

a zombie

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IS a Zombie. a grotesque
corpse, brainless and feeding
on what it lacks. Its movements
are rigid as rigor-mortis
is battled by whatever bacteria,
virus, parasite, poison, or personality
that forces their inhuman form.

little larvae are always
attracted to them, the stench
of decay follows dilapidated
bone structures and liquified
internal organs. a wiggling mass
flocking like a cloud of crows
coming to consume, reproducing
solely sustained on rot.

what goes first: the zombies head,
heart, or humanness? the change
is irreversible so it's irresponsible
to let them take any more of your precious air.
it's neither yours nor their fault
they're this way; why the sword ended
with you on the hilt and them on the silver, shrieking.

discarded and destitute, the undead
wander without aim
clawing each other for whatever
scraps are found. the barricaded
built starting with balsam, then brick.
as more became infected, the protected
passively grew from natural progression.
now basalt separates the beasts from
the boasts of normalcy. yes, a zombie
is just a Zombie; a grotesque corpse,
brainless and feeding on what it lacks.