

A SONNET TO SUNRISE

(On watching the sun rise over the Tuscan hills)

David Canter

The waking sun caressed the dreaming mists
That wrap the distant valley, far below.
Breathing colour into sleeping forests
Which stretch to reach the sky's faint glow.
A dark-green blanket over sleeping hills
From which a soft, grey-blue cloud climbs
To overflow in a quiet wave that spills
Across distant sounds of faint, far-off chimes,
Heralding the warm rays that wake the day.
Houses stirring from shadowed slumber
Appear as white forms in silent number,
Whilst dormant shades still hide the distant town,
Unaware, as the sun removes its gown.

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