



*Arthur Gordon Pym: A Narrative*

He walked ruefully down the boulevard past the morgue, that telltale sense of foreboding rising up in his bosom just as the bells – bells of a nearby bell tower – pealed in lockstep with the swinging pendulum that marked the end of one day and beginning of another, a sense of despair rising up in the pit of his stomach at the thought of another wretched day.

Apropos to the coming of the witching hour a shadowy figure crossed his path, a portent of yet more ill fortune to be ushered into a house drawn, as was his life, down into a swirling maelstrom of dread masquerading as a flurry of purloined tidings of good fortune that he never received in lieu of the crimson flow of death that he did.

Too weak and weary to further ponder the near-forgotten lore hidden in coded messages received from the beyond that dwelt in the dungeons of his tortured soul, poured while still barely alive as if kept in a cask sealed behind the cellar walls of his mind, creatures of the night descended upon him, venomous bugs and black-winged angels of death among them.

His tortuous laments, at least, were to be nevermore.

Day 20 prompt: Write a poem about someone but do not refer to them by name.

CREDITS: [Illustration](#) of the death of Augustus by Albert Sterner, (1895), from *The Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym of Nantucket* featuring the title character with Dirk Peters and the corpse of Augustus.