Soaring o’er the trees – a bridge –
Shimmering and transient.
Calling clear to all from afar:
“Enjoy the glory of a storm ended!”
Now peaceful and quiet,
The earth moistened and nourished;
Bringing hope and opportunity
For renewal of body and spirit.

Evening, softening, traces of day, gentle rest calm;
Reflecting, remembering, enters the night,
With dreams a balm;
What storms there were are now passed,
Rainbows of promise did follow;
Boundaries are blurred, sharp colors relaxed
The earth reaches up and holds tight.
Sharing with heavens descending;
All that was is now gone from sight,
Closing of day with thanks to give,
Gratitude offers a way to live.

The storms now passed,
Become a distant memory;
The multi-hued arc reaches down
From the heavens above;
Gently alights at day’s end
Gracing the earth below;
Asserting for the gentle hued evening:
Thanks be given for an awe-filled world.

The storms pass, blue replaces gray;
A remnant – a reminder – remains.
A day of rain relinquishes its hold;
The setting sun refracts into a brilliant promise.
Awe-filled glory, opulent grandeur
Unite, conspire to delight the eye.
Offered to all from nature’s wealth of gifts;
Given freely for enjoyment,
For inspiration, and for pleasure.

Mass Eye and Ear
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