

CHASE

BERGRUN

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

CHAPTER III

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 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



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



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



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

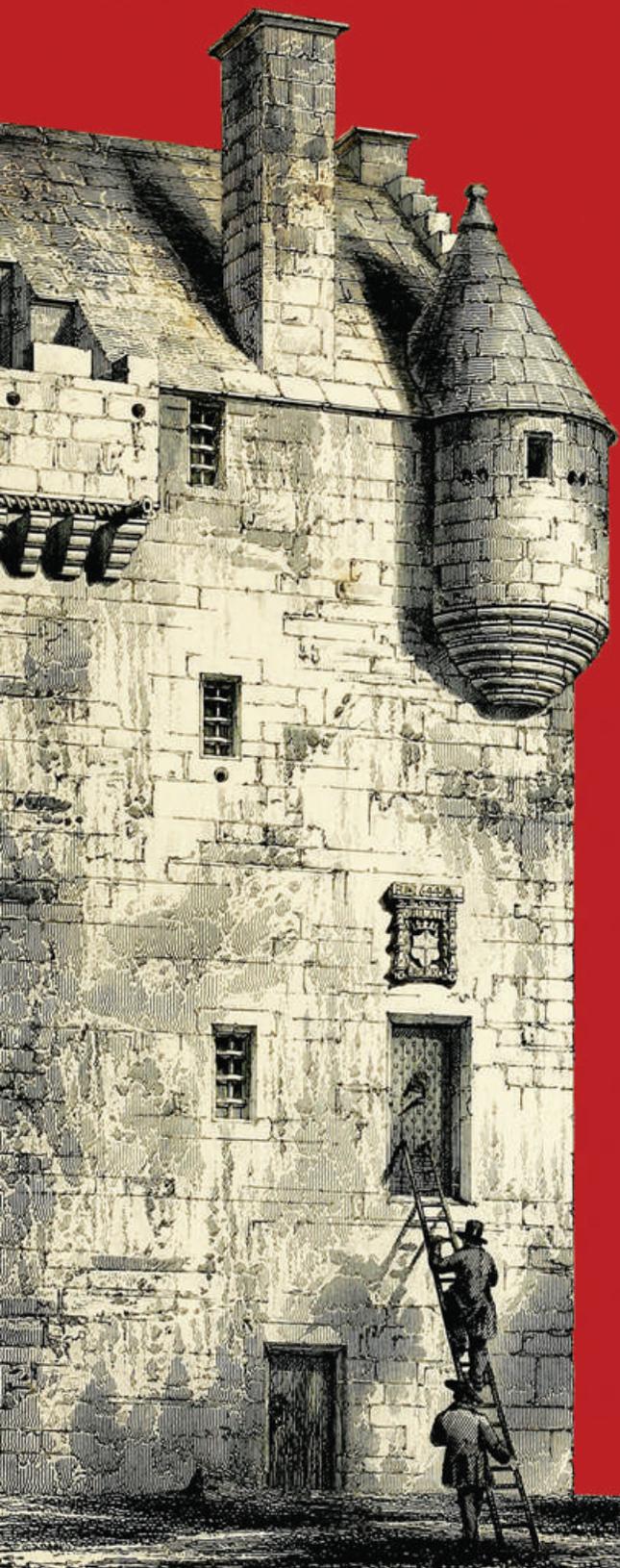
I

dress myself.

in

easy

anything



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

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