To Swim
By: Adrianna Jorgensen

1. Staring at blue tiles
   I slice water
   with my hands-
   anticipate the stroke
   I can turn my head
   to lit windows
   and breath.

2. You drowned me
   a year ago.
   Beautiful hands
   shoved my shoulders
   beneath,
   refused to let go.
   I didn’t even fight.

3. I stood on toes
   until they were raw
   clinging to the edge
   venturing
   no further than
   my little girl arm.
   Mom kept
   yelling to let go;
   she said I knew how.

Crossing the international date line with only a half-smile
By: Jerry VanLepereen

I wait inside
drops drum wild on the roof
nothing on the radio
nothing called sun anymore

drops drum wild on the roof
rain shadow names itself thunder
this grey echoes lonesome light
we cannot wait for the moon
to reflect our lives in puddles

drops drum wild on the roof
rain shadow names itself thunder
this grey echoes lonesome light
for ten years we had no floods
to reflect our lives in puddles
how many trees drown in the morning

for ten years we had no floods
nothing on the radio
how many trees drown
in the morning I’ll hide inside

Helicon West invites you to share our open mic nights every 2nd and 4th Thursday
7:00 PM at Citrus and Sage, 130 North 100 East, Logan, Utah.
Broadside Co-editors: Cynthia Harmon and JP Peterson
Sponsored by the Helicon West Planning Committee and the USU Writing Center
For more information on community broadsides contact star.coulbrooke@usu.edu
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