

Reflecting on Rainbows

By Tina Datsko de Sánchez

I have always loved rainbows—
their awe-inspiring beauty,
their shimmering with immanence
of the Divine.

When I was eleven, my parents let me
re-decorate my bedroom, and I painted
a rainbow arcing across two walls.

In junior high, my dad lent me a prism,
and I experienced refracting sunlight
into its gorgeous constituent colors.
I learned that white light exists because
the entire spectrum of wavelengths is present.

Light is my favorite metaphor
for the Love that is God.
Just as white light is completed
by the presence of the entire color spectrum,
what if the God that is Love
is completed by the presence
of the entire spectrum of human experience,
the entire spectrum of expression
of gender and love?