arrakis?

If your flow runs a crimson red,
perhaps you're plucked on too much flesh.
Or a cancerous battle is raging within you:
an invisible unwinnable siege is going on.

If your discharge seems bilious green,
perhaps you are from Vulcan. More likely,
some terrestrial bug has colonized your prethra
or mutant poetry has crawled deep inside you.

Such are hazards of hitchhiking across stars.
Better step back into the transporter pad,
and re-materialize with the bio-filters
cranked to max levels.

If your water breaks completely clear—
what an immaculate deliverance!
It seems your channels are unblocked:
After many silent meditations
and oceans of swallowed rain,
you've finally dissolved much former dross
into perfect, transparent clarity.

— T Newfields

May 2026 Shizuoka ☆ Jul 2026 Shizuoka

Note: This piece was partially generated with AI tools; human editing was then applied.