

# Quill & Scope

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## Kindling

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## Kindling

Arms strewn askew and legs helter-skelter,  
Behind great, oak wood door, signed "No One Shall Enter,"  
There, cold and focused, alone in his shrine  
Sat a man with his thoughts – a young Frankenstein.  
What is my purpose? he pensively asks  
What if he survives, but then he attacks?  
If life I've created is then taken back  
Was it worse to have made it, or left in the black?  
Fire crackled away at the hearth by his knee  
Wood turned into dust, but light into heat.

He caught his mistake, for he knew all along  
When the body falls still, the spirit lives on.  
Every hand every foot every head every shoulder  
Had lain on the ground as the winter grew colder.  
Devoid of life, never feeling again  
But not let the end un-write where it began.

This palm held another, crossed its fingers in hope  
Curled into a fist when unable to cope.  
This sole crossed the threshold of many a home  
But no more do we know where its owner does roam.  
Eyes left open, no longer to see.  
Legs lay at rest with nowhere to be.  
The terror of death, it hung like a cloud  
But through fog of the black came a voice, strong and loud:  
"Resurrect me young doctor! For I yearn for the light!  
To show me the day, you must learn the night."  
The sounds all but ceased, save crackle of fire  
Room all the darker with the flames burning brighter.