

RAINBOW

A Zoom Poem created by participants in Ledbury Poetry Festival's Poetry & Pictures workshop on 16th December 2020

Through a raindrop, I shatter into a rainbow:

I am purple, deep purple heavy rock beats, sixties flowing dress,
cut-out flower neckline, bell sleeves, bare feet, youth

I am blue and when I am down, I am down. I mean soberness, love.
Sometimes I wish I were of a more vibrant nature,
Less down! Awful to suffer melancholia!!

Unexpected things come out of the blue.

I am orange; unhappy to have my vibrancy and depth overshadowed
by the 45th president of the United States and his face.

I am gold – to you I am the world
For, after all, round your finger I'm curled.

I am gold, I wish I were silver
So that I could shine at night.

I am fresh bruise, blueberries, dark blood that courses through ventricles.

I am cherry blossom pink – the germination of romance,
I am cerise, cherry popping, subtle than scarlet, more assertive than pink.

I am terracotta, I am of earth and clay, beautiful without adornment
and sturdy in my hue.

I am ochre – the yellow of me at the heart of the sunflower facing the day.

I am verdigris, magical as Mardi Gras.

I am the sweet fragrance the eyes see, near and far.
I am the glow deep in the soul, a layer of red full of passion and love.

I am blood orange, fiery red and sunny yellow, never hiding in the shadows,
I make my presence known.

I am Orange: two-minded
Red in passion, and in fire.
Don't touch me yet, I can't stand it.
Scars don't fade.
You must wait.
And yellow, sunlit,
more serene,
and boy, could I use it.
A few days of sun,
a little sand relaxes me.
I am Orange: feel it.

I am magnolia, but I'd give the world to be viridian, scarlet, gold,
to catch the eye, imagination.
But I'm the one in the background – you know me well,
from a million houses up and down the land,
whose inhabitants could think of nothing better to daub upon their walls.

I am cinnamon, the colour of warmth.
I stand out on chilly days.
I am the colour of far away.
I add spice, suffuse and steep.
I soothe the outside and inside.

I am green, married to blue
and deep because
more
gives birth to our restful baby cyan.
We can now relax with baby cyan.

I am clear spring water, pureness through highland mountains quartz spike,
pronounced and upright in my soul safety of these waters

I am blue
I am the hottest part of the flame
Tend me and stoke me and feed me
And I will wrap you in warmth and comfort

I am the dandelion-yellow in the July sun stretching through the day

I am the red of sunset after a walk on the Downs
I am red, like our cheeks after a whisky at the pub afterwards
I am the red of the walls in the first home we shared
I am the red of the TV record button on the handset
I am the red for passion
I am red like our faces flushed with laughter and love
I am the red of the last rose you gave me

I am green.
In April I am delicate
reaching out to test the air for tender buds.
Summer strengthens me.
Now in almost-solstice winter
I come to you as wreath,
as always, ever green.

I am prisms of light
multitudes of coloured patches –
on gold days I sparkle on the outside,
at least at night when light
leaves me breathless

I am nebulous, sooty and sunless,
lost in a sombre muddy pitch blackness;
before dawn witnesses my recovery,
I hover in pinks visible, translucent – just becoming