

## Ode to the Commode

Oh, porcelain friend,  
when we first met you were an object of terror.  
Feet dangling midair, I was sure I would drop into  
your less-than-limpid pool, unsure why my  
loving parents would wish me ill, unsure what they  
could wish me to do.

So I fed you a toothbrush. That brought them no joy.  
I tried my oatmeal. And you, water volcano,  
taught me floor wiping. Finally, peace came  
as I learned the rhythm of plop-plop and whiz-whiz.

Awkward adolescence found you relegated to  
second place as your big brother, shower,  
became gatekeeper to friends, a coveted prize.

You waited, faithful friend,  
knowing roles would change and I would feel  
a need for your loyalty as the years rolled to decades.

You supported my pregnant, kneeling form as hormones reminded me you were more than a  
simple appliance.

Your face changed, your essence stayed  
as helpmate, ally through challenges great and small—simple, quiet, and unassuming.

The ensuing years turned friendship to drudgery,  
to clean, clean again, and I forgot the stalwart way  
you supported my needs  
and resented the way you at times volcanoed,  
not seeing you were ensuring  
I kept my bathroom floor duly  
fresh and sparkling bright.

But Sunday arrived, and you became out of reach  
as a bed pan and catheter usurped your role...  
unable to share those quiet moments of contemplation  
with you, I remembered when you offered respite,  
escape, and a true confidante,  
helping me close the world out,  
able to control body functions, to relax,  
to take small pleasures from not so small things.

Now, visitation rights to you restored,  
I vow never to take your loyalty,  
silence, comfort  
for granted again.