

Bay Rainbow

It had been a long hot humid day.

By late afternoon dark clouds
hovered low in the distance,
drifting closer, threatening to burst.

Suddenly, a deluge crashed
from above,
drenching the atmosphere.

As quickly as it came,
the rain ceased,
bequeathing a radiant rainbow,
arising in vibrant colors as though
born from the water.

It crossed through the clouds
and returned to earth as if
drawn by a child possessed
with a passion for perfection.
Its brilliance lasted several minutes
before slowly dimming away.

The rain gifted the earth.
The rainbow enriched the soul.

—Jane H. Fitzgerald

