

POE

He walked with demons, ghouls, and things
Unsightly . . . terrors and despairs,
And ever in the blackened airs
A dismal raven flapt its wings.

He wasted richest gifts of God.
But here's the limit of his woes —
Sleep rest him! See, above him grows
The very grass whereon he trod.

Behold! within this narrow grave
Is shut the mortal part of him.
Behold! he could not wholly dim
The gracious genius Heaven gave —

For strains of music here and there,
Weird murmurings, vague, prophetic tones,
Are blown across the silent zones
Forever in the midnight air.

—Thomas Bailey Aldrich (1836-1907)