**Tree**, by Ted Hughes

A priest from a different land

Fulminated

Against heather, black stones, blown water.

Excommunicated the clouds

Damned the wind 5

Cast the bog pools into outer darkness

Smote the horizons

With the jawbone of emptiness

Till he ran out of breath—

In that teetering moment 10

Of lungs empty

When only his eye-water protected him

He saw

Heaven and earth moving.

And words left him. 15

Mind left him. God left him.

Bowed—

The lightning conductor

Of a maiming glimpse—the new prophet—

Under ending interrogation by wind 20

Tortured by huge scaldings of light

Tried to confess all but could not

Bleed a word

Stripped to his root-letter, cruciform

Contorted 25

Tried to tell all

Through crooking of elbows

Twitching of finger-ends.

Finally

Resigned 30

To be dumb.

Lets what happens to him simply happen.