

The Lament of Lenore
(Lenore Speaks From the Grave)
By: Lenore

On one dreary, dreary night I hear Poe once again lamenting,
O'er my death of which he is forever more bemoaning-
He stands leering through a window looking quite unshaven, going on and on about
some damn Raven.

My brittle bones are weary and my soul lets out an immortal moan,
Will this demented man, even in my death, not ever leave me alone?

Must he forever more be a bore?

Creaking, and cracking I gather my death shroud about me,
And as I am pulling my bones from this cold, dark grave, I can here his voice
calling, "Lenore" -
Peering through his doorway, it doth appear that he is quite frighteningly insane,
Screaming and ranting at that Raven and calling him by MY name, "Lenore,
Lenore", once more.

"Must I enter the fires of hell to escape him?" to the Raven I implore-

I must somehow rid myself of this insufferable bore.

The Raven's beady red eyes drill into me; he cocks his head and fluffs his wings,
Then, thankfully, without a blink, that black devil bird screeches, "Nevermore."

