

## **Selected Poetry**

By  
Edgar Allen Poe

### **Alone**

From childhood's hour I have not been  
As others were; I have not seen  
As others saw; I could not bring  
My passions from a common spring.  
From the same source I have not taken  
My sorrow; I could not awaken  
My heart to joy at the same tone;  
And all I loved, I loved alone.  
Then- in my childhood, in the dawn  
Of a most stormy life- was drawn  
From every depth of good and ill  
The mystery which binds me still:  
From the torrent, or the fountain,  
From the red cliff of the mountain,  
From the sun that round me rolled  
In its autumn tint of gold,  
From the lightning in the sky  
As it passed me flying by,  
From the thunder and the storm,  
And the cloud that took the form  
(When the rest of Heaven was blue)  
Of a demon in my view.

### **Annabel Lee**

It was many and many a year ago,  
In a kingdom by the sea,  
That a maiden there lived whom you may know  
By the name of ANNABEL LEE;  
And this maiden she lived with no other thought  
Than to love and be loved by me.

I was a child and she was a child,  
In this kingdom by the sea;  
But we loved with a love that was more than love-  
I and my Annabel Lee;  
With a love that the winged seraphs of heaven  
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,  
 In this kingdom by the sea,  
 A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling  
 My beautiful Annabel Lee;  
 So that her highborn kinsman came  
 And bore her away from me,  
 To shut her up in a sepulchre  
 In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not half so happy in heaven,  
 Went envying her and me—  
 Yes!— that was the reason (as all men know,  
 In this kingdom by the sea)  
 That the wind came out of the cloud by night,  
 Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love  
 Of those who were older than we—  
 Of many far wiser than we—  
 And neither the angels in heaven above,  
 Nor the demons down under the sea,  
 Can ever dissever my soul from the soul  
 Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.

For the moon never beams without bringing me dreams  
 Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;  
 And the stars never rise but I feel the bright eyes  
 Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;  
 And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side  
 Of my darling— my darling— my life and my bride,  
 In the sepulchre there by the sea,  
 In her tomb by the sounding sea.

### **Epigram For Wall Street**

I'll tell you a plan for gaining wealth,  
 Better than banking, trade or leases —  
 Take a bank note and fold it up,  
 And then you will find your money in creases!  
 This wonderful plan, without danger or loss,  
 Keeps your cash in your hands, where nothing can trouble it;  
 And every time that you fold it across,  
 'Tis as plain as the light of the day that you double it!

## To Helen

Helen, thy beauty is to me  
 Like those Nicean barks of yore,  
 That gently, o'er a perfumed sea,  
 The weary, wayworn wanderer bore  
 To his own native shore.

On desperate seas long wont to roam,  
 Thy hyacinth hair, thy classic face,  
 Thy Naiad airs have brought me home  
 To the glory that was Greece  
 And the grandeur that was Rome.

Lo! in yon brilliant window-niche  
 How statue-like I see thee stand,  
 The agate lamp within thy hand!  
 Ah, Psyche, from the regions which  
 Are Holy Land!

## The Raven

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,  
 Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore,  
 While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,  
 As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door.  
 'Tis some visitor,' I muttered, 'tapping at my chamber door-  
 Only this, and nothing more.'

Ah, distinctly I remember it was in the bleak December,  
 And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.  
 Eagerly I wished the morrow;- vainly I had sought to borrow  
 From my books surcease of sorrow- sorrow for the lost Lenore-  
 For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore-  
 Nameless here for evermore.

And the silken sad uncertain rustling of each purple curtain  
 Thrilled me- filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before;  
 So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating,  
 'Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door-  
 Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door;-  
 This it is, and nothing more.'

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,  
 'Sir,' said I, 'or Madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;  
 But the fact is I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,  
 And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door,  
 That I scarce was sure I heard you'- here I opened wide the door;-  
 Darkness there, and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there wondering, fearing,  
 Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortals ever dared to dream before;  
 But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token,  
 And the only word there spoken was the whispered word, 'Lenore!'  
 This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word, 'Lenore!'-  
 Merely this, and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,  
 Soon again I heard a tapping somewhat louder than before.  
 'Surely,' said I, 'surely that is something at my window lattice:  
 Let me see, then, what thereat is, and this mystery explore-  
 Let my heart be still a moment and this mystery explore;-  
 'Tis the wind and nothing more.'

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,  
 In there stepped a stately raven of the saintly days of yore;  
 Not the least obeisance made he; not a minute stopped or stayed he;  
 But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber door-  
 Perched upon a bust of Pallas just above my chamber door-  
 Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,  
 By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore.  
 'Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou,' I said, 'art sure no craven,  
 Ghastly grim and ancient raven wandering from the Nightly shore-  
 Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night's Plutonian shore!'  
 Quoth the Raven, 'Nevermore.'

Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly,  
 Though its answer little meaning- little relevancy bore;  
 For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being  
 Ever yet was blest with seeing bird above his chamber door-  
 Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber door,  
 With such name as 'Nevermore.'

But the raven, sitting lonely on the placid bust, spoke only  
 That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour.  
 Nothing further then he uttered- not a feather then he fluttered-  
 Till I scarcely more than muttered, 'other friends have flown before-  
 On the morrow he will leave me, as my hopes have flown before.'  
 Then the bird said, 'Nevermore.'

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,  
 'Doubtless,' said I, 'what it utters is its only stock and store,  
 Caught from some unhappy master whom unmerciful Disaster  
 Followed fast and followed faster till his songs one burden bore-  
 Till the dirges of his Hope that melancholy burden bore  
 Of 'Never- nevermore'.'

But the Raven still beguiling all my fancy into smiling,  
 Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird, and bust and door;  
 Then upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking  
 Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore-  
 What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt and ominous bird of yore  
 Meant in croaking 'Nevermore.'

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing  
 To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's core;  
 This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining  
 On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamplight gloated o'er,  
 But whose velvet violet lining with the lamplight gloating o'er,  
 She shall press, ah, nevermore!

Then methought the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer  
 Swung by Seraphim whose footfalls tinkled on the tufted floor.  
 'Wretch,' I cried, 'thy God hath lent thee- by these angels he hath sent thee  
 Respite- respite and nepenthe, from thy memories of Lenore!  
 Quaff, oh quaff this kind nepenthe and forget this lost Lenore!'   
 Quoth the Raven, 'Nevermore.'

'Prophet!' said I, 'thing of evil!- prophet still, if bird or devil!-  
 Whether Tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here ashore,  
 Desolate yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted-  
 On this home by horror haunted- tell me truly, I implore-  
 Is there- is there balm in Gilead?- tell me- tell me, I implore!'   
 Quoth the Raven, 'Nevermore.'

'Prophet!' said I, 'thing of evil- prophet still, if bird or devil!  
 By that Heaven that bends above us- by that God we both adore-  
 Tell this soul with sorrow laden if, within the distant Aidenn,  
 It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name Lenore-  
 Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore.'  
 Quoth the Raven, 'Nevermore.'

'Be that word our sign in parting, bird or fiend,' I shrieked, upstarting-  
 'Get thee back into the tempest and the Night's Plutonian shore!  
 Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!  
 Leave my loneliness unbroken!- quit the bust above my door!  
 Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!  
 Quoth the Raven, 'Nevermore.'

And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting  
 On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber door;  
 And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,  
 And the lamplight o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor;  
 And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor  
 Shall be lifted- nevermore!

### **Sonnet- To Science**

Science! true daughter of Old Time thou art!  
 Who alterest all things with thy peering eyes.  
 Why preyest thou thus upon the poet's heart,  
 Vulture, whose wings are dull realities?  
 How should he love thee? or how deem thee wise,  
 Who wouldst not leave him in his wandering  
 To seek for treasure in the jewelled skies,  
 Albeit he soared with an undaunted wing?  
 Hast thou not dragged Diana from her car?  
 And driven the Hamadryad from the wood  
 To seek a shelter in some happier star?  
 Hast thou not torn the Naiad from her flood,  
 The Elfin from the green grass, and from me  
 The summer dream beneath the tamarind tree?