



# APPARITION

by E. A. Edkins

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Dreaming, I stood upon a crag that frowned  
Defiant to the onslaughts of the sea,--  
(A leaning menace to the seething sea)--  
Beneath, the shelving shingle's narrow bound.  
High in the mid-air hell there circled 'round  
Vast shapes of wrack and storm that sought to flee  
The cursed coast, the sentient enemy  
Of the gray sea's sardonic laugh. A sound  
More keen, more daunting, clove the tortured air,  
A human note of most unhuman woe,--  
And down the shore, revealed in one brief glare  
Of blinding light, a form paced to and fro,  
Singing a dirge of rapture and despair;  
I saw the form, I heard the voice, of Poe.