
DRACULA RISES
PROSE AND POETRY TO PONDER

BY ANNE
THE UNDEAD

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Dracula Rises

I rise from the grave
To greet you again
Dracula speaks
To both women and men

What I must say
Is not all bad
What I must say
Is not all sad

My prose and poetry
I'd love you to feel
The feelings I have
Are real, real, real.

Uncle Robby

Ring. Ring. Ring.

"Jenna, answer the door"

"OK Mommy."

Door opens.

"Uncle Robby!"

"Jenna, my love." And he picks me up.

"How is my 5-year-old beauty?"

"Uncle Robby! Uncle Robby! Hi Aunt Doreen!"

"Hello Jenna."

We all go into the house.

"Hi Lois!" Says Uncle Robby.

"Hi Lois!" Says Aunt Doreen. "What's for dinner?"

"Meatballs and spaghetti—melon first."

"Where's your big sister, Jenna?" asks Uncle Robby.

"Oh," I said. "She's in her room studying. Susan's always doing that. That's what happens when you're in high school."

"That's OK," said Uncle Robby. "More time for us together."

"Come to the table" yells Mommy. "And Susan, come down for dinner."

"Uncle Robby, can we go to the park after dinner and can you push me on the swing?"

"I wish we could go to the park, but after dinner will be too late. We'll go tomorrow morning.

It's Saturday—no school and no work. However, I can read you a story tonight before you go to sleep."

"Yaaaaay!!!"

"Come to the table" yells Mommy again. "And, Susan, where are you?!"

Everyone came to the table and we all sat down to eat. Daddy was there, too. But he's very quiet. He never talks.

Uncle Robby read me a story later and I went to sleep thinking about my next day on the swing in the park.

Next day in the park...

"Uncle Robby, push me on the swing. I want to go on the swing."

"Why don't we go on the swing together. I'll sit on the swing and you'll sit on my lap."

So we both went on the swing.

"Yaaaaay!!!...Uncle Robby, this swing is fun."

A few minutes later...

"Uncle Robby, can we go down the slide now?"

"Let's stay on the swing a little longer."

"OK."

Some time passes...

"Uncle Robby, can we go on the slide now?"

"OK, Jenna. I'll put you on the slide."

"No, I can climb up the stairs. I'm a big girl now."

"OK."

I spent a long time in the park with Uncle Robby. He even got me an ice cream cone. Then he took me home.

My family life...

Sometimes Mommy gets tired. She has a lot to do. She works as a secretary and then she comes home and has to cook. And she's always sending me next door to play with Uncle Robby and Aunt Doreen. I like going there because when I'm home I'm all by myself. Susan is always out or studying in her room and I don't always know where Mommy is.

Sometimes I hide in the closet. Nobody ever knows I'm there. I don't know whom I'm hiding from. I'm just hiding. And I smell the moth balls in back of the closet.

Mommy and Daddy like Susan because she is always studying and gets good marks in school. I'm only in kindergarten. I hate school. Before I started school I thought I'd like it. But now that I'm there I find it so boring. I rather hide in the closet.

I love Uncle Robby. He's the only one who gives me a lot of attention. Sometimes my other aunts and uncles give me attention, but I have to please them all the time. Otherwise they yell at me just like my Mommy and Daddy do. Uncle Robby is the only one who doesn't yell at me and who loves me all the time.

My sister and cousins all like Uncle Robby, too. We all play together. But when I'm alone with him, it's like I'm the only child in the world. It's just me and Uncle Robby—just me and Uncle Robby.

Sometimes I even eat meals at Uncle Robby's house. I'm not sure where my real home is or who my real parents are. I know if I call Aunt Doreen, "Mommy," my Mommy doesn't like it. So I stopped doing that.

One year later...

I'm learning how to read. It is fun, but the books we read are boring. Math is easy. And I love writing.

Uncle Robby, my cousins, my sister and I play a lot together. But Uncle Robby loves me the best. I can tell. Just like Mommy and Daddy love Susan better than me.

Some years pass...

I'm 12 years old now, in 7th grade, and I go out with boys. Nobody knows that I go out with boys except my girlfriend, Tina. We hang out together during the day and meet guys.

I really don't like guys. All they want is sex. If you want a little love you have to put out. I hate that and I've started hating boys. Besides, I have to be true to Uncle Robby.

Now, since Uncle Robby bought a car a few weeks ago, he is always taking me for rides. We ride around and around and around.

Lately we've been going to this old shack by an old railroad station.

Uncle Robby wanted to show it to me because he said it reminded him of where he lived when he was little.

We started playing this game. I'm not sure I like it and it hurts. And Uncle Robby said it is our secret.

But I like the rides we go on. We talk and talk and laugh and laugh.

I stopped dating the other boys and I just go for rides with Uncle Robby.

One day we were riding in his car. We were just riding around talking and laughing, when something happened to the car.

Something happened and the car went up in flames. Uncle Robby stopped the car and screamed, "Get out and run!"

I did just that. I got out and ran.

The police came.

The firemen came.

They went to pull Uncle Robby out from the burning car. But they never could. And they never found his body.

"Uncle Robby! Uncle Robby! Where are you Uncle Robby?! Are you waiting for me somewhere? Are you on an island somewhere waiting for me?"

"Uncle Robby!"

"Uncle Robby!"

"Where are you?!"

"Where are you?!"

"Where are you?!"

"Where are you?!"

"Where are you?!"

Our Quilt

Our many cultures make a quilt
Each one a different color thread
How beautiful we are woven together
What a comfortable quilt to put on a bed

Each color blends into the other
Into a dear dazzling design
A soft lullaby we sing together
We are beautiful; we are fine

But we are dreaming about this quilt
'Cause the threads, they fight with one another
They fight and fight and not get along
And sing a military song

But why not sing about that quilt
Of that dear dazzling design instead
Of how beautiful we are woven together
What a comfortable quilt to put on a bed.

To Carol: A Patient on the Psychiatric Ward

What are you doing here, Carol?

Your beauty and gentleness shine through into your face

The world doesn't want you, so you had to come here

Back into your mother's womb to be taken care of

They claim you don't make any sense, Carol

But what you say makes sense to you

They say they want to help you

So you can go back out there to the world that doesn't want you

They say they understand you

But they don't

They don't know you as a fellow human being, Carol

Never as a fellow human being

And when you leave here

You must never tell people that you were here

You mustn't tell them for two reasons:

It means you are different than they are

And it means you are the same as they are

And nobody wants to know that

You are like the towels your mother bought marked "seconds"

She can show you off only if the defects don't show.

My Children

Two little babies lie buried in the ground
Two little babies lie still in the cold, hard ground
Never to see daylight again
Clouds gather over them
White clouds—white clouds that turn gray with sorrow
And shed their tears upon the graves

It won't do any good
If a mother's love can't save them, what good are tears
The heavens open up and cry
In winter the white snow covers them with a soft blanket
This is their home now
God took them from me and put them in the ground
No one can hear them cry
No one can help them anymore

You Are With God Now

My little baby boy
Kicking for life and joy
You were a joy for me to see
But God said it would not be
And He took you to be close to Him
And far away from me.

Teardrop

What do I see in a teardrop?
A happy face smiling
What do I see in a teardrop?
The sun in the sky
What do I see in a teardrop?
Flowers by a laughing brook
How much sorrow must we feel
Before we can feel joy?

Achievement

What I want to achieve in real life is my fantasy life

I gather ideas from all around me and I think about them

And I think about them

And I gather ideas from all around me and I think about them

And I think about them

And I create my own world

And it's the real world.

Two Girls Lying in the Grass

Two girls lying in the grass
Marian and Lucy lying in the grass
Two girls lying in the grass
Marian is eight and Lucy, ten
Lying in the grass
Looking up at the trees and sky

It is late in October
The birds are flying
Breezes are sighing
The girls are lying
Lying in the grass

The sun is peeking out between the clouds
Of the late October sky
Breezes drift by
The two girls lying in the grass

“What do you want to be?”
Says Lucy to Marian
Marian says, “Mother of three”
Lucy says, “I want to work in an office made of glass
I want lots of money and pretty clothes
I’ll powder my nose
I don’t want kids like me
I want to be—Somebody”

The sun is starting to set
Pretty soon it will be time to go in
In and eat dinner
Time to take a shower and watch TV
Time for computer games and fun
Fun to think of being mother of three
Of being Somebody
In an office made of glass

What will be thirty years hence
For the two girls lying in the grass?
An office made of glass?
To be
Mother of three?

River

I feel lonely

Lonely like a river running downstream

But the river isn't lonely

It has plants and flowers along its banks

It has frogs and fish to play with

But the river is lonely

It is running alone

Home

There is nowhere for me. No place that I can call my own.

When I walk into a class for the first time I take a seat. Everyone else takes a seat. The next time the class is in session everyone chooses the same seat as before. It's the same the next time—and the next.

Why the same seat? That seat must represent home. One's own territory.

I don't want that same seat. I want to sit in a different chair each time the class is in session. Am I rejecting home or is home rejecting me?

Little Girl, Little Pearl

Little girl, little pearl
God sent you down to me
“Take care of her,” He said to me
“Show her to be kind and good
Nurture her and love her
Watch her blossom like a flower
She’s shining like the stars above her.”

“Teach her to be what she really is,
And that true beauty and grace come from within
To nurture these traits or the world will crush them
And remind her that ‘selfish’ is not always a sin
Caution her, caution her—that sheep will run by
‘Follow us! Follow us! We know what to do, say and think
You will fit in if you only try’ “

God said to me, “she’ll always be
Your lovely, glowing pearl
But she’s not really yours
She’s only on loan
She has a mind and a soul of her own
Let her go! Let her go! To wherever it be!
You are you and she is she.

Melodies of Spring

When I look upon the beauty of this Earth
And feel the shining Sun caressing me
And hear the birds a-chirping for all they're worth
I know that certain things were meant to be
We need to walk hand-in-hand with God
To love his many creatures large and small
To hear life's music wherever we have trod
To give all that He has given us, our all

And yet to think that all this pain and woe
That many of his creatures must endure
And all the hardships that can hurt us so
There are some things of which we can be sure

Life is a journey both for old and young
A dance, a feast, where joyous songs are song
Where robins in the trees forever sing
And hearts are beating to the melodies of Spring.

My Choice

I sway, sway, sway

I swim, swim, swim

I whirl about in my Mother's womb

The light of day beckons me

The light of day, the sweet breezes

They beckon me

The bright blooming flowers beckon me

The bright blooming flowers, the sweet warm milk

They beckon me

But wait—there is someone who does not

I may never see the light of day, feel the sweet breezes

See bright blooming flowers, taste the sweet warm milk

There is someone who does not want me

She is my Mother

And she does not want me

Mother, why don't you want me?

Why don't you feel for me?

Why don't you need me?

I need you Mother...Why don't you need me?

But there is someone who needs me,

Someone who wants me

Someone who cares

She is the Lord, Mother of us all

She needs me

She wants me

She cares

She creates the Earth with her loving hands

And breathes life with her breath

She wants me to see the light of day

Feel the sweet breezes

See the flowers

Taste the milk

What do I choose?

Whom do I please?

Do I please the Mother of the womb?

Or do I please the Creator of us all?

Do I choose security?

Or do I choose insecurity?

The time has come to make my choice

What do I choose?

Whom do I please?

Do I choose security?

Or do I choose insecurity?

I choose insecurity

I choose Life.

Mystery

Mystery resembles a dome
Covering each man separately
Its watchful eye follows in noisy crowds
And haunts the calm tranquility

Many a man does with to escape
From his lonely container of darkness and fright
Many a piercing he tries to make
Through the encasement to pull in a light

Being that there's no other way
To find the neighbor of the night
He strongly pushes on the walls
Hoping and praying to learn the light

Every man is overjoyed
To find his strength was not in vain
Each man used his own technique
But all results turned out the same

The walls did move
The tomb did grow
Some daylight taken
And less to know

But then he looked
And then he saw
The mystery is larger
The darkness, more.

Full Moon

Full moon, calm and serene
Floating through the clouds you seem
All alone in a dark starless sky
But no one could be as lonely as I

Round moon with gentle beam
Silent companion to those who dream
Bring days like those that used to be
My dreams transform to reality.

Fail, Fail

Fail, fail, I've failed so well
So now I know what to do
I've learned so much by failing
That I'll fail some more, it's true

I know now where the paths may lead
And where I can start and go
But I rather create my own path
And take with me all I know

I'll take with me all I know
All I create and all I aspire
For me the only way is up
Higher and higher, higher and higher

The view from the top is good
The view from the top is grand
And we'll all dance around in a circle
Hand-in-hand, hand-in-hand

Friends, friends, we'll always stay friends
Friends, friends forever
We'll work, we'll play, we'll laugh, we'll sing
And the hard times will be never

Mistakes, mistakes, we make mistakes
They've taught us so much, it's true
So we'll just keep on making mistakes
You and me, me and you

Then we'll laugh and then we'll sing
And dance around hand-in-hand
Soft breezes blow as we sing
"Life is grand, life is grand."

Who is God?

Who is God?

I'm not sure

Someone who breathes life into my soul, my existence

Someone who answers me when I call Him

Someone who protects me when I'm vulnerable

Someone who comforts me when I'm sad and lonely

Someone who understands me when I'm confused

Someone who lifts me up when I've fallen

Someone who shares my joy when I'm happy

Someone who is my friend when I need a friend

Who is God?

Now I'm sure.

The Sun

The sun will shine
No matter how we feel
The warmth of the sun
Is real, real, real.

Dracula, Dear

I'll end my book

With one last verse

Dracula, Dear

You're my love and my curse.