

Epiphanies

By Sandra Storey

I've missed many of them
not caught them in my swirling net

turned on TV or laptop
instead of tuning in

epiphanies insist on interrupting
my current line of thinking

after grasping one, it slipped,
shattered; I threw it away

somewhere, I know, epiphanies
are posing in disguise

next to a tomato soup can
red and white in the cupboard

or hiding in a fissure
waiting to emerge, blinding as the sun

I'm looking for them,
just hanging out, ready

for a parachute unfolding,
a bauble in the corner of my eye

sometimes epiphanies arrive loud,
whistle, siren, howl

then there is the ticking clock,
a whisper exploding in my ear