25 College Street

My dearest Girl,

This moment I have set myself to copy some verses out fair. I cannot proceed with any degree of content. I must write you a line or two and see if that will efface in dismissing you from my Mind for ever so short a time. Upon my Soul I can think of nothing else. The time is passed when I had power to advise and warn you against the unfortunate morning of my Life. My love has made me selfish. 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. You have absorbed me. 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. I should be afraid to separate myself far from you. My sweet Fanny, will your heart never change? My love, will it? I have no limit now to my love. You note came in just here. I cannot be happier away from you. 'Tis richer than an Argosy of Pearles. Do not threat me even in jest. I have

been astonished that Men could die Martyrs for religion - I have shuddered at it - I shudder no more - I could be martyred for my Religion - Love is my religion - I could die for that - I could die for you. My Creed is Love and you are its only tenet - You have ravished me away by a Power I cannot resist; and yet I could resist till I saw you; and even since I have seen you I have endeavoured often "to reason against the reasons of my Love". I can do that no more - the pain would be too great - My Love is selfish - I cannot breathe without you.

Yours for ever

John Keats

Miss Browne
Wentworth Place
Hampstead –