

# ***UW-Marathon County Library Restroom Reader***

*To celebrate national poetry month, here are some of the poems entered into our Annual Restroom Reader Poetry Contest.  
Thank you to all who submitted!*

if you don't know who i am, that really is a shame.  
my prose is usually awesome, but this poem is lame.  
normally i'd alight the lines with allusions and alliteration,  
but a bathroom stall hardly seems worthy of consternation.  
i'd elaborate about all i can do, but i doubt you really want me to  
toot my horn some more at you while you're going number two.

By Owén



What is the restroom reader for?

So you no longer have to look at the floor?

What is the restroom reader for?

So you can escape for a few without worrying about your math score?

What is the restroom reader for?

Or so you can peacefully finish your business once more?

-Anonymous

Dreamland by Coua Xiong

"Class begin!" shouts my teacher.  
But my brain, what can I say?  
Is off in Dreamland,  
A land far away,

Fighting many different creatures  
On horse with sword and shield,  
By hand with fists and kicks,  
And armor made of steel.

Knights will come for challenges.  
Dragons will come to kill.  
People will come to fight me,  
No matter how I'd feel.

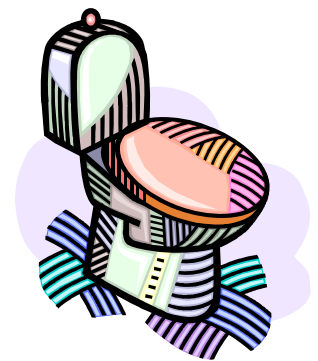
But this I do enjoy,  
These fights and challenges.  
They're for my Code of Honor.  
Do you get my gist?

Oh my god I'm under attack!  
They're fighting me! A single man!  
I parry and thrust! Dodge and kick!  
Trying to give me an upper hand!

Oh no! I'm down!  
He's going to stab me!  
I raise my hands up to protect  
Then I'm back where I should be.

The teacher says it all again,  
"What is it you need to say?  
Come on, spit it out!  
I don't have all day!"

I stutter in surprise to say  
When my teacher made me stand  
Outside in the cold hallway  
To not be in Dreamland again...



A haiku on what you're doing:

Sit on the toilet.  
Just relax and let it out.  
Soon it will all pass.

—A work of art by Kyle Neill