

Zombie Dance

by [Sheldon Agonson](#) (May 2026)



The Fugitive (Franz Sedlacek, 1928)

No freer man than he I ever saw
who with a deerlike grace made good escape

—or so's my hope, for whether bite or claw
did snag, or if over the cityscape
God's providence and grace he somewhere met,
the tale I tell's confined to this small part:
He fearing chains more than the slaver's threat
broke from our line and shot out like a dart.
No heart to vault, the fearful guards did laugh
through chain-linked fence as he did run away.
Then half I envied him; the other half
with sinking dread stayed from the zombie fray.

Freedom with fear, he dances out of sight
while bound by safety's fetters, we're held tight.

I watched him dancing through the deadly throng
as our new masters manacled my wrists.
So in my heart was born this sinner's song
inspired by his leaps and sudden twists.
The dead men, moaning, shambled after him,
their stiffened arms stretched out to grasp his life,
but bobbing, weaving, flows past each dead limb,
his form shoots through as though a burning knife.
They jerked my chain, and I was dragged inside.
I craned my neck to catch one final glance:
Hopeless, surrounded by the rising tide,
he bounds into the air—one final chance!—

...but ere I learned the ending of that flight,
the bunker's falling doors shut out the light.

And into this sad darkness you've been born,
a slave without a hope of sabbath's rest.
Lost things, of dog and cat, you cannot mourn,
as knowing but what creatures may infest
our sorry stock of drying, tasteless sludge
which called chicken or cod's recycled waste.
This dim bulb, lit for work—gifts they begrudge—

of sun and moon and stars is but a taste.
We stood upon the Earth who crawl within,
are lower than the grass we used to trod.
What was all man's inheritance, my sin!
the line twixt sky and sea, has lost to fraud.

A penance song, I yet perform this rite,
praying the story frees us from our plight.

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Sheldon Agonson (a nom-de-plume) started a serious attempt at writing in 2017, challenging himself to post on his blog every day, and, with a few exceptions (currently two), he has fulfilled his own challenge. In 2020, he received his bachelor's degree in Bible and Theology, and by that time realized that, whatever else he would do in life, it was written that he had to write.

A few of his short stories have escaped the boundaries of his blog: *Brother & Blurryface* were both featured in the *Futurist Letters*, and *Ghosted* was published on Faith K. Moore's website as the winner of her ghost story contest. He has self-published a collection of his short stories on Amazon: [While the Elephants Danced](#). Save for Lenten fasts, Dr. Agonson can be best accosted via Twitter @SAgonson.

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