

GLASSHEART by Reina Hardy

No. You can't. anyone but him.

Jules who works the coffee counter, the green-eyed boy from Belgium who bought five books of poetry, my god, even the old man in the corduroy coat. You can have anyone, anyone but not him.

You want them, don't you?

You could have them, and so much more. the light of devotion, burning towards you out of so many clear green eyes. Beauty, they'll say. Beauty is your name. Just— come with me, little one, and I'll take care of the rest. Please.