

THE RAVING

Once upon a midnight dreary, mists and swirling edges bleary,
Edgar's hand crept from the bedclothes seeking out the solid floor.
My fiery eyes upon him gazed, and saw his face so dark and dazed,
Haggard, weary, grim and crazed, uttered to the chamber door,
 Quoth sad Edgar, 'Nevermore'.

Seeing two, his cries he doubled, as I sat and watched untroubled,
Perched upon the bust I wondered at his endless cry, 'Lenore'.
Then my feathered brain recalling; angry words and footsteps falling,
Cries unanswered, an appalling voice to velvet blackness swore,
Dark and glossy empty vessels lay discarded on the floor-
 I knew he'd say, 'No, nevermore!'.

I wrote this as an entry to a Times Educational Supplement competition. The challenge was to allow a literary animal to get its own back on a human. It is a pastiche of Poe's poem 'The Raven'. I am pleased to say it won and I am quite proud of it. Edgar Allen Poe was of course renowned for his appetite for alcohol.