

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE'S TRAGICAL HISTORY OF FRANKENSTEIN

~~That burns inside my heart an 'twere a fire,~~
~~A wildfire shut up in my very bones.~~
~~I weary when I try to hold it in—~~
 Forsooth, it proveth most impossible. 155
~~Anatomy must be my next pursuit,~~
~~Therein t'observe the natural decay~~
~~Of human flesh, how it corrupted grows,~~
~~How like a peach left too long in the sun—~~
~~It shrivels, breaks, returns again to dust.~~ 160

START → Unto the vaults and charnel-houses shall
 I venture sans the slightest twinge of fear.
 My father took precautions, that my mind
 Should ne'er dread horror supernatural.
 Zounds! Should I master sciences as these, 165
 The force of nature shall be in my hands!
 Soon could I be bestowing animation
 On lifeless matter. Yea, with time enow,
 I may reverse corruption of a corpse,
 Renewing life where death once proudly stood. 170
 Bones must I have! Toes! Fingertips as well!
 The eyeballs ta'en from our dissecting room
 Will fain, I'll warrant, watch my progress with
 No little measure of amazement—ha!
 How shall my family and comrades in 175
 Geneva marvel when they hear of this.
 Until then, though, my work must never cease,
 E'en if my candle burneth at both ends.
 Each night by fever am I sore oppress'd,
 And nervous have become to some degree— 180
 The fall of leaves begin to startle me,
 As if I had been guilty of a crime.
 When I do spy me in the looking-glass,
 I am alarm'd at what I have become,
 Ill-dress'd, unshaven, wretchèd to behold. **STOP** 185
~~O, let me not be mad, not mad, sweet heav'n~~