**My Own Heart**

My own heart let me more have pity on; let

Me live to my sad self hereafter kind,

Charitable; not live this tormented mind

With this tormented mind tormenting yet.

I cast for comfort I can no more get

By groping round my comfortless than blind

Eyes in their dark can day or thirst can find

Thirst’s all-in-all in all a world of wet.

Soul, self; come, poor Jackself, I do advise

You, jaded, let be; call off thoughts awhile

Elsewhere; leave comfort root-room; let joy size

At God knows when to God knows what; whose smile

’s not wrung, see you; unforeseentimes rather—as skies

Betweenpie mountains—lights a lovely mile.

Gerard Manley Hopkins[[1]](#footnote-1)

1. edited by Catherine Phillips for OUP   [↑](#footnote-ref-1)