

THOR LOSES HIS HAMMER

He staggers into my home tear-drunk
gold locks reeking of booze and puke,
snot dangling from his perfect nose.
I ask, *What happened?*

It's gone, he says, I can't find it.

He sits, sinks into the cushions,
cries more than any god should.
Loki? I suggest, quick to help.

*First place I tried—beat him to a pulp
then ransacked the underworld.
Hela told me to check with the frost giants.
No luck there, either.*

As he speaks his voice shakes
with so much loss I ache for him—
helplessly, like having to see a child
break, bawling over a popped balloon.

I brew us coffee.
He takes the mug in his large god hands,
thanks me and asks what he should do.

Can't the dwarves just make another?

He says I don't understand.
Tells me it was a gift from Odin—
the only hard proof of his father's love.

But I do—years before my father left,
he gave me a watch I'd never wear,
but made promise to always keep.
Now it rests in a sleek black box,
tucked away in my bedside drawer.

Often I forget it's there, except
on nights I can't sleep, when I hear
its faint ticking, and think to take it
from its grave, to feel the weight
of my father's heart in my palm.

I want to tell Thor I understand,

but he has passed out on my couch,
curled into a muscular ball, snoring—
and I wonder,

if Thor cannot find his hammer,
how long before we all feel his loss,
how long before we miss the thunder
from out skies.

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