Martin Robertson

[Fall rainbows the forest-acred mountains]

Fall rainbows the forest-acred mountains, unbelievable ranges of daily changing colours.

Someone had stuck to the hired window a coloured small transparency "Have a Rainbow Day"

One morning you couldn't bear it any longer, razored it away, and looking out into the dawn sky saw in the broken, brightening western cloud and shared with me the faintest brief arc of a real rainbow.

This poem is reprinted from Now and Then, the website devoted to the poetry of Martin Robertson, at http://rtnl.org.uk/now_and_then/