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?”

“Ohkay.”

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.

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.

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Helicon West invites you to open mic nights, 7:00 PM at the Logan City Library Bridger Room, 255 N Main, every second and fourth Thursday during USU semesters. For more information contact star.coulbrooke@usu.edu or go to writing.usu.edu. Artwork: “Snake” by Grace Ryser. Broadside edited and designed by Lisa Crandall and Maria Williams.