

**1847**

**TO M.L.S.**

**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. To M.L.S. (1847) - One of Poe's poems. Opening lines: Of all who hail thy presence as the morning- / Of all to whom thine absence is the night- ...**

**To M.L.S.**

Of all who hail thy presence as the morning  
 Of all to whom thine absence is the night  
 The blotting utterly from out high heaven  
 The sacred sun- of all who, weeping, bless thee  
 Hourly for hope- for life- ah! above all,  
 For the resurrection of deep-buried faith  
 In Truth- in Virtue- in Humanity

Of all who, on Despair's unhallowed bed  
 Lying down to die, have suddenly arisen  
 At thy soft-murmured words, "Let there be light!"  
 At the soft-murmured words that were fulfilled  
 In the seraphic glancing of thine eyes-

Of all who owe thee most- whose gratitude  
 Nearest resembles worship- oh, remember  
 The truest- the most fervently devoted,  
 And think that these weak lines are written by him  
 By him who, as he pens them, thrills to think  
 His spirit is communing with an angel's.

**THE END**