

Gerard Manley Hopkins: Translations from the Closet
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As Kingfishers Catch Fire

As kingfishers catch fire, dragonflies draw flame;
As tumbled over rim in roundy wells
Stones ring; like each tucked string tells, each hung bell's
Bow swung finds tongue to fling out broad its name;
Each mortal thing does one thing and the same:
Deals out that being indoors each one dwells;
Selves — goes itself; myself it speaks and spells,
Crying What I dó is me: for that I came.

I say móre: the just man justices;
Keeps grace: that keeps all his goings graces;
Acts in God's eye what in God's eye he is —
Christ — for Christ plays in ten thousand places,
Lovely in limbs, and lovely in eyes not his
To the Father through the features of men's faces.

as kingfishers catch fire

1. a hot bird 2. a sexy bug
3. when i, stumbling, rimming your hole,
make you scream 4. my tucked cock twitching 5. when every big-dicked bitch
whose flopping penis finds my tongue calls out my bimbo name
and 6. every living fucking doing thing

all do the same thing:

they pass.
they pass as themselves. they say, “i’m me!”
they moan, “i’m gonna make myself come.”

but also, a hot guy makes things hot,
his beauty makes shit beautiful.
when you look at him, you see what daddy sees in him—
boyfriend material. boyfriend material is in everything
—like the bulging biceps and heart-stopping eyes of another guy—
so i look at my daddy through these boys’ chiseled chins.

God's Grandeur

The world is charged with the grandeur of God.

It will flame out, like shining from shook foil;

It gathers to a greatness, like the ooze of oil

Crushed. Why do men then now not reck his rod?

Generations have trod, have trod, have trod;

And all is seared with trade; bleared, smeared with toil;

And wears man's smudge and shares man's smell: the soil

Is bare now, nor can foot feel, being shod.

And for all this, nature is never spent;

There lives the dearest freshness deep down things;

And though the last lights off the black West went

Oh, morning, at the brown brink eastward, springs —

Because the Holy Ghost over the bent

World broods with warm breast and with ah! bright wings.

god's grandeur

all is wet with daddy's hotness

flamingly gay, like glitter's sparkle

glomming sexily, like oozing slime,

totally crushing. why don't more men worship his cock?

generations step step step

smearing themselves with closeted homosex, cum-smeared and sweaty,

wearing his stain and sharing his smell. that dirt

is queer and naked, but you can't feel it with those shoes on!!!

but also faggot nature never tires out

deep-down homos live on, dear and fresh

and though empire darkens and darkens

morning springs after it

because the queer spirit unstraightens

it sexes the world with its sexy boobs and fuck! glowing cocks.

Pied Beauty

Glory be to God for dappled things –
For skies of couple-colour as a brindled cow;
For rose-moles all in stipple upon trout that swim;
Fresh-firecoal chestnut-falls; finches' wings;
Landscape plotted and pieced – fold, fallow, and plough;
And áll trádes, their gear and tackle and trim.

All things counter, original, spare, strange;
Whatever is fickle, freckled (who knows how?)
With swift, slow; sweet, sour; adazzle, dim;
He fathers-forth whose beauty is past change:
Praise him.

pied beauty

thank you daddy for speckled shit,
for when the clouds make out and look like a bigtitted cow
for trout-boys' freckled scales sparkling when they swim,
hot tgirls' panty drops, the wings of bird fursonas,
earth yiffable, hot to trot—bent over, fuckable, and fucked—
and all faggotry, in fetish gear, hunky or twinklicious.

all things abnormal, one-of-a-kind, fucked-up, queer,
whatever is bitchy and freckled (and oh my god how?)
or quick, slow, sweet, sour, femboy, himbo,
he gives birth to that changeable beauty.
thank you, daddy.

“Thou art indeed just, Lord, if I contend”

Justus quidem tu es, Domine, si disputem tecum; verumtamen
justa loquar ad te: Quare via impiorum prosperatur? &c.

Thou art indeed just, Lord, if I contend
With thee; but, sir, so what I plead is just.
Why do sinners' ways prosper? and why must
Disappointment all I endeavour end?

Wert thou my enemy, O thou my friend,
How wouldst thou worse, I wonder, than thou dost
Defeat, thwart me? Oh, the sots and thralls of lust
Do in spare hours more thrive than I that spend,
Sir, life upon thy cause. See, banks and brakes
Now, leavèd how thick! lacèd they are again
With fretty chervil, look, and fresh wind shakes
Them; birds build – but not I build; no, but strain,
Time's eunuch, and not breed one work that wakes.
Mine, O thou lord of life, send my roots rain.

thou art indeed just, lord, if i contend

daddy, i know you're fair. sorry for speaking out of turn
but mister, i gotta grovel for fairness.
why do the other subs get away with everything? and why is it that
everything i do ends with disappointment?
boyfriend, if we were boyenemies
how much more would you
fuck me up? oh, the edging horny dregs
of their spare time gets you off more than the life that i spend
entirely devoted to you, sir. see these faggots and sissies
with their thick thighs covered in lace!?
hot and bothered, look at them! and shaking their bootylicious
asses. you get hard for them, but not me, despite working my ass off!
i'll always be your breedable tranny, but you won't wake me up to fuck!
you're my forever daddy and i'm begging for your cummies.

Carrion Comfort

Not, I'll not, carrion comfort, Despair, not feast on thee;
Not untwist — slack they may be — these last strands of man
In me ór, most weary, cry I can no more. I can;
Can something, hope, wish day come, not choose not to be.
But ah, but O thou terrible, why wouldst thou rude on me
'Thy wring-world right foot rock? lay a lionlimb against me? scan
With darksome devouring eyes my bruised bones? and fan,
O in turns of tempest, me heaped there; me frantic to avoid thee and flee?

Why? That my chaff might fly; my grain lie, sheer and clear.
Nay in all that toil, that coil, since (seems) I kissed the rod,
Hand rather, my heart lo! lapped strength, stole joy, would laugh, chéer.
Cheer whom though? the hero whose heaven-handling flung me, fóot tród
Me? or me that fought him? O which one? is it each one? That night, that year
Of now done darkness I wretch lay wrestling with (my God!) my God.

carrion comfort

no, no, corpse cumfriend, i won't be sad. i won't go down on you.
i won't untwist the soaked panties hiding these last shreds of manhood
inside me. i won't tell you to stop. so i can,
can still do something for you, i hope, if you want, instead of killing myself.
but god you suck. would you even want to ride me
or wring my neck or step on my cock? to press your dick up against me? to ogle
my bruised boner, eat me with your dark and handsome eyes? and turn me on
with your sudden tempers, leaving me in a heap, so hot and hurt i want to run away?

why the fuck not? stir up my cumbrain and lemme lie in post-nut clarity.
it seems i've worked so hard to get all tied up in your cock: my kisses,
my hand, and—fuck—my heart. i lap it all up—strength, stolen joy, laughter.
whose laughter though? this hunk who handles me heavenly, who flings me to the bed and steps on
me? or my own bratty self? both? neither? in those evenings, those years
when in the doing darkness i all naughty lay wrestling with daddy, my daddy.