

1849

FOR ANNIE

Edgar Allan Poe

Poe, Edgar Allan (1809-49) - American poet, short-story writer, and critic who is best known for his tales of ratiocination, his fantastical horror stories, and his genre-founding detective stories. Poe, whose cloudy personal life is a virtual legend, considered himself primarily a poet. For Annie (1849) - One of Poe's poems. Opening lines: Thank Heaven! the crisis- / The danger is past, ...

For Annie

Thank Heaven! the crisis
 The danger is past,
 And the lingering illness
 Is over at last
 And the fever called "Living"
 Is conquered at last.

Sadly, I know
 I am shorn of my strength,
 And no muscle I move
 As I lie at full length
 But no matter!-I feel
 I am better at length.

And I rest so composedly,
 Now, in my bed
 That any beholder
 Might fancy me dead
 Might start at beholding me,
 Thinking me dead.

The moaning and groaning,
 The sighing and sobbing,
 Are quieted now,
 With that horrible throbbing
 At heart:- ah, that horrible,
 Horrible throbbing!

The sickness- the nausea
 The pitiless pain
 Have ceased, with the fever
 That maddened my brain
 With the fever called "Living"
 That burned in my brain.

And oh! of all tortures
 That torture the worst
 Has abated- the terrible
 Torture of thirst
 For the naphthaline river
 Of Passion accurst:

I have drunk of a water
That quenches all thirst:

Of a water that flows,
With a lullaby sound,
From a spring but a very few
Feet under ground
From a cavern not very far
Down under ground.

And ah! let it never
Be foolishly said
That my room it is gloomy
And narrow my bed;
For man never slept
In a different bed
And, to sleep, you must slumber
In just such a bed.

My tantalized spirit
Here blandly reposes,
Forgetting, or never
Regretting its roses
Its old agitations
Of myrtles and roses:

For now, while so quietly
Lying, it fancies
A holier odor
About it, of pansies
A rosemary odor,
Commingled with pansies
With rue and the beautiful
Puritan pansies.

And so it lies happily,
Bathing in many
A dream of the truth
And the beauty of Annie
Drowned in a bath
Of the tresses of Annie.

She tenderly kissed me,
She fondly caressed,
And then I fell gently

To sleep on her breast
Deeply to sleep
From the heaven of her breast.

When the light was extinguished,
She covered me warm,
And she prayed to the angels
To keep me from harm
To the queen of the angels
To shield me from harm.

And I lie so composedly,
Now, in my bed,
(Knowing her love)
That you fancy me dead
And I rest so contentedly,
Now, in my bed,
(With her love at my breast)
That you fancy me dead
That you shudder to look at me,
Thinking me dead.

But my heart it is brighter
Than all of the many
Stars in the sky,
For it sparkles with Annie
It glows with the light
Of the love of my Annie
With the thought of the light
Of the eyes of my Annie.

THE END