

Full Moon And Little Frieda By Ted Hughes

A cool small evening shrunk to a dog bark and the clank
of a bucket -

And you listening.

A spider's web, tense for the dew's touch.

A pail lifted, still and brimming - mirror
To tempt a first star to a tremor.

Cows are going home in the lane there, looping the
hedges with their warm

wreaths of breath -

A dark river of blood, many boulders,
Balancing unspilled milk.

'Moon!' you cry suddenly, 'Moon! Moon!'

The moon has stepped back like an artist gazing
amazed at a work

That points at him amazed.