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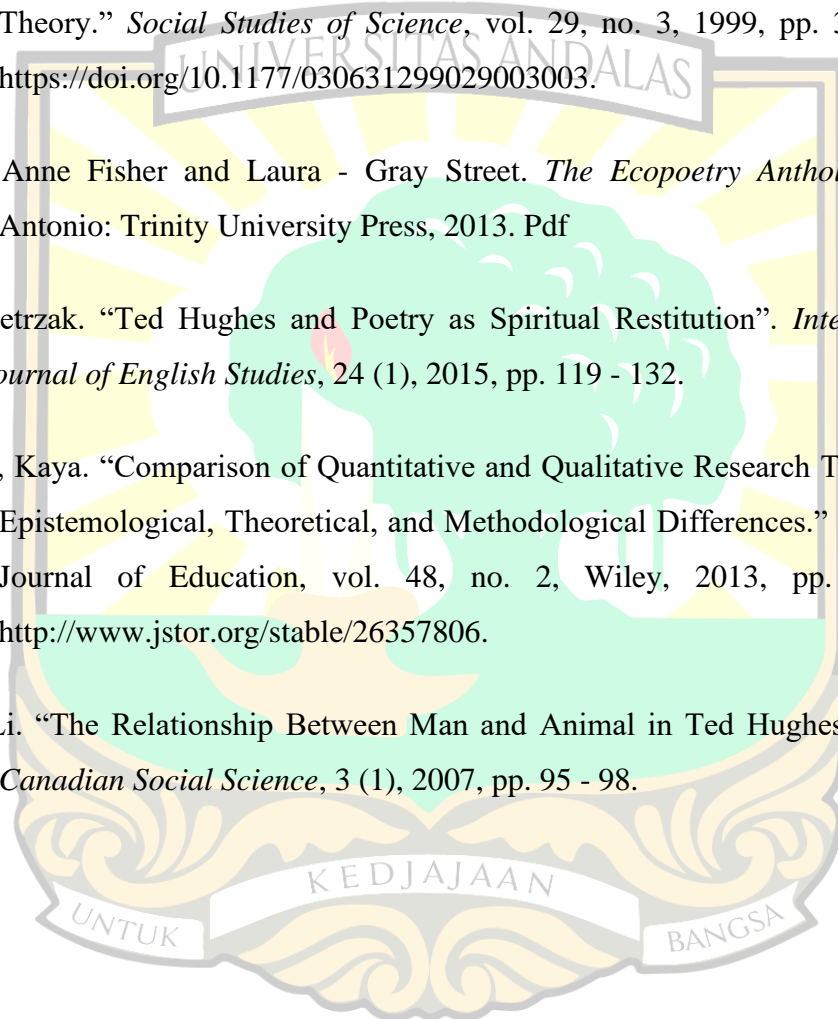
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APPENDIX

“Hawk Roosting”

1960

By Ted Hughes

I sit in the top of the wood, my eyes closed.

Inaction, no falsifying dream

Between my hooked head and hooked feet:

Or in sleep rehearse perfect kills and eat.

The convenience of the high trees!

The air's buoyancy and the sun's ray

Are of advantage to me;

And the earth's face upward for my inspection.

My feet are locked upon the rough bark.

It took the whole of Creation

To produce my foot, my each feather:

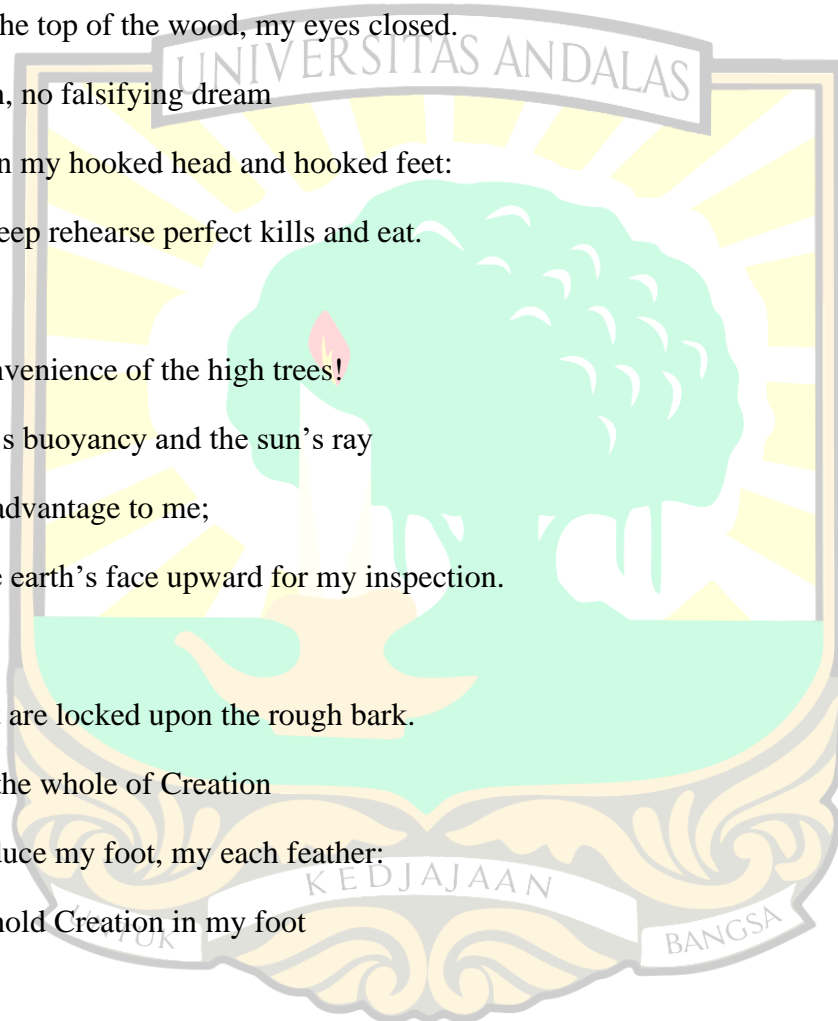
Now I hold Creation in my foot

Or fly up, and revolve it all slowly –

I kill where I please because it is all mine.

There is no sophistry in my body:

My manners are tearing off heads –



The allotment of death.
 For the one path of my flight is direct
 Through the bones of the living.
 No arguments assert my right:

The sun is behind me.
 Nothing has changed since I began.
 My eye has permitted no change.
 I am going to keep things like this.

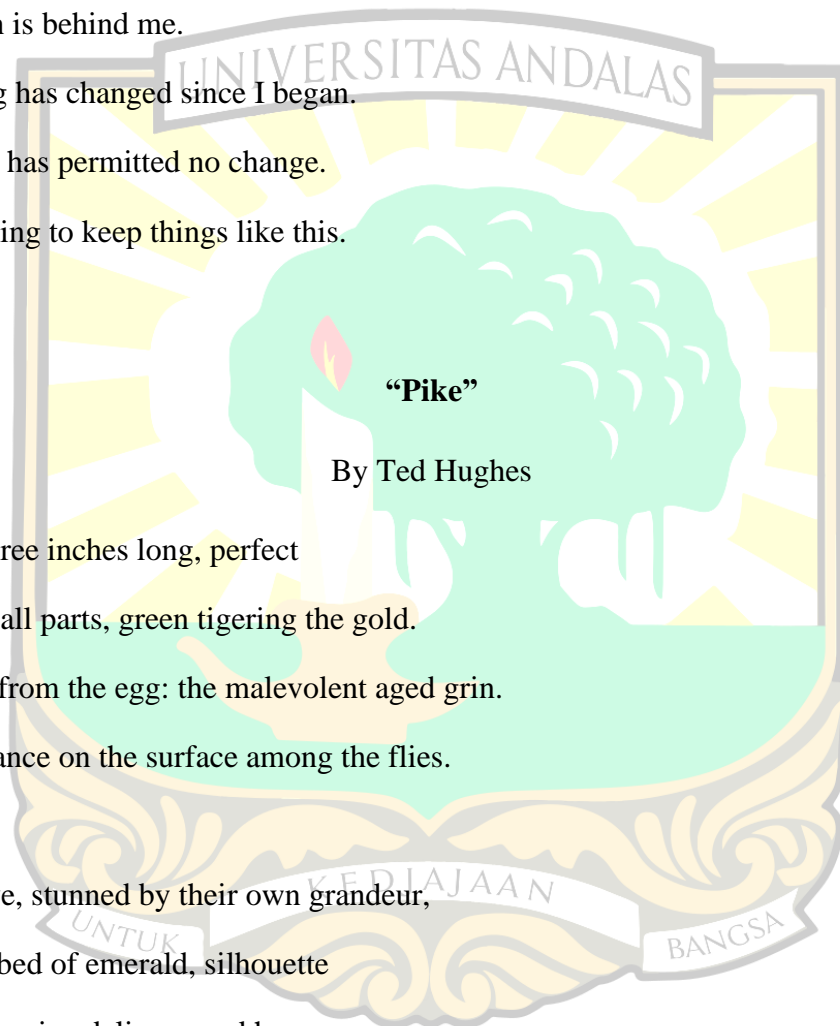
“Pike”

By Ted Hughes

Pike, three inches long, perfect
 Pike in all parts, green tigering the gold.
 Killers from the egg: the malevolent aged grin.
 They dance on the surface among the flies.

Or move, stunned by their own grandeur,
 Over a bed of emerald, silhouette
 Of submarine delicacy and horror.
 A hundred feet long in their world.

In ponds, under the heat-struck lily pads-
 Gloom of their stillness:



Logged on last year's black leaves, watching upwards.

Or hung in an amber cavern of weeds

The jaws' hooked clamp and fangs

Not to be changed at this date:

A life subdued to its instrument;

The gills kneading quietly, and the pectorals.

Three we kept behind glass,

Jungled in weed: three inches, four,

And four and a half: fed fry to them-

Suddenly there were two. Finally one

With a sag belly and the grin it was born with.

And indeed they spare nobody.

Two, six pounds each, over two feet long

High and dry and dead in the willow-herb-

One jammed past its gills down on the other's gullet:

The outside eye stared: as a vice locks-

The same iron in this eye

Though its film shrank in death.

A pond I fished, fifty yards across,

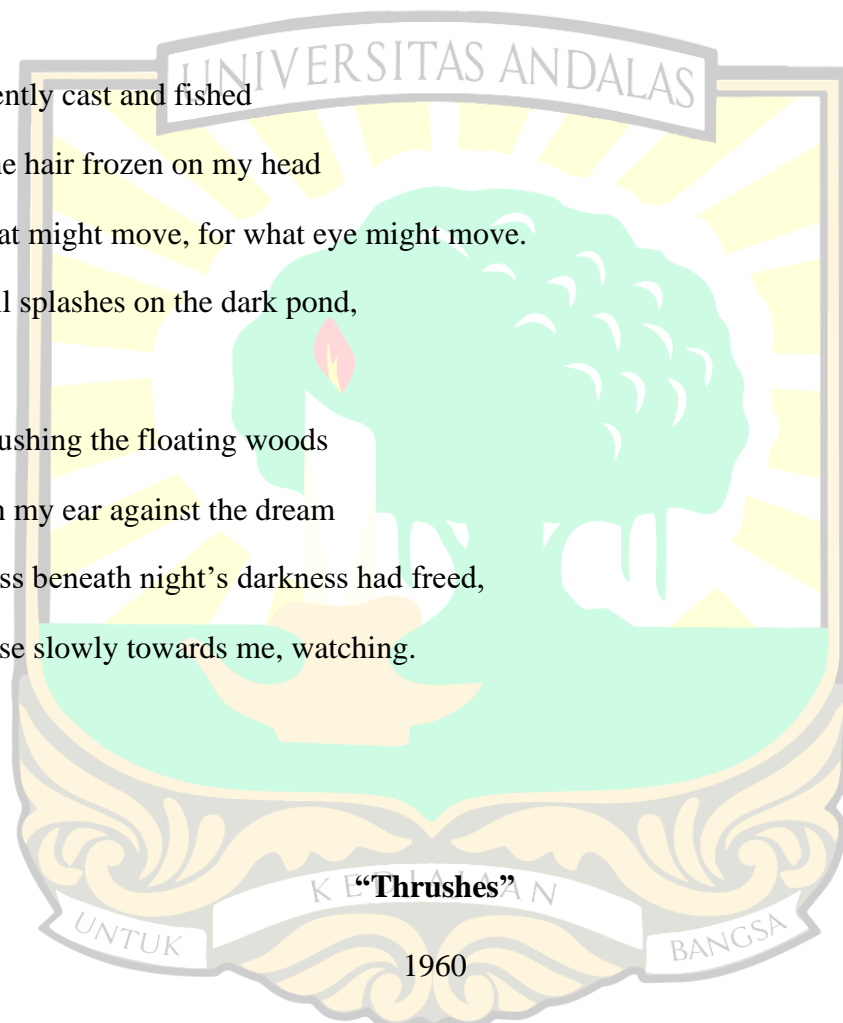
Whose lilies and muscular tench

Had outlasted every visible stone

Of the monastery that planted them-

Stilled legendary depth;
 It was as deep as England. It held
 Pike too immense to stir, so immense and old
 That past nightfall I dared not cast.

But silently cast and fished
 With the hair frozen on my head
 For what might move, for what eye might move.
 The still splashes on the dark pond,
 Owls hushing the floating woods
 Frail on my ear against the dream
 Darkness beneath night's darkness had freed,
 That rose slowly towards me, watching.



By Ted Hughes

Terrifying are the attent sleek thrushes on the lawn,
 More coiled steel than living - a poised
 Dark deadly eye, those delicate legs
 Triggered to stirrings beyond sense - with a start, a bounce,

a stab

Overtake the instant and drag out some writhing thing.

No indolent procrastinations and no yawning states,

No sighs or head-scratchings. Nothing but bounce and stab

And a ravening second.

Is it their single-mind-sized skulls, or a trained

Body, or genius, or a nestful of brats

Gives their days this bullet and automatic

Purpose? Mozart's brain had it, and the shark's mouth

That hungers down the blood-smell even to a leak of its own

Side and devouring of itself: efficiency which

Strikes too streamlined for any doubt to pluck at it

Or obstruction deflect.

With a man it is otherwise. Heroisms on horseback,

Outstripping his desk-diary at a broad desk,

Carving at a tiny ivory ornament

For years: his act worships itself - while for him,

Though he bends to be blent in the prayer, how loud and

above what

Furious spaces of fire do the distracting devils

Orgy and hosannah, under what wilderness

Of black silent waters weep.

“Cat and Mouse”

1960

By Ted Hughes

On the sheep-cropped summit, under hot sun,

The mouse crouched, staring out the chance

It dared not take,

Time and a world

Too old to alter, the five mile prospect –

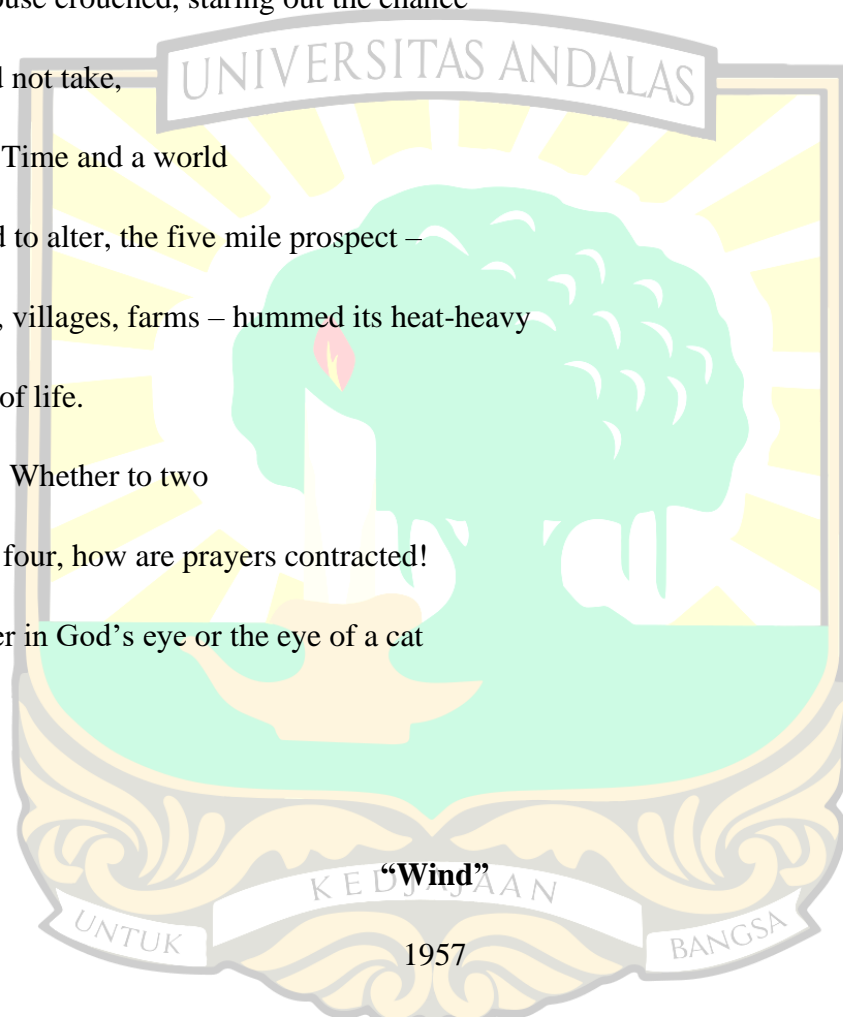
Woods, villages, farms – hummed its heat-heavy

Stupor of life.

Whether to two

Feet or four, how are prayers contracted!

Whether in God’s eye or the eye of a cat



“Wind”

1957

By Ted Hughes

This house has been far out at sea all night,

The woods crashing through darkness, the booming hills,

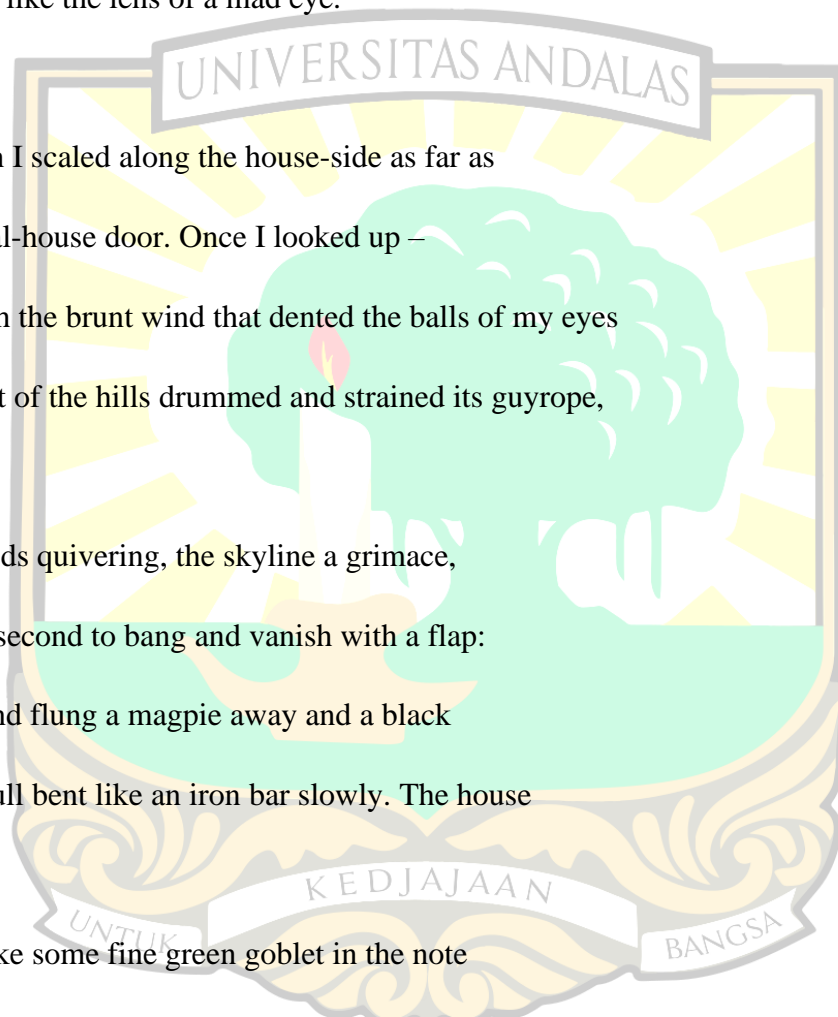
Winds stampeding the fields under the window

Floundering black astride and blinding wet

Till day rose; then under an orange sky
The hills had new places, and wind wielded
Blade-light, luminous black and emerald,
Flexing like the lens of a mad eye.

At noon I scaled along the house-side as far as
The coal-house door. Once I looked up –
Through the brunt wind that dented the balls of my eyes
The tent of the hills drummed and strained its guyrope,
The fields quivering, the skyline a grimace,
At any second to bang and vanish with a flap:
The wind flung a magpie away and a black
Back gull bent like an iron bar slowly. The house

Rang like some fine green goblet in the note
That any second would shatter it. Now deep
In chairs, in front of the great fire, we grip
Our hearts and cannot entertain book, thought,
Or each other. We watch the fire blazing,



And feel the roots of the house move, but sit on,

Seeing the window tremble to come in,

Hearing the stones cry out under the horizons.

