Over the years Thomas Carper of Cornish has published his accomplished sonnets in some of this country’s best literary magazines. Today’s sample links piano music at twilight with the art of Corot.

A Piano at Evening
by Thomas Carper

_Il étonne lentement._
(He astonishes slowly.)
—Baudelaire, on the paintings of Corot

The music she’s performing, while the sun Sinks down, comes softly through an open door Into the evening calm, and has begun Altering all we thought we’d known before. The bushes by the porch, a dusty green Throughout the inattentions of the day, Now look more deeply colored, with a sheen That glimmers as we pause to hear her play. And now the fine proportions of a tree Are vivid. While arpeggios declare Her mastery of the difficult, we see New symmetries, as vistas everywhere By slow astonishment are rearranged. We walk on toward a growing darkness, changed.