A Rainbow, The Wind

The serenity of a beauteous rainbow
Comes slowly upon us like sand in an hour glass
It dissipates as fast as the direction changes in the wind
Seeing these magical wonders brings to us a fire
that settles deep within our intimate dreams
that brings a widened smile to our hearts.

Memories remain steadfast in our hearts
The gloriousness of a double rainbow
appears like diamonds behind a looking glass
as breath awakening as a Winter's wind
which is a passion, for some a flaming fire
as surreal as our nightmarish dreams.

In our slumbering state comes our dreams,
our desires, our longing from within our hearts
The multifaceted colors of the rainbow
come forth as if they were made from glass
while a long, hot all encompassing wind
burns slowly like a molten fire.

So intensely sensitive is a touch from a fire
That brings us reminders of our elusive dreams
which makes us realize the hunger in our hearts
as hard fast and wanting as the strong colors of a rainbow
as sharp and exquisite as etched glass
as curiously sensual as the wind.

The mysterious flowings of the wind
runs thru a magnificent blazing fire
which only serves to ignite the passion of my dreams
which comes from the center of our hearts
as wide and radiant as a rainbow
Shining as if made from glass.

So fragile, so breakable is glass
So feather soft can be the wind
Or as fierce and furious as a fire
Burning ever slowly in our constant dreams
Sparkling like all the colors of a rainbow.

Our lives are ever changing from our dreams in our hearts
To the way we feel the wind and see a rainbow
To the way we know of fire heating glass.

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