

## Memorabilia (1855)

### I

Ah, did you once see Shelley plain,  
And did he stop and speak to you,  
And did you speak to him again?  
How strange it seems and new!

### II

But you were living before that,  
And also you are living after;  
And the memory I started at –  
My starting moves your laughter.

### III

I crossed a moor, with a name of its own  
And a certain use in the world no doubt,  
Yet a hand's-breadth of it shines alone  
'Mid the blank miles round about:

### IV

For there I picked up on the heather  
And there I put inside my breast  
A moulted feather, an eagle-feather!  
Well, I forget the rest.

(Trilling and Bloom, 1973, p.542)