The alter ego of acceptance
by Jay Anderson

I like to think that behind the veil
there is one specific reality
the one that is unafraid to compose in several states of mind
no matter which ones are culturally accepted
OR NOT

“A true explorer”
he will be labeled
Strapped to the sails
of a ship that travels
without destination
letting no axis be of limitation
He admittedly wanders without anything to look for
Not even a mythical four-headed reptilian creature of sorts
The kind that teach us to be cautious you know?
Rather—he is fearless in that he explores
In a valley of nothingness
Letting only his perception of what he takes to be true
as his guide

I would like to study the mannerisms of this man
And (in some respect) model my life after him
Without distorting his intentions
But I suppose (we know)
from the past of mankind
That this feat is nearly
Impossible

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Resting Place
by Kasondra Payne

Snap! The ivory casket is closed just as easy
as shutting a suitcase. Vases carrying the
sweet aromas of white lilies, purple orchids,
and pink roses are moved aside so the
beautiful box containing the grandmother
can be rolled to its final resting place.
Strong men in dark suits wheel the casket
down the chapel’s main aisle and around the
corner while family and friends follow to
watch Ginger as she is lifted into the vault.
The grandson booms out a prayer in the
stillness, asking God to bless the burying
place, and the coffin crawls up the marble
wall, six feet in the air, and slides forward
into the quiet crypt. It is done! Cousins,
aunts, and friends stand around and chat
while great-grandchildren wiggle and
scream, and everyone prepares for the long
drive to dinner.

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Helicon West invites you to open mic nights, 7:00
PM at the Logan City Library (255 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

Art Backdrop: “Cows” by Holland Larsen
Edited by Brian Lee Cook