

Spring 1990

Who Frankenstein Is to Me & Why I Have the Big Head Dream

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Recommended Citation

Noethe, Sheryl (1990) "Who Frankenstein Is to Me & Why I Have the Big Head Dream," *CutBank*: Vol. 1 : Iss. 33 , Article 15.

Available at: <https://scholarworks.umt.edu/cutbank/vol1/iss33/15>

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Who Frankenstein Is to Me & Why I Have the Big Head Dream

Frankenstein is coming up the stairs to get me
Dripping mud arms held straight out Thumping
His way up the stairs like the corpse he is
And I run bed to bed

Then I dream the room is too small for my head.
I dream from a little bed. I rise from it like big bread
First my hands, too big for the room, then my head
Swells up. Fills the bed. Spills over. Tips the bed.

I dreamt things were too big and too small for years.
My head. His hands. See?
This is who Frankenstein is to me
It's Uncle coming up to bed

I remember that much. Then comes the dream of the big head
That gets too big to stay in the room
The hands get too big to stay in my bed, See
This is who Frankenstein is to me

I have heard his thunderous step for years
Just when he gets into the bed with his criminal's hands
I have the dream that my head is too big
I remember it like somebody'd put Mickey Mouse gloves on a man
Big cartoon hands, giant round thumbs, the wrong hands.
Bug-out eyes. A toy in his pants, or a small pet.
When they ran out of humans they used animal parts
A rat's heart, a lizard's lips. Think of him as a dead man
Using borrowed power tools.

Sheryl Noethe