

## Zombie

The living dead line our street  
lying side by side, head to toe.

A crop of long pig, a river of flesh  
baking in the sun, wounds washed clean by rain  
their skins thinning like these October days  
like tall tales spun on the campaign trail.

But this is what they longed for.

This is what they've won, and we  
*The Unbelievers* were forced to play along

so now, if I make any effort to venture out,  
to search for food or fuel  
to test the air of this half-botched apocalypse  
feel the teasing light, trackways of probing winds

I take it all in, let it fill my emptiness  
to the brim in a pang of spiderly loneliness

as I tip-toe the spaces between my neighbours  
try not to think of who they were

hold my breath, steel my nerves as if  
we were all in the primary school hall  
playing a game of Sleeping Lions

as if they were Chinese ghosts  
from a slapstick kung fu flick  
starring Samo Hung or Jackie Chan.

At times like this, it's hard to remember  
exactly what life was like not so long gone

when the whole world was just one click away,  
when you're face to face with what we've become.