



A Matter of Perspective

Luna looms large, seemingly dwarfing far Mars;
For the one: features clearly presented;
From the other: a mere radiance of red light;
Yet the lesser is indeed greater;
If viewed from an objective perspective.



Sunlight, seemingly simple and pure, illuminates all;
Lighting the way for all, indiscriminately;
The oneness is, after all, merely an illusion;
For hidden in the unity is a brilliant diversity of colors;
Revealed in resplendent beauty after the storm passes;
A vision of the blended components of community:

RAINBOW



Sharing roots in mutual support,
From the nurturing earth;
Growing distinct and unique,
In form and girth;
Spreading out or reaching up,
In personal pleasure;
Each special and valued,
A singular treasure.



The storm rain leaves its mark on the earth;
A reminder flowing still over the former path;
A hindrance, perhaps, to the travel forward;
A welcome pause, conceivably,
To reflect on nurtured growth;
The waters will slowly recede,
The bridged path to fully reappear;
The storm rain, but a fading memory,
Lingers on in the nourished trees.