To Poe – From the Raven

Once upon a cloud in Aidenn, I looked upon my dear, so laden
With remorse and yearning for me, his angel, named Lenore;
His broken heart without its healing, simply and forever needing
Always and forever pleading for life the way it was before;
Someone he is yearning for, someone that is called Lenore –
Simply me, and nothing more.

I send my soul to him, my lover, as a raven, as a cover,
Sitting on the bust of Pallas I sat there calling, “Nevermore!”
To tell him of the vow he made, to tell him not to be afraid,
To show him love is always there, and to forget this nevermore.
So he can show all that he feels, that I will be forever more;
His dear, his love, his dead Lenore.