

Heart

by Tania Hershman

She drew her hands out of the chest cavity and looked at the clock.
'Time of death,' she said.

In the locker room, she stripped off her bloodied scrubs and put on clothes for the real world. Then she left the hospital and turned the corner, rain flattening her hair.

At Sammy's, she sat at the bar, lit a cigarette and ordered a drink. When it came, she exhaled through her mouth, touched her fingertips to the rim of the glass, and remembered how it was to have a man's heart beat itself out in the cup of her palms.

