

The Rainbow

“Oh, look! Come see the rainbow!” someone said.

*I looked to right and left and overhead
but nothing saw but darkening cloud and mist
til’ a directing hand came to assist
my truant eyes. And then I saw at last
a swathe of golden arc was fading fast.*

*The rainbow’s hour had waned. I was too late
to see it whole. Or was it simply Fate
trying to lay a pattern down for me
that I should dare to live more punctually?
That I should find in Time not foe but friend
and see that pattern whole from end to end,
and hear a whisper from that golden arc
that light persisted still
beyond the Dark.*

—Louise Dauner