

# Zombie

*C. Jordan Terwilliger*

I'm a fucking zombie, is all.

Wake up, do . . . something. This lasts a good seventeen, eighteen hours. Lie down. Remain lying down as long as possible. When this is no longer the case, get out of bed. Wander. Sit. Stare at the computer. Hope it does something. Think about working on a story. Realize there is absolutely no mental energy available for something that complex. Stare at the computer some more. Decide that if I'm awake, I may as well be doing something. Grab the mouse. Put the pointer to the Start button, then programs, then accessories. Realize that this is giving up. Put the pointer to the Games folder, then one. It doesn't matter which. I'm a fucking zombie, is all.

Tell myself, Just one more. Then I'll be good. Then I'll be tired enough to fall asleep. Then when I wake ageing, this will all be just a silly dream. No more sleepless nights. Smoke if I've got 'em. Maybe attempt to read a novel. If I'm fortunate, Literature. Not that that happens so much anymore. I'm a fucking zombie is all.

Lie down again. Let the frustration rumbling around in my head manifest itself as hot bolts of freedom, of energy, blazing from my eyes. Settle in for a headache. Stare blankly at the back of my

eyelids, then the ceiling, then my eyelids again. Settle on the ceiling. Eyes start to get sore, a mediocre, but consistent, . . . something. Reach down, under the covers, over the fabric of my ratty, hole-covered boxer shorts. Half-heartedly pull my penis out from between the flaps of my fly. Close my eyes again, picturing the penis in my hand. My right hand. This is less effort than looking. Experience a lingering desire to cry. Regret ever having taken the time to bother to name the fucker. More trouble than it's worth. Attempt to find an emotion secure enough to moor my thoughts to. Settle on the image of an acquaintance, probably in a variety of poses. No giving head. Not me to her, not her to me. Too . . . played out. Too over-hyped. Not enough me to go around. A brainless pose in a slideshow flick-flick-flick-flick, until I get the drift and my hips surge forward and the backs of my eyes hurt more, that dull, nameless thud. I shout in subvocalizations, Oh, God, oh yes, until my heart is beating and the only thing that's changed is now my dick's a little red and quivery to the touch and there's semen stretched oozy-thin on my boxers. Do this at least once. Maybe twice. Maybe three times, maybe five if it's a really bad day. Halfway to that and I can't feel it anymore. My dick just

stings for four excruciating minutes, then a sensory flood for a second and a half, then it's over. Roll over and stare at the wall for an hour, maybe longer. Consider contemplating how close to nothing I am, but instead contemplate nothing. Sleep? Maybe not for hours. Maybe not at all. I'm a fucking zombie, is all.

Wake up, throw the robe-thing and maybe a T-shirt on, over my by now slightly semen-crust-ed drawers. Hope again that nobody will notice the fierce three-day-old-but-not-rotten-and-actually-kind-of-sweet salmon smell. Maybe like cream cheese with salmon—I don't know. Walk to the bathroom. Stare at the mirror. See nothing. Have half of an epiphany about nihilism. Never finish it; I'll have the same half tomorrow. Briefly realize that, if I were to ever have a hangover, it would look like a good day. Mutter fuck under my breath. Sit down on the toilet. Shit out a nice, smooth shit. Feel good for a second. Or two. Feel helpless as the good feeling goes away. Open the shower, throw my washcloth on the floor, turn on the water. Curse the day. Curse the fact that it's noon. Squint at nothing. Throw off my robe, then cover it with my towel. On the counter. Glance sidelong at nothing. Perk up ears at nothing. Step into the shower. Become excessively dissatisfied with the water temperature. Adjust. Adjust. Rub

soap on the washcloth. Rub the washcloth on me. Hit everything fast and without thought. Have to make up for lost time somewhere. Make sure to wash carefully around the penis. Can't have that hot jizz smell all over everything. I'm a fucking zombie, is all.

Waddle out to the trailer. Put on new underwear. Throw on a new shirt. Squeeze into the too-short and too-small pants. One of the two pair. Doesn't matter. They both look the same, both black, both with the same rip that goes from just behind the low point of my balls to just before my anus. Black pants, still dirty from yesterday. And the day before. And the day before. Get socks, maybe dirty, but probably clean. Not like it matters any more. Briefly mourn the ten-year-old fungus on my feet. Put on the socks, one foot at a time. Violently. But not so much as the shirt. And not so much as the shoes. Find shoes. Note frustrating stain on the inside of the left one. Roll eyes without moving them. Tug shoes on without untying or retying. Feel new for half a second. Get the urge to puke. And not in the way I like. No, out of pure dissatisfaction. I'm a zombie, is all.

Do something for seventeen, eighteen hours. Not that it matters. The trappings are all the same.

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