Steve Myers

At Newman House

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

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