



the raven sitting on
 a placid bust, spoke on
 as if his soul had but
 a word he did outpour.
 "Not this,
 for then he uttered—not
 other than he fluttered—
 "Till
 only more than matter
 other friends have flown
 "How he will leave me,
 hopes have flown before
 Then to
 it said "Nevermore."

The Raven

The Raven

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's that is
 dreaming.

And the lamp-light
 ceer 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!

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