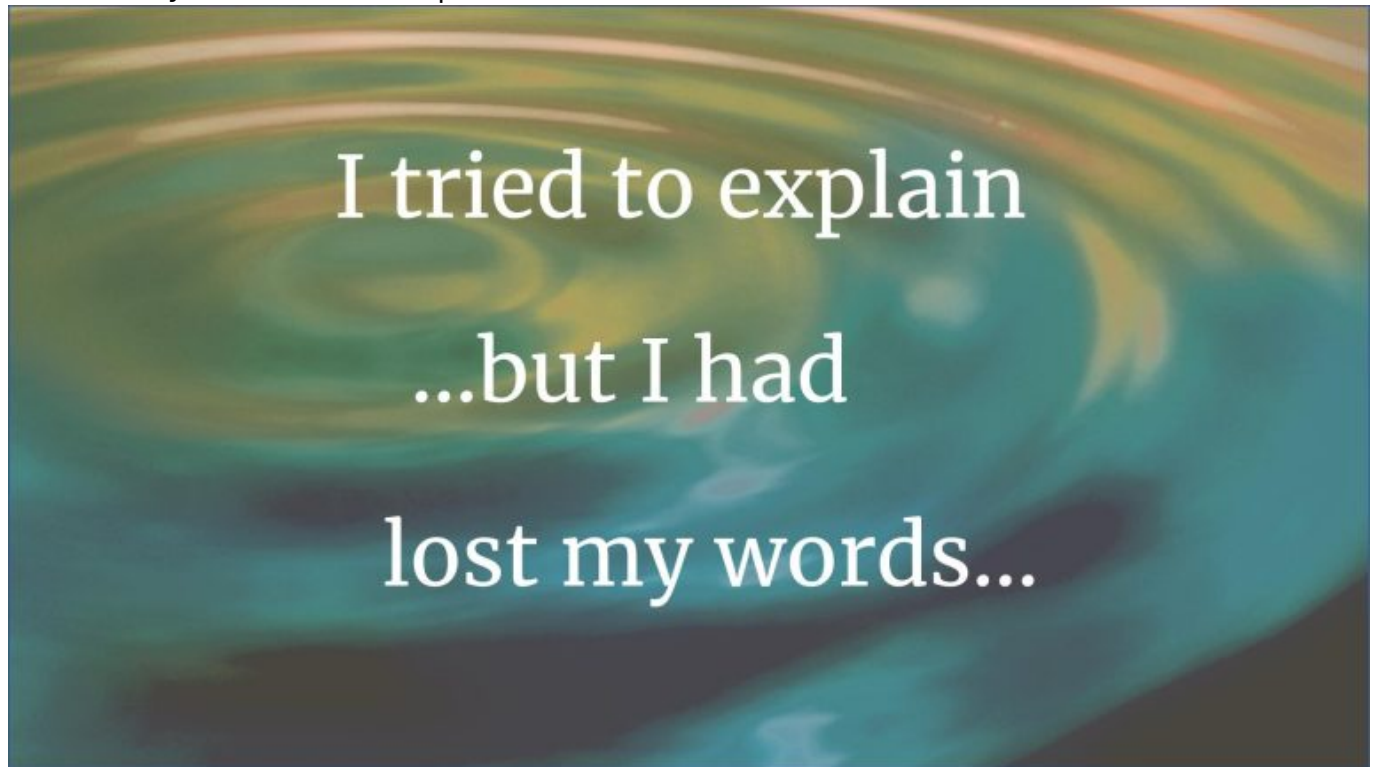


# The Bite

Category: Poems

written by Claire Poole | March 22, 2024



In the springtime, a zombie showed up,  
breaking down our door and biting me.

Friends and neighbors asked questions,  
not daring to come near,

leaving flowers, candles, baked goods  
on our crooked stoop.

I tried to explain his presence  
but I had lost my words.

Best to try to live with him  
without getting gobbled up completely.

He watched TV with me, preferring  
the couch to my cushioned chair.

When I needed help up the stairs,  
he held my lame hand,

and lay down next to me on my bed,  
resisting the urge to bite again.

And when I would dream, he would push back  
each strand of hair that had fallen in my face.