Man-Made Monster

Gloucester

Refection Reflections

(With a Side Order of Impending Doom)

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Abstract:

Drawing inspiration from William Shakespeare's King Lear and Mary Shelly's Frankenstein, my poems, Gloucester and Man-Made Monster, capture the distortion that takes place as a derivative of disillusionment, heartbreak, and betrayal. Through the embodiment of fictional characters such as the Earl of Gloucester and Frankenstein's Monster, the poems grapple with the grotesque nature of grief and illustrate the parts of ourselves that are changed, or lost, in love's absence.

Man-Made Monster

I am a wretched thing.
A byproduct of an egotistical man.
An amalgamation of parts, not
altogether whole.
Disfigured,
a distortion of
what once was
and is no longer.
I, who was once a mine of love,
now a dead woman walking,
whose heart doesn't function as
it did before.
What I'd give
for love's electricity
to breathe new life
into what has turned cold.
For cataracts of woe
to not blind my eyes to
the goodness of the world.
Curse my creator!
You who have spurned me!
Why put me together
only to flee?
All men hate the wretched, but
I am what you made me.

An odious monster

whose defects are a derivative

not of character

but rather

Heartache.

Gloucester

Out, vile jelly!
Take with you the tears
that come with a bastard's betrayal.
Rip these orbs out of their orbit
and in its place, let two black holes
consume the constellations
of my countenance.

Never have I
scorned the ability of sight
as I do now.
Rid me of these horrors!
These visual manifestations
of adoration turned abhorrence,
of friend turned foe,
of lover turned libertine!

In you, I beheld an orchard,
a paradise of pleasure.
Pluck my eyes from me now,
like a forbidden fruit
with nectar
as deceivingly sweet
as the saliva left behind
by the kiss of Judas.

Condemn me to eternal darkness,

for living in light

no longer refracts

rosy rays.

They say eye for an eye,

but what are we to make of matters

pertaining to

the heart?

Refection Reflections (With a Side Order of Impending Doom)

There is something so tender and evocative in
sharing a meal with your parents.

I feel it now
as I sit down to eat.

Dad chomps away,
his smacks inaudible to his aged ears,

and Mom shares a story
that she's forgotten she's already told me.

Even in this cacophony of dining,
there is a sense of languor in the air that silences me.

It is not hunger
that churns my stomach.

And though the onions of a Patty Melt may be pungent,
it isn't they that dampen my eyes.

But rather,
it is the recognition that

I will be 24 this year,

and Dad is just a year away from being considered a senior.

I've spent nearly a quarter of life
sharing meals with the same company,

and it isn’t nearly enough.

Maybe it's the way Mom’s hair is decorated with wisdom,
or how Dad’s skin has been speckled with kisses by the sun.

Or the way my head never met my pillow without a goodnight kiss, or
how I was tucked into bed more snug than any bug I’d ever known.

Or the way Dad kept promises,
that were left unkept to him.

Or the way Mom fought for me,
even when I couldn’t fight for myself.

Or the way I have never known a day,
and never want to know a day,

where I am forced to be
in their love’s absence.

It is in this moment,
that I have realized

my parents are the truest companions I have ever had,
and the closest thing to magic I will ever know.

What an honor it is to be the embodiment
of something so divinely guided!

For the convergence of two separate entities
to be seen in my countenance.

Hold me, Mother! Hold me, Father!
I'm not ready for goodbye!

I do not wish for death to blow out the candles
and for your light to vanquish.

When the scythe taps on the door,
know that whoever is knocking is an unwelcome guest.

Do not go! Do not answer!
Stay in your seat!

We have yet to get to the sweetest part of our course.