

heart-shaped stones

by Kitty Boots

heart-shaped stones
love, devotion,
no way

they lay on the beach
pink, white, translucent, veins through the center
I pocketed them

but, crouched in the dunes
I saw where they came from

a song sung that wasn't answered
she swam, playful
breasts buoyant

tossed her head and threw water droplets
that looked like diamonds
DeBeers would have been envious

the lager louts baited their hooks,
plucked another cold one from the cooler

and as I left, I swear she gave them the finger,
and cried heart-shaped stones

