Melting
By Jessica McDermott

I zip up the green coat that my step-mom bought me for Christmas last year and brave the winter air. Somewhere along my path the zipper’s teeth unhook. My belly bare open I cringe.

I rip. The zipper won’t loosen. Joe has to force it apart.
In the library parking lot. I am his kid. Standing arms limp, face distraught. Just use the snaps for now, he says. We walk.

To the basement so he can show me Pott’s archives. I feel loose.
Apart from it all. I stare out the glass wall at the mountains.
They piece together like a pop-up book. Each curve a piece of the other. At the bottom they melt into the ground.
Their bodies one eternal round.

Pitfalls of Wine
By Bernadene Ryan

There is a dead mouse Rotting in my yard Splayed in the shadows of blackberry thorns. He lays quietly, waiting for disintegration.

He didn’t die there.
I found him In the house Huddled in front of the opaque doors of the Vinotemp, Protector of fermented grapes.
The blue light of 52 degrees Farenheit Highlighted his splayed feet, smacked flat from the jolt of a Loose wire.

Helicon West invites you to open mic nights every 2nd and 4th Thursday of the month at 7:00pm at Citrus & Sage Cafe, 130 N 100 E, Logan, UT.
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