

# 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.

