



I, Dracula

By Jason Zapata



By the Order of The Dragon I was knighted
To defend Wallachia and faithfully support
His holiness Pope Pius II's crusade to thwart
The Turks who left Constantinople blighted
Crescent moons marked that land as benighted
Many prayed for the fall of the Ottoman Court
I never possessed a tongue for such a resort
Battle was the only psalm I wished recited

The Sultan's claim of sovereignty I would refute
Treating his demands and envoys with disrespect
Turbans nailed to their heads had the desired effect
Of showing I held Mehmed's authority in disrepute
Denying him the men and gold he took as tribute
The riches of Wallachia were no longer his to collect
My beautiful wife and kingdom I swore to protect
Against my hated adversaries that were en route

Safe from danger I intended Elizabeta to be kept
But Poenari's castle walls could not withhold
The army of Romanian Janissaries that did enfold
Life in captivity was something she could not accept
So from the heights of her besieged tower she leapt
...She fell into the Raul Doamnei that ran so cold
The sodden remains of my wife I would behold
Tears shed mourning her were the last I ever wept

In blood soaked butchery I avenged the lover I failed
Word of my excessive barbarity became widespread
One act in particular filled Sultan Mehmed with dread
My forests of flesh made from Turks I had impaled
For days these dying soldiers screamed and wailed
As I gathered their blood in bowls to dip my bread
A mad king who surrounded himself with the dead
Giving no rest or quarter to the enemies he assailed



I ruthlessly sought to end Wallachia's state of unrest
By enslaving the Boyars who attempted to escape guilt
Traitors who labored until Poenari's walls were rebuilt
Because they dared to aid the Ottomans in their conquest
Those slaves who survived were impaled on my behest
On the shores of the Raul Doameni their blood was spilt
Where I had recovered Elisabeta's body from the silt
With my power secure I began the campaign in Bucharest

Within the region's woods my forces were concealed
My countrymen attacked what enemies we could beat
Striking their flanks hard and then quick to retreat
Hoping some weakness in the enemy would be revealed
But Sultan Mehmed and his soldiers refused to yield
Forced into a pitched battle we could not compete
The proud sons of Wallachia eventually knew defeat
My army and ambitions lay slain on the battlefield

News of my loss and capture was warmly received
As I was dragged through the Turkish army helplessly
Jeering faces laughed and refuse was hurled at me
Victory over their most hated foe was finally achieved
The headsman ensured my pilloried neck was cleaved
My severed head was displayed for the enemy to see
Until a gypsy man would rob the Turks of their trophy
From Constantinople's walls my head was retrieved

The gypsy carried my remains to cursed Scholomance
Where the Solomonari toiled to have my body restored
In exchange I became a disciple of their dark lord
With black magic and vampiric unlife I was enhanced
I would master the dark arts in this haunted expanse
In the defense of His kingdom I had wielded a sword
But my battles, my prayers were ultimately ignored
So at God's expense I would see my power advance



There are some divisions no force can reconcile
My presence is a blasphemy the faithful resists
To keep humanity ignorant such evil exists
I dwelled in the Carpathian Mountains in self exile
Power and wealth I began to gradually compile
Plotting a conquest even God could not dismiss
Fulfilling my role as adversary and antithesis
The only purpose I held to be worthwhile

Long centuries passed with all suspicion eluded
Until I decided to conquer Victorian England
Whose power and influence continued to expand
Once there I planned to keep my operations secluded
Within strategic positions making discovery precluded
And amass an undead army no nation could withstand
I had only to wait for the solicitor to arrive in my homeland
Assuring the real estate transactions were concluded

Young Jonathan Harker wished to leave in a hurry
Having helped me acquire the Carfax Abbey Estate
Back to England where his precious fiancé did await
A discovery many documents and deeds would bury
Was her image which made my eyes grow blurry
It was my lost love Elisabetta Reincarnate
A miracle affirming the machinations of fate
As I gazed upon the portrait of Mina Murray

I resolved to acquire Mina and had Harker detained
The letters he wrote to her were gradually mailed
While my brides ensured his attempts to escape failed
Thus the illusion of Harker's well being was maintained
As my passage aboard the Demeter was swiftly obtained
Those sailors never knew what that journey entailed
That it was upon a ghost ship in which they sailed
One by one their disappearances were never explained



I dreamed of Mina as I crossed the turbulent sea
Asleep within the cargo hold of that unholy ark
Where the sun could not leave its scorching mark
The blood of the sailors I fed on sustained me
Until the Demeter ran aground the shore of Whitby
Adopting the form of a wolf I would disembark
Eager to begin my predations in the cover of dark
An evil the people of London could never foresee

During the day I walked the streets without detection
An awe struck tourist as far as anyone could infer
But I was very certain in what my intentions were
I sought to possess my long lost love's affection
To re-consummate our tragically ended connection
I had restlessly sailed oceans of time for her
Our reunion an event no earthly force could deter
As I finally beheld my love in all her perfection

In Mina's loving company I became immersed
Felt the pulse of her blood as I held her hand
A temptation I intractably fought to withstand
What remained human of me feared the worst
So her friend Lucy served to quench my thirst
Fearful men strived to disrupt what I planned
Knowing nothing of the power at my command
They failed I feasted and Lucy became cursed

She was the first of the undead servants created
A mighty court of vampire nobility I began to sire
The English throne was power I needed to acquire
If Victoria was deposed my rule could be instated
For this opportunity long centuries had I waited
To rule men in defiance of God was my desire
And Mina would be empress of my new empire
Only then my need for vengeance would be sated



But the mortals I bested continued to interfere
Somehow Jonathan Harker miraculously returned
My love became an offence Mina soon spurned
Then Lucy did not heed my summons to appear
The cause of her disappearance became clear
Evidently my true identity had been learned
By a man sworn to deny me all that I yearned
Dr. Abraham Van Helsing a man without fear

Armed with stakes and rituals Helsing brought
Morris, Steward and Holmwood entered the fight
Filled with resolve these men attacked forthright
The demise of all vampires Van Helsing sought
So across London our secret war was fought
My strongholds were exorcized and set alight
In pyres that illuminated the fog swept night
As I reveled in the chaos our battles wrought

My forces dwindled despite new undead enlisted
During daylight raids my minions were killed
While night ensured mortal blood was spilled
Though wounded and battered the mortals persisted
My every nocturnal advance they staunchly resisted
Helsing pressed on despite the horror I instilled
Obsessed with the objective he wanted fulfilled
Slaying creatures of the night until none existed

A vampire victory could no long be achieved
Centuries worth of machination were a waste
I traveled to Dr. Steward's sanitarium in haste
Though truth of my identity would be ill perceived
My honor demanded Mina no longer be deceived
Despite the horror of my nature we embraced
And my immortal blood did her full lips taste
At last we were truly reunited or so I believed

But Van Helsing's men interrupted my visitation
Taking Mina away from the monster they abhorred
Already weakened another battle I could not afford
Abandoning Mina consumed me with frustration
And the mortals pursued me without hesitation
So a schooner bound for my homeland I did board
Within Wallachia my power would be restored
And I looked forward to a final confrontation

Past the guarded port of Varna I would sail
Where enemies awaited having arrived by train
But their efforts to ambush me were in vain
Relentless Helsing followed by mountain trail
Driven by his indomitable will to prevail
The brave men of the west invaded my domain
Once more blood covered this scarred terrain
But all my powers and minions were to no avail

Immobile I surveyed the carnage our battle wrought
A few paces away the Texan Quincy Morris lay felled
After stabbing me with the Bowie knife he still held
I could not believe the vigor in which Harker fought
My demise was the outcome he so adamantly sought
Holmwood and Dr. Stewart refused to be repelled
Driven to ensure their vow of vengeance was upheld
My campaign for conquest and love was for naught

Then my eyes met the winner of this bitter contest
Helsing gazed upon my battered form with disdain
And swore that I would never see my beloved again
As he hammered a wooden stake deep into my chest
In a failed attempt to put my immortal soul to rest
The righteous may seek to destroy what is profane
But so long as there is light - shadows must remain
Guaranteeing that God's authority is transgressed



The new millennia ushered in my resurrection
Memories of Mina were a source of heartache
What new form would her reincarnation take
Previous defeats gave me pause for introspection
But could not dissuade my ingrained predilection
I'm bound within circles of tragedy I cannot break
Because God's forgiveness I will always forsake
I, Dracula must continue my unholy insurrection

END

