

1830

TO M

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_ (1830) - One of Poe's poems.

Opening lines: O! I care not that my Earthly lot / Hath little of Earth in it, ...

To M

O! I care not that my earthly lot
 Hath little of Earth in it,
 That years of love have been forgot
 In the fever of a minute:

I heed not that the desolate
 Are happier, sweet, than I,
 But that you meddle with my fate
 Who am a passer by.

It is not that my founts of bliss
 Are gushing- strange! with tears
 Or that the thrill of a single kiss
 Hath palsied many years

'Tis not that the flowers of twenty springs
 Which have wither'd as they rose
 Lie dead on my heart-strings
 With the weight of an age of snows.
 Not that the grass- O! may it thrive!
 On my grave is growing or grown
 But that, while I am dead yet alive I cannot be, lady, alone.

THE END