

The Ravin'

Sam Aurelius Milam III
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Once upon a midnight dreary
While I pondered weak and weary
Over many a quaint and curious
Drink on the control room floor,
Suddenly there came a tapping
Once again a gentle rapping
As of pieces breaking, snapping
Down there in the nuclear core.
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore!"

Up from off the floor I staggered
With a face distinctly haggard
In my mind a question whirling
As I listened to the core.
It was now distinctly popping
I was sure that things were dropping
There was surely now no stopping
This disintegrating core.
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore!"

As I left the building burning
Still my mind was twisting, turning
Wondering with a burning question
Asking how I could learn more
Of the mystery so chilling
Of this thing so haunting, thrilling
Of how in the plant there was
A bird who could say "nevermore".
Quoth the raven "Nevermore!"