Fuel Station Restroom, 11:15 p.m.  
by Chadd VanZanten

Her body was wedged between the toilet and the partition. The boy first saw her legs, hyperextended and sprawling from the stall into plain sight, but that’s not what frightened him most. He noticed the dark spreading pool on the tile beneath her knees, but that was not the most terrible thing, either, though the boy had never seen such a quantity of that substance in one place, at one time. What frightened him most was the thick-bodied fellow at the sink who turned off the faucet as the boy entered, the watery red droplets on the bright porcelain, and the wink he gave as he approached without drying his hands.

painting, untitled  
by Isaac Timm

Give me the words to paint with, umber, and sienna; prepare me a blank space, sharpen a dark, pine wood brush let me with deliberate strokes, sketch a lifetime. Fill the space with cerulean sky, dun grass, and far distances. Then with gentle hand, render the fine details of smiles embraces, your warm naked back, the scent of your hair.

With broad blotter and palette knife let me recreate a childhood. One with fathers and open summers without stares, in strokes of vermillion be fearless, for I will chase away all doubts. Let me paint over the cross hatched grays with deep cobalt, that salves your skin from the harsh tawny sun, like deep water. And when all my brushes float in amber, when the easel’s down and this work is within its frame let these tired hands rest in yours.

Helicon West invites you to open mike nights, 7:00 p.m. at True Aggie Cafe’ (117 N Main in Logan) every second and fourth Thursday during USU semesters. For more information contact star.coulbrooke@usu.edu or log onto writing.usu.edu.  
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