

## When I Have Fears That I May Cease To Be

Aesma Daeva

When I have fears that I may cease to be  
Before my pen has glean'd my teeming brain,  
Before high piled books, in charact'ry,  
Hold like rich garnerers the full-ripen'd grain;

When I behold, upon the night's starr'd 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 (this) wide world I stand alone, and think  
Till Love and Fame (and) nothingness (to) sink.