

Dawn

**Dawn finds its way into the house
through every recess,
projecting on to walls oblique
slow-motion shadow cinema:
toy canoe and sailing boat
navigate the bathroom wall;
a trompe l'oeil window onto moving trees
configures near a kitchen cabinet;
water, in an unwashed bowl,
attuned to some vibration
ripples across the ceiling;
a teaspoon on a sill glances...
through cracks and keyholes, light
lets itself into the house,
not as a sly intruder
but with radiant in-pouring,
a casual, brilliant right of entry**