

# Key

Poe's mood - story makes you feel  
Dark, mysterious,  
Sad, gloomy

"The Raven" - Edgar Allan Poe

alliteration  
odd perfect  
mood  
tired  
think  
reading, trying to sleep, hears knock @ door

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."

internal rhyme -  
in same line

wants it to be morning  
trying to get his mind off idleness/ennui

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 tried 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.

End rhyme  
end of line  
rhyme scheme

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."

He sees Lenore everywhere  
Curtains look like Lenore's dress

opens door, she is there

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.

alliteration

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there wondering, fearing,  
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before;  
But the silence was unbroken, and the darkness 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.

slightly angry/anxious  
hears tapping louder @ window

Then into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,  
Soon I heard again 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!"

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angry

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 lamp-light gloated o'er,  
But whose velvet violet lining with the lamp-light gloating o'er,  
She shall press, ah, nevermore!

He thinks he smells Lenore, brought in by the angel

Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer  
Swung by Angels whose faint foot-falls tinkled on the tufted floor.

"Wretch," I cried, "thy God hath lent thee, by these angels he hath sent thee

~~Respite~~ <sup>to give</sup> respite and nrepenthe, from thy memories of Lenore;

Let me quaff this kind nrepenthe and forget this lost Lenore!"

Q3/ Can you give me this potion to heal me, to forget Lenore!

Quoth the raven "Nevermore." <sup>to swallow</sup> "No!"

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!" <sup>mad at bird - you're like a devil!</sup> 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." <sup>ask</sup> "No!"

"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, Eden

It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name Lenore — (Heaven)

Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore."

Quoth the raven "Nevermore." "No!"

Go away!

"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." <sup>Symbol of Love</sup> NEVER!

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 that is dreaming,

And the lamp-light 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!

Darkness/shadow is still sitting over me. forever.

The raven never leaves, His shadow will always be over my house. The loss, the love, the sorrow, the pain, missing her, never leave

to give  
to swallow  
you can find a violent storm  
lip balm  
ointment for healing  
city in Greece

STABBING in heart  
like a knife to my heart

Darkness/shadow is still sitting over me. forever.