

Judgement Day: The Walking Dead Poetry Collection

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Abstract

The poems received third place in the oral presentations at the IU East-Student Research Day (SRD) 2020. The presentation is recorded and Olivia graciously shares the online reading of her poetry from the *Judgement Day* collection at SRD ORAL Presentations found at:

<https://iue.libguides.com/SRD2020Orals>.

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Keywords

Walking Dead, poetry, dramatic monologue sonnets, comic book series, AMC Television, post-apocalyptic America, renewal, death, zombies

Introduction

These 4 poems were written during Dr. Brian Brodeur's ENG W303 Writing Poetry workshop, later revised. The following poems are dramatic monologue sonnets that consider certain aspects relating to the comic book series and AMC television show, *The Walking Dead*, including the precarious lives of characters living in post-apocalyptic America. There are two new additional pieces that complement the initial collection

What Andrea Should've Said to Philip

We had warm beds and meds for the first night in months. I was nearing death and your people saved me from what I could become. You still have their photo on the mantle, the ones you lost. We started over again with each other. I don't understand why you keep her in the closet nor why you keep their heads in aquariums, but I know you are good somehow; I will make you better.

It's a cat and mouse game. I dart between crates and walls, bent low so your only eye doesn't catch me in the shadows. You ask me to come back with you, it's where I belong. No, I never did. It's a prison, unlike the one I call my own. I should have slit your throat that night in bed and watched your reign come to an end.

Glenn's Goodbye to Maggie

The farm was my new beginning,
the one I started with you. I found you in all of this.
The blood, the gore, the confusion could have
Torn us apart, but our lives continued.
We'd sneak into our secret places,
I wedded you with a stranger's ring, one I cut off
their rotting finger, and you took me anyway.
There's a new beginning, both of us within you.

Headlights blind me before the man above
us. Smirking, swinging his barbed wire bat.
He smashed our friend into brain matter. He
turns to me, bringing the bat down upon my
head. This is how our story ends. Your screams
forces me to answer, choking out, "I'll find you."

To: Lucille,
From: Negan

I named the bat after you- I'm sorry that I did.
 You fought until your brain turned black,
 but I couldn't bring myself to finish it.
I found her when I was with a group that didn't last.
 I battled the living and the dead with her, dripping gore
 by my side, but I wanted you instead.
You couldn't beat the sickness. It was too late.
 It's my fault. If I wasn't so selfish,
 you could have your victory.
I'm sorry I named the bat after you,
 but, at least, this way you could win.

The Phantom

This dream I had was during the time when he was still mysterious, a ghostly figure haunting the thoughts and the lives of political chess pieces. Lodging in a lavish resort, reminiscent of the Stanley Hotel. I was alone, I think. I heard pandemonium coming from the ballroom where a political ball was taking place. Donning a gorgeous gown, I sprinted down the stairs and scanned the room from the balcony in utter horror. Blood made crimson pools, staining the floor. The invitees scramble in panic to escape whatever, or whoever crafted the scene before me, though I knew exactly who's work this was. It was him. I had my eyes on him. Black tactical suit, vest resembling a strait jacket, weapons strapped to every part of him. A muzzle concealing his mouth and black bulletproof goggles obscuring his eyes. Stringy brown hair hides what his facial gear does not. However, all this is not what confirmed my suspicions. No, not at all. It was the bionic arm, replacing the lost limb adorned with a red Soviet star. That is exactly what I needed to see.

The Phantom (continued)

The metal glistened in the light from the crystal chandelier; he did not belong. It was unreal, something out of a ghost story. He stood in the middle of the ruins, surveying his chaos before spotting me from above. He holds my gaze for a long moment, daring me to do something. All I can do is stare. I know I am not his mission; he already completed it. Instead, this was the man trapped inside the monster before me sobbing, “Look what I have done! Look what I have done... Forgive me.” I always wondered if this same moment ever happened to the young man inside the phantom, the Sergeant who died for his country, but slaughtered for the one that killed him. Now, my thoughts are confirmed. I give him a nod, hoping that he gets what I try to convey. He stares a trice longer before returning the gesture and all but floats away and out of sight. Most are left to wonder if what they saw was a man or a specter, but I know. I know what I saw; I will always know.

Peanut Butter Teeth

I want to rip my blue nails off and shred them
until the glittery glue is gone
To keep you away, I'll slather peanut
butter on my teeth and bare them when you

approach. I never wanted to feel this
way, the way that everyone's described as
the best thing to happen to them. Ready
to give it up and die for them. But I

did. I listened to the way you
explained how the race made your
heart do the same, how you related
to the Boy with the Scar, and how I

am the Magical Girl, the girl of your
Wildest Dreams. Your sister said girls
like me didn't exist. I'm wild, contained,
only in books of wonder, but I'm here.

I'm here, between your legs, your hands
on my hips, barely holding them. Tears on
both of our cheeks, mourning for what
could've been, should've been but never will be.

For my sake, and for yours, I'll replace my
teeth with peanuts and snarl if you come around
with sobs cracking the shells, and I'll rebel against
every desire to have you one more time.