

Before Dawn

He tightened his vintage boots
And hoisting his traveller's pack,
Left the weathered cottage
His provisions on his back.
The path lay in moon shadow,
The pond frost yet unfrosted.
The world was at its finest,
No other soul abroad.
Cool sea air caressed his face
Like the feathers of a dove.
A mottled silver tarnish
Gleamed on branches high above.
Delicate silvered cobwebs
Draped the trees in shrouded lace.
Shadows performed a moonlight dance
The world a magic place.
He loved the quiet interlude
That lay before the day,
When the world was silent
A cool still life in grey.
The shallow skies are lightening,
Endless shadows fall away.
The first strains of morning song
Announce the dawning day.



Margaret Hardy
December 2022