

End of the Rainbow

I do not know what I will find
at the end of the rainbow.
I will have to take your word for it.

I do, however, know—
after sitting in gridlock on 9th Avenue,
five blocks in an hour and a half
in an intermittent downpour
before making a left on 40th St.
to merge with those approaching
the Lincoln Tunnel
from alternative directions—
what is at the end of the traffic jam:

A rainbow,

arcng over this soaking Manhattan Island
we are about to leave
vivid
against a gray eastern sky.

“Look at that” the poet sitting next to me
declares. “If we had not gotten stuck in traffic
we would have missed it.”

Into every life a little rain . . .
even the occasional downpour,
not to mention all the traffic jams,
which is why it's always good
to have a poet sitting beside you,
reminding you, when
a reminder is needed,
 about the rainbows.

Steve Bloom
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