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Composition I H

Frankenstein Assignment

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**Prologue.**

The spark of life, the given bliss,

The God himself did give the kiss,

To human kind and all the creatures

That live on Earth and all its features.

Yet all were made to be in pairs,

To live, to love, and to despair.

Thus which the God have not had made,

Will live and die in its creator’s fate.

And thus the story had begun,

The dreary night of November with a dimming lights of the

Winter’s sun.

1-11

**Ballad of a Creature**

His name was Victor, doctor Frankenstein;

The man of thought and heart aligned.

The ardor, sadly, did surpass his human mind;

The lust for knowledge drank his little time.

Victor, whose name is suppose to be victorious,

Thus dwelt two years alone notorious;

While gathering each limb of priceless daemon and his eyes,

Thus Frankenstein assembled piece by piece his own demise.

12-19

Indeed the spark of life passed down by Adam and his Eve,

Thus gave another life; yet with another greater grief.
Far greater if not equal to the loss of Garden of the Eden,

Its godly pleasures were to in the silence remain hidden.

“I bid thee live now my ominous creation;

And give the man kind the sense of reincarnation.”

And so, the Wiseman but a fool had condemned himself

 With giving death the righteous tool.

The gaze of un-death did pierce the new creator’s heart;

His fainting words ironically had yielded “save me God.”

The creature ran to leave the man alone,

To wonder if the dream had gone forgone?

20-31

The creature lived to know that it’s alone;

And with that, it is how he will atone.

Yet did it have a soul, was it free?
Or was it bound to suffer for eternity?

In ways, the daemon was to educate his kind,

Alone, forgone and petrified.

32-37

While the sun his heart did warmly bind,
The scarce foods found in the forests had always captivated his mind.
And learning of the cold and frost,

Indeed, this sad experience was not the worst.
But that the battering and treachery of ruthless men,

Had hurt his vision of what the good thus truly can.

38-43

With prolonged search, untimely creature did find that little, lively place,

That tied his limbs to passive, glowing grace,
The beast was kind, unlike his horrid looks,

Where the only means of feasting were the chestnut seedy rooks.

 44-47

The family, De Lacey, lived on the silver river’s edge,

They lived in harmony yet sad due to Felix’s allege.

Felix, the son of the De Lacey, of old blind man,

Had saved an Arab merchant that came from the Southeast’s Iran.

In tribute to his vital deed, a deal was made

The Arab merchant was to give his daughter, Safie, as a trade

To marry the young man and live a Christian life,

Only to get out of the bargain, to cause young Felix further strife.

48-55

However, Safie did fall in love with her young mate,

And came along to De Lacey family to share their lonely fate.

Wherein Agatha, Felix, Safie and old man;

Did everything to harvest little of all they can.

And thus the creature lived to see their lives,
Learning the language as had Safie, applying it, to his own device.

56-62

Far… into a summer sunny day,

He took his luck to dare away,

To introduce himself to vicious-friendly crowd,

That knew of nothing that the creature was around.

The step was dreadful, yet sincere,

The daemon swallowed, full of fear.

63-68

He waited long, till youth was gone,

To speak to wise man, and to best his con.

The man was kind and all sincere,
He truly gave a steady peer,
Where creature though to find a friend,

To finally be able with society to mend.

69-74

But pleasure dome, had had collapsed;

The youth returned and fear elapsed.
As creature bound had begged for mercy,

As Felix’s blow deemed creature unworthy.

75-78

The creature ran, to cause no harm.
It shed great tears for he had caused alarm.

His great desire, great defeat,
There was no sword that solved his need.

And thus, he cursed his daring maker,

His foul God, his own oppressor.
“I bid thee wrath upon your soul,

I’ll cause thee pain and make you groan,

Thy torture will be worst of all

I’ll torment thee, I make thee fall.”

79-88