

In 'Wind', Ted Hughes captures the ferocity of a relentless, monstrous storm.

The savage wind transforms the landscape from a safe, predictable and motionless setting to one of unstoppable, frenzied movement. Hughes imagines that the once-solid hills have been transformed into fluid waves, and that the defenceless house is now "*far out at sea*".

Nothing is safe from the violence of the wind. The dark and violent imagery evokes a sense of terror and impending doom, as the two inhabitants of the house sit silently by the fire, helplessly observing the storm outside. It seems the hills will soon blow away, like tents.

Hughes portrays his native Devonshire in his characteristically dark and ominous fashion.

Wind

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.

Ted Hughes [FYI—former husband of Sylvia Plath]