Refine research,
to see law,
then omen,
thaw;
else to char
serene fire....
CHAPTER V.

In how the insidious and accomplished mechanism of the enemy was brought into play and to what end.

He was not the only one to have encountered such enemies, but few had been so fortunate as to escape their clutches. The wasp was indeed a formidable foe, and many a night had seen the candle flicker and die beneath its relentless gaze. Yet, despite the odds, he had managed to elude its grasp.

For though weary eyes, the salt-white social was high,

his blood was in the frost of a black winter, his

heart in the cold of a frozen sea.

And yet, amidst the chaos and confusion, he found a moment of clarity, a glimmer of hope. For he knew that the darkness was not permanent, that there was light to be found even in the darkest of nights.

He watched the shadow play across the wall, and heard the distant, haunting whispers of those who had seen the wasp's wrath. But still he stood, unyielding, his spirit unbroken.

The wasp was a reminder of the dangers that lurked in the shadows, a cautionary tale of the power of the unknown. But it was also a testament to the strength of the human soul, and the indomitable spirit that could rise above even the most treacherous of foes.
PALINDROME-SONNET

Deeds, lives allay me. Man, not law, decide.
End loyal rot, civilian as a god.
Parts mix a monster: frets no maker tied—
a menace. Voltage, blade me now a rod.

Pale, soon to rot, stuck carcass, end a sleep!
Dial sun. Age, beg a raven egg of doom.
Moored on an idle here, we rift, far creep....
I peer, craft fire. We’re held in anode, room.

Peel sadness. A crack cuts to rot. Noose, lap:
do raw one medal; beg at love. Cane made,
I trek. A monster frets. No maxims trap.

Dog! As a nail, I, Victor, lay old need.
Iced, Walton, name my all as evil’s deed!
Anagram-Sonnet

One scans Prometheus: I’ve taken fire; a permanence of suns I seek to thrive. From oaths uneven, taken pieces sire a creature, in the mess of open knives....

One notice sparks a fever in the muse: Naïve, the monster faces Europe’s kin. A onetime-riven son the packs refuse, the menace spikes an overture of sin.

Met, hopes see Victor in a sunken fear: “I’m stricken, per one’s avenues of hate. I speak no Eve. Its forces hunt me near— pine over ice, no suns, the maker’s fate....”

His poet stokes a furnace never mine. Time over, pauses echo, “Frankenstein.”
Anthony Etherin’s “Refine research...” (also named “Modern Prometheus”) is a palindrome by pairs of letters, which first appeared in the collection “Cellar” (Penteract Press, 2018).

Clara Daneri’s “Chapter V” is composed of the first six pages of Chapter V of Mary Shelley’s “Frankenstein”, with the words erased in such a way that, when the pages are layered on top of each other, the iconic image of “The Monster”, from James Whale’s 1931 adaptation, is revealed. The source material is a public domain scan of the 1831 edition of the novel.

Anthony Etherin’s “Palindrome-Sonnet” and “Anagram-Sonnet” are Shakespearean sonnets in iambic pentameter. The first is a palindrome by letter, and the second is composed of lines that are perfect anagrams of each other. The palindrome-sonnet was first published online by Eunoia Review (2017), and an earlier version of the anagram-sonnet was first published in Touch the Donkey Magazine (above/ground press, 2018).
Penteract Press, February 2019
PenteractPress.com

Cover artwork: An illustration by Theodor von Holst, which appeared as the frontispiece of the 1831 edition of Mary Shelley’s “Frankenstein; or, the Modern Prometheus.”

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