

TO GERARD MANLEY HOPKINS AND OTHER SIRES

You now nebulized into the stuff of poems,
You who planted fiery spores of ~~mighty art~~
That sometimes altered lives and history—
Can you weep for us? Can you forgive us when we
Pervert your fertile offerings on ~~time's~~ ^{altered} altars, and
Often waste your energy and imagery in fruitless hybrids?
You will be remembered in spite of us.
You now fused with Sappho and Solomon, earthquakes and
Antelopes, left ~~to~~ us and ~~through us~~ your word-woven
Arras of gold, ^{spice} vermillion and lapis, embroidered with
Lightning, ~~layered tourmaline, and permeated with ancient~~
~~Spices hard to define and find.~~
You framed them in disciplined
Delicate borders, precise like planet paths;
You peeled the blistered skin off your souls,
And ⁺ your eyes, to ~~learn that poetry is~~ ^{find give us}
Smelted truth, drained of slag.
~~The~~ Auras of it flow and flower hot in new veins.
How can we propagate and not profane?
It may be that imitation surpasses mutation.
You left nothing to reveal.

(cont.)