Nightgown

You wore shade like a nightgown

put your hair in a cap of twilight

crept slippered through the back hallways of this,

your place called home, trying

not to be noticed

you, a magnet

attracting the hammer

to swing about your ears

a drunken, pissing god, sweating and spitting

foaming at the mouth as one rant leads to another

and counting on your imprisoned ego

to keep you listening

but all that is history now

when a drunken god sleeps

he is no more than mortal

stained with his shabby breath,

and you have made your escape

when he awakens

he’ll roar and stomp about

waving his big hammer

and only the interference

of other gods

will keep him at bay

luckily for you

i’m bigger than he is.