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Danish Summer Morning

Tyra Sorensen

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DANISH SUMMER MORNING

The sun shines softly across the ancient white beech
floor of my room
At five in the morning.
The air already filled with the gossips of birds and
Gentle billows of flowers from the castle garden.
The soft dusty coolness of the timeless white beech
floors on my feet
As they slide from beneath the warmth of down to
stand at my window.
The trees in the castle garden stand upright, stiff,
tall,
Proud of 500 years of northern summer mornings.
The gardener's sprinkler already pours water onto his
plants.
He sits in the garden on the Queen's bench smoking a
cigarette
In between trimming the hedge into miniature Christmas
tress.
I turn to the hall and steep stairs that lead down
To the garden door.
A cool wetness still hangs in the early morning air.
The sun now strikes a small table
Covered with Farmor's tablecloth and Beb's dishes.
Yogurt, oats, ryebread, Jørgensen, Blue cheese, and the
Always necessary pot of tea.
A huge twelve cup white porcelain teapot crouches,
Steaming- waiting to be drained.
Yes, I've become accustomed to the Danish summer morning.

Tyra Sorensen