

Three Rainbows and a Pretty Girl

An unexpected rain storm caught me
Walking near the lake. It caught you, too,
I guess.
Why else would we both have sheltered,
Grim-faced and cold,
Beneath the branches of a cottonwood?

Too far lost in bitter thoughts to care,
I never even asked your name, or
How you came to join me there.

Squatting, shoulders hunched
Against the dripping of the leaves,
I kept my eyes cast down to foil
The unasked question in your eyes.

Waiting for the storm to pass,
I gave some thought to rooting there,
A quiet place, well-watered by the rain,
A patient square of earth to rest and
Wait the passing of all storms.

I turned at the sudden trickle
Of your high swirling laugh.
"Oh, look," you said, "God's smiling on the
lake."

On the smooth surface of blue water
Three equal rainbows danced:

A peacock, laughing,
Had turned itself to smoke.

A curving crystal horn of dew
Poured blossoms in the lake.

A careless gypsy flung her bright-dyed cape
against the August sky.

Today it is enough that I have seen three
rainbows and a pretty girl,
walking near the lake.

George Hepworth