The Widow’s Watch
by M. Tyler Esplin

I stand on the widow’s watch
high above the tired Atlantic
with rocks poking out like
broken teeth.

It’s four in the mourning.
The dog days of April.

It’s been ten years today
since He was swept
into a maze of
underwater cities
and built a home
in Atlantis.

I’m on the beach, now,
smoking His cigarettes
and marveling at how loosely
my old wedding gown
fits over my frail frame.

I set out to sea, one step at a
time, so that I may join Him in Atlantis.

Helicon West invites you to open mic
nights every 2nd and 4th Thursday of
the month at 7:00pm at The True
Aggie Cafe 117 N Main, Logan, UT
Artwork by M. Tyler Esplin
Broadside Editors: Rachel Telfer and
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contact star.coulbrooke@usu.edu

Uncle Béla
By Marty Nyikos

Uncle Béla sits on a stump, his pocket knife
expertly carving a thick slab of bacon.
One eye, not wanting to give up his secrets,
sightless,
The other, he says, able to see a coin from a
thousand meters.
Sadly, it sees only the past. Remembering
attributes an eagle would envy.
His gnarled hands hold the knife between tree
root fingers,
Scarred from molding steel into locks.
He made puppets for the children.
Hoping to keep them from knowing the
horrors of where they were.
Their parents, only paying him in knowing
glances, bowed heads. Promises.

Béla looks at me, his mouth turns to a smile.
A gate coming off its hinges.
“Csak egyél, fam.”* He tells me, his large
hand on my back, smile never wavering.

I’ll never know what he has gone through.
He doesn’t talk of the medals my mother will
later give me for my birthday.
I take the bread, now saturated with the
grease off the dripping bacon.
Take a bite and savor the flavor.
No, the time.

*”Just eat, my son.”