**THE END OF THE RAVEN**  
by Edgar Allan Poe's cat  
  
(from Henry Beard's 'Poetry For Cats')  
  
On a night quite unenchanting, 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 found 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 that 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 crammed with trinkets, curios and wierd 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 lept 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;  
How 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.