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.