

# Zombie Double Feature

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Before the first farmer's  
skin is pulled back,  
I watch Harry crumple  
in a methadone sleep,  
bawl into my popcorn bucket,  
then reach across to hold  
a finger under his nose. The last  
terrified soul eaten, we leave  
the theatre, but only make it  
to the bathroom where  
I blast the sink over sounds  
of vomiting, and lock  
the door just when the light  
beneath the jamb goes  
dark. *We're getting out of here,*  
I say, over and over, lifting him  
to his feet. We lurch past  
a ticket taker sweeping popcorn  
from the lobby and out  
into the street where Harry  
wanders the ellipses of traffic  
until I tackle him in a bus stop.  
People swarm us, and I wrap  
my arms around his head, build  
a chamber to bury their threats  
under the sound of our breath.