

Epiphany

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We overlook details, it's true:
our friends and relatives are clouds,
shaped ominously or quite fluffy;
bringing only weather into our lives.
Now and again
(not when we're in love, of course)
something snaps into focus:
a bit of bone, perhaps, or an episode told,
the tone off in a way that makes us sit up
(or leave).
Someone we know swings a rifle butt
and we recognize him at last.