BRAM STOKER'S DRACULA
CHAPTER I

I was thirsty
I was a country of queer force
rushing east to see the strangest side of twilight
I was a woman in the usual way
I had no language but distress and duty
I have been taught to doubt my mother and fear tradition
but my queer tongue would not could not shut up

The afternoon sun seemed mighty
and touched my arm with a delicate pain
A woman kneeling in self-surrender to the new
weeping silver into great masses of greyness the clouds
which ceaselessly walk and pause as though unmercifully urged on
Through the darkness I could see a stormy sea
a strange mixture of movements
Something slight and flickering seemed to mock my universal yes
I asked what this all meant
I struck a match
and its flame somewhere far off in the distance plunged
Suddenly a faint and endless absence
began beetling around
the howl that swept
the ruined sky
CHAPTER II

I must have been asleep
I must have been held in his trap
I did not know what to do
I waited in that nightmare
I heard a heavy sound a noise of long disuse
A tall man clad in courtly gesture
his cold face threw open a hollow roar inside me
He was charming full of manhood
His mouth was cruel
the lips conceal a sea of wonders
I did not ask permission
I found a sort of library littered with the history of death
I have come alone to learn about invaders
old days when women waited their destruction in undiscovered places
I began to manifest my wishes
in the shrillness of the written day
I began to get diffuse and feel uneasy
The living riot of uneasiness
trickling out of my magnificent heart
describes a prison
Let me begin with observation
My concern is with agency
I was satisfied with my body
My desire is my own
my smile my own
I unsealed the seriousness of sound
Freedom melted in the weatherworn abyss
Some weird effect of shadow
could allow an opportunity to resist
I took pleasure in disobeying
I determined not to compose myself
I suppose I was not unchanged
I thought I felt desire kiss me with red lips
Never could I be a girl on her knees
I was a storm of a woman
transformed with red light
heaving an imperious voice
forward into the dimness

CHAPTER III
CHAPTER IV

I tried to undress a mystery
although I had been so forcibly splintered
My work and quarrel was gathering wrath
I admit that I pretended to fall in with his law
I could not expose my secret to his smoothest eye
He consumed every scrap and trace of me

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I began a nebulous gambol
new shapes danced half-remembered shapes phantom shapes
which gradually materialised from my own bright silence
In my prison I cried
I was a woman against a monster

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All the violences
like a pent-up dam when liberated
fell from me as a vaporous garment dissolved in warmth
My threatened body is more desperate
inside it I made a discovery
it was furnished with odd things but all of them were stained

Down I descended a tunnel-like passage

I made a discovery

hate awakened in me

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A great orchestra unhooked the heavy chains of the body

I unlocked despair

I pulled and pulled at a happier evil

My own body

a banquet

ever-widening

a song sung by wheels and whips

a determined echo hammering away
CHAPTER V

There is nothing handsome about power
He says that I afford him a curious study
he loves undressing my ideas
Some girls must keep secrets
A woman ought to tell her husband very little
I wanted him blotted out
He seems to suppose that women were made to amuse him
He took my hand in his mistake
He couldn’t help feeling a sort of manly fervour
Why are men so little worthy of a girl
CHAPTER XXI

a detail

in

a pool of blood

the

body

gathered

in an awkward kink
I dress myself.
A detail in a pool of blood
the body gathered in an
awkward kink
I dress myself in easy anything

I have typed every thought
of my heart
My power to tell the other
side
I have been touched by
a wonderful anguish
I have tried to be useful
I have copied out the words
of this terrible story
I contain no secrets