

# *The Raven*

By Edgar Allan Poe 1809–1849

## *Tulugaq*

By Jaypeetee Arnakak

taipsumani taaqtillugu, uirngarlunga sinikpaglugu  
uqalimaagalaglunga pituqarnik unikkaarnik—  
siniliqattaqtillunga, kasuktuqtumik tusattaqpunga  
kasuktuqpuq nipaittumik, illuma matuani.  
"Innaciaq kina qaiva, illuma matuanut—  
Tavvatuq suuq tavvatuq."

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,  
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore—  
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,  
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door.  
"Tis some visitor," I muttered, "tapping at my chamber door—  
Only this and nothing more."

taipsumani iqqaivunga taarjualauqsimajuq;  
amma ikuma qamiliqpuq tivvulluni natirmut  
qauniaq ungavara;—qiksaaglunga qiniqpara  
allagakka qiniqpakka—Lenore-ga qiniqpara—  
tainnakuluk arnakuluk atiqatuq Lenore—  
piuqtaulluni atia.

Ah, distinctly I remember it was in the bleak December;  
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.  
Eagerly I wished the morrow;—vainly I had sought to borrow  
From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for the lost Lenore—  
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore—  
Nameless *here* for evermore.

amma tavva talut ulikput tungujuqtut imminiiqtut  
quinaglunga—tapaglunga kapangaqtut takuvat;  
ammalu saimmarumamut uummatiik uqaqpunga  
"Suuq, inna isirumajuq illuma matuani—  
Inna inuk "isirlanga" illuma matuani;—  
Tavvatuq suuq tavvatuq."

And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each purple curtain

Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before;  
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating  
“Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door—  
Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door;—  
This it is and nothing more.”

asuillaak makippunga; katturnanga tuavirlunga,  
"Takkuu," uqautivagit, "unnuangulirmalli;  
Tavva sinirataaqtunga ivvit kasuktuqtillutit,  
kasuktuqpuq nipaittumik, illuma matuani  
Tavva tusapillaktagit"—illumat matuani  
Taarluni tавvatuаq.

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,  
“Sir,” said I, “or Madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;  
But the fact is I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,  
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door,  
That I scarce was sure I heard you”—here I opened wide the door;—  
Darkness there and nothing more.

Taaqtumut takunnaaqpunga, nangirlunga, kapakpunga,  
Malugiliqpunga sungmat isumallunga kamaanaq;  
Kisiani nillingilaqkiunngilarlu uvannut.  
Tusaajatuarivaralu uqaluktuq arnaq "Lenore?"  
Taimaippunga uqarlunga kiuvurlu arnaq "Lenore!"  
Taimannatuаq tavva.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there wondering, fearing,  
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before;  
But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token,  
And the only word there spoken was the whispered word, “Lenore?”  
This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word, “Lenore!”—  
Merely this and nothing more.

Utiqpungalu illumut tarnira ikumaluni  
ammalu tusaqpungalu nipiarniqsauliqtuni  
"Tavva, tavva," uqaqpunga, "kasuktaqtuq tusaqpara;  
atii takuniarlagu sunaungmangaat taanna—  
Uummatiga sukkailluni—  
anuri tавvatuаq!"

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,  
Soon again I heard a tapping somewhat louder than before.  
“Surely,” said I, “surely that is something at my window lattice;  
Let me see, then, what thereat is, and this mystery explore—  
Let my heart be still a moment and this mystery explore;—

'Tis the wind and nothing more!"

igalaara matuiqpara amma sulurat tusaqpara  
tulugaq isirlunilu unikkaarnit pilluni;  
tuaviinnaq isirlunilu; kattunngittualuulluni;  
angijuqqaangujuujaqpuq millunilu matunnut—  
milluni Pallas niaqaunut illuma matuani—  
millunilu tавvatuаq.

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,  
In there stepped a stately Raven of the saintly days of yore;  
Not the least obeisance made he; not a minute stopped or stayed he;  
But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber door—  
Perched upon a bust of Pallas just above my chamber door—  
Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Taanna taaqtuq takuvara qiksaangnira piirluni,  
taanna taaqtuq qungangimmat pillattaaqtuq uvannut  
"Nujaqanngikkaluaruvit kamanarajanngilaq,  
Tulugaaluk taaqtualuk tingmijuq unnuami—  
uqautingga kinauvit unnuaq Pluto pinga!"  
Tulugaq kiuvuq "Aakka."

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,  
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,  
"Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou," I said, "art sure no craven,  
Ghastly grim and ancient Raven wandering from the Nightly shore—  
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night's Plutonian shore!"  
Quoth the Raven "Nevermore."

Kamaliqtikpaanga taamna tulugaq uqallakturli,  
Uqaqtangali tukiqanngittuq tuluktuq asu  
angiqatigiiliqpuguk inuktaqannginninganik  
illurusinganiilluni tingmiaq tuluktuuqtuq  
tingmiaq uvva nirjuti upalauqsimanngilat  
atiqaqtumigli "Aakka."

Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly,  
Though its answer little meaning—little relevancy bore;  
For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being  
Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber door—  
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber door,  
With such name as "Nevermore."

Taamnali qinniqaaluk, misimajuq uqallakpuq  
atausirmik uqallakpuq tuluktuuqtuq qa-qa  
iqqullikkanninngilarli atausirmik uqarluni  
nillirvigivara "piqatika tingmivangmata  
aqagu qimalaaranga, pinnarijakka ilaat."

Tulugaq kiuvuq "Aakka."

But the Raven, sitting lonely on the placid bust, spoke only  
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour.  
Nothing farther then he uttered—not a feather then he fluttered—  
Till I scarcely more than muttered "Other friends have flown before—  
On the morrow *he* will leave me, as my Hopes have flown before."  
Then the bird said "Nevermore."

Tupakpunga nilliquqarmat kiuluni uqallangmat  
Qulannilanga taimaimmat nillirunnaqtatuanga  
Tiguag una inuqarluni nillijuitturulungmik  
Maliksaqtuq kattunngilluni inngiqtanganik "qaa"  
Pisirminek qiksaaktumik inngirunnaqtuugaluaq  
Taapsuminga "aakka."

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,  
"Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its only stock and store  
Caught from some unhappy master whom unmerciful Disaster  
Followed fast and followed faster till his songs one burden bore—  
Till the dirges of his Hope that melancholy burden bore  
Of 'Never—nevermore'."

Taannali tulugaruluk qungavvigituinnaqpara  
Ingippungalu taapsuma tulugaruluup saanganut  
Ammalu isumavunga taapsuma nakinngaarninga  
Kangiinaqpuq taamna tulugaq nakinngaaqsimangmangaat  
Taamnali tingmiaq taaqtuq qanurli uqarasungmangaat  
Sungmat taamna "Aakkaqpa"

But the Raven still beguiling all my fancy into smiling,  
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird, and bust and door;  
Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking  
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore—  
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird of yore  
Meant in croaking "Nevermore."

Taimaak tava kangisukpunga kisiani naluvunga  
Taamna taaqtuq sungmat uvannik taututuinnalirmangaat

Taimaak tava isumavunga tukisiajunniirakku  
Kangisutuinnaliqpungalu taapsuma tukianganik  
Taapsuma tukianganik kiap una tingmiaqutinga  
Uvanniglu kiunnigilaq.

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing  
To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's core;  
This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining  
On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamp-light gloated o'er,  
But whose velvet-violet lining with the lamp-light gloating o'er,  
*She* shall press, ah, nevermore!

Ammalu isumavunga tipimik naimaliqpunga  
Kiggaup pujuutitanga tipaaqittiarluni  
"Ivviruluk," qiavunga, "Guutivillu qaitingmatit  
Iqqaumajumanngilara tainna aippakuluga;  
Imirlanga, imirlanga piugurumagama  
Tulugaap aakkaapaanga

Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer  
Swung by Seraphim whose foot-falls tinkled on the tufted floor.

"Wretch," I cried, "thy God hath lent thee—by these angels he hath sent thee  
Respite—respite and nepenthe from thy memories of Lenore;  
Quaff, oh quaff this kind nepenthe and forget this lost Lenore!"  
Quoth the Raven "Nevermore."

"Nalauttajiji!" uqaqpunga, "piunngikkuvit uvvaluuniit  
Piuguvit sungmat qailauqpit uvannut uvunii  
Qiksaangnirmut aktuqtaunngittuq tavvani nunangani  
Tavvanili nunangani aliasungnaqtumik  
Pitaqaqpilli mingarummik minguarummik Gilead  
Tulugaap aakkaapaanga

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!—  
Whether Tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here ashore,  
Desolate yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted—  
On this home by Horror haunted—tell me truly, I implore—  
Is there—is there balm in Gilead?—tell me—tell me, I implore!"  
Quoth the Raven "Nevermore."

"Nalauttajiji!" uqaqpunga, "piunngikkuvit uvvaluuniit  
Piuguvit sungmat qailauqpit uvannut Guutimiit  
Tarnira uqumaiksaqtuq tukisili nakinngaaqpit;  
Arnakuluk qilangmiutaq atiaqtuq Lenore?

Tulugaap aakkaapaanga

“Prophet!” said I, “thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!  
By that Heaven that bends above us—by that God we both adore—  
Tell this soul with sorrow laden if, within the distant Aidenn,  
It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name Lenore—  
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore.”  
Quoth the Raven “Nevermore.”

Atii tavva qimarutiluk tulugaruluujutit

Atii utirilulaurmigit unnumut qinniqtamut

Sulurarmik qimaittailigit kiujunnangittutit

Qimangga inutuugama niaqunnguamit tingigit

Uummatiga surakkanni uvannit aullalirit

Tulugaap aakkaapaanga

“Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!” I shrieked, upstarting—  
“Get thee back into the tempest and the Night’s Plutonian shore!  
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!  
Leave my loneliness unbroken!—quit the bust above my door!  
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!”  
Quoth the Raven “Nevermore.”

Tulugarli nuunngiinnaqpuq tingijjaanngituq tavvanngat

Pallas niaqunnguanganit illuma ukkuangani

Ijingiglu qigillaavuuk taaqtumiutatut pivuq

Naniruutimit tarriqpuq natirmi saqqilluni

Tarniralu saqqiliqpuq natirmi saqqilluni

nangiqsijjaanngilluni

And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, *still* is sitting  
On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber door;  
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon’s that is dreaming,  
And the lamp-light o’er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor;  
And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor  
Shall be lifted—nevermore!