

Rainbow Machine

Rosalynde Vas Dias

After I had turned and turned
in the body, battering the walls.

I could write *I* more easily than ever before.

But light—light entering
and bending, probably
not seven discreet vibrations
but . . . I don't know—
The glass can't feel it,
I tell myself.
Glass can't know.

Relentless desire to be
the rainbow machine—
little translucent box
with ROYGBIV plastic cogs,
a prism turned by solar power—

—light revealing its selves,
its frequencies.

Because you stepped into its path.
You had these faces,
these facets and the light opened:
see what I am.