

# End of Days Advice from an Ex-zombie **POETRY** OUT LOUD

By Michael Derrick Hudson

To think I used to be so good at going to pieces  
gobbling my way through the cops  
and spooking what's left of the girls. How'd I  
get so far, sloughing off one knuckle at a time,  
jerking my mossy pelt along  
ruined streets? Those insistent, dreadful thuds  
when we stacked our futile selves  
against locked doors. Our mumbles and groans!  
Such hungry nights! Staggering through the grit  
of looted malls, plastered with tattered  
flags of useless currency, I'd slobbered all over  
the busted glass and merchandise of America...  
But first you'll have to figure out those qualities  
separating what's being alive from  
who's already dead. Most of you will flunk that.  
Next learn how to want one thing over and over,  
night after night. Most of you  
are good at that. Don't get tired. Don't cough  
into your leftovers. Don't think. Always stand  
by your hobgoblin buddies. Clutch  
at whatever's there. Learn to sniff out sundowns.

Source: *Poetry* (March 2015)