

The clouds clear, a brisk breeze pushing the greyness  
Towards the horizon.  
Grey gloom gives way to sunlight, grey clouds to fluffy white,  
While the trees dance in the wind, bowing and nodding  
As if to say 'thank you' for pushing the grey away.  
Sunlight teases the ground, first here, then there,  
Highlighting the vibrant greens and golds of the trees,  
Making the dowdy streets sparkle with a hundred diamonds.  
Darker shadows flit over the landscape, flirting with the sunshine,  
Playing with the buildings, pretending to threaten rain  
And then moving on, as if to say they were only joking.  
Spirits lift as the sunshine brightens, lifting the whole day  
And putting smiles on the faces of the people walking past;  
Children skip in and around the puddles, laughing with delight  
At the dazzling display of droplets kicked up by their energetic feet.  
The further hills are touched by brightness,  
Even the dark pine trees are made to look fresh and bright  
Under the caressing touch of the sun.  
And then, a final benison from the fickle weather,  
A rainbow, perfectly formed, spreads its grace and beauty  
Across the skies, bestowing the final blessing  
On the sunlit afternoon.