

# **THE PROSE POEM: AN INTERNATIONAL JOURNAL**

Volume 1 | 1992

## **Judgment Day** Gregory Natt

© Providence College

The author(s) permits users to copy, distribute, display, and perform this work under the following conditions: (1) the original author(s) must be given proper attribution; (2) this work may not be used for commercial purposes; (3) the users may not alter, transform, or build upon this work; (4) users must make the license terms of this work clearly known for any reuse or distribution of this work. Upon request, as holder of this work's copyright, the author(s) may waive any or all of these conditions.

*The Prose Poem: An International Journal* is produced by  
The Berkeley Electronic Press (bepress)  
for the Providence College Digital Commons.  
<http://digitalcommons.providence.edu/prosepoems/>

## **Gregory Natt**

### JUDGMENT DAY

Try as he may, God just can't get any sleep. He tosses and turns—a cranky caretaker, all alone in the morgue of the universe. When he sits up in bed, several million mice run squeaking from under his mattress. When he lies down again, a heard of small elephants comes pouring out of the open end of his pillow. God feels a stabbing pain in the small of his back. He reaches under the covers and pulls out the faded little blue ball of the earth, as a ball of yarn found after days of searching. He holds the unstable little orb in the palm of his huge hand, it rocks and pitches like a gyroscope. God lets out a powerful sigh of relief, but the heat of his breath causes his tiny world to melt, staining his fingers with its pink juices. He smiles at this and plants the black stone of the earth under his pillow for good luck.