

To Hopkins

Morgan Lucas Schuldt

Thoughts against thoughts in groans grind.
And if those thoughts will not well, turning verily to verb as void,

& how meat-leased we are,
what then?

Blood it in? Overstand?

O, the beautiful gall of all those gutturals,
that impassioned, up-blown vowelings on . . .

language could be endlessly adequate
if we chose,

(as the body's here-heap breaks & faith feels silly-sturdy & spite recurs),
something to love inexpertly,

stalling its so. Stalling it so and so on
a sided, reddening this, an oblate, fattened that.

And no. Not as summary.
Not as balm or glint or heart-cease grace anymore.

To those done with disbelieving, as something seemlier.
That gala-glory-goneness of it alas-alas—somehow-sanct.

