



Helicon West

Presents

The Disappointment

By: Melanny Cowley

My dad buries me in the yard with a big, metal shovel and a rake. Every night, we walk out in the yard, and I lie down on the ground and I let him bury me. Then in the morning, before he wakes up, I brush the dirt off me and run inside to shower, and then it's off to school. Some nights the neighbors will pass by, or my uncles, or my mother, and they will say, "I think I see a girl under there, under that pile of dirt." "No," my dad says, "It's just a weed I've been trying to keep trimmed down." Then the people walk away. One day a stranger passed by and he said, "I see a woman under there." "No," Dad said, "That's just my weed." But the man insisted, "No, it is a woman. I am certain of it." The man stepped close and he pushed the dirt off and pulled me to my feet. I thought maybe my dad would be angry with him. But he said, "Oh yes, that is a woman. And I grew her myself."



O'Keeffe's Poppies

By: Melissa Bowles

Shining red and pink petals
emerge from plump, furry buds.
Your foliage is fern-like and hairy.

A deep burgundy center beckons,
framed by curling petals
that protect and shield the carpel.

Sepals cradle your bright blossom
as the stigma glitters and sways,
inviting some bee to come along,

to rub against your fuzzy
center with his rough, pollen-
covered belly, to fertilize the ovule.

You open shyly as he comes.
You receive his sweet pollen
as a gift. He leaves with nothing

but a crimson memory.

Helicon West invites you to share our open mic nights every 2nd and 4th Thursday of the month, 7:00 PM at Citrus and Sage, upstairs, 130 North 100 East, Logan, Utah.

Sponsored by: The Helicon West Planning Committee, The Utah State University Writing Center, and The Utah State University English Department