

ANNABEL LEE, AFTER THE RISING

it was many and many a day ago,
in a lab at the CDC,
That a doctor there worked whom you may know
By the name of Annabel Lee.
And this doctor she worked with no other thought
Than to cure Kellis-Amberlee.

i was alive and she was alive
in our lab at the CDC,
But we loved with a love that was more than love,
i and my Annabel Lee;
With a love that the Health and Safety Director
Questioned in her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,
in this lab at the CDC,
Distraction made her drop a vial, chilling
My beautiful Annabel Lee;
So that the regulations came
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a holding pen
in this lab at the CDC.

They told me her soul would be happy in Heaven
With her body on Level 3 --
Yes! That was the ruling (as all must know,
in this lab at the CDC)
For she breathed in a virus that claimed her life,
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love
Of those who were older than we --
Of many far wiser than we --
And neither angels in Heaven above
Nor the zombies down on Level 3
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.

For the prey never screams without bringing me dreams
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And the stars never rise but i feel the dead eyes
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And so, though she has died, i lie down by the side
Of my darling -- my darling -- my life and my bride,
in the lab at the CDC.
in her tomb at the CDC.

BY MIRA GRANT

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...WITH APOLOGIES
TO EDGAR ALLEN POE

