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## Zombie Love

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ZOMBIE LOVE

Everyone is fine this morning. How are you  
fine, fine, but I want to speak with you

this morning, sunlight on the cobwebs  
of the throat. Clouds being clouds

pretending wind can't shift  
and ruin them. Are you ruined too?

Let's be ruined together. The wind is a blanket  
opening, a blush of heat. Brazil.

I wish you a pillow everywhere  
for your head. I wish you a soft death.

This bed, big enough for two.