

Andy Elias, 15.

Reflections of Virginia E. Clemm

Dec. 1846

My dear Edgar,

I've spent quite some time now in this bed of sorrow.
Deathly plague and woeful morrow stay beside
This heart of mine. Whispers of shadows
Nearing, and all the soul within me dreaming
Of phantoms, such as you, to come.

Single, strung bolts of lightning break amid
This feathered quill, scratching, frightening
With each stroke until the very last word. Painfully
I recall the air of a past ~~to~~ the white oaks and
Dahlias swaying in the breeze;

Your song of false solace, cloaked like a curse
Beneath that lovely major key. This body
Bleeds at each beating, my youth frolics
In its last seconds, seeping into dusk like
The sunshine of an old ~~inning~~. Yet still,

I wonder, if from within the shadows of this bleak
December, there should rise something joyous;
If, by merely an utterance, the Raven of despair,
That fowl of evil air, may speak a voice of heaven
And conquer sickness. And if it shall,

Let your spirit be unmoved. Seldom do the dandelions
Return from the wind. They hope and fly and fall
Gently, looking back never. So here I say
That I surrender this hope, this defiled hope
That lays anchored to the shore of my soul.

Here, I say:

That Death, for the first time, rings

Good welcome.

And I ring with it.