

the rainbow ascends from two sides  
and each side falls back  
to earth on the other side.  
i have seen floods  
with dead things floating in the water  
without an arch of light.  
i have seen collapsed bridges  
in the rubble of crumbling light.  
i have seen droughts that chased  
the rainbows out of our heaven.  
where is the promise.  
what is a survivor.  
what does it mean when nature  
does not want to be  
a playmate.  
before we knew what a rainbow was  
it was a bridge to heaven  
now that we know  
it is a mixture of moisture and light  
we still refuse to avoid our imagination.

the rainbow ascends.  
wf.h.  
2026