

## The End of the Raven

Edgar Allen Poe's Cat

On a night quite unenchanted, when the rain was downward slanting,  
I awakened to the ranting of the man I catch mice for.  
Tipsy and a bit unshaven, in a tone I thought quite craven,  
Poe was talking to a Raven perched above the chamber door.  
"Raven's very tasty," thought I, as I tiptoed o'er the floor,  
    "There is nothing I like more."

Soft upon the rug I treaded, calm and careful as I headed  
Towards his roost atop the dreaded bust of Pallas I deplore.  
While the bard and birdie chattered, I made sure that nothing clattered,  
Creaked, or snapped or fell or shattered, as I crossed the corridor;  
For his house is full of trinkets, curios, and weird decor --  
    Bric-a-brac and junk galore.

Still the Raven never fluttered, standing stock-still as he uttered,  
In a voice that shrieked and sputtered, his two cents worth -- "Nevermore."  
While this dirge the birdbrain kept up, oh so silently I crept up,  
Then I crouched, and quickly leapt up, pouncing on the feathered bore.  
Soon he was a heap of plumage, and a little blood and gore --  
    Only this and not much more.

"Oooo!" my pickled poet cried out, "Pussycat, it's time I dried out!  
Never sat I in my hideout talking to a bird before;  
Now I've wallowed in self-pity, while my gallant, valiant kitty  
Put an end to that damned ditty" -- then I heard him start to snore.  
Back atop the door I clambered, eyed that statue I abhor,  
    Jumped -- and smashed it on the floor.