

2013

## True Oysters

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### Recommended Citation

Stiles, Autumn (2013) "True Oysters," *Exile*: Vol. 59 : No. 1 , Article 17.

Available at: <https://digitalcommons.denison.edu/exile/vol59/iss1/17>

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# True Oysters

By Autumn Stiles

the oyster creaked then cleaved  
under the fisherman's blade -  
    *"true oysters yield no pearls"*  
he murmured as seawater flowed  
down his worn and calloused palms.

blunt fingers cradled the briny hull,  
a bowl of bone and milk -  
tender, pure - almost

an atonement.  
    but true oysters yield no pearls  
offering only raw ridges and folds -  
alive and quivering,  
meat.