

**(MORRISTOWN) END OF THE DAY, ZOMBIE FILM**

I have been killed three times  
tonight, all of them with the wind  
eating my eyes. They say that death  
is peaceful, but death to the living  
is a repetition of hell, done for art,  
although this director is an armpit  
from what I've heard, but we all want  
to see our faces on the window  
that shows the knucklehead world  
what heaven could be, or, again,  
hell, except for now it's just bones  
that ache from carrying bones  
made out of bone, actual bone  
that the prop person got from  
"I can't say" and the trees lean in  
and tell us that they saw everything,  
even the history of the town before  
you'd want to know the truth,  
back in the early days of shouting  
for mercy when the sweetgrass  
was crimson-stained and the ghosts  
all hovered, ashamed and bayoneted.  
This world is for violence, the sound  
guy said during catering, eating  
beef as if it was land, as if it was  
frost, as if he was a Viking with  
the boom mic on his shoulder,  
a temple-basher, but for all we know  
this could end up on the cutting room  
floor, our gnashing for nothing,  
our real blood on top of our fake blood  
drying up so hard that we throw our clothes  
into the garbage and stand under the shower  
for so long that our skin webs and someone  
enters of the opposite sex and there is no sex,  
no sexuality, just the leaning against the wall  
and wondering how the accountants are sleeping  
in their slaughterhouse beds made of fur.