

PENSIVE POTTY POETRY



DYLAN BAECKELANDT

I

Pensive Potty Poetry

Author: Dylan Baeckelandt

ISBN: 9789403929323

Year of Publication: 2026

Potty Pictures: Dylan Baeckelandt

Cover Design: Dylan Baeckelandt

Publisher: Dylan Baeckelandt

Published Via: Bookmundo

Copyright © 2026 Dylan Baeckelandt. All rights reserved.

No part of this publication may be reproduced, distributed, or transmitted in any form or by any means, including photocopying, recording, or other electronic or mechanical methods, without the prior written permission of the publisher, except in the case of brief quotations embodied in reviews and certain other non-commercial uses permitted by copyright law.

Introduction to a shitty book

If you were to tell me ten years ago that I'd one day write a poetry book featuring pictures of all the places I've peed; I would've never believed you. Yet here we are: my third and final instalment of the poetry trilogy I set out to create.

Finally a piece of work where I can just let it all out. Proving how shitty the world is with vague metaphors. Closing the lid on experiences that should no longer define me. No longer will I be taking the piss!

Anyway, welcome to 'Potty Poetry'.

(Titles may not be related to the contents of my poetry)



Diarrhoea

(Ghost)

I want you to grieve me.
The person that's there,
but you never quite see.
In your eyes I am nowhere.
Somehow a part of your story,
yet never a chapter to share.



Bladder failure

(Void of wonder)

When I look up into the night sky,
I feel a single tear roll from my eye.
My cries are short and yet never somber.
They're reaching for a life that isn't void of wonder.



Constipation

(More than me)

I started wondering the other day
about all the things I wanted to say.

How tiresome my life has gotten
in hopes my cries wouldn't be forgotten.

Maybe I just wanted you to see
that sometimes I need more than me.



Piss

(Sisyphus or Piss-yphus haha)

You were walking on that hill,
as is your burden.
All eyes drifted towards you,
mine did too.
‘What a sight, what a show!’,
they all exclaimed.
The whole world in awe,
albeit distant.
Your expression was somber,
until we met again
and we conquered the hill together.