

Rock Heart



Heart of stone,

you said.

But no grey rock this,

Not dead – cold, yes

Yet vibrant with colour.

For feeling blue centres the pattern

In my kaleidoscope freeze frame;

it froze when you went.

There's no fresh pink love here and the sunny yellow went long ago,

The orange joy has darkened but still, remains part of me;

Memory is deep-layered, no matter what tries to erode.

I'm seeing passionate red

Yet, there's a thread of green and a calm

And it balances my being.

You're wrong about dull. I stand solid in my colours.

The ice water you poured

Invigorates;

Glistening as tears fresh-wash over,

For tears make me shine

All the brighter.

The image which inspired the poem: my own photo, 'Rock on a Devon beach - August 2025'.