



autumn

through the summer and
while the autumn
he is the purest

sang

dear haydon--in sooth i
i think a very
(signed) count de cockaigne
hoax--but a cruel deception
sanguine disposition i am

ego

town by his egotism

or egotistical sublime; which
reality he is vain
a mans life of
a life of allegory:
so
true--i know it does:
reputation is very low;
of
the

father

of is that tremendous
out his genealogy here--he
east indian and ought
mawkishness of mackenzies father
under pretence of serving

haslam containing the news
well haslam has his
as i dare say
morning by saying that
of a child of
father and mother
his

egg

eggs and dirtiest potatoes
young
and peggy too--adown
as possible i could
freckled nest eggs
an infinite number of
two or three

beggar of cumberland
cumberland beggar the

bare

yet but has left
and with all horror
of men and women
about bare-footed and in
bare-footed girls look very
 o put it
way by the door
 that man may
 on the marble
a cold breeze of
at little ireland tell

with my bare

winds

are the winds
so that black clouds
thrushes are singing now
i took a walk
 and the beams
 for winds to
begin to blow towards
than awake to a

mortal

for his luxury but

to hear your christ
which we recollect times
must be the hell
feeling of pleasure at
 one who was
 would bar return
immortality
are as true as
you that will be
double immortality of poets--
 to mortals of
day--i am speaking as
men--and bind ourselves for
the soul and immortality
 say
 no care had
 colder than the
there they had mortal
there are waiting for
which i will here
 upon
 and
 his

alone

she wept alone
she
of his song in
to the latter i
worth your enjoyment--and now
new shoes--so i went
yet with such feelings
forgotten is the
of your health and
although i intended to
to know for their
this world alone but
alone these things combined
and that though i
it is not itself--it
present alone at wentworth

you lived alone
do so by meretricious

heart! thou and
the mule no
leave him to his
myself ten times more
for i am persuaded
a house especially alone--it
life very nearly alone

shall be alone here
day before yesterday and
miss waldegrave seem as
sometimes hoity-toity-ishly whereas if
one day shall you
devote myself to another
myself at the pleasure
of rooms (a sitting
just when my mind
death ks thoughts
 its
 his

hero

when a schoolboy the
ovals and other some
 more warm than
of guidos in which
some birth of new

capability

achievement a man
negative capability needed

source

“Letters of John Keats to His Family
and Friends”

(via Project Gutenberg)

code

```
cat < src/corpus.txt \  
    | grep -e $SEARCH \  
    | cut -d ' ' -f 2-5 \  
    | tr A-Z a-z \  
    | tr -d “’,._\””
```

credit

made by andy dayton

at the school for poetic computation
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github: [sfpc-amd/txt-conversations](#)