

"The Raven" - Edgar Allan Poe

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 an instant 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.

Raven  
will bring  
Wisdom  
"knows all"

a Greek  
God  
of  
Wisdom  
statue of  
a head  
black  
to trick

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." Raven's name is  
Nevermore

the bird  
only comes  
to see  
him

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

Q2  
Are you  
going to  
leave me?

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."

Are you  
going to  
fly away  
tomorrow?

tomorrow Quoth the raven "Nevermore." No, I will never leave  
→ my hopes → Lenore

the  
raven will  
say  
"nevermore"

Wondering 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 so when Hope he would adjure —  
Stern Despair returned, instead of the sweet Hope he dared adjure —  
That sad answer, "Never — nevermore."

Someone who  
owned you was  
unhappy.  
You are miserable!

tricking me  
But the raven still beguiling all my sad soul 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."

I'm going to sit with you.  
I'm intrigued.  
negatively describing the bird.