

## APPENDIX

### EDGAR ALLAN POE'S POEM

#### To One in Paradise

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 with 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! Me  
For me the light of Life is over!  
'No more- no more- no more-'  
(Such language holds the solemn sea  
To the sands upon the shore)  
Shall bloom the thunder-blasted tree  
Or the stricken eagle soar!

And all my days are trances,  
And all my nightly dreams  
Are where thy grey eye glances,  
And where thy footstep gleams-  
In what ethereal dances,  
By what eternal streams.

Retrieved from: <http://www.poemhunter.com/poem/long-life-not-to-be-desired/>.

## **In Youth I have Known One**

How often we forget all time, when lone  
Admiring Nature's universal throne;  
Her woods - her winds - her mountains - the intense  
Reply of Hers to Our intelligence!

I.

In youth I have known one with whom the Earth  
In secret communing held - as he with it,  
In daylight, and in beauty, from his birth:  
Whose fervid, flickering torch of life was lit  
From the sun and stars, whence he had drawn forth  
A passionate light - such for his spirit was fit -  
And yet that spirit knew - not in the hour  
Of its own fervour - what had o'er it power.

II.

Perhaps it may be that my mind is wrought  
To a fever by the moonbeam that hangs o'er,  
But I will half believe that wild light fraught  
With more of sovereignty than ancient lore  
Hath ever told - or is it of a thought  
The unembodied essence, and no more  
That with a quickening spell doth o'er us pass  
As dew of the night time, o'er the summer grass?

III.

Doth o'er us pass, when as th' expanding eye  
To the loved object - so the tear to the lid  
Will start, which lately slept in apathy?  
And yet it need not be - (that object) hid  
From us in life - but common - which doth lie  
Each hour before us - but then only bid  
With a strange sound, as of a harp string broken  
T' awake us - 'Tis a symbol and a token -

IV.

Of what in other worlds shall be - and given  
In beauty by our God, to those alone

Who otherwise would fall from life and Heaven  
Drawn by their heart's passion, and that tone,  
That high tone of the spirit which hath striven  
Though not with Faith - with godliness - whose throne  
With desperate energy 't hath beaten down;  
Wearing its own deep feeling as a crown.

Retrieved from: <http://www.poemhunter.com/poem/long-life-not-to-be-desired/>.

## **The Forest Reverie**

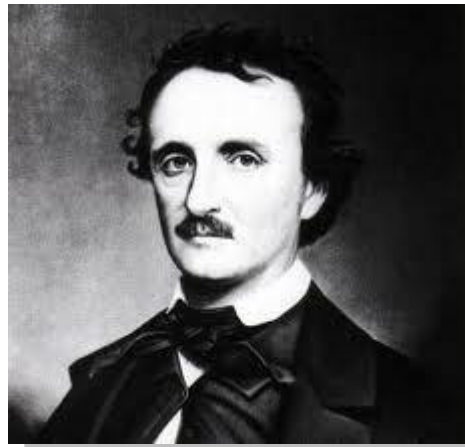
'Tis said that when  
The hands of men  
Tamed this primeval wood,  
And hoary trees with groans of woe,  
Like warriors by an unknown foe,  
Were in their strength subdued,  
The virgin Earth Gave instant birth  
To springs that ne'er did flow  
That in the sun Did rivulets run,  
And all around rare flowers did blow  
The wild rose pale Perfumed the gale  
And the queenly lily adown the dale  
(Whom the sun and the dew  
And the winds did woo),  
With the gourd and the grape luxuriant grew.

So when in tears  
The love of years  
Is wasted like the snow,  
And the fine fibrils of its life  
By the rude wrong of instant strife  
Are broken at a blow  
Within the heart  
Do springs upstart  
Of which it doth now know,  
And strange, sweet dreams,  
Like silent streams  
That from new fountains overflow,  
With the earlier tide  
Of rivers glide  
Deep in the heart whose hope has died--  
Quenching the fires its ashes hide,--  
Its ashes, whence will spring and grow  
Sweet flowers, ere long,  
The rare and radiant flowers of song!

Retrieved from: <http://www.poemhunter.com/poem/long-life-not-to-be-desired/>.

## EDGAR ALLAN POE'S BIOGRAPHY

Edgar Allan Poe, son of Actress Eliza Poe and Actor David Poe Jr., born 19th of January 1809, was mostly known for his poems and short tales and his literary criticism. He has been given credit for inventing the detective story and his psychological thrillers have been influences for many writers worldwide.



Edgar and his brother and sister were orphaned before Edgar's third birthday and Edgar was taken in to the home of John and Fanny Allan in Richmond, Va. The Allans lived in England for five years

(1815-1820) where Edgar also attended school. In 1826 he entered the University of Virginia. Although a good student he was forced to gambling since John Allan did not provide well enough. Allan refused to pay Edgar's debts and Edgar had to leave the University after only one year.

In 1827 Edgar published his first book, "Tamerlane and other poems" anonymously under the signature "A Bostonian". The poems were heavily influenced from Byron and showed of a youthful attitude.

Later in 1827 Edgar enlisted in the Army under the name Edgar A Perry where his quarrels with John Allan continued. Edgar did well in the army but in 1829 he left and decided to apply for a cadetship at West Point.

Before he was able to enter West Point Edgar published a book entitled "Al Aaraaf, Tamerlane, and minor poems", this time the book was published, not anonymously, but under the name Edgar A. Poe, where the middle initial acknowledged John Allan's name. Before Edgar left West Point he received financial aid from his fellow cadets to publish a third edition of the book. Edgar called it a second edition though and it was entitled "Poems by Edgar A. Poe" in which his famous poems "To Helen" (another version was published in 1848) and "Israfel" appeared. These show of the musical effect that has come to characterize Edgar's poems.

Later Poe moved to Baltimore to live with his aunt, Maria Clemm, and his first cousin Virginia. In 1832 he won a \$50 prize for his story "MS. Found in a Bottle" in the Baltimore Saturday Visiter. In 1835 Poe brought his aunt and cousin to Richmond where he worked with Thomas Willis White at the Southern Litterary Messenger. He also married his cousin Virginia, only thirteen years old. Most of Edgar's work with the Messenger were of a critical nature but he also published some literary work such as "Berenice". His work with the writing and the editorial departments of the Messenger increased the circulation of the magazine. But his drinking habits forced White to eventually let him go. Edgar moved around to New York and Philadelphia, trying to establish a name in literary journalism but without any major success. His theories on musical poems and short prose narratives which were to aim at "a certain unique or single effect" can be for example be seen in "Ligeia"(1838) and THE FALL OF THE HOUSE

OF USHER (1839) which would eventually become one of his most famous stories.

"The Murders in the Rue Morgue" (1841) is sometimes considered the first detective story. Examples of his use of a rhythmic and flowing language are the poems "The Raven" (1845) and "The Bells" (1849). The Raven was a symbol of "Mournful and never ending remembrance" which is not only a good description for "The Raven" but could be applied to almost all of his work.

In January 1847 Virginia Died and Edgar took this very hard but he kept on writing until the day he died in Baltimore October 7, 1849.

Retrieved from: <http://www.poedecoder.com/grisse/bio/biosummary.php>

## BIOGRAPHY



Charidotul Asyri was born on April 21, 1991 in Lamongan, East Java. She is the third child of Drs. Anim Fa'atin and Masanah. The beginning education was finished in Lamongan. Elementary school at MI Muhammadiyah 1 kesambi graduated in 2002, MTs N Model Babat in 2006, and MAN Lamongan in 2009.

The next education is University of Muhammadiyah Surabaya, Program Study English Department—Teacher Training and Education to 2013.

Little note:

Nothing works like water off a duck's back. Allah always sees neither our process nor resulting. Someone will be know everything in every process who through, so they will get more experiences. And experience is better teacher in our life. Remember, the cleaver person blew by the person that has more experiences.