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| Gerard Manley Hopkins (1844–89)  AS kingfishers catch fire, dragonflies dráw fláme; |  |
| 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 *Whát I do is me: for that I came.* |  |
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| Í say móre: the just man justices; |  |
| Kéeps gráce: thát keeps all his goings graces; |  |
| Acts in God’s eye what in God’s eye he is— |  |
| Chríst—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. |  |