Grieving for Hopkins

Richard Katrovas
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Margaret, behind you is someone whose heart churns slowly as decay. *Eve* in “grieving” and “unleaving” is his joke with God, whom he suffers to accommodate like slow burning of vegetation into earth in autumn. His presumption as to what has caused your sadness I shall not presume to understand; though I must think that any child, witness to such pageantry as red and golden leaves and joyful songs of harvest, would not pause to contemplate harbingers of death.

I think you are hunting mushrooms, and your older brother has filched your wicker basket. Pressing hands over a giggle, he’s hiding in a bush. When he scrambles from his gnarl of switches to give you back what’s yours, he points behind you, yelling, “Sister, look, a man!”

You turn, and that man turns. Margaret, his soul is ready for the next breeze to send it fluttering toward earthly fires, where a wounded god is healing in your eyes.