

The Pebble Beach
By Georgia Buckthorn

I drift along the pebbled shore,
a wide, raked stand of wave spectators with stony faces.
One snags me to a stop, then stoop.
It's smoother, maybe? Or perhaps more round...
Examined in the hollow of my hand, it has a cool and
unfamiliar weight.
Cradled by my palm, it warms, until it keeps my heat
and beats it out again.
I pocket it.

A stone, chosen, taken home, becomes treasure –
though no X could ever mark its spot.
These treasures lie in an uncharted place,
between finding, and choosing.