



FLORENCE
A Thousand Sights
By Wayne Visser

What sweet surprise, what strange delight
To find myself this Florence night
On wings across the miles to you ...
I wonder if you miss me too

My soul's aglow, my mind's aflame
Among this city's ancient names
Who led the Renaissance in art
And stoked the embers of my heart

A thousand sights, a thousand smells
A thousand stories each one tells
And so I'm wishing you were here
Imagining that you are near

A time too short, an end too soon
A drifting cloud across the moon
A dream beneath the starry skies
The darkest hour before sunrise

copyright 2007

