

## 18. When I have fears that I may cease to be

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Before my pen has gleaned my teeming brain,  
Before high-pilèd books, in characterly,  
Hold like rich garners the full ripened grain;

When I behold, upon the night's starred face,  
Huge cloudy symbols of a high romance,  
And think that I may never live to trace  
Their shadows with the magic hand of chance;

And when I feel, fair creature of an hour,  
That I shall never look upon thee more,  
Never have relish in the faery power

Of unreflecting love! – then on the shore  
Of the wide world I stand alone, and think  
Till love and fame to nothingness do sink.