

I reach'd my home — my home no more —  
For all was flown that made it so —  
I pass'd from out its mossy door,  
In vacant idleness of woe.

From "Tamerlane," included in Poe's first book,  
*Tamerlane and Other Poems by a Bostonian*,  
printed in Boston by Calvin F. S. Thomas in 1827