Tabula Rasa
by Cat Dixon

From behind one-way glass,
I stare. The line-up
comprises him and him
and several more.
I point to each and each
is called forth—
*come straight, turn to the side,
move to the back wall.*

When asked who did it,
I say everyone.

The men sent to cells, the officers
go home, a janitor
sweeps by with a broom,
so I tap the glass,
call over the mike
to the narrow, empty tomb.

---

Peonies
by Natalie Taylor

Daughters, know grapes.
When you are crushed,
when your skin splits,
you become fine vintage.
Only after
you have been undone
will you swirl. Daughters,
riot of hot pink peonies,
do not squander
your time in the sun.
Lift on your new legs
before your petals
lose their freeborn
flush. Daughters,
blaze in a sea of fire
opals. Bite violet’s
white lip and tongue honey.
Be audacious as robin
eggs, the wild Irish sea.

---

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 by James Shepard
Edited by Brian Lee Cook