

# The Human Seasons

*by John Keats*

Four Seasons fill the measure of the year;  
There are four seasons in the mind of man:  
He has his lusty Spring, when fancy clear  
Takes in all beauty with an easy span:  
He has his Summer, when luxuriously  
Spring's honied cud of youthful thought he loves  
To ruminate, and by such dreaming high  
Is nearest unto heaven: quiet coves  
His soul has in its Autumn, when his wings  
He furleth close; contented so to look  
On mists in idleness--to let fair things  
Pass by unheeded as a threshold brook.  
He has his Winter too of pale misfeature,  
Or else he would forego his mortal nature.