Nevermore

by Daniel J. Evon

Once upon a midnight dreary, they sat by candles weak and weary,
Reading forgotten volumes of his poetry and lore
Waiting slowly for the creaking, for the once expected sneaking
Of the ghostly figure they had seen so many times before
'Will he come,' one had whispered. 'Like he has come before?'
Only this and nothing more.

One said 'Yes, I remember.' He was dark and tall and slender
A masterful pretender who laid roses on the floor
Appearing on the eve of morrow, so slow and full of sorrow
With a costume he did borrow, borrowed from the poet's lore
From the rare and radiant poet whose pen had stopped years before
Named here in stone forevermore

So they sat still and waiting, quiet, contemplating
The thrilling, chilling stories they'd heard a thousand times before.
The hidden heart that kept on beating, the ghostly bird that kept repeating
And the stories filled them one last time with terror and with horror
Yes, the stories filled them once again with terror and with horror
Like they'd never heard them once before

But soon the light grew stronger, and the group could wait no longer
'Sir,' one said. 'Your pardon, regretfully I implore'
But the dawn has started breaking, and it's time we start forsaking
Forsaking this Poe Toaster whom we all have waited for
The traveler who has ventured here he ventures here no more
To drop his roses and his cognac on this sacred hallow floor
He shall come, Nevermore.

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