

Zombie Love

Oh, my beautiful zombie maiden,
Your gore is of such glamour to which no other dead lady can
compare!

With your image my heart is so laden!
Did I mention your fetid scars are so fair?

You are the absolute picture of sin,
With your rot, tight skin, and bedraggled green hair, your one
empty socket and the other moon yellow eye.
Why, just watching your wicked, dark grin,
Is as glorious as witnessing the day die!

Your skin is so pallid
And delicately flaking:
The kind of perfection that could inspire a ballad!
Is that crunching sound my heart breaking?

I love you, my ghoul,
And my love is true.
So please say you'll join me beside the blood pool,
And together to our relationship, we'll moan and croo.

It'll be just you and I,
My lovely undead girl,
Sipping from the death cups,
And watching the black roses unfurl...

Ellen Eames

Traitor

He stares at her with vacant eyes

Her face gone slack

He holds her with unspoken lies
Of safety in the black

He leads her to a wishing well
And makes her close her eyes

Drops her in his makeshift hell—
Smiles as she dies

She's barely conscious
Hardly breathing
Not so solid, not quite seeing
Can't move much
Not for long, waiting for Death

And his lovely song
It comes quite quick, though not
with pain

Beautifully scarred
In her golden mane
Eyes like glass, her lips gone blue
Three words unspoken
"I love you..."

Heidi Schoepp

