

5-15-2022

Ballad for the Sink Pissers

Riese Munoz

Follow this and additional works at: <https://scholarworks.umt.edu/oval>

Let us know how access to this document benefits you.

Recommended Citation

Munoz, Riese (2022) "Ballad for the Sink Pissers," *The Oval*: Vol. 15: Iss. 1, Article 7.

Available at: <https://scholarworks.umt.edu/oval/vol15/iss1/7>

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by ScholarWorks at University of Montana. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Oval by an authorized editor of ScholarWorks at University of Montana. For more information, please contact scholarworks@mso.umt.edu.

POETRY

BALLAD FOR THE SINK PISSERS

Riese Muñoz

In the night where the full moon hangs heavy,
its light caressing the wood of the floorboards
dust spinning under bedframes, stirring in eddy
a beer glowing man takes a piss into his sink.
A beer glowing man brought to the brink
of desperation, but lucky for him, his logic is steady
he will stumble three feet instead of twenty
to the white porcelain sink in the corner of his dorm room.
And against the backdrop of the gleaming moon,
he is warm from liquor—he is, in this moment, all youth.
no firm edges scratched in around eyes, right now all he is
is in love with the sway of the room.
O, Sink Pisser! O, Drunken Youth!
you warm opportunist
roaming the halls of the otherwise sacred
knights templar of knowledge.
you have everything they wish to possess:
life, breath, a hand on the edge
of the sink holding you steady—
aware of your own allure, aware of your own ability to surprise.
O, Sink Pisser,
I hope the sun will never rise.