

# Zombie

*by* Cooper Renner

I wake snoring, to you snoring beside me. With these warm hands at the end of my warm arms I press notes against your palms. They say *tonight*; they say *gobble*; they say *shift*. If everyone knew that I am as stupid as I am, if the press were to turn to that page on TV, if the laughter shot itself like fireworks out into the road--

Oh, you will tell your colleagues that you snore, that after the hot flashes you press your hands against my collarbone in your sudden chill, that you dream of zombies eying the torn seat of your slacks, but never that I, stupid as I am, still--

*Tonight*, they say; *gobble*. These notes I press against your palms.

