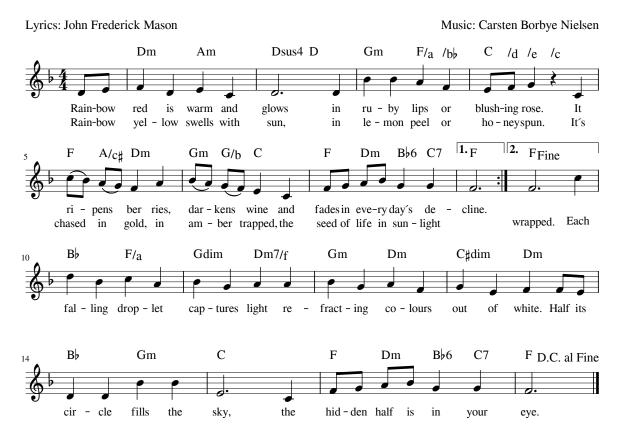
Rainbow



RAINBOW

Rainbow red is warm and glows in ruby lips or blushing rose. It ripens berries, darkens wine and fades in every day's decline.

Rainbow yellow swells with sun, in lemon peel or honey spun. It's chased in gold, in amber trapped, the seed of life in sunlight wrapped.

Each falling droplet captures light refracting colours out of white. Half its circle fills the sky, the hidden half is in your eye.

Rainbow green where oceans sleep, where pine trees sigh or willows weep. In springtime dance, the grasses wave on village green and shaded grave.

Rainbow blue unfolds an arc from icy dawn to midnight's dark. A lilac's spray, a peacock's spread, and heaven shining overhead.

Each falling droplet captures light refracting colours out of white. Half its circle fills the sky, the hidden half is in your eye.

Rainbow has no place for white, a snow-blind waste is far too bright. And black is lost for lack of light, its eyelids closed in darkest night.

Rainbow colours play a song where you and I and they belong. And every drop must play its part, and every sunbeam find a heart.