

## **CROW HILL – TED HUGHES**

The farms are oozing craters in  
Sheer sides under the sodden moors:  
When it is not wind it is rain,  
Neither of which will stop at doors:  
One will damp beds and the other shake  
Dreams beneath sleep it cannot break.

Between the weather and the rock  
Farmers make a little heat;  
Cows that sway a bony back,  
Pigs upon delicate feet  
Hold off the sky, trample the strength  
That shall level these hills at length.

Buttoned from blowing mist  
Walk the ridges of ruined stone.  
What humbles these hills has raised  
The arrogance of blood and bone,  
And thrown the hawk upon the wind,  
And lit the fox in the dripping ground.