

# FAVORITE POEMS TAMUK

## ANNABEL LEE

Edgar Allen Poe, 1809-1849

*One of the many reasons why Annabel Lee by Edgar Allen Poe is my favorite poem is because of the way I was introduced to the author and poem. I was first introduced to Edgar Allen Poe during my 6<sup>th</sup> grade year, I remember getting into trouble at my school and as punishment, the principle condemned me to reorganizing the poetry section in our school's library. I spent the next day organizing and rearranging poetry books to the librarian's liking. After what seemed like an entire century, I had finally finished organizing the poetry section. Before I headed home, the librarian allowed me to take any poetry book with me for the day, hoping it would change my perspective and appreciate poetry. I remember that afternoon I took home a collection of Edgar Allen Poe poems all composed into one book, and from that day forward my attitude toward poetry changed forever. Edgar Allen Poe and his poems opened up my heart and mind to the world of poetry.*

*Another reason why this poem is my favorite is because it helped me and my mother grow closer together and share a mutual interest. During my mother's high school and earlier college years she loved writing poetry during her free time and even considered publishing some of her old poems. My mother's favorite poets were Edgar Allen Poe and E.E. Cummings. I remember the look of excitement on my mom's face after telling her that I enjoyed poetry; it is a look I will never forget. From then on my mother and I began to write poetry together as a way of spending time together, while doing so helped her rediscover an old hobby she enjoyed so much. I feel as if writing poetry and sharing an mutual enjoyment for Edgar Allen Poe poems brought my mother and I closer together and strengthened our the bond.*

*The final reason why Annabel Lee is my favorite poem is because of the love Poe had for his late wife Virginia. The two shared an inseparable bond so deep neither life nor death could hinder it. This poem really changed my perspective on what I thought was the meaning of true love. Poe talks about how his wife died and how she was buried by the sea where they met. I put myself in Poe's point of view and tried to understand how it was to lose someone you love so much and really got a sense of understanding how he felt after she died. I felt how hurt he was to lose the love of his life. Even though Virginia was no longer physically with him, in heart and in mind she would never be separated from him. After reading this poem and really understanding it, I gained a greater appreciation for life and those I love dearly.*

*John Saenz  
Student*

It was many and many a year ago,  
In a kingdom by the sea,  
That a maiden there lived whom you may know  
By the name of Annabel Lee;  
And this maiden she lived with no other thought  
Than to love and be loved by me.

I was a child and she was a child,  
In this kingdom by the sea,  
But we loved with a love that was more than love—  
I and my Annabel Lee—  
With a love that the wingèd seraphs of Heaven  
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,  
In this kingdom by the sea,

A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling  
My beautiful Annabel Lee;  
So that her highborn kinsmen came  
And bore her away from me,  
To shut her up in a sepulchre  
In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not half so happy in Heaven,  
Went envying her and me—  
Yes!—that was the reason (as all men know,  
In this kingdom by the sea)  
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,  
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love  
Of those who were older than we—  
Of many far wiser than we—  
And neither the angels in Heaven above  
Nor the demons down under the sea  
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul  
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;

For the moon never beams, without bringing me dreams  
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;  
And the stars never rise, but I feel the bright eyes  
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;  
And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side  
Of my darling—my darling—my life and my bride,  
In her sepulchre there by the sea—  
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

*Poe, Edgar Allen. "Annabel Lee," 1849. Poetry Foundation,  
<https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poems/44885/annabel-lee>. April 25<sup>th</sup> 2021.*