

Helicon West and the USU Writing Center Present

The Treasure By: Ron Jensen

A greedy man saw a leprechaun,
While walking down a road,
And said, "I would like
To have a pot of gold."

The man said, "Where's the gold?
I've come a long ways,
And now I see
That it didn't pay.

Then the leprechaun said,
"If it's gold that you like,
Then follow this rainbow,
If you don't mind the hike."

Then the leprechaun appeared,
And said, You fool!
You can't get any richer,
Than finding a school.

So he followed the rainbow,
"Til it came to an end,
Hoping to find
Lots of money to spend.

"For there you'll find children
As sweet as pie,
Who'll give you love and joy,
That money can't buy!

But when he got to the end,
What did he see?
An elementary school,
Surrounded by trees.



Excerpt from "The Theorists Head for Utah"

By: Anne Stark

The monk's head was bald, and although he looked to be old, he had a youthful energy about him that made it impossible to judge his exact age. Cody immediately told him how anxious he was to go to the Arts center next door and see the mandala. "First thing tomorrow morning," he said.

Sheepishly Sue elbowed him and whispered, "They destroy the picture as soon as it is finished."

"I am sorry to say it is already gone," the lama concurred. "The sand has met its counterpart in the bay." Cody began to apologize and explain that his practice of the religion was rusty, but the lama merely smiled.

"Cody, do me a favor," the monk said, smoothing his yellow robe. "Don't become Buddhist," Then he grinned. "You have your roots in Western culture. Not everyone has to chase after something else. This grasping is not good for anyone."

"Thank you, master," Cody said. He bowed and held out his hand. The monk took it and shook it warmly as Sue smiled at him and led him away into a corner of the room. She stuck a croquette in his mouth.

"How do you feel?" she asked. "Are you okay?"

"Sue, Tensin Yignyen's right," Cody told her. "It hurts, but it's true. I'm about to find a peace I haven't felt for some time. It's what the holy man said—a lack of grasping, I'm sure of it. Except that I'm still grasping something. And that's your hand, Sue. You're my newest flame." She smiled and bent her head on his shoulder. He held it there, at the same time seeing Alice's stare of bemusement from across the room.

Cody gazed into the shelves above him, but no title popped out as it usually did, so he closed his eyes and inhaled the violet scent of the woman in his arms. "I am ready to write the book of you, Sue," he told her softly.

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.

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