

WHEN YOUR HULL HAS BEEN BREACHED AND THE HEART OF THE OCEAN IS NOT IN YOUR POCKET

by Cynthia Tracy Larsen

Her heart is the color of fuck. Not the color she'd imagined; the soft pink of parting lips, the fading hand print on steamed-up windows, like Leo and Kate in that fancy car the night it sank. His car was a dented jeep and they hadn't accounted for such limited leg space.

Her heart is the color of the roses she pinned to her wall that night, the roses he had given her as a down-payment, the roses that had drooped even before he screwed his eyes tight and spit the last grunt into her face. She can tell you, now, that decay smells of balled-up socks and that between the lines is an afterthought.

Her heart is the color of his face-book page. She knew even before reading the blur of his post that he would not sink to the bottom of the ocean for her.

Her heart is the color of the whistle she won't blow. She will lie still on the wooden door while the sharks circle. She will feel each wave move beneath her, waiting for her body to go numb.

