

## OUTSIDE

the light is sulphur-yellow:  
dawn gone golden,  
ominous, with the birds berserk,  
screaming tree to tree.

I'm drawn to see what the fuss is  
— apart from the odd-coloured sky —  
away from my desk and the work  
I don't want, anyway.

Across the road they're there —  
massive arcs of a double rainbow,  
vibrant hues of my five year-old's palette;  
she should be here.

I want to wake the entire family,  
have them witness, too, this peculiar scene  
    the rumble of thunder  
coming like airforce heavy transports  
on a mission to our house.

Then the first fat splot of rain hits my head,  
then another and another.  
Not warm, as they should be  
— after days of heat —  
but cold as bullets.

And I'm back inside the house,  
unplugging the computer,  
putting on the kettle, wondering how  
I can face the ordinary day.