Hegel is right to propose a mode of art that involves inner sensuousness, although this kind of sensuousness is more general and less historically specific than he claims. Inner sensuousness matters for several reasons: first, stressing inner sensuousness allows us to talk about features of art as if identifying with the constructive energy (rather than sensuous details as also a kind of sensuality but one that is very difficult to speak of in materialist/cognitivist terms). Second, inner sensuousness explains how self-consciousness about participating in distinctive powers takes place in art as we try to see how the work might be significant as a particular or as singularity. Finally, I argue that we need a model of mind that can entertain emotions that are not practical and do not orient us toward action but make us want to dwell in particular circumstances and gain more familiarity with the world that such feeling organizes. I do not propose idealism but argue for a phenomenology that takes seriously the problematic status of the kinds of objects and events that call for thick description. I will make my case primarily by reading carefully Wordsworth’s "I Wandered Lonely As a Cloud" and Ashbery’s "As We Know."