

Andrew Frisardi

Non-Noah and the Rainbow

Each day I need a refresher course
in living, something, a prayer maybe,
condensing in the air of me.

I rise, open the blinds half-mast,
fold up the night, unfold the news:
all shapes of light I can't refuse.

I'm shadow in the midst, at most
non-Noah, arkless in the flood
of absence that's my element.

Not completely though. Some shred
that I don't know is a tensile thread
in the blue, a rainbow filament.

After the storm I walk in mud
and look up at the motley crest
the disappearing moisture leaves,

and birds conveying branches from land
and the bow is bent to the Dyer's hand
and the eye is transparent that perceives.