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By Makenzie Shaw

Two peaks north of Mount St. Helens, six geologists were consumed by research since March, studying the dawdling topography as the mountain swelled till full bloom,

so that the north slope was displaced over one hundred meters toward the men. Unable to perceive the tension budding, like growing until you are grown, they waited

‘til the underground heat melted the rock, sending a landslide north, and a lateral explosion, slow moving enough to choose to keep data safe, not bodies.

On the East, an acute pre-teen, whose old parents divide her time between Washington and UPenn, demands to go home to see the column, to watch it spread inland for miles,

watch pyroclasts precipitate on the windshields of Seattle, wet cement, glass instead of sand. Bedridden with scabs on her lungs, she stayed in bed till the shards dried.