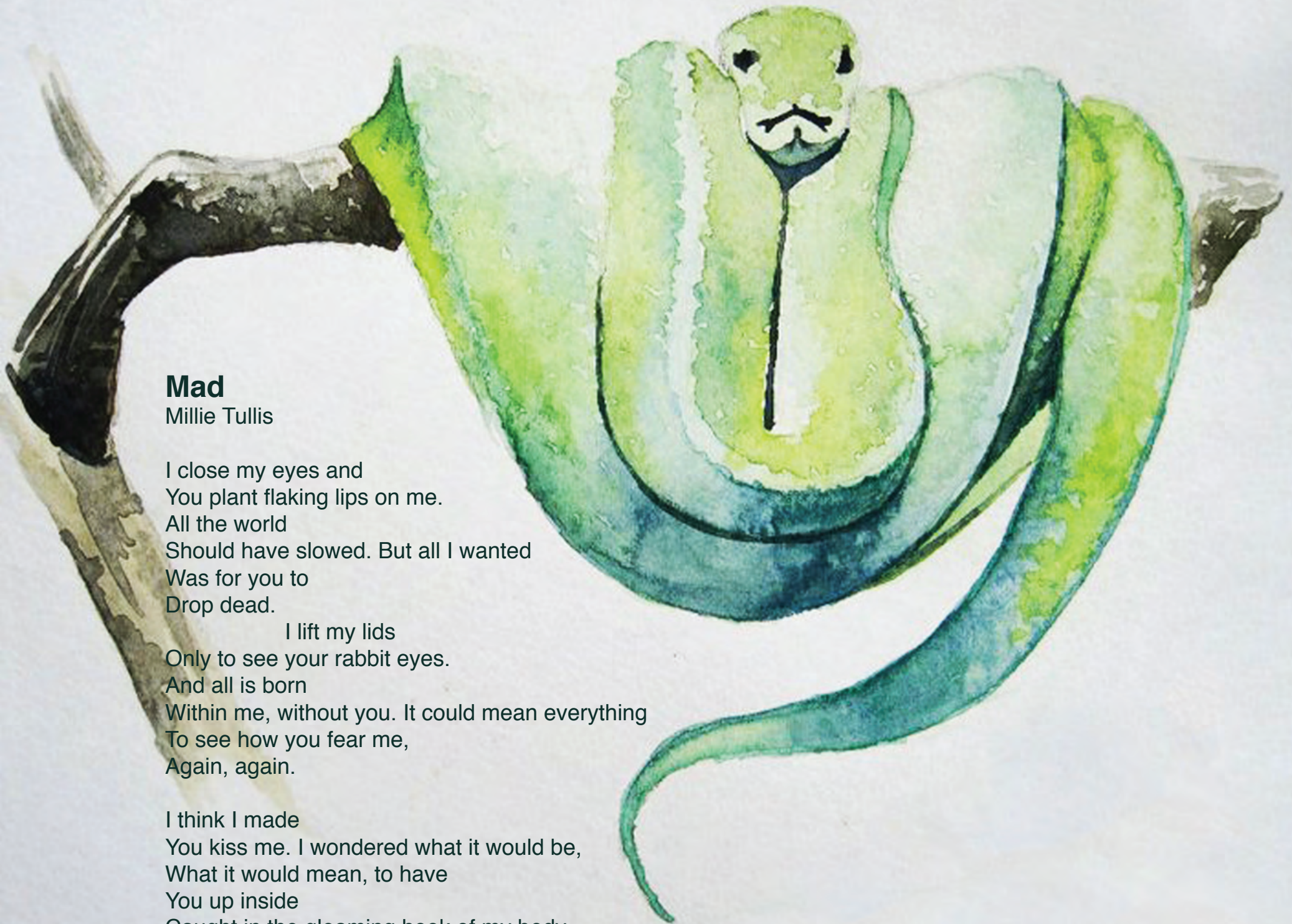


Helicon West

and the USU Writing Center present



Mad

Millie Tullis

I close my eyes and
You plant flaking lips on me.
All the world
Should have slowed. But all I wanted
Was for you to
Drop dead.

 I lift my lids
Only to see your rabbit eyes.
And all is born
Within me, without you. It could mean everything
To see how you fear me,
Again, again.

I think I made
You kiss me. I wondered what it would be,
What it would mean, to have
You up inside
Caught in the gleaming hook of my body,
But shut, cleanly out, of my grey matter,
My head.

Kiddie Pool

by Jesse Betts

Lucy proposed to Matty in the line of the double slide at the kiddie pool,
her one-piece ruffled bathing suit pinching around chubby cheeks.

“Do you want to get married, and you can be my husband, and I can be your wife?”

“Okay.”

Side by side, they climbed up the glistening steps, grinning with uneven teeth, wide-eyed and
brushing arm floaties.

Holding hands with him, she scooted and then slid, tugging him along, arm bent back
but she held on tight.

When they hit water, he let go of her hand and surfaced, kicking to grasp the edge of the pool,
eyes scrunched against chlorine.

She watched from below,
eyes still wide and unbothered,
pulling with her arms, pushing with her legs, reaching
with stretched fingers
towards the bottom of the sloping pool,
even as her floaties carried her up.