

dad is coming home
and the car door shuts
like a cannon in your ears
and loafers pound the walkway like hammers.

dad is coming home
you can hear the jingle
of a belt big enough to have
a buckle that jingles.

dad is coming home
you know the sound of ice
cubes, one two,....three four
and blub-blub-blub-blub-bourbon.

dad is coming home
and the whispers make there
way to your room where
you know you cannot hide.

dad is coming home
as you wait in dizzy depression
sneaking to the bathroom
throwing up in silence.

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