**A Valentine**

**by Edgar Allan Poe**

**(published 1850)**

 For her this rhyme is penned, whose luminous eyes,

 Brightly expressive as the twins of Leda,

Shall find her own sweet name, that, nestling lies

 Upon the page, enwrapped from every reader.

Search narrowly the lines! -- they hold a treasure

 Divine -- a talisman -- an amulet

That must be worn at heart. Search well the measure --

 The words -- the syllables! Do not forget

The trivialest point, or you may lose your labor!

 And yet there is in this no Gordian knot

Which one might not undo without a sabre,

 If one could merely comprehend the plot.

Enwritten upon the leaf where now are peering

 Eyes scintillating soul, there lie perdu,

Three eloquent words oft uttered in the hearing

 Of poets, by poets -- as the name is a poet's, too.

Its letters, although naturally lying

 Like the knight Pinto -- Mendez Ferdinando --

Still form a synonym for Truth. -- Cease trying!

 You will not read the riddle, though you do the best you can do.