

# The Raver

(With apologies to Edgar Allen Poe)

Once during study hour dreary, while I smoked on, weak and weary,  
On a "butts" that I had borrowed from the guy that rooms next door—  
While I puffed on, very happy, there came that little rappy, tappy,  
The dainty step of our preceptor, the fellow that I least wished for.  
"Gosh, I'm in a jam," I muttered, "if he sniffs around my door.  
I'll get two weeks—maybe more."

Ah, distinctly I remember it was in the bleak December;  
As I dropped the glowing ember, scattering ashes on the floor.  
Eagerly I wished the morrow—said that I would never borrow  
Buttses that would bring me sorrow, or buy them from a downtown store—  
Just to break a school rule and to make preceptors sore.  
I said that and plenty more.

Open then I flung the shutter, and I'd have jumped without a mutter,  
When in stepped our preceptor—never knocking on the door.  
Not a hesitation made he, not a moment stopped or stayed he,  
And I felt the sudden horror that many guys have felt before,  
As on the sill he caught me perching, with buttses scattered on the floor—  
He'd not have caught me in a moment more.

Thus I sat, engaged in guessing, not a syllable expressing,  
While the Raver there before me gazed at buttses on the floor.  
"Say, guy, what you think you're doing," right away he started stewing.  
"Don't you know you're trouble wooing, for this I've kicked them out before.  
Now pipe down and stop your crabbin', you have got three weeks in store."  
Quoth the Raver—evermore.

And I, the campus never leaving, still am grieving, still am grieving  
As the Raver keeps a-watching when'ere I leave my chamber door;  
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,  
And the light that's from them gleaming makes you wish to sin no more.  
Two weeks from this bleak tomorrow, I will go to town once more,  
But it seems like—nevermore.