

“Zombie Apocalypse Now: Documentary” by [Cathy Linh Che](#)

My father & I take turns
directing. We are terrible

codirectors—he & I both
yank the narrative

closer toward our own eye’s
insistence. He whipped

a plumbing snake across his back
then held his arms out like Christ.

I cinched shut my eyes
& refused to come home.

When is my father no longer
my father? When Christ descends

and gobbles up his flesh.
My father was a refugee,

fleeing the zombies
that war made

of his own people.
I grab the camera

& make a short documentary
about his life.

We select an Apocalypse Now film clip,
label it fair use, and pay a voice actor

to play my father speaking so much
English. Sometimes artifice is necessary

to get closer to the real thing.
The bridge collapses

& the voice actor laughs,
reading my father’s lines.