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The Rainbow

Pankajam

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Light loves water in the sky refracted at angles, conducive, give birth to the heavenly arc of colours that dreams to teach dance to the tall mountain peaks.

Sun stretches out its tongue in awe swooned at the beauty of the bending lights, each hue blends into the next with no edge dividing the sky, bright below, dull above.

My heart praises the sacred skill, triggers pulse to rush to dance over the coloured arc, a bridge between sky and heaven built by *Iris to link men to the immortals.

There is lot to it than meets the eye, I feel happy none can steal the pot of gold angels kept at the other end of the rainbow, not visible during pitch dark nights.

Wish I too reside inside a bubble, the tiny mirror, though imperfect light the rain bathed sky, refract and reflect to show the universe heavenly charm, make myriad hearts amuse at the symphony.

(*Iris= the goddess of rainbow)