

HELICON WEST

AND THE USU WRITING CENTER

PRESENT

'To Demeter from Her Lover
by Spencer Dunford

Leave Olympus—marble halls imbued
with ambrosia—and come into this desert,
swaths of cheatgrass choking
nothing.

Sparse yucca blossoms,
and springs bathe the Navajo sandstone
where living soils sprout
microscopic life.

In the plateau where coyotes range
and sacred datura of June
whitens, pockets of globemallow suffuse
this evening.

And here, O Demeter, sip cerulean
wine from cupped clay and rest
on satin dunes.

Breach

by Natalie Young

We are broken? 'This is the first I heard.
It's not that I don't believe you, your sighs.
Neither of us handle it, head down and blurred.

Well, have you eyed it twice? Straight up, backward,
on its side? A diagnosis. Don't lie.
We're broken? And this is the first I heard.

What will it take? Nails, tape, something hammered,
something glued—you jiggled, now let me pry.
Neither of us handle it, head down and blurred.

spinning around. You know, it sounds absurd
there's no where or how, only what, not why.
We're broken? And this is the first I've heard?

Go on, gather your balls, no more coward,
not now. That's not to blame you, I only imply
neither of us handle it, head down and blurred.

It's never been flawless, but wordlessly
those seeming small creases spread and tore through—
neither of us handled it, head down, all blurred.
We are broken—this is the first I heard.

Helicon West invites you to share our open mike nights every second and fourth
Thursday at 7 PM during USU Semesters at True Aggie Café, 117 N Main Logan, Utah.
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