

The Windhover

By Gerard Manley Hopkins

*I caught this morning morning's minion, king-dom of
daylight's dauphin, dapple-dawn-drawn Falcon, in his riding
Of the rolling level underneath him steady air, and striding
High there, how he rung upon the rein of a wimpling wing
In his ecstasy! then off, off forth on swing,*

*As a skate's heel sweeps smooth on a bow-bend: the hurl and
gliding*

*Rebuffed the big wind. My heart in hiding
Stirred for a bird, – the achieve of, the mastery of the thing!*

*Brute beauty and valour and act, oh, air, pride, plume, here
Buckle! AND the fire that breaks from thee then, a billion
Times told lovelier, more dangerous, O my chevalier!*

*No wonder of it: sheer plod makes plough down sillion
Shine, and blue-bleak embers, ah my dear,
Fall, gall themselves, and gash gold-vermillion.*