

The Meeting – Ted Hughes

He smiles in a mirror, shrinking the whole
Sun-swung zodiac of light to a trinket shape
On the rise of his eye : it is a role

In which he can fling a cape,
And outloom life like Faustus. But once when
On an empty mountain slope

A black goat clattered and ran
Towards him , and set forefeet firm on a rock
Above and looked down

A square-pupilled yellow-eyed look
The black devil head against the blue air
What gigantic fingers look

Him up and on a bar
Palm turned him close under an eye
That was like a hanging hemisphere

And watched his blood's gleam with a ray
Slow and cold and ferocious as a star
Till the goat clattered away.

Preview from Notesale.co.uk
Page 1 of 3