

## I Have Fears That I May Not Cease to Be

*by JulieAnne Bowen*

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I am not Keats. I do not expect to die tomorrow, or at any point in the near future. Keats was a whole banquet, with sooth jellies, quince, sweet, deep purple plums, piles of lucent drops, and no time to taste it all. I fear that my pen will have gleaned my entire head by next week and all my work will fill a pamphlet, or maybe a fortune cookie. Or maybe, as I write, I will stir up new flavors—recipes that no one has tried yet. Anyway, right now, I think that I am just enough for a single serving. Here, have a piece.