

## 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