

lub, dub. lub, dub

Her breath exploded with new strength lub, dub. lub, dub. Hah!

> Vessels and nerves severed now resewn Her heritage replaced by a stranger's blood.

And thus she was assembled—the Bride of Frankenstein. The surgeons and therapists so proud of their creation, On how they cheated death trapped behind the iron gates.

To the world she was released in her suffocating existence,

Drowning in air, yet wanting none.

Gretel set her last trail to sight,

Along with a note and "I love you's."

As the water engulfed her mangled body, she saw death's face for a second time:

An indifferent emptiness for the game it had won.

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