

Salem Hill, The Walking Dead

the radio exploded like a thousand times before
with the banal boring banter of the morning dj wars
the sunlight seeped between the slats which never fully close
he negotiated pathways through the piles of dirty clothes
she didn't stir didn't see the look of disgust
that the years had hewn into his face
without memory of the prior moment he was out the door
numbed by the motor and the music which could barely reach him now

he knew he was a victim but could not identify
the crimes which had put his dreams to rest
resignation was so effortless and criterion
by which he joined the walking dead

there was no evening whistle which gave signal to go home
but the slowly shuffling masses huddled in the shuttle's drone
toting them to autos which they knew needed to be fixed
but functioned as good metaphors broken down but still exist
unconsciously he turned the key didn't ponder the nothingness
which passively he had become
without memory of the day's events he came in through the door
and within hours he slept dreamless like a thousand times before

he knew he was a victim but could not identify
the crimes which had put his dreams to rest
resignation was so effortless and criterion
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