

I'll tell you how the Sun rose-
By Emily Dickinson

I'll tell you how the Sun rose,--
A ribbon at a time.
The steeples swam in amethyst,
The news like squirrels ran.
The hills untied their bonnets,
The bobolinks begun.
Then I said softly to myself,
"That must have been the sun!"

But how he set, I know not.
There seemed a purple stile
Which little yellow boys and girls
Were climbing all the while
Till when they reached the other side,
A dominie in gray
Put gently up the evening bars,
And led the flock away.

<http://poetrypages.lemon8.nl/nature/illtellyou/illtellyouhow.htm>