The Windhover¹

To Christ our Lord

I caught this morning morning's minion, king-dom of daylight's dauphin, dapple-dawn-drawn Falcon, in his riding

Of the rolling level underneath him steady air, and striding

High there, how he rung upon the rein of a wimpling wing

In his ecstasy! then off, off forth on swing,

As a skate's heel sweeps smooth on a bow-bend: the hurl and gliding

Rebuffed the big wind. My heart in hiding

Stirred for a bird,—the achieve of, the mastery of the thing!

Brute beauty and valour and act, oh, air, pride, plume, here Buckle!⁴ AND the fire that breaks from thee then, a billion 'Times told lovelier, more dangerous, O my chevalier!°

knight

No wonder of it: shéer plód makes plough down sillion⁵ Shine, and blue-bleak embers, ah my dear, Fall, gall⁶ themselves, and gash gold-vermilion.

1877

111

1918

 Kestrel, a small falcon noted for hovering in the air.
 A primer who is heir to the French throne. Rippling, "Rung upon the rein": circled at the rail of a rein.
 The verb can be read as imperative or indicative. All three meanings are relevant: to prepare for action, to fasten together, to collapse.
 The ridge between two burows of a plowed field.

GERARD MANLEY HOPKINS (1844-1889)

I Wake and Feel the Fell of Dark, Not Day

I wake and feel the fello of dark, not day. What hours, O what black hours we have spent This night! what sights you, heart, saw; ways you went! And more must, in yet longer light's delay. With witness I speak this. But where I say Hours I mean years, mean life. And my lament Is cries countless, cries like dead letters sent To dearest him that lives alas! away.

I am gall, I am heartburn. God's most deep decree
Bitter would have me taste: my taste was me;
Bones built in me, flesh filled, blood brimmed the curse.

Selfyeast of spirit a dull dough sours. I see The lost are like this, and their scourge to be As I am mine, their sweating selves; but worse.

1918

1885