

Tom Beckett



Little Book of Zombie Poems

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Some of these poems first appeared at <http://vanishingpoints.blogspot.com>,  
the rest debuted at <http://as-is.blogspot.com>

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## **An Attractive Paradigm**

Anything that occurs

is a structure.

Structure = zombie.

Zombie = incident.

Anything that recurs

is a shadow

or mapped street

(series of folds).

Anything that occurs

in a structure

is a feeling

that's part zombie.

Streets are full

of lurching zombies.

The streets all

run through me.

## **Incident Report**

Because he

said so

structures flattened

the City.

Zombies: structures

that kill

because they

love you,

structures that

kill because

they really,

really care.

## **Product Note**

Zombies do not

stiffen to attention.

They are pre-stiffened,

always-already stiffened.

## **Not Made to Hold**

Zombie hands

aren't hard

to draw.

They look

like paddles

or mitts.

Zombie sex

is unambiguous.

**Zombies are**

Zombies are

alibied structures--

self-evident, exterior.

Zombies eschew

irony. Zombies

enter me

and sing

like ventriloquists.

## **Zombies aren't**

Zombies aren't

usually affiliated

with organized

religions. They're

visibly uncomfortable

in church,

synagogue, temple

or mosque.

Zombies don't

read scripture.

Zombies don't

read poetry.

Zombies don't

read pornography.

Zombies read

telephone directories.

**Hello?!**

When a zombie

calls you

on your telephone

you must answer

it with

a question as

if you're appearing

on a famous

quiz show.

**Never**

Never

have

phone

sex

with

zombies.

There.

You

have

been

warned.

## **Zombie Sex Scene**

Zombie holds

my face

pressed tight

to its

crotch. Zombie

cum tastes

like moths.

I swallow

every crumb.

## **Zombie Weather**

Zombies

"live"

within

their

own

micro-

climates

circulating

beneath

menacing

clouds

of

dead

skin.

## **Zombie Facts**

Zombies are

always horny.

Zombies eat

cold pizza.

Zombies drink

warm beer.

Zombies hum

trance music.

Zombies smell

disturbingly sweet.

## **Insomniac Zombies**

stare through

me, unblinking.

They are

my Outside.

## **Zombie Reproduction**

Zombies can clone

themselves by

looking in mirrors.

If a zombie

looks at you

from a mirror

you've become

a zombie too.

## **Zombie Psycho-physiology**

Zombies have

no Inside.

They are

our projections

melded with

their reflections.

## **Zombie Couture**

The zombies

I know

wear "Love

Kills" tees

and squirrel

fur thongs.

## **Zombie Eyes**

Zombie eyes

mesmerize you

as they

memorize you

and then they

make a copy

or two

of you

to walk

around town

like dogs.

## **Eros and Necrosis**

If zombies

make love

they begin

to fall

apart. Eros

and necrosis

are fearsome

mates. Making

love with

zombies can

never be

without consequence.

If you

give suck

to zombie

tongue it

will become

ashes in

your mouth.

## **Zombie Communication**

Zombies typically

"speak" telepathically.

I hear them

in my head.

They are

given to

imperative tones

of voice

but are

often romantic.

## **You Never Know**

Sometimes zombies  
are chalkboards.

Sometimes zombies  
are erasers.

## **The Zombies and I**

The zombies

and I

are part

of an

intermittent semiautoerotic

feedback loop

(a loop

of broken

lines through

which these

humble poems

come trickling).

I shudder.

All zombie

encounters are

little deaths.

## **Anything**

I'm now

bound by

invisible strings

to entire

constellations of

staggering zombies.

Anything that

occurs yields

a potential

zombie (anything)...