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□□□□□□not in the Keatsean sense of stationing and of treating them and the moments spent together as an ekphrasis (as in “She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss, / For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair!”)□but in the sense that the companionship and memory—even if fleeting—are, in and of themselves, sufficient for sustenance.

Oh my, how Wordsworthian do I sound? I always thought Keats was the more dominant influence on me. Prof Weisman loved “Tintern Abbey” and repeatedly described it as “a good in the world,” while I once resisted its tendency towards solipsism and leaned more towards Keats… It’s funny how people leave their imprints on us, even in ways we once resisted.



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