

# EPIPHANIES

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## Seawall, Third Beach

Take that wide woman striding in shorts,  
a purple spiderweb behind her knee.

That young man trying to tan,  
his arms solid with blue tattoos.

The pale girl in the yellow T-shirt,  
her tits bouncing to her sneakers' thump.

That balding father in the wet singlet,  
racing his three-wheeled infant.

That pied dog sniffing the kid  
stopped mid-path, to mend his trike.

That paunchy man jogging,  
his arms crossed to lift his dugs.

The woman reading a yellowing romance,  
her magenta hair splayed into a fan.

Universe, open another dimension.  
Let Rembrandt at us.