Green Stone with a White Heart

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Do you know the sea?
Sometimes it rages so its waves stand up like trees.
Yet its bells ring for safety.
And its tongues lie down on sand.

Green Stone with a White Heart / Joan Swift

I have for you a kind of valentine
I found on the beach.
Either the waves wanted those millions of stones and kept coming back for them or the ocean was trying to get away and the pebbles were following. They were the colors of all the animals and all the eyes. They were lying together like the parts of speech.

Here is one as green as the face of a seasick woman I saw once where she lay at the bottom of the engine room stairs, not wanting to fish anymore. On its concave side is a white heart, some harder compound whose equation keeps out the sea. Each time the wind blew or a wave passed over, it stepped a little further into the sunlight and is now in your hand.