

NEVERMORE

A Dramatic Reading

by
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A dramatic Monolog presenting Edgar Allan Poe and some of his poems. Exclusive permission granted to the WETMORE DECLAMATION BUREAU, Sioux City, Iowa.

(He who delivers this reading on a speaking platform must be somewhat of a poet. He must know Edgar Allan Poe. He must bear an emotional sympathy with the great dreamer. Not merely to read him, not merely to memorize his poems. He must delve into himself and find that part of his soul which feels and dreams like Poe.)

You are still among the living; but I have long since gone my way into the regions of shadows. There will be some to disbelieve, and some to doubt, and yet a few who will find much to ponder upon the thoughts here spoken with a stylus of passion.

I am the soul of a maddened pen. I come in a dream to play upon your fancies in death, as I did in life. And into this dream I weave the most fascinating tale of my own heart. The heart that was known to earth. The human soul of that creature who signed his writings, "Edgar Allan Poe"--The sad poet--the miserable drunkard--the mad dreamer.

This story of my life is a glamorous pageantry of anguish. Let me drink to sorrow, and to that other beauty, love.

(In pantomime he pours wine and drinks, then his lips move to an elegy.)

Thou wast all that to me, love,
For which my soul did pine--
A green isle in the sea, love,
A fountain and a shrine,
All wreathed in fairy fruits and flowers,
And all the flowers were mine.

Ah, dream too bright to last!
Ah starry hope, that didst arise
But to be overcast!
A voice from out the future cries,
On--on--but o'er the past
(Dim gulf) My spirit hovering lies
Mute, motionless, aghast.

For, alas, alas, with me,
The light of life is o'er.
No more--no more--no more
Shall bloom the thunder-blasted tree,
Or stricken eagle soar,
And all my days are trances,
And all my nightly dreams
Are where thy dark eye glances,
And where thy footsteps gleam--
In what ethereal dances,
By what eternal streams.

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