Vacation
by Terysa Dyer

I.
Cars on the freeway have places to be.
Urgency drives up RPMs, motors crank
and turn, churn out ever more MPG.
Rage flares between bumper and fender,
every minute wasted in a jam, a hassle.
What does it mean to relax?

II.
Once, on a year’s vacation time—
four days is all it was, half pay—
we drove 1300 miles out to Cali,
to the bay, swam backward in time.
Breathed fish and seaweed smell
and, in the face of something new,
forgot the exhaust it took to get there.

Dad took his shirt off and taught us
to jump, fearless, into each wave,
let the ocean encircle us with its might.
He laughed and dunked Mom under
when her mouth was grinning open.

Sunburnt, with sand in our hair,
we stopped to fill up on our way home.
Dad came back to the car with chips,
ice cream, and a yellow snow globe.
It had round flakes falling to the ocean
and a beach lined with shaded towels.
He shook it, held it out to us, gentle,
and I understood why Mom married him.

Defibrillated
by Chloe Hanson

It seems there’s something dead stirring in me,
like Lazarus it rises with His call,
I marvel that nobody seems to see.

It reeks and shrieks and writhes between my bones,
this Worm, this Abaddon, Mephistopholes,
It seems there’s something dead stirring in me.

I am no cage, no master to this thing,
it snaps me at the spine like a soft white tree,
I marvel that nobody seems to see.

And when He comes, wrapped in a robe of fire,
light streams through me like morning between blinds,
It seems there’s something dead stirring in me.

This dead thing thumps and thunders to a beat,
a tick and tock that animates my flesh,
I marvel that nobody seems to see.

He reaches between ribs and strokes the beast,
the red and rotten thing I can’t defeat.
It seems there’s something dead stirring in me.
I marvel that nobody seems to see.

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: “Pink Fumes” by Kiana Poole
Edited by Brian Lee Cook