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In your hands is a poetry journal written by an undead poet, recounting his firsthand experience during the zombie plague. Little is known about the author before he turned into a zombie, but thanks to his continued writings in this journal - even after his death - you can accompany him from infection to demise. Through the intimate poetry of haiku, the zombie chronicles his epic journey through deserted streets and barricaded doors. Each three-line poem, structured in the classic 5-7-5 syllable structure, unravels a little more of the story. You'll love every eye-popping, gut-wrenching, flesh-eating page!

Zombie Haiku: Good Poetry for Your...Brains Details

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Author : Ryan Mecum

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From Reader Review Zombie Haiku: Good Poetry for Your...Brains for online ebook

Krista the Krazy Kataloguer says

Well this was different: a story told in the form of a journal written in haiku. A plague causes people to turn into zombies, who, when they bite others, turn them into zombies as well. Then all the zombies walk around in search of food...namely, people! Pretty simple story line, but cleverly done. It gets a bit tiresome halfway through, however, after reading about the same thing over and over. The repeated gruesome scenes become mind-numbing after a bit. Still, not bad. I wonder if this could also count as a graphic novel?

Ethen C. says

I loved this book! It was gruesome and disgusting which is my favorite kind of book. I finished it in an hour. Really quick read.

karen says

like chocolate and peanut butter.

or peanut butter zombies:

Ashlee G says

This book was easy to follow along while reading. It was a quick read and an interesting book. This book is written by a guy during his life in the zombie plague. He finds this empty journal while on the run away from the zombies. He keeps this journal updated for as long as he can. If a zombie bites you-you would become a zombie also. I recommend this book to anyone that has to still read poetry or wants to read poetry. It's a great quick read for anyone especially if you like to read books with blood and guts.

TK421 says

UPDATE: I ADDED A STAR TO MY REVIEW BECAUSE THE AUTHOR LIKED IT! THANK YOU, RYAN.

For the past five years or so, I have been fighting the zombie urge. Yes, I do love me a good zombie flick, but they started to appear everywhere: books and mash-ups and movies and music, heck I would not be

surprised if McDonald's had a special Happy Meal that came with a blunt instrument for the little ones at home so they could begin practicing their defense skills.

I read PRIDE AND PREJUDICE AND ZOMBIES and WORLD WAR Z and loved them both. I thought Z was a heck of a premise, and still go back every once in a while to read a few chapters. But unlike most of my friends, I was over the whole zombie domination thing. I went back to my life.

Then, out of nowhere, I hear about ZOMBIE HAIKU. Be strong, I tell myself. Nothing good will come of this. And for two years, I hold out. I stay clean. No DTs; no depression; no relapses. Cold turkey, baby. Then I get to work today. And on my desk, my desk!, not anyone else's, I see a copy of ZOMBIE HAIKU looking at me with its rolled-back eyes and greasy flesh-eating mouth. I can resist, I tell myself as sweat beads bubble on my forehead. But then that little devil appeared on my shoulder (you know the one), and he encouraged me to go on, read it. I looked for support from my other shoulder, but I got nothing in return. Just one page. What's the harm of one little, teeny-weeny page? If anything, I'll prove to myself that I don't need zombies in my life.

Okay, so page the first is fun. On the one hand, there is a lonely, unnamed narrator that wants to chronicle his thoughts in what he has called his poetry journal. The poems are to be haikus, with the familiar 5-7-5 syllable pattern. The other part of this page has another sort of writing: this one tells the story of Chris, who has recently been bitten and is hiding in the bathroom of an airport.

Essentially, this collection of haikus becomes the written history of what is happening during this Zombie apocalypse. As neighborhoods become infected, and radio stations play only static, the narrator goes to his office to find some answers. Here, he is attacked by Beth, who was eating spaghetti until she smelled him. From this attack, the narrator flees to the top of a billboard where he thinks he can wait until the zombies leave. It is while waiting that the narrator understands:

My town is broken.
From this view, I see the end.
Below, they gather.

Sunburned and dehydrated, the narrator decides to flee by jumping down from the billboard. Not the smartest idea he's ever had. In the process of his escape, he is bitten--numerous times. This is where I think the genius of this collection of haikus comes in. Up to this point, I thought the haikus were filler, nothing worth noting. But as the narrator begins to turn from human to zombie, chronicling his thoughts, the haikus become clever (I'll let you experience these ones for yourself). At one point the narrator is so hungry that all he can write is:

Brains, brains, brains, brains
Brains, brains, brains, brains, brains
Brains, brains, brains, brains

And as the transformation continues, the zombie part of the narrator tries to think like a human:

As I start walking,
I try to remember where
People like to hide.

Then the narrator decides he wants to visit his mother, who is hiding in her house. When he gets to his mother's house, the narrator reflects upon what his father must be experiencing inside of a coffin and then

proceeds to enter his mother's house to eat her:

She's always with me
Especially if my gut
Can't digest toenails.

It seems that after having the narrator eat his own mother, the author, Ryan Mecum, a youth pastor from Cincinnati, Ohio, felt that the gloves were off, and the need for more gruesomeness was called for. This is provided when the narrator decides to visit a nursing home, or as the narrator sees it, a "gourmet feast." At first I was kind of like WTF, he's going to have zombies kill poor, defenseless old people? But then I read:

Little old ladies
Speed away in their wheelchairs,
Frightened meals on wheels.

SNAP!, he went there, and I loved it. I was back. I was a full blown addict again after reading about the nursing home. From there, the zombies gathered in larger numbers and took on entire neighborhoods and farms and even a group of survivors in an airport.

(I am going to intentionally skip over the part about the baby and the children playing hop-scotch. You want to know what happens, don't you? You have the fever, my friend.)

If you like George Romero-type zombies, ZOMBIE HAIKU is for you. And even if you don't like Zombies, this book is for you. Why? Because Zombies are the bomb!!

What's that I smell?

BBBBBRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAIIIIIIINNNNNNNNNSSSSS!!

RECOMMENDED

Selwa says

Nothing too deep here, but it's a fun book, especially if zombies are your thing (they're honestly not really my thing, except for the whole *Walking Dead* phenomenon) ;)

Felicia A says

Outstanding little book. I received this from my daughter as a birthday gift. It's a journal written all in Haiku (17 syllables for each stanza, written in 5-7-5) by a person as he was turning after he was bitten. My favorite poem....as he comes to a nursing home full of the elderly:

Little old ladies
speed away in their wheelchairs
frightened meals on wheels.

and this one:

He tends not to flinch
though I am yelling in his ear
which is in my hand.

and this:

blood is really warm
it's like drinking hot chocolate
but with more screaming.

Outstanding!

Natalie says

Haiku is harder to write than one would think, but here's an entire book of them that tell the story of a man's death and reanimation into a zombie, and his neverending quest for braaaaaains. A lot of the haiku contained herein move the story along, but there are a number of gems, too:

*Brains brains brains brains
Brains brains brains brains brains brains
Brains brains brains brains.*

*A man starts yelling
'When there's no more room in Hell...'
But then we eat him.*

*The crying baby
Reminds me of fast food meals
With a prize inside.*

*Blood is really warm.
It's like drinking hot chocolate
But with more screaming.*

Zombie Poet's haiku journal is also peppered with bloodstains, stray hair, and Polaroid photos of his zombie friends. It's a fun, quick little nasty read.

Misty says

I reviewed this in full on my blog, but since it was a somewhat non-traditional review, I will include a snippet here. If you want the full thing, along with some bonus material, head over here...

The "story" unfolds via a man's poetry journal. Intending to document the glory of life, it ends up recording

the downfall of civilization as he:
runs from zombies,
is bitten by zombies,
becomes a zombie,
bites and creates more zombies,
and embarks on the never-ending quest for fresh flesh and the all important zombie food source, **brains**.

Some of this anonymous man's poetry is only so-so (but what do you expect of a man who keeps a haiku poetry journal), and his pre-zombification haiku are as pretentious and pointless as you'd want them to be. But when said poet gets bitten, things take a turn for the worse -- while his haiku takes a visceral turn for the better, in my opinion. Dripping blood and pus and various other fluids onto the pages of his precious journal, he goes in search of the first of a slew of meals - -I mean, victims. (I'm not going to tell you who the first victim is, but *ugh*).

I previewed a few of the disgustingickyawesome haiku on a previous teaser tuesday, but they were just the, *ahem* tip of the juicy cortex. Though there are throwaway bits, there are some moments of gross brilliance in here. Our mysterious zombie man retains his vocabulary pretty much intact (which somehow doesn't seem ridiculous), but everything becomes a little stilted and skewed, creating a nicely eerie, *Other* effect. And of course, some of his phrasing, reactions and *desires* are just hilarious.

Ian "Marvin" Graye says

Child's Haiku in Wales

Why am I unwed
When my Dad's a zombie and
His best mate's undead?

Kate says

This book made my commute to work this morning so much more entertaining!

This is a diary from the early days of the zombie plague. Not much is known about the author before his "infection" turns him into a zombie. All is written in haiku format which is highly entertaining, gross, and hilarious, all at the same time.

Some keepers from the book itself are:

Brains are less squishy
and a tad bit more squeaky
than someone might guess.

Little old ladies
speed away in their wheelchairs,
frightened meals on wheels.

I can't remember
how to open this window,
so I'll just stand here.

Thinking about Dad
makes me think of better times,
but then back to meat.

Reanimation
would be much more difficult
inside a coffin.

And so much more...so if you heart zombies, like I do, I suggest you get to reading this one.

Shanon says

"Blood is really warm.
It's like drinking hot chocolate
but with more screaming."

Coolest. Book. Ever. I mean, in the history of ever, with awesome little books, this is the King, even perhaps the god of all awesome little books... that is how completely made of squee this book is. Seriously.

This book is currently living in my purse and I take it everywhere I go, finding excuses to bring it out and show it to people and tell them how inexpressibly shiny it is, and recommending it as a gift for anyone who loves zombie humor.

I can't remember the last time, if ever, I've been so infatuated with a book.

Made of win, and braaaaains. :)

(For even more hilarity, try reading it while listening to Jonathan Coulton's "Re: Your Brains")

Brad says

Zombies do not write
That is just idiotic
But they think haikus.

Haikus of big brains
Of squishy, squidgy entrails
That little boys love.

My girls hide their eyes,
While I develop a taste
For yummy brain spag.

Zombie Haiku good.
Zombie Haiku amazing.
Zombie Haiku great.

Shae says

This book wins at life
It was so funny I lol'd
brains brains brains brains

Emm² says

I love books because
They make human brains bigger
Therefore tastier

Plight of the undead
Not an untapped subject but
Somehow beautiful

This one's amusing
Repetitive, but mostly
Just makes me hungry

I write ones about
Demons and death so really
Have no room to judge
