

Holding It In

by J. LaRoche

So talk about having to pee. I was feeling like a fire hydrant in July, doing everything I could not burst. I wish this bus driver had a heavier foot. I caught the local bus. Was really hoping to get the limited stop bus. The stop and go is shaking my insides like a volcano science project. Two more stops to go.

Calmly focused I exit the bus, my feet double time 3 blocks to my apartment. The next place I live is going to have an elevator. 5 story walk up. Taking the stairs two at a time, I fumble for my keys. My bladder knows I am home.

I swing the bathroom door open with the strength of a thousand thunderstorms. Lightning in my gut.

My mind flows with ecstasy. I'm dreaming of swimming in a pool at the foot of a waterfall. The elation and warmth of the water sober my body with relief and safety. This is a feeling I've been counting down for the past 45min.

I should have topped it off before leaving but I thought I would make it. I'm more than alright now.

Zippping up my pants like a proud pappa bear bringing home the kill before hibernation, I wash my hands. The smell of the lavender and herb hand wash finalizes the the end of the battle.

