



Helicon West & The USU Writing Center Present

Maenad

By: Liz Stephens

dreams are like water
are like my thoughts of you
fluid
shifting
dangerous
a maelstrom of undertow, a deadly current
with a glistening skin.
turn-of-the-century beaches of women
swirling away in their heavy woolen skirts
of swimming suits
as in love then, so timelessly,
as I am now.
leaving children on the sand, sand buckets,
train tickets, family
all rolling away.
you're standing there.
a last glimpse of treetops, your eyes,
as dreams, like water, go deeper.

A Place for Everything and Everything in Its Place

By: Sarah Stoeckl

Alice smiled at the room's disarray, and rolled up the sleeves on the oversized button-up she wore. She began by picking up the toys scattered about the floor—a rattle, a teething ring, plastic blocks, a teddy bear boasting a jaunty bowtie. She put the toys in their wooden box with the exception of the bear, setting him casually on the dresser top. Then she started on the laundry, tenderly folding each garment, smoothing wrinkles out of rompers, onesies, shorts, shirts, hats, socks. She adjusted the nursery rhyme pictures on the wall. She sorted the books on the shelf by age, beginning with *My ABC's*, moving on to *The Cat in the Hat*, and finishing off with *Peter Pan*. She turned at last to the white crib, stopping a moment to push her brown hair off her damp forehead.

Humming softly, Alice adjusted the sheet until it was smooth, tightened the bumpers until they were flush with the sides. She folded the quilt and placed it at one end. She fluffed the pillows and reached up to open the curtains. Then she rescued the teddy bear from the dresser and tucked him inside the crib. She surveyed the room, unrolling her sleeves as she did so, and thinking, *a place for everything and everything in its place*.

She turned away. And then spun around, racing madly through the room, pulling books off the shelf, emptying the dresser drawers, swiping the shoes onto the floor, closing the curtains, and tearing apart the contents of the crib. As a final gesture she seized the wide-eyed teddy and threw him to the ground.

Panting, Alice smiled at the room's disarray, and rolled up the sleeves on the oversized button-up she wore. She began by picking up the toys scattered about the floor.

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. For more information contact Star Coulbrooke at scoulbrooke@english.usu.edu.

Sponsored by: The Helicon West Planning Committee and the USU Writing Center.

For more information on the USU Writing Center, log onto writingcenter.usu.edu.