

Never, ever,
open the door

Just because they carry clipboards or bibles
does not mean they are not zombies.

Just because they want to pick your brains
does not mean they do not also wish to eat them.

Through your front door spyhole, study their demeanour.
Search for signs of the living dead:

a little dried blood about the nostril, a bloating of the tongue,
a gravestone patina to the skin.

Look at - but never quite into - their eyes;
a certain 'corpse quality' cuts through.

Study their facial movements as they wait at your door.
They may show signs of petulance due to their cravings for your flesh.

Carefully open the letterbox (*tip: always keep it well oiled*)
and take in a long, silent sniff.

If he or she wears too much scent, this may be but camouflage,
applied in plenty to mask the stench of putrescine.

Do not trust any smile.
It could be a rictus grin.

Watch to see if the waiting makes them whistle.
Zombies never whistle,

either along to music - *not that they listen to music* -
or to attract attention. Or to pass the time.

Time means little to a zombie.
They also never tap their feet.

Doubt the IDs that dangle from their lanyards.
These are easily acquired from previous victims.

Do not make a sound.
They are dead, not deaf.

If the person at your door is pleading for your help, ignore.
This could merely be a ruse.

If they are shaking and desperate and covered in blood, ignore.
This may well not be their blood.

If, after some time, they should wander off, quickly rush to lock the back
door and to secure any windows.

Tiptoe back to your spyhole to take another peek.
Should your eye be met with a dead stare -

a lifeless iris, a blood engorged sclera, convex and massive in the
fisheye lens - do not linger.

Do not panic. Do not soil yourself.
This is musk to a zombie.

Slowly withdraw. Lie on the floor.
Your breath shallow, your prayers silent.

Do not move.
Wait until morning.

Then, mute, slowly raise yourself up to take another look.
And should the dead eye still be there,

slowly withdraw. Lie on the floor.
Your breath shallow, your prayers silent.

But never, ever,
open the door.