

Chapter 1 : John Keats - John Keats Biography - Poem Hunter

*A Day With John Keats (Classic Reprint) [May Clarissa Gillington Byron] on blog.quintoapp.com *FREE* shipping on qualifying offers. Wentworth Place, Hampstead. Wentworth Place consists of two houses only; in the first, John Keats is established along with his friend Charles Armitage Brown.*

The oldest of four children, he lost both his parents at a young age. His father, a livery-stable keeper, died when Keats was eight; his mother died of tuberculosis six years later. Abbey, a prosperous tea broker, assumed the bulk of this responsibility, while Sandell played only a minor role. When Keats was fifteen, Abbey withdrew him from the Clarke School, Enfield, to apprentice with an apothecary-surgeon and study medicine in a London hospital. In Keats became a licensed apothecary, but he never practiced his profession, deciding instead to write poetry. Shelley, who was fond of Keats, had advised him to develop a more substantial body of work before publishing it. Keats, who was not as fond of Shelley, did not follow his advice. Shelley also exaggerated the effect that the criticism had on Keats, attributing his declining health over the following years to a spirit broken by the negative reviews. Keats spent the summer of on a walking tour in Northern England and Scotland, returning home to care for his brother, Tom, who suffered from tuberculosis. While nursing his brother, Keats met and fell in love with a woman named Fanny Brawne. Writing some of his finest poetry between and , Keats mainly worked on "Hyperion," a Miltonic blank-verse epic of the Greek creation myth. He stopped writing "Hyperion" upon the death of his brother, after completing only a small portion, but in late he returned to the piece and rewrote it as "The Fall of Hyperion" unpublished until That same autumn Keats contracted tuberculosis, and by the following February he felt that death was already upon him, referring to the present as his "posthumous existence. Agnes, and Other Poems. The three title poems, dealing with mythical and legendary themes of ancient, medieval, and Renaissance times, are rich in imagery and phrasing. The volume also contains the unfinished "Hyperion," and three poems considered among the finest in the English language, "Ode on a Grecian Urn," "Ode on Melancholy," and "Ode to a Nightingale. He continued a correspondence with Fanny Brawne andâ€”when he could no longer bear to write to her directlyâ€”her mother, but his failing health and his literary ambitions prevented their getting married. He died there on February 23, , at the age of twenty-five, and was buried in the Protestant cemetery. Agnes, and Other Poems Endymion: A Dramatic Fragment King Stephen: A Dramatic Fragment

Chapter 2 : German addresses are blocked - blog.quintoapp.com

Excerpt. And he is seeing visions all the while. Some chance sight or sound has wrapt him away from the young greenness of the May morning, and plunged him deep into the Opulent colour of September.

See Article History John Keats, born October 31, , London , England“died February 23, , Rome , Papal States [Italy] , English Romantic lyric poet who devoted his short life to the perfection of a poetry marked by vivid imagery, great sensuous appeal, and an attempt to express a philosophy through classical legend. Youth The son of a livery-stable manager, John Keats received relatively little formal education. His father died in , and his mother remarried almost immediately. Throughout his life Keats had close emotional ties to his sister, Fanny, and his two brothers, George and Tom. His literary interests had crystallized by this time, and after he devoted himself entirely to poetry. From then until his early death, the story of his life is largely the story of the poetry he wrote. Early works Charles Cowden Clarke had introduced the young Keats to the poetry of Edmund Spenser and the Elizabethans , and these were his earliest models. In Keats left London briefly for a trip to the Isle of Wight and Canterbury and began work on *Endymion* , his first long poem. On his return to London he moved into lodgings in Hampstead with his brothers. *Endymion* appeared in This work is divided into four 1,line sections, and its verse is composed in loose rhymed couplets. Keats transformed the tale to express the widespread Romantic theme of the attempt to find in actuality an ideal love that has been glimpsed heretofore only in imaginative longings. This theme is realized through fantastic and discursive adventures and through sensuous and luxuriant description. In his wanderings, *Endymion* is guilty of an apparent infidelity to his visionary moon goddess and falls in love with an earthly maiden to whom he is attracted by human sympathy. But in the end the goddess and the earthly maiden turn out to be one and the same. Keats, however, was dissatisfied with the poem as soon as it was finished. Personal crisis In the summer of Keats went on a walking tour in the Lake District of northern England and Scotland with his friend Charles Brown, and his exposure and overexertions on that trip brought on the first symptoms of the tuberculosis of which he was to die. Contrary to later assertions, Keats met these reviews with a calm assertion of his own talents, and he went on steadily writing poetry. But there were family troubles. About the same time, he met Fanny Brawne, a near neighbour in Hampstead, with whom he soon fell hopelessly and tragically in love. She seems to have been an unexceptional young woman, of firm and generous character, and kindly disposed toward Keats. But he expected more, perhaps more than anyone could give, as is evident from his overwrought letters. Both his uncertain material situation and his failing health in any case made it impossible for their relationship to run a normal course. About October Keats became engaged to Fanny. This poetry was composed under the strain of illness and his growing love for Brawne, and it is an astonishing body of work, marked by careful and considered development, technical, emotional, and intellectual. Written in the first flush of his meeting with Brawne, it conveys an atmosphere of passion and excitement in its description of the elopement of a pair of youthful lovers. Keats makes use in this poem of a far tighter and more disciplined couplet, a firmer tone, and more controlled description. They are essentially lyrical meditations on some object or quality that prompts the poet to confront the conflicting impulses of his inner being and to reflect upon his own longings and their relations to the wider world around him. The internal debates in the odes centre on the dichotomy of eternal, transcendent ideals and the transience and change of the physical world. This subject was forced upon Keats by the painful death of his brother and his own failing health, and the odes highlight his struggle for self-awareness and certainty through the liberating powers of his imagination. But the rich, slow movement of this and the other odes suggests an enjoyment of such intensity and depth that it makes the moment eternal. Autumn is seen not as a time of decay but as a season of complete ripeness and fulfillment, a pause in time when everything has reached fruition, and the question of transience is hardly raised. These poems, with their rich and exquisitely sensuous detail and their meditative depth, are among the greatest achievements of Romantic poetry. *Hyperion* was begun in the autumn of , and all that there is of the first version was finished by April In September Keats wrote to Reynolds that he had given up *Hyperion*, but he appears to have continued working on the revised edition, *The Fall of Hyperion*, during the autumn of The poem is his last

attempt, in the face of increasing illness and frustrated love, to come to terms with the conflict between absolute value and mortal decay that appears in other forms in his earlier poetry. So, as *Endymion* was an allegory of the fate of the lover of beauty in the world, *Hyperion* was perhaps to be an allegory of the poet as creator. Certainly this theme is taken up explicitly in the new prologue to the second version. It is his duty to separate himself from the mere dreamer and to share in the sufferings of humankind. The theme is not new to Keats—it appears in his earliest poetry—but it is here realized far more intensely. Yet with the threat of approaching death upon him, Keats could not advance any further in the direction that he foresaw as the right one, and the poem remains a fragment. It appeared in July, by which time Keats was evidently doomed. He had been increasingly ill throughout, and by the beginning of the evidence of tuberculosis was clear. He realized that it was his death warrant, and from that time sustained work became impossible. His friends Brown, the Hunts, and Brawne and her mother nursed him assiduously through the year. Percy Bysshe Shelley, hearing of his condition, wrote offering him hospitality in Pisa, but Keats did not accept. When Keats was ordered south for the winter, Joseph Severn undertook to accompany him to Rome. They sailed in September, and from Naples they went to Rome, where in early December Keats had a relapse. Faithfully tended by Severn to the last, he died in Rome. His letters evince a profound thoughtfulness combined with a quick, sensitive, undidactic critical response. Spontaneous, informal, deeply thought, and deeply felt, these are among the best letters written by any English poet. Apart from their interest as a commentary on his work, they have the right to independent literary status. His general emotional temper and the minute delicacy of his natural observation were greatly admired by the Pre-Raphaelites, who both echoed his poetry in their own and illustrated it in their paintings.

Get this from a library! A day with John Keats.. [May Clarissa Gillington Byron] -- This volume offers a gorgeously illustrated overview of an imagined day in the life of the English poet.

John Keats , - Book I A thing of beauty is a joy for ever: Its loveliness increases; it will never Pass into nothingness; but still will keep A bower quiet for us, and a sleep Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing. And such too is the grandeur of the dooms We have imagined for the mighty dead; All lovely tales that we have heard or read: The very music of the name has gone Into my being, and each pleasant scene Is growing fresh before me as the green Of our own vallies: O may no wintry season, bare and hoary, See it half finished: And now at once, adventuresome, I send My herald thought into a wilderness: There let its trumpet blow, and quickly dress My uncertain path with green, that I may speed Easily onward, thorough flowers and weed. Paths there were many, Winding through palmy fern, and rushes fenny, And ivy banks; all leading pleasantly To a wide lawn, whence one could only see Stems thronging all around between the swell Of turf and slanting branches: Full in the middle of this pleasantness There stood a marble altar, with a tress Of flowers budded newly; and the dew Had taken fairy phantasies to strew Daisies upon the sacred sward last eve, And so the dawned light in pomp receive. Now while the silent workings of the dawn Were busiest, into that self-same lawn All suddenly, with joyful cries, there sped A troop of little children garlanded; Who gathering round the altar, seemed to pry Earnestly round as wishing to espy Some folk of holiday: Within a little space again it gave Its airy swellings, with a gentle wave, To light-hung leaves, in smoothest echoes breaking Through copse-clad vallies,â€”ere their death, oer-taking The surgy murmurs of the lonely sea. But let a portion of ethereal dew Fall on my head, and presently unmew My soul; that I may dare, in wayfaring, To stammer where old Chaucer used to sing. Some idly trailed their sheep-hooks on the ground, And some kept up a shrilly mellow sound With ebon-tipped flutes: From his right hand there swung a vase, milk-white, Of mingled wine, out-sparkling generous light; And in his left he held a basket full Of all sweet herbs that searching eye could cull: Then came another crowd Of shepherds, lifting in due time aloud Their share of the ditty. Who stood therein did seem of great renown Among the throng. But there were some who feelingly could scan A lurking trouble in his nether lip, And see that oftentimes the reins would slip Through his forgotten hands: Endymion too, without a forest peer, Stood, wan, and pale, and with an awed face, Among his brothers of the mountain chase. In midst of all, the venerable priest Eyed them with joy from greatest to the least, And, after lifting up his aged hands, Thus spake he: Whose care it is to guard a thousand flocks: Yea, every one attend! Are not our lowing heifers sleeker than Night-swollen mushrooms? Are not our wide plains Speckled with countless fleeces? No howling sad Sickens our fearful ewes; and we have had Great bounty from Endymion our lord. The earth is glad: By all the trembling mazes that she ran, Hear us, great Pan! Winder of the horn, When snouted wild-boars routing tender corn Anger our huntsman: Breather round our farms, To keep off mildews, and all weather harms: Strange ministrant of undescribed sounds, That come a swooning over hollow grounds, And wither drearily on barren moors: Dread opener of the mysterious doors Leading to universal knowledgeâ€”see, Great son of Dryope, The many that are come to pay their vows With leaves about their brows! Be still the unimaginable lodge For solitary thinkings; such as dodge Conception to the very bourne of heaven, Then leave the naked brain: Be still a symbol of immensity; A firmament reflected in a sea; An element filling the space between; An unknownâ€”but no more: Even while they brought the burden to a close, A shout from the whole multitude arose, That lingered in the air like dying rolls Of abrupt thunder, when Ionian shoals Of dolphins bob their noses through the brine. Meantime, on shady levels, mossy fine, Young companies nimbly began dancing To the swift treble pipe, and humming string. Aye, those fair living forms swam heavenly To tunes forgottenâ€”out of memory: Or they might watch the quoit-pitchers, intent On either side; pitying the sad death Of Hyacinthus, when the cruel breath Of Zephyr slew him,â€”Zephyr penitent, Who now, ere Phoebus mounts the firmament, Fondles the flower amid the sobbing rain. Perhaps, the trembling knee And frantic gape of lonely Niobe, Poor, lonely Niobe! Who, suddenly, should stoop through the smooth wind, And with the balmiest leaves his temples bind; And, ever after,

through those regions be His messenger, his little Mercury. But in the self-same fixed trance he kept, Like one who on the earth had never slept. Aye, even as dead-still as a marble man, Frozen in that old tale Arabian. Who whispers him so pantingly and close? Peona, his sweet sister: Her eloquence did breathe away the curse: She led him, like some midnight spirit nurse Of happy changes in emphatic dreams, Along a path between two little streams,â€” Guarding his forehead, with her round elbow, From low-grown branches, and his footsteps slow From stumbling over stumps and hillocks small; Until they came to where these streamlets fall, With mingled bubblings and a gentle rush, Into a river, clear, brimful, and flush With crystal mocking of the trees and sky. Soon was he quieted to slumbrous rest: And as a willow keeps A patient watch over the stream that creeps Windingly by it, so the quiet maid Held her in peace: Opening his eyelids with a healthier brain, He said: Can I want Aught else, aught nearer heaven, than such tears? Yet dry them up, in bidding hence all fears That, any longer, I will pass my days Alone and sad. No, I will once more raise My voice upon the mountain-heights; once more Make my horn parley from their foreheads hoar: Again my trooping hounds their tongues shall loll Around the breathed boar: So be thou cheered sweet, And, if thy lute is here, softly intreat My soul to keep in its resolved course. But soon she came, with sudden burst, upon Her self-possessionâ€”swung the lute aside, And earnestly said: Caught A Paphian dove upon a message sent? Thy deathful bow against some deer-herd bent, Sacred to Dian? Haply, thou hast seen Her naked limbs among the alders green; And that, alas! No, I can trace Something more high perplexing in thy face! Tell me thine ailment: What indeed more strange? Or more complete to overwhelm surmise? Ambition is no sluggard: So all have set my heavier grief above These things which happen. Rightly have they done: And in that nook, the very pride of June, Had I been used to pass my weary eves; The rather for the sun unwilling leaves So dear a picture of his sovereign power, And I could witness his most kingly hour, When he doth lighten up the golden reins, And paces leisurely down amber plains His snorting four. At which I wondered greatly, knowing well That but one night had wrought this flowery spell; And, sitting down close by, began to muse What it might mean. Perhaps, thought I, Morpheus, In passing here, his owlet pinions shook; Or, it may be, ere matron Night uptook Her ebon urn, young Mercury, by stealth, Had dipt his rod in it: Thus on I thought, Until my head was dizzy and distraught. And then I fell asleep. Ah, can I tell The enchantment that afterwards befel? Yet it was but a dream: So kept me stedfast in that airy trance, Spreading imaginary pinions wide. When, presently, the stars began to glide, And faint away, before my eager view: Whence that completed form of all completeness? Whence came that high perfection of all sweetness? Speak, stubborn earth, and tell me where, O Where Hast thou a symbol of her golden hair? Not oat-sheaves drooping in the western sun; Notâ€”thy soft hand, fair sister! Unto what awful power shall I call? To what high fane? There was store Of newest joys upon that alp. Why not see, Far off, the shadows of his pinions dark, And stare them from me? But no, like a spark That needs must die, although its little beam Reflects upon a diamond, my sweet dream Fell into nothingâ€”into stupid sleep. And so it was, until a gentle creep, A careful moving caught my waking ears, And up I started: Therefore I eager followed, and did curse The disappointment. Now, thank gentle heaven! These things, with all their comfortings, are given To my down-sunken hours, and with thee, Sweet sister, help to stem the ebbing sea Of weary life. She weeps, And wonders; struggles to devise some blame; To put on such a look as would say, Shame On this poor weakness! At length, to break the pause, She said with trembling chance: Yet it is strange, and sad, alas! How a ring-dove Let fall a sprig of yew tree in his path; And how he died: Then wherefore sully the entrusted gem Of high and noble life with thoughts so sick? Why pierce high-fronted honour to the quick For nothing but a dream? Behold The clear religion of heaven! Feel we these things? But there are Richer entanglements, enthralmments far More self-destroying, leading, by degrees, To the chief intensity: All its more ponderous and bulky worth Is friendship, whence there ever issues forth A steady splendour; but at the tip-top, There hangs by unseen film, an orbéd drop Of light, and that is love: And, truly, I would rather be struck dumb, Than speak against this ardent listlessness: What I know not: Beyond the matron-temple of Latona, Which we should see but for these darkening boughs, Lies a deep hollow, from whose ragged brows Bushes and trees do lean all round athwart, And meet so nearly, that with wings outraught, And spreaded tail, a vulture could not glide Past them, but he must brush on every side. Oft have I brought thee flowers, on their stalks set Like vestal primroses, but dark velvet Edges them round, and they

have golden pits:

Chapter 4 : » 10 Greatest Poems by John Keats

A Day With Keats has 7 ratings and 1 review. A fictional summer day in the life of John Keats with poetry selections and color illustrations.

Somewhere along the way, he managed to become one of the most beloved poets of the English language and a perfect example of Romanticism. Since we have chosen to focus on his shorter poems here, an honourable mention must go to four of his longer narrative poems: Ever let the Fancy roam, Pleasure never is at home: At a touch sweet Pleasure melteth, Like to bubbles when rain pelteth; Then let winged Fancy wander Through the thought still spread beyond her: Read the rest of the poem here 9. It discusses the link between art and humanity as shown by the creation of the urn, and how essential true beauty is to man. Thou foster-child of Silence and slow Time, Sylvan historian, who canst thus express A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme: What leaf-fringed legend haunts about thy shape Of deities or mortals, or of both, In Tempe or the dales of Arcady? What men or gods are these? What struggle to escape? What pipes and timbrels? Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare; Bold Lover, never, never canst thou kiss, Though winning near the goal—yet, do not grieve; She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss, Forever wilt thou love, and she be fair! Ah, happy, happy boughs! Who are these coming to the sacrifice? What little town by river or sea shore, Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel, Is emptied of this folk, this pious morn? This poem was in fact written while Keats was just nineteen, and had not yet even met Byron. Here Keats praises what would later become a common feature of his own work—the paradoxical beauty of sadness. Though a short poem, he still manages to include much of the lyrical imagery for which he later became famous. Here are the first few verses of the narrative poem. O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms, Alone and palely loitering? The sedge has withered from the lake, And no birds sing. O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms, So haggard and so woe-begone? I see a lily on thy brow, With anguish moist and fever-dew, And on thy cheeks a fading rose Fast withereth too. I made a garland for her head, And bracelets too, and fragrant zone; She looked at me as she did love, And made sweet moan. Ode on Melancholy Brimming with dazzlingly vibrant imagery, this poem manages to describe death only by encompassing the many beauties of life and the natural world. But when the melancholy fit shall fall Sudden from heaven like a weeping cloud, That fosters the droop-headed flowers all, And hides the green hill in an April shroud; Then glut thy sorrow on a morning rose, Or on the rainbow of the salt sand-wave, Or on the wealth of globed peonies; Or if thy mistress some rich anger shows, Emprison her soft hand, and let her rave, And feed deep, deep upon her peerless eyes. She dwells with Beauty—Beauty that must die; And Joy, whose hand is ever at his lips Bidding adieu; and aching Pleasure nigh, Turning to poison while the bee-mouth sips: The nightingale as both creature and symbol is unattainable, leading us as the reader on a vivid flight of Keatsian fancy. As one of the longer odes, here are the first two stanzas. My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk, Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk: O, for a draught of vintage! O for a beaker full of the warm South, Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene, With beaded bubbles winking at the brim, And purple-stained mouth; That I might drink, and leave the world unseen, And with thee fade away into the forest dim: Read the rest of the poem here 4. For Keats, sleep becomes a snapshot of death, which he approaches with conflicting fear and desire. Then save me, or the passed day will shine Upon my pillow, breeding many woes,— Save me from curious Conscience, that still lords Its strength for darkness, burrowing like a mole; Turn the key deftly in the oiled wards, And seal the hushed Casket of my Soul. My spirit is too weak—mortality Weighs heavily on me like unwilling sleep, And each imagined pinnacle and steep Of godlike hardship tells me I must die Like a sick eagle looking at the sky. Such dim-conceived glories of the brain Bring round the heart an indescribable feud; So do these wonders a most dizzy pain, That mingles Grecian grandeur with the rude Wasting of old Time—with a billowy main— A sun—a shadow of a magnitude. Arguably, no other poet has managed to create such a beautiful depiction of the season so deftly, or with such a kaleidoscopic wealth of images. Keats is able to convey the synaesthesia of three months in just three days. The naturalistic, almost pastoral language is reminiscent of

Hardy in places, though achieves as much with a fraction of the words. Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store? And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep Steady thy laden head across a brook; Or by a cyder-press, with patient look, Thou watchest the last oozings hours by hours. Where are the songs of spring? Ay, Where are they? Think not of them, thou hast thy music too,â€” While barred clouds bloom the soft-dying day, And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue; Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn Among the river sallows, borne aloft Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies; And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn; Hedge-cricket sing; and now with treble soft The red-breast whistles from a garden-croft; And gathering swallows twitter in the skies. Though experts disagree on whether it was written or revised for Fanny Brawne, she is certainly agreed to be central to the poem. It has Shakespearean scope, and a strange air of elevated calm about it. Some much-loved poems have certainly been missed off, so if you want justice for a particular poem or simply feel that some reorganisation is in order , please comment below.

Chapter 5 : John Keats - Wikipedia

Note: Citations are based on reference standards. However, formatting rules can vary widely between applications and fields of interest or study. The specific requirements or preferences of your reviewing publisher, classroom teacher, institution or organization should be applied.

Background[edit] Sketch of Keats by Charles Brown, August , one month before the composition of "To Autumn" During the spring of , Keats wrote many of his major odes: After the month of May, he began to pursue other forms of poetry, including the verse tragedy *Otho the Great* in collaboration with friend and roommate Charles Brown, the second half of *Lamia*, and a return to his unfinished epic *Hyperion*. Despite these distractions, on 19 September he found time to write "To Autumn". The poem marks the final moment of his career as a poet. No longer able to afford to devote his time to the composition of poems, he began working on more lucrative projects. In a letter to his friend John Hamilton Reynolds written on 21 September, Keats described the impression the scene had made upon him and its influence on the composition of "To Autumn": A temperate sharpness about it [Thus, in the letter that he wrote to Reynolds, Keats also included a note saying that he abandoned his long poem. *Agnes, and Other Poems*. Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store? And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep Steady thy laden head across a brook; Or by a cider-press, with patient look, Thou watchest the last oozings hours by hours. Where are the songs of Spring? Ay, where are they? Think not of them, thou hast thy music too,â€” While barred clouds bloom the soft-dying day, And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue; Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn Among the river shallows, borne aloft Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies; And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn; Hedge-crickets sing; and now with treble soft The red-breast whistles from a garden-croft; And gathering swallows twitter in the skies. Themes[edit] "To Autumn" describes, in its three stanzas, three different aspects of the season: Through the stanzas there is a progression from early autumn to mid autumn and then to the heralding of winter. Parallel to this, the poem depicts the day turning from morning to afternoon and into dusk. The first stanza of the poem represents Autumn as involved with the promotion of natural processes, growth and ultimate maturation, two forces in opposition in nature, but together creating the impression that the season will not end. Stuart Sperry says that Keats emphasises the tactile sense here, suggested by the imagery of growth and gentle motion: There is a lack of definitive action, all motion being gentle. Autumn is not depicted as actually harvesting but as seated, resting or watching. Near the end of the stanza, the steadiness of the gleaner in lines 19â€”20 again emphasises a motionlessness within the poem. The sounds that are presented are not only those of Autumn but essentially the gentle sounds of the evening. Gnats wail and lambs bleat in the dusk. As night approaches within the final moments of the song, death is slowly approaching alongside the end of the year. The full-grown lambs, like the grapes, gourds and hazel nuts, will be harvested for the winter. The twittering swallows gather for departure, leaving the fields bare. The whistling red-breast and the chirping cricket are the common sounds of winter. The references to Spring, the growing lambs and the migrating swallows remind the reader that the seasons are a cycle, widening the scope of this stanza from a single season to life in general. Within the poem, autumn represents growth, maturation and finally an approaching death. There is a fulfilling union between the ideal and the real. For example, in his "Ode to Melancholy" a major theme is the acceptance of the process of life. When this theme appears later in "To Autumn", [22] however, it is with a difference. This time the figure of the poet disappears, and there is no exhortation of an imaginary reader. There are no open conflicts, and "dramatic debate, protest, and qualification are absent". Some have focused on renewal; Walter Jackson Bate points to the theme of each stanza including "its contrary" idea, here death implying, though only indirectly, the renewal of life. If death in itself is final, here it comes with a lightness, a softness, also pointing to "an acceptance of process beyond the possibility of grief. According to Helen Vendler , "To Autumn" may be seen as an allegory of artistic creation. As the farmer processes the fruits of the soil into what sustains the human body, so the artist processes the experience of life into a symbolic structure that may sustain the human spirit. In "To Autumn", as a result of this process, the "rhythms" of the harvesting "artist-goddess" "permeate the whole world until all visual,

tactile, and kinetic presence is transubstantiated into Apollonian music for the ear," the sounds of the poem itself. Traditionally, the water-meadows south of Winchester, along which Keats took daily leisurely walks, were assumed to have provided the sights and sounds of his ode. The land, previously a copse, had recently been turned over to food production to take advantage of high bread prices. Keats, with medical training, [34] having suffered chronic illness himself, [35] and influenced like his contemporaries by "colonial medical discourse", [36] was deeply aware of this threat. According to Bewell, the landscape of "To Autumn" presents the temperate climate of rural England as a healthful alternative to disease-ridden foreign environments. There is, in the words of Walter Jackson Bate, "a union of process and stasis", "energy caught in repose", an effect that Keats himself termed "stationing". Some of the language of "To Autumn" resembles phrases found in earlier poems with similarities to *Endymion*, *Sleep and Poetry*, and *Calidore*. The later edition relies more on passive, past participles, as apparent in the change of "While a gold cloud" in line 25 to "While barred clouds". Many of the lines within the second stanza were completely rewritten, especially those which did not fit into a rhyme scheme. Some of the minor changes involved adding punctuation missing from the original manuscript copy and altering capitalisation. The following ode to Autumn is no unfavourable specimen. Among these odes criticism can hardly choose; in each of them the whole magic of poetry seems to be contained.

Chapter 6 : John Keats Quotes (Author of The Complete Poems)

John Keats was born in London on 31 October , the eldest of Thomas and Frances Jennings Keats's four children. Although he died at the age of twenty-five, Keats had perhaps the most remarkable career of any English poet.

Illustration of "To Autumn" by W. Neatby , ; from A Day with Keats, Illustration of "To Autumn" by Maxfield Parrish , Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store? And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep Steady thy laden head across a brook; Or by a cyder-press, with patient look, Thou watchest the last oozings hours by hours. Where are the songs of Spring? Ay, where are they? Think not of them, thou hast thy music too,â€” While barred clouds bloom the soft-dying day, And touch the stubble plains with rosy hue; Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn Among the river shallows, borne aloft Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies; And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn; Hedge-crickets sing; and now with treble soft The red-breast whistles from a garden-croft; And gathering swallows twitter in the skies. Agnes, and other poems. Although he had little time throughout to devote to poetry because of personal problems, he composed "To Autumn" after a walk near Winchester, Hampshire, one autumnal evening. The work marks the end of his poetic career as he needed to earn money and could no longer devote himself to the lifestyle of a poet. A little over a year following the publication of "To Autumn", Keats died in Rome. The poem has three eleven-line stanzas which describe a progression through the season, from the late maturation of the crops to the harvest and to the last days of autumn when winter is nearing. The imagery is richly achieved through the personification of Autumn, and the description of its bounty, its sights and sounds. It has parallels in the work of English landscape artists, [1] with Keats himself describing the fields of stubble that he saw on his walk as being like that in a painting. One of the most anthologised English lyric poems , "To Autumn" has been regarded by critics as one of the most perfect short poems in the English language. After the month of May, he began to pursue other forms of poetry, including the verse tragedy Otho the Great in collaboration with friend and roommate Charles Brown, the second half of Lamia, and a return to his unfinished epic Hyperion. Despite these distractions, on 19 September he found time to write "To Autumn". The poem marks the final moment of his career as a poet. No longer able to afford to devote his time to the composition of poems, he began working on more lucrative projects. In a letter to his friend John Hamilton Reynolds written on 21 September, Keats described the impression the scene had made upon him and its influence on the composition of "To Autumn": A temperate sharpness about it [Thus, in the letter that he wrote to Reynolds, Keats also included a note saying that he abandoned his long poem. Agnes, and Other Poems. Through the stanzas there is a progression from early autumn to mid autumn and then to the heralding of winter. Parallel to this, the poem depicts the day turning from morning to afternoon and into dusk. The first stanza of the poem represents Autumn as involved with the promotion of natural processes, growth and ultimate maturation, two forces in opposition in nature, but together creating the impression that the season will not end. Stuart Sperry emphasises the tactile sense here, suggested by the imagery of growth and gentle motion: Sparsholt Road - geograph. There is a lack of definitive action, all motion being gentle. Autumn is not depicted as actually harvesting but as seated, resting or watching. Near the end of the stanza, the steadiness of the gleaner in lines 19â€”20 again emphasises a motionlessness within the poem. The sounds that are presented are not only those of Autumn but essentially the gentle sounds of the evening. Gnats wail and lambs bleat in the dusk. As night approaches within the final moments of the song, death is slowly approaching alongside of the end of the year. The full-grown lambs, like the grapes, gourds and hazel nuts will be harvested for the winter. The twittering swallows gather for departure, leaving the fields bare. The whistling red-breast and the chirping cricket are the common sounds of winter. The references to Spring, the growing lambs and the migrating swallows remind the reader that the seasons are a cycle, widening the scope of this stanza from a single season to life in general. Within the poem, autumn represents growth, maturation, and finally an approaching death. There is a fulfilling union between the ideal and the real. For example, in his "Ode to Melancholy" a major theme is the acceptance of the process of life. When this theme appears later in "To Autumn", [22] however, it is with a difference. This time the figure of the poet disappears, and there is no exhortation of an imaginary reader.

There are no open conflicts, and "dramatic debate, protest, and qualification are absent". Some have focused on renewal; Walter Jackson Bate points to the theme of each stanza including "its contrary" idea, here death implying, though only indirectly, the renewal of life. If death in itself is final, here it comes with a lightness, a softness, also pointing to "an acceptance of process beyond the possibility of grief. According to Helen Vendler, "To Autumn" may be seen as an allegory of artistic creation. As the farmer processes the fruits of the soil into what sustains the human body, so the artist processes the experience of life into a symbolic structure that may sustain the human spirit. In "To Autumn", as a result of this process, the "rhythms" of the harvesting "artist-goddess" "permeate the whole world until all visual, tactile, and kinetic presence is transubstantiated into Apollonian music for the ear," the sounds of the poem itself. Keats, with medical training, [32] having suffered chronic illness himself, [33] and influenced like his contemporaries by "colonial medical discourse", [34] was deeply aware of this threat. According to Bewell, the landscape of "To Autumn" presents the temperate climate of rural England as a healthful alternative to disease-ridden foreign environments. There is, in the words of Walter Jackson Bate, "a union of process and stasis", "energy caught in repose", an effect that Keats himself termed "stationing". Some of the language of "To Autumn" resembles phrases found in earlier poems with similarities to *Endymion*, *Sleep and Poetry*, and *Calidore*. The later edition relies more on passive, past participles, as apparent in the change of "While a gold cloud" in line 25 to "While barred clouds". Many of the lines within the second stanza were completely rewritten, especially those which did not fit into a rhyme scheme. Some of the minor changes involved adding punctuation missing from the original manuscript copy and altering capitalisation. The following ode to Autumn is no unfavourable specimen. Among these odes criticism can hardly choose; in each of them the whole magic of poetry seems to be contained. In *The Persistence of Poetry*. Robert Ryan and Ronald Sharp. *Lectures and Essays in Criticism*. The University of Michigan Press, Belknap Press of Harvard University Press, *The Stylistic Development of Keats*. Cambridge University Press, *Keats, Narrative and Audience*. Cambridge, New York, and Melbourne: Romanticism and Colonial Disease. Johns Hopkins University Press, Cornell University Press, Originally published ; revised and enlarged edition University of Chicago Press, *His Life and Poetry*. In *Challenge of Keats*. *Heroes of Literature, English Poets*. Aesthetics and Myth in the Poetry of Keats. Princeton University Press, *Companion to British Poetry, 19th Century*. Facts on File, *A Defense of Poetry*. Stanford University Press, *The Masters of English Literature*. Chelsea House, , pp. *The Life and Letters of John Keats*. *The Masks of Keats: The Endeavour of a Poet*. Oxford University Press, University Press of Florida, *Undercurrents of Influence in English Romantic Poetry*. Harvard University Press, *The Music of What Happens*. Fairleigh Dickinson University Press,

Chapter 7 : A day with John Keats. (eBook,) [blog.quintoapp.com]

Historical Events in the Life of John Keats. John Keats composes his sonnet "When I Have Fears"; English poet John Keats writes "In the Cottage Where Burns is Born", "Lines Written in the Highlands", and "Gadfly".

He was one of the main figures of the second generation of romantic poets along with Lord Byron and Percy Bysshe Shelley, despite his work only having been in publication for four years before his death. Although his poems were not generally well received by critics during his life, his reputation grew after his death, so that by the end of the 19th century he had become one of the most beloved of all English poets. He had a significant influence on a diverse range of later poets and writers. Jorge Luis Borges stated that his first encounter with Keats was the most significant literary experience of his life. The poetry of Keats is characterized by sensual imagery, most notably in the series of odes. Today his poems and letters are some of the most popular and most analyzed in English literature. Keats and his family seemed to have marked his birthday on 29 October, however baptism records give the birth date as the 31st. He was the eldest of four surviving children; George "Tom", Thomas "Dick" and Frances Mary "Fanny". Another son was lost in infancy. John was born in central London although there is no clear evidence of the exact location. His father first worked as a hostler at the stables attached to the Swan and Hoop inn, an establishment he later managed and where the growing family lived for some years. Keats believed that he was born at the inn, a birthplace of humble origins, but there is no evidence to support this. The Keats at the Globe pub now occupies the site, a few yards from modern day Moorgate station. He was baptised at St Botolph-without-Bishopsgate and sent to a local dame school as a child. The small school had a liberal, progressive outlook and a progressive curriculum more modern than the larger, more prestigious schools. Keats is described as a volatile character "always in extremes", given to indolence and fighting. However at 13 he began focusing his energy towards reading and study, winning his first academic prize in midsummer. In April, when Keats was eight, his father died after fracturing his skull falling from his horse when returning from visiting John and his brother George at the school. Frances remarried two months later, but left her new husband soon afterwards, and the four children went to live with their grandmother, Alice Jennings, in the village of Edmonton. In March, when Keats was 14, his mother died of tuberculosis leaving the children in the custody of their grandmother. She appointed two guardians, Richard Abbey and John Sandell, to take care of them. Early Career From Keats had two bequests held in trust for him until his 21st birthday: It seems he was not told of either, since he never applied for any of the money. Historically, blame has often been laid on Abbey as legal guardian, but he may well have also been unaware. It seems he did not. Money was always a great concern and difficulty for him, as he struggled to stay out of debt and make his way in the world independently. Oft of one wide expanse had I been told That deep-browed Homer ruled as his demesne; Yet did I never breathe its pure serene Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold: Within a month of starting, he was accepted as a dresser at the hospital, assisting surgeons during operations, the equivalent of a junior house surgeon today. It was a significant promotion marking a distinct aptitude for medicine, the position bringing increased responsibility and workload. He felt presented with a stark choice. Now, strongly drawn by ambition, inspired by fellow poets such as Leigh Hunt and Byron, and beleaguered by family financial crises, he suffered periods of depression. In the summer of that year he went with Clarke to the seaside town of Margate to write. There he began *Calidore* and initiated the era of his great letter writing. On his return to London he took lodgings at 8 Dean Street, Southwark and braced himself for further study in order to become a member of the Royal College of Surgeons. Five months later *Poems*, the first volume of Keats verse, was published, which included "I stood tiptoe" and "Sleep and Poetry", both poems strongly influenced by Hunt. It was a critical failure, arousing little interest, although Reynolds reviewed it favourably in *The Champion*. Clarke commented that the book "might have emerged in Timbuctoo". Keats immediately changed publishers to Taylor and Hessey on Fleet Street. Within a month of the publication of *Poems* they were planning a new Keats volume and had paid him an advance. Woodhouse, who advised the publishers on literary as well as legal matters, was deeply impressed by *Poems*. At the end, Woodhouse would be one of the few people to accompany Keats to Gravesend to embark on his final trip to

Rome. He was also meeting William Hazlitt regularly, a powerful literary figure of the day. At this time Keats wrote to his friend Bailey: "What imagination seizes as Beauty must be truth". This would eventually transmute into the concluding lines of *Ode on a Grecian Urn*: "Keats had spent a great deal on his medical training and had made several large loans that he could ill afford. Having left his training at the hospital, suffering from a succession of colds, and unhappy with living in damp rooms in London, Keats moved with his brothers into rooms at 1 Well Walk in the village of Hampstead in April. Both John and George nursed their brother Tom, who was suffering from tuberculosis. The house was close to Hunt and others from his circle in Hampstead, as well as to Coleridge, respected elder of the first wave of Romantic poets. Around this time he was introduced to Charles Wentworth Dilke, James Rice and Benjamin Bailey. There would be no effective treatment for the disease until July, while on the Isle of Mull, Keats caught a bad cold and "was too thin and fevered to proceed on the journey". After his return south in August, Keats continued to nurse Tom, exposing himself to infection. Some biographers suggest that this is when tuberculosis, his "family disease", first took hold. Tom Keats died on 1 December. It was also on the edge of Hampstead Heath, ten minutes walk south of his old home in Well Walk. The winter of 1819, though a difficult period for the poet, marked the beginning of his *annus mirabilis* in which he wrote his most mature work. He had been inspired by a series of recent lectures by Hazlitt on English poets and poetic identity and had also met Wordsworth. Keats may have seemed to his friends to be living on comfortable means, but in reality he was borrowing regularly from Abbey and his friends. He composed five of his six great odes at Wentworth Place in April and May and, although it is debated in which order they were written, "Ode to Psyche" opened the published series. According to Brown, "Ode to a Nightingale" was composed under a plum tree in the garden. Brown wrote, "In the spring of a nightingale had built her nest near my house. Keats felt a tranquil and continual joy in her song; and one morning he took his chair from the breakfast-table to the grass-plot under a plum-tree, where he sat for two or three hours. When he came into the house, I perceived he had some scraps of paper in his hand, and these he was quietly thrusting behind the books. On inquiry, I found those scraps, four or five in number, contained his poetic feelings on the song of our nightingale. My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk, Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk: With biting sarcasm, Lockhart advised, "It is a better and a wiser thing to be a starved apothecary than a starved poet; so back to the shop Mr John, back to plasters, pills, and ointment boxes ". It was Lockhart at Blackwoods who coined the defamatory term "the Cockney School" for Hunt and his circle, which included both Hazlitt and Keats. The dismissal was as much political as literary, aimed at upstart young writers deemed uncouth for their lack of education, non-formal rhyming and "low diction". They had not attended Eton, Harrow or Oxbridge and they were not from the upper classes. In 1819, Keats wrote *The Eve of St. Agnes*. The poems "Fancy" and "Bards of passion and of mirth" were inspired by the garden of Wentworth Place. *Other Poems*, was eventually published in July. It received greater acclaim than had *Endymion* or *Poems*, finding favourable notices in both *The Examiner* and *Edinburgh Review*. It would come to be recognised as one of the most important poetic works ever published. Wentworth Place now houses the Keats House museum. Throughout their friendship Keats never hesitates to own his sexual attraction to her, although they seem to enjoy circling each other rather than offering commitment. He writes that he "frequented her rooms" in the winter of 1819, and in his letters to George says that he "warmed with her" and "kissed her". It is unclear how close they were, but Bate and Gittings suggest the trysts may represent a sexual initiation for Keats. The themes of *The Eve of St. Agnes*. It is likely that the year-old Brawne visited the Dilke family at Wentworth Place before she lived there. During November she developed an intimacy with Keats, but it was shadowed by the illness of Tom Keats, whom John was nursing through this period. He gave her the love sonnet "Bright Star" perhaps revised for her as a declaration. It was a work in progress which he continued at until the last months of his life, and the poem came to be associated with their relationship. From this point there is no further documented mention of Isabella Jones. Sometime before the end of June, he arrived at some sort of understanding with Brawne, far from a formal engagement as he still had too little to offer, with no prospects and financial stricture. Keats endured great conflict knowing his expectations as a struggling poet in increasingly hard straits would preclude marriage to Brawne. Darkness, disease and depression surrounded

him, reflected in poems such as *The Eve of St. Agnes* and "*La Belle Dame sans Merci*" where love and death both stalk. In one of his many hundreds of notes and letters, Keats wrote to Brawne on 13 October "I cannot exist without you" "I am forgetful of every thing but seeing you again" "my Life seems to stop there" "I see no further. I have a sensation at the present moment as though I was dissolving" "I should be exquisitely miserable without the hope of soon seeing you" In September Keats left for Rome knowing he would probably never see Brawne again. After leaving he felt unable to write to her or read her letters, although he did correspond with her mother. He died there five months later. It took a month for the news of his death to reach London, after which Brawne stayed in mourning for six years. In , more than 12 years after his death, she married and went on to have three children; she outlived Keats by more than 40 years. Rome During Keats displayed increasingly serious symptoms of tuberculosis, suffering two lung haemorrhages in the first few days of February. He lost large amounts of blood and was bled further by the attending physician. Hunt nursed him in London for much of the following summer.

Chapter 8 : To Autumn - Wikipedia

John Keats was a Romantic poet who was friends with Percy Bysshe Shelley and William Wordsworth. He created the theory of Negative Capability. Read about his life and work on blog.quintoapp.com

There is little evidence of his exact birth place. His father first worked as a hostler [6] at the stables attached to the Swan and Hoop Inn, an establishment he later managed, and where the growing family lived for some years. Keats believed that he was born at the inn, a birthplace of humble origins, but there is no evidence to support his belief. The small school had a liberal outlook and a progressive curriculum more modern than the larger, more prestigious schools. The young Keats was described by his friend Edward Holmes as a volatile character, "always in extremes", given to indolence and fighting. However, at 13 he began focusing his energy on reading and study, winning his first academic prize in midsummer. Frances remarried two months later, but left her new husband soon afterwards, and the four children went to live with their grandmother, Alice Jennings, in the village of Edmonton. She appointed two guardians, Richard Abbey and John Sandell, to take care of them. Keats lodged in the attic above the surgery at 7 Church Street until Historically, blame has often been laid on Abbey as legal guardian, but he may also have been unaware. It seems he did not. Money was always a great concern and difficulty for him, as he struggled to stay out of debt and make his way in the world independently. Oft of one wide expanse had I been told That deep-browed Homer ruled as his demesne; Yet did I never breathe its pure serene Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold: Within a month of starting, he was accepted as a dresser at the hospital, assisting surgeons during operations, the equivalent of a junior house surgeon today. It was a significant promotion, that marked a distinct aptitude for medicine; it brought greater responsibility and a heavier workload. He felt that he faced a stark choice. Now, strongly drawn by ambition, inspired by fellow poets such as Leigh Hunt and Lord Byron, and beleaguered by family financial crises, he suffered periods of depression. Among his poems of was To My Brothers. There he began "Calidore" and initiated the era of his great letter writing. On his return to London, he took lodgings at 8 Dean Street, Southwark, and braced himself for further study in order to become a member of the Royal College of Surgeons. Keats immediately changed publishers to Taylor and Hessey on Fleet Street. Within a month of the publication of Poems they were planning a new Keats volume and had paid him an advance. In later years, Woodhouse was one of the few people to accompany Keats to Gravesend to embark on his final trip to Rome. It was a decisive turning point for Keats, establishing him in the public eye as a figure in what Hunt termed "a new school of poetry. What imagination seizes as Beauty must be truth. Keats had spent a great deal on his medical training and, despite his state of financial hardship and indebtedness, had made large loans to friends such as painter Benjamin Haydon. By lending so much, Keats could no longer cover the interest of his own debts. Both John and George nursed their brother Tom, who was suffering from tuberculosis. The house was close to Hunt and others from his circle in Hampstead, as well as to Coleridge, respected elder of the first wave of Romantic poets, at that time living in Highgate. In a letter to his brother George, Keats wrote that they talked about "a thousand things, Some biographers suggest that this is when tuberculosis, his "family disease," first took hold. Keats "refuses to give it a name" in his letters. The winter of 1819, though a difficult period for the poet, marked the beginning of his *annus mirabilis* in which he wrote his most mature work. According to Brown, "Ode to a Nightingale" was composed under a plum tree in the garden. Keats felt a tranquil and continual joy in her song; and one morning he took his chair from the breakfast-table to the grass-plot under a plum-tree, where he sat for two or three hours. When he came into the house, I perceived he had some scraps of paper in his hand, and these he was quietly thrusting behind the books. On inquiry, I found those scraps, four or five in number, contained his poetic feelings on the song of our nightingale. With biting sarcasm, Lockhart advised, "It is a better and a wiser thing to be a starved apothecary than a starved poet; so back to the shop Mr John, back to plasters, pills, and ointment boxes". The dismissal was as much political as literary, aimed at upstart young writers deemed uncouth for their lack of education, non-formal rhyming and "low diction". They had not attended Eton, Harrow or Oxbridge and they were not from the upper classes. Agnes, and Other Poems, was eventually published in July. It received greater acclaim than had Endymion or Poems,

finding favourable notices in both *The Examiner* and *Edinburgh Review*. It would come to be recognised as one of the most important poetic works ever published. He writes that he "frequented her rooms" in the winter of 1819, and in his letters to George says that he "warmed with her" and "kissed her". The themes of "The Eve of St. Agnes" and "La Belle Dame sans Merci" perhaps revised for her as a declaration. It was a work in progress which he continued until the last months of his life, and the poem came to be associated with their relationship. Darkness, disease and depression surrounded him, reflected in poems such as "The Eve of St. Agnes" and "La Belle Dame sans Merci" where love and death both stalk. In September Keats left for Rome knowing he would probably never see Brawne again. After leaving he felt unable to write to her or read her letters, although he did correspond with her mother. In 1820, more than 12 years after his death, she married and went on to have three children; she outlived Keats by more than 40 years. Rome[edit] During Keats's stay in Rome, he displayed increasingly serious symptoms of tuberculosis, suffering two lung haemorrhages in the first few days of February. Hunt nursed him in London for much of the following summer. At the suggestion of his doctors, he agreed to move to Italy with his friend Joseph Severn. On 13 September, they left for Gravesend and four days later boarded the sailing brig *Maria Crowther*, where he made the final revisions of "Bright Star". The journey was a minor catastrophe: When they finally docked in Naples, the ship was held in quarantine for ten days due to a suspected outbreak of cholera in Britain. Keats reached Rome on 14 November, by which time any hope of the warmer climate he sought had disappeared. My stomach continues so bad, that I feel it worse on opening any book yet I am much better than I was in Quarantine. Then I am afraid to encounter the proing and conning of any thing interesting to me in England. I have an habitual feeling of my real life having past, and that I am leading a posthumous existence". Despite care from Severn and Dr. James Clark, his health rapidly deteriorated. The medical attention Keats received may have hastened his death. Clark eventually diagnosed consumption tuberculosis and placed Keats on a starvation diet of an anchovy and a piece of bread a day intended to reduce the blood flow to his stomach. He also bled the poet: Then in Rome he tried again As a result Keats went through dreadful agonies with nothing to ease the pain at all. He repeatedly demanded "how long is this posthumous existence of mine to go on? Keats was coughing up blood and covered in sweat. On first coughing up blood, he said "I know the colour of that blood! It is arterial blood. I cannot be deceived in that colour. That drop of blood is my death warrant. Severn writes, Keats raves till I am in a complete tremble for him [66] His last request was to be placed under a tombstone bearing no name or date, only the words, "Here lies One whose Name was writ in Water. Describing the site today, Marsh wrote, "In the old part of the graveyard, barely a field when Keats was buried here, there are now umbrella pines, myrtle shrubs, roses, and carpets of wild violets". *Agnes and other poems* was published in July before his last visit to Rome. The loveliest and the last, *The bloom*, whose petals nipped before they blew Died on the promise of the fruit. He may have possessed an innate poetic sensibility, but his early works were clearly those of a young man learning his craft. His first attempts at verse were often vague, languorously narcotic and lacking a clear eye. First stanza of " *To Autumn* ", [81] September By the time of his death, Keats had therefore been associated with the taints of both old and new schools: Marked as the standard-bearer of sensory writing, his reputation grew steadily and remarkably. Ridley claimed the ode "is the most serenely flawless poem in our language. These early writings coloured all subsequent biography and have become embedded in a body of Keats legend. The idealised image of the heroic romantic poet who battled poverty and died young was inflated by the late arrival of an authoritative biography and the lack of an accurate likeness. Most of the surviving portraits of Keats were painted after his death, and those who knew him held that they did not succeed in capturing his unique quality and intensity. August John Keats: It was directed by John Barnes. He is the companion and sidekick of the protagonist. During the 19th century, critics deemed them unworthy of attention, distractions from his poetic works. Eliot described them as "certainly the most notable and most important ever written by any English poet. From spring, however, there is a rich record of his prolific and impressive skills as letter writer. They glitter with humour and critical intelligence. What shocks the virtuous philosopher, delights the camelion [chameleon] Poet. It does no harm from its relish of the dark side of things any more than from its taste for the bright one; because they both end in speculation. A temperate sharpness about it Where are the songs of Spring?

Chapter 9 : A Day With John Keats

John Keats (/ k iː t s /; 31 October - 23 February) was an English Romantic poet. He was one of the main figures of the second generation of Romantic poets, along with Lord Byron and Percy Bysshe Shelley, despite his works having been in publication for only four years before his death from tuberculosis at the age of