

Why I ♥ Zombies

They've let go of their pride.
They're not vampire aristocrats
spoiled by virginal necks,
or mummies older than Christ.
They're retired plumbers
in boxer shorts pulled snug
on beer-and-potato-chip bellies,
or housewives in dumpy nightgowns
wandering barefoot on the lawn,
hypnotized by crickets.
They're not Frankenstein's
monster with bolts in his neck,
or alien coneheads with 500 IQs
& rotten claw teeth.
They're volunteer firemen
with charcoal puffy eyes
from watching Carson night after night,
or secretaries softening faces
with cold cream before bed.
They're not bikers, hippies, or rednecks,
the stock villains of 1968,
but young men with good haircuts
& worthwhile careers,
teaching high school biology,
or managing a Chevrolet showroom.
All good citizens, they're eager to help
a young crew from Pittsburgh
film a low-budget nightmare
at an old farmhouse. Amid spotlights
slashing the lawn, they shuffle & groan
as cameramen kneel for closeups:
gunshots to the chest, spikes to the head.
They're thrown out & burned
like junk furniture. They have no idea
one day they'll be famous,
terrifying us by being so ordinary.