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You can't trust a vegetarian. Their weapons are unpredictable. Teeth will get caught on ukulele strings, tongues will slip all over plastic-rimmed glasses, and it's easy to trip on a quirky personality. Forget all the folklore and origin stories. I will survive the Zombie Apocalypse with my baggy sweater and skinny jeans. I will distract by quoting from recently released books, which I had time to read while you were frying bacon. I'll fall in love too quickly with a series of images I saw on the bike ride here and then use those same pictures to stab through the heart. It's impossible to tell where I'm going to strike, so they bartered for a truce. Can you imagine? Me? Being bowed down to by a fucking zombie?

The best thing about this zombie invasion is now I don't have to break up with you. I can just leave you here while I run to the restroom and when I get back, well, someone might buy the rights to my story. Lifetime presents "Delicious Brains": the story of a woman and her adult boyfriend, who spent all his time eating Chef Boyarde on the sofa bed in his parents living room until a zombie gnawed off his face. The cliché is parents' basement. You couldn't even get that right.

You slurp your soup and chew with your mouth open and I hope he does the same as he's scooping out your brains. I already asked if I could watch. His name is Jason and I think he has a lot of promise. Zombie-ing is a difficult field, but I'm pretty sure he has what it takes. I believe in him.

I hope Jason smiles and nods in the moment before he rips out your heart because it's the gesture you're most comfortable with. No one actually knows what a consultant does, so you've gotten away with telling people you are one. It's one of those professions people are embarrassed to inquire about, but clueless to pinpoint the duties of. I can't believe I covered for you for so long -- allowed people to think that your occupation had more worth than your personality. Consultants -- at the very least -- own a pair of black socks. You're not fooling anyone.

I hope Jason reads every word you own before he hacks off your limbs. Having a literary tattoo on your chest doesn't make you well-read. Not if it's the only piece of reading material in your entire house. And not if the quote's from *On the Road*. He'll grunt about weathered maps -- which you have never even seen -- as he takes a huge bite out of your hand. There's no "our" in the those "battered suitcases." And now you're never going to carry them. You'll never walk those sidewalks. And you'll never have to apologize for not loving me.

I hope Jason will hold my hand. When it's over. I don't know if I'll ever understand that one. Why sometimes you'd wait four, five, six, seven blocks before reaching for me. Like you were always keeping your options open. Like there was something else better just waiting for you. Like you were embarrassed to be seen with me. Isn't it nice to have someone? It's just a hand.

Me telling you I didn't want to have brunch with you was me telling you I didn't want to wait for breakfast. I wanted to spend every moment with you in the now. I wanted you to spend the night. And more. I wanted you to destroy everything perfect in my life, if that's what it took. Which is why I'm okay with him doing the same thing to your body. It's better this way.