

Rainbows



Photos: David Clarke

Where are the rainbows?
Enchanting luminous arcs in the sky,
Those colourful cheerful banners,
That helps to dispel our grey days.

Raindrops making play on the sun's rays,
Produce wondrous displays,
We have rain and so much colour,
But the rainbows have faded.

When we were children,
Our colouring books portrayed,
Rainbows, and at rainbows end,
Leprechauns with their crooks of gold.

But where are those rainbows?
Are there no more golden tomorrows?
Do the prisms lie ice cold in our hearts,
While the colours are shaken?

A whole new kaleidoscope,
Lasers and hologram rainbows,
May fill our skies on the morrow,
Weaving a canopy of joy.

The pop stars have forests of painted rainbows,
Lending enchantment to their songs,
Adverts display assorted coloured arcs,
And around clock faces, rainbows in full circle.

But the tinkling music of the stirring prisms,
Coax back nature's natural radiating light,
Pulsating energy will return us our rainbows,
Tomorrow we may share the crown of healing colours.

Grace Clarke