the worst thing a poet can do is teach illiterate eyes to read the colors of ocean waves. knowledge brings no toothful smiles, only sorrow stored in bags under the jowls and on the hips.

the one you taught learned to hear an oracle’s sneeze in an unborn’s heartbeat. he also felt the drum of militant feet in the rhythm of a cathedral organ.

the man who reads finds nirvana in the wind blowing against the cliffs or through the bushes. unless his toes cling like tree roots to the stone beneath his feet (and that you cannot teach), the same rapturous breeze will ram him upon the point of a bayonet.

your odes adorn the banners of sages and whores who see heroic sunset marches but are blind to starless nights. you do not teach them (as you did not teach me) that the poet hews words into a page with strokes of an executioner’s axe. you do not teach the price – Plath’s head in the oven, Kerouac’s bottle, your own exile – the cost per word is more than money.

Wendy D. Hall

To Pablo Neruda
Stephen Bradford
after the film “Il Postino”

Words fill my head like angry bees
Diane Bush

[Words fill my head like angry bees]

Words fill my head like angry bees
threatening to swarm wings of jagged consonants poking holes in the honeycomb of sleep buzzing so loud I’m sure they’ll wake the cat. I picture a paw swatting at vowels teasing letters into nouns chasing after verbs until I taste the sweet honey of phrases sentences paragraphs.

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 Sponsered by the Helicon West Planning Committee and the USU Writing Center For more information on community broadsides contact star.coulbrooke@usu.edu For more information on the USU Writing Center, log onto writingcenter.usu.edu