



Faith or fiction?

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Last night
when I walked the dog I saw
haloed rainbows
around every streetlight,
colors distinct
like a box of fat crayons.

A lovely play of the mist
I thought,
until I remembered
that the eye-doctor
had dilated
my eyes at noon.

A fleeting trick of the iris?
Or the truth
that light is full of color,
each wave-frequency
is a pitch-perfect
pure hue?

For once
my wounded pupil's
peephole had glimpsed
a promise of beauty
transcendent-
like Noah's rainbow.

Noah had faith
and could trust
in a pitch black
ark
through teardrop-
raindrop deluge.

But do I
cover with doubt
the revelation of faith
unable to face
the grace and the gaze
of the Risen Son?

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