Ed's Tale

A man enters a dusty old room
A tale he tells
A tale of wonders with sights and smells
He talks about magical things,
So lend an ear
And listen clear.

First there was a man named Ed
Who had many eerie ideas in his head.
He was one to ponder
And prevailed through the storm.

Ed was born in Massachusetts
And caused quite a nuisance
Stories of raven and Murderous men
Exploded off the tip off his pen.

Ed wrote of mysteries and a detective story
With each of them finding the dead gory.
*Until He wedded his cousin of 13
At this point he tried to push through the raging storm

No one knows what his poems were really about
Some wonder if it was memories of people he was without.
Grief stricken he made not much more than a dime
And the storm started raging

He grieved the loss of his wife who died at a mere 24
So Ed responded with plenty more
The Raven is said to be a clatter and clash of a grief stricken man
The storm is ramping up

A drinking madness insured his sorrows
Instead of finding work he found more bar shows
For he would write many tales
But for each tale there was most probably a beer
The storm has peaked

He wrote about a thumping of a heart
That some would call a peace of art
The Tell Tale Heart is a tale of madness.
And is known as quite a classic
Ed wrote many a paper.
Until his nose got the sweet sweet vapor.
He was found with a brain lesion
Yes he was an addict, but also a genius
The Storm is going faster and faster until-

Poe died not much longer
Some say his greatest writing prolonged her
He died of heart failure
Some may say he was dead of grief
The storm had finally cleared

Ironic it was
He wrote about a beating heart because
He experimented with the un-explored
And pushed through the storm to create many classics

The man stands up from the table
He has eyes that have seen many a tale
He could describe each in great detail
He lends a hand
He asks you to create a story
He has done this manifold.
He lets your new story unfold.