

STEVE MYERS

## At Newman House

This is the house where Hopkins died, the world wild-whoring  
gorgeous as ever when suddenly God-from-a-cloud, cowed

in fire like the Seventh Revenant of Ireland, fell, a scourge  
of sonnets in His hand. Officially, *It pleased His nature to suffer*

*our brother with typhoid fever*, and Hopkins, faithful to his vow,  
surrendered, in a downstairs alcove designated "Toilets" now.

It is so, the hearing is the last to go, the ear soldiering on  
in the name of body's desire to bear another stippled apple

from the lawn and place it in a bowl? Our tour guide waves  
his hand towards a marmoreal statue of Apollo, a missal stand,

Monsignor Someone's straight-backed chair, while all around us  
schoolboy voices conjugate the air: *Akouso, I bear. Apokalupto,*

*I reveal. Daimonizomai, Father. I am overthrown by a demon.*