

SAM WITT

Frankenstein; or, The Presence Chamber

Among the distant
inequalities of the ice
by some law
in my temperature
I was so guided
with a child's blindness
like a child
picking up shells
And thus for a time
I was occupied
by exploded systems
till I beheld
a stream of fire issue
from an old
and beautiful oak
by such slight
ligaments
that even then
hanging in the stars
in his kindling eye
I was now alone
Angel of Destruction
Useless elixir of life
Invisible world
with its instruments
of bringing to light
Derange their mechanisms
that the stars
often disappeared
in the light

End of excerpt. For the full
poem, please see our print
issue.