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Kindling

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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.