

Light as Well as Heat; Or, How Writing From the Perspective of Frankenstein is a Good Metaphor for My Homosexuality

because I am a narcissist I see my own face rather than that of my monster's

all too familiar is the hollow curve of a jawline that has never been kissed

the green-grey-yellow eyes of a washed-up predator

the externalized-internalized longing for even a pretense of understanding

because I have created life I am learning that all gods are monsters
we will know each other better than we know ourselves

love in the turns of master and servant

live in constant pain and irony

because I am not the sculptor I had thought he is condemned to a
lonely eternity

he rises and lurches like a thing undone

sputters like engines yet uninvented

speaks in the sensation of mooring

by Luc Lasman