

Poe-tic

The beating of The Tell-Tale Heart. likened to the rap tap tapping at the door .time will
come when all Hearts rest, like the black cat on the floor. put you in an Oblong Box..
possibly premature .the sum of dark
thoughts Edgar had to endure .
years after the man has died.
now WE peer into his darker side .Ravens poking at the hide. what demons do you
abide?
judgment should never set. on a man never met .
one cannot fathom the pain of the brilliantly insane.
Still we look through a darkened door at a troubled soul to be forgotten.. Nevermore.

-By David Lund

Submitted by David Lund by email, May 2022.