

Roughening the Rainbow

Our internal cameras
aren't riveted to rigid poles;

we can roll in and out of position
to tell what has truly happened,

not a crude reenactment,
or an airbrushed rainbow,

hiding its imperfections of color
and shape, requiring tools
of sensory exactitude

to replicate what could make
Wordsworth's heart leap up.

What's written on the brain
is unseeable, unsayable,

'til immersed inside a sealed
container of poetic astringency,

to desiccate,
roughen the rainbow,

expose subdermal wounds
in personal or shared history,

places where, Rumi says, *light enters*.