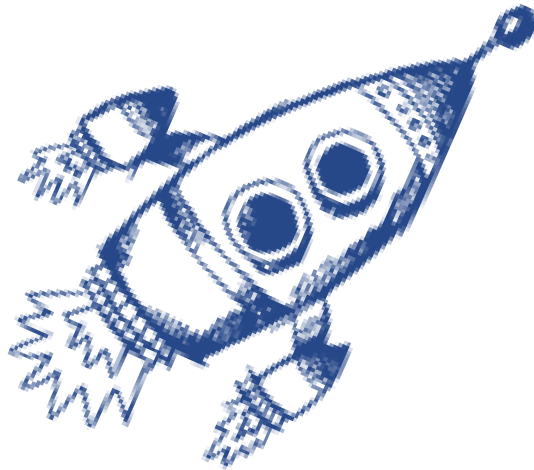


The Case of a Mounting Sorrow

By

W. Steve Wilson

(An homage to the master: Edgar Allan Poe)



The Case of a Mounting Sorrow is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents are the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, events, locales, or organizations is entirely coincidental.

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Dedication and Acknowledgement

To the St. Charles Writers Group, sponsored by the St. Charles Public Library, St. Charles, IL, in appreciation of their indulgences and kind comments when I make every writing exercise about Science Fiction. The poem below is such an attempt in response to an invitation to write a poem in the style of Edgar Allan Poe. And thanks to the master for the inspirations from *Annabel Lee* and *The Raven*, and the source material from *The Cask of Amontillado*. I hope you enjoy the results.



The Case of a Mounting Sorrow

By W. Steve Wilson

We sail the vast expanse, the black and silent sea of space,
The ship, the pilot, and me.
To guard the sleepers, we count the loneliness a price well paid,
The ship, the pilot and me.

To our new home, we hope to never leave,
Our favored Earth to see nevermore.
We had another, our fair-haired future Eve.
But we have lost the sweet Lenore.

The pilot broke the hallowed pact
And sought Lenore with vile act.
She spurned his love and died in gore.
The pilot killed the sweet Lenore.

He staged it as a tragic end,
 A reprieve I let him think he gained.
We went about our bounden tasks,
 I kept my counsel, and the needed mask.

My revenge in time I would exact,
 To punish his most heinous act.
I'd reveal the purpose of my retribution
 At his demise, dispel his secret crime delusion.

On that fateful, purposeful, well met occurrence,
 To fix my manufactured, engine fault recurrence,
The pilot's expert aid to make repairs, I entreated.
 We trekked dim passageways, to service bays unheated.

He entered first to assess the trouble.
 I latched the hatch and dogged it double.
"For the love of God, Montresor!"
 "Not for the love of God, but for Lenore."

I heard his final pleas, reveled in his final breath.
 My revenge complete, I can await my death.
For fifty years, no one will see
 The ship, the dead Lenore, or me.