

Green Humanities: A Journal of Ecological Thought in Literature, Philosophy & the Arts

Volume 2 *Food and Sustainability Issue*

Article 14

2017

What I Ate at the Zombie Apocalypse

Anthony Lioi

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalcommons.odu.edu/gh>



Part of the [Poetry Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Lioi, Anthony. "What I Ate at the Zombie Apocalypse." *Green Humanities: A Journal of Ecological Thought in Literature, Philosophy & the Arts*, vol. 2, 2017 , pp. 186-190.

This Poem is brought to you for free and open access by ODU Digital Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in *Green Humanities: A Journal of Ecological Thought in Literature, Philosophy & the Arts* by an authorized editor of ODU Digital Commons. For more information, please contact digitalcommons@odu.edu.

Green Humanities, vol. 2 (2017), pp. 186-190
www.greenhumanities.org
© 2017

Anthony Lioi

What I Ate at the Zombie Apocalypse

The first thing to go is the flesh.

Blue fireworks in a hurricane

Stand by for further information

this was not widely reported, cloud to

cloud lightning or complete civilizational

collapse, transformers on the Raritan--

they built the grid on a flood plain--

transformers explode like molotovs cherry bombs

sparklers and other indicators of good clean fun.

Fire on the banks, the finale of infrastructure,

and Highland Park, NJ goes absolutely dark.

On the Upper West Side, nothing happened.

Collect your matches and come over, even if

Rite Aid stocked Vanilla Dream Sponge Cake

candles by Entenmann's Bakery by the time you

got around to buying—*Entenmann's should not*

be making candles, but I'm still kvelling.

That thing really stinks up a place
full of the meat you forgot in the freezer
after Thanksgiving. O beautiful burnt
flesh, still the first day, Sandy's novelty
hasn't flaked off. No milk or bread
anywhere in town, no propane either,
so the last tank will have to last, sewage
plant just died, bathtub better not leak.
Walk off the bloat from all that meat,
Rosie's Place on Main has got drip
Americano you can smell a block away.
The java junkies rise and form a jitter
line stretching halfway to the river.

In Arthur Kill, the bodies float ashore.

The trains don't run, no one dares the city.
It's marquee lighting and dumpster diving
on the Lower East Side. The subways flood
to Rector Street. I make eggs at 8 for the
last time. *Please stand by for a special--Hey*

Ruth, Hey Aparna, Hey the Feldman family
on the way to shul, how's things with you,
did you see the park, yeah it's swamped, go
over the bridge yet? no, still blocked, PSE&G
says the other side of town won't have power
till sometime next week, *holy f**k, f**k me.*

This is the Thing They Warned Us About,
a mondo-combo of Angry Jesus + Sad Buddha,
China hawking **Made in China**, burning coal
like the running dogs of capitalism, West Virginia
mountains blown straight to bling by Alpha
Natural Resources, *of all people America's gay
best friend*, Canada, mining the tar sands of Alberta.

Burn, burn, burn baby burn.

Gee that's sad, a BLT would taste great right now
if only the Greeks would open their f**king diner.
On Facebook Joe and Rita live in the Place Where
They Filmed *Clerks* say Asbury Park is dank
like the eighteenth century before streetlight,
'course Joe would say that, Mister Poetry dreams

Samuel Pepys and the burning of London.

Good time to board the train to Hogwarts, right?

Sorry kids, Harry Potter doesn't float, no train

for you, trains go boom! tunnels go fwoosh! all

gone, all gone. No more heat, anywhere, but at

least we're getting to know our neighbors again.

Without tube or intertubes, there's no telling

what's happening ten miles away, but Kristen's

mom in Appalachicola, she's texting

TOO BAD ABOUT HURRICANE LOL

IS THERE STUFF I CAN GOOGLE 4U?

She did it for the lulz. What about milk, is it true

Obama and Christie hugged on the sand, Mount

Laurel and Hardy together again for the first time?

Where is Connecticut? Is Long Island still in one

piece? There are rumors about millions of this

and weeks of that, could you text Mary Jo in Ithaca

and let her know we're alive? Because months

from now, when the canned beans and apricots give

way to the double decaf venti latte, you and I both

know, there will be salmon hash at Cafe Dish
and double helpings of gorp from Trader Joe's,
there will be chocolate cake and greasy corn
chips and roller coasters drowned in the waves and
skee ball joints swept into the sea and blessed
nostalgia for the Shore That Is No More—*the Bon
Jovi-ness of it boggles the mind.* Nonetheless,

things go back to normal, and that moment at
Arthur Kill, near the corner of South Memory
and the Avenue of Lies, nothing like the "Thriller"
video as imagined by the cast of *Glee*, at that moment,
on the last Arctic permafrost, under puffy white clouds
and blue skies, that's when the bodies, bloated with
munchies, high off the smoke at the end of Sandy,
buckle up! home-slice, that's when the bodies will rise.