

## Daylight

The sun was bright this morning as I set off down the road  
The sky was blue, the air was chill, the light a filtered gold  
But this is not the way of things on every single day  
Sometimes the light turns everything a gentle shade of grey  
But when a long and sunny day draws slowly to a close  
The peachy warmth of sunset turns to deep and glowing rose  
And as the stars begin to pierce the canopy so high  
A midnight blue will beckon rest and bid the day goodbye.

Jan Rees    March 2023