

# Poem

## REWEAVING THE RAINBOW

by Christopher Southgate

We have unwoven the glowing strands,  
seen hope as multiple internal reflection,  
measured indigo in Ångströms.

We know where to look for the Lord's sign –  
always opposite the sun, at a certain angle,  
the double bow above, and fainter,  
(reversed, of course, since the light  
as though losing its way on a roundabout  
performs an extra pass of the rain's geometry.)

Knowing where to look

take a handful of soil from under a loved tree,  
or dip your hands in a bowl of rosewater  
tinctured with yew;

make the mark of the bow on a friend's hand.  
Trace the seven colours of love there –  
sense, fainter, what, between friends,  
can never be spoken.  
Feel the elements within you  
stir towards the glow of freedom.

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