

Ephesus

by [Tania Runyan](#) in the [April 1, 2015](#) issue

I was in love with God for one afternoon.
Twenty, alone on a beach, I dropped rocks
by the edge and watched the ocean wash
gray into blue, brown into red. An hour
of my crunching steps, the clack of pebbles,
the water's rippling response. Never mind
invisibility. We were the only ones, and I
so intoxicating—sand-blown hair,
denim cut-offs, no reason to believe
anyone's faith could dissolve. My prayers
were as certain as the stones I threw,
the answers as sure as the cove's blue floor.