

The University of Puget Sound contest for SymPOEsiUm was to use these three words in an Edgar Allen Poe poem: raven, mustachioed, buried alive

Depraven

by: Carl "Papa" Palmer

Once upon his beak unshaven
waxed a mustache on the raven
much deplored by his lovely mate.
With her voice all filled with dread,
"It looks and smells of something dead
and squelches e'er my lust to procreate."

His wish to remain mustachioed
nay stout as fear he'd ne'er unload
in feathered bed beyond yon chamber door.
His shaven beak nay longer dead
quothe he, "Now hath I beardless head"
and buried alive his nib forever more.