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Rainbows

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Rainbows

SPLIT ROCK

Just when you think the country
 Desolate, a sweet creek bubbles up,
 Grasses sprout, what you left behind
 Can stay there, air is snappier here,
 Light hurts you can see by.

GROUCHES

I've got a case full of grouches,
 They like to scratch and shout,
 Parade around the table picking
 Fights, spitting spite in everybody's
 Coffee cup. These grouches
 Have heavy gobs of hair in their
 Ears to filter all incoming thought.
 Only the word or idea that registers
 Maximum Irritability to the grouch
 Gets through for revving all them fellow
 Grouches up. Grouches pour vinegar
 On conversations, shrivel buds
 Before they bloom. But I get no relief
 In letting my load of grouches out,
 The more I do the more they breed
 Their smelly deposits, and I'm running
 Out of Ajax cleaning up. Next time
 They try to snatch my tongue and
 Hang more hair on my listening devices,
 I'm stringing my fiddle for mountain tunes.
 I'm fixing to make them grouches dance.

RAINBOWS

Rainbows fade the closer we get to them,
 Greens and reds move into violets, mist
 Pervades, the slanting sun cuts
 In and out, our faces drip dew,
 We feel treasured.