

# 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

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the crimes which had put his dreams to rest  
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