

THOMAS R. SMITH

Foot of the Rainbow

In the west the sky lifted the edge of her shawl,
and spring earth flashed green in the sunlight.
I drove south through rain, looked out
my streaming windshield at illuminated
farms framed as though in a painting.

At a crossroads I turned east: a rainbow
curved so high I had to hunch forward
over the wheel to glimpse its full arch
against the dark. Then out in a field I saw
its foot misting along a line of near

trees like a rainbow's ghost. It was that close,
moving with me, the arc I'd thought far as
mountains! So we carry our rainbows inside
us, nearer than we know, near as that moment
I followed rainbow-footed back to my town.

THOMAS R. SMITH is a poet and teacher living in River Falls, Wisconsin. His poems have appeared in hundreds of periodicals in the U.S. and abroad. His most recent poetry collections are *Waking before Dawn* (Red Dragonfly Press) and *Kinnickinnic* (Parallel Press). He teaches at the Loft Literary Center in Minneapolis. Poetry has been his spiritual practice for thirty years.