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Untitled

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Wendy Gollihue

On Dying While Commuting to the Office

Cameron Sells

I died today on the way to work.
My future life suspended as it exited the off-ramp.

I tried to swerve the car and end
The pale charade but my rebellious corpse refused
To heed my voiceless cries.

I punched the clock, empty fingers animated
By the twisted black necromantic powers sustaining me.

Once more I tried, attempting
To heave my garrulous bulk, this earth-bound prison out
The forty-second story window.

No luck.

I see my body wither and fade
Over lunchtime's rotting flesh and compost.
By quitting time my scabrous, zombified remains fumble

With the time-clock.
The errant meat puppet drops unceremoniously back into the car.

Crawling back into the grave
Resurrection waiting for the alarm clock's summons.