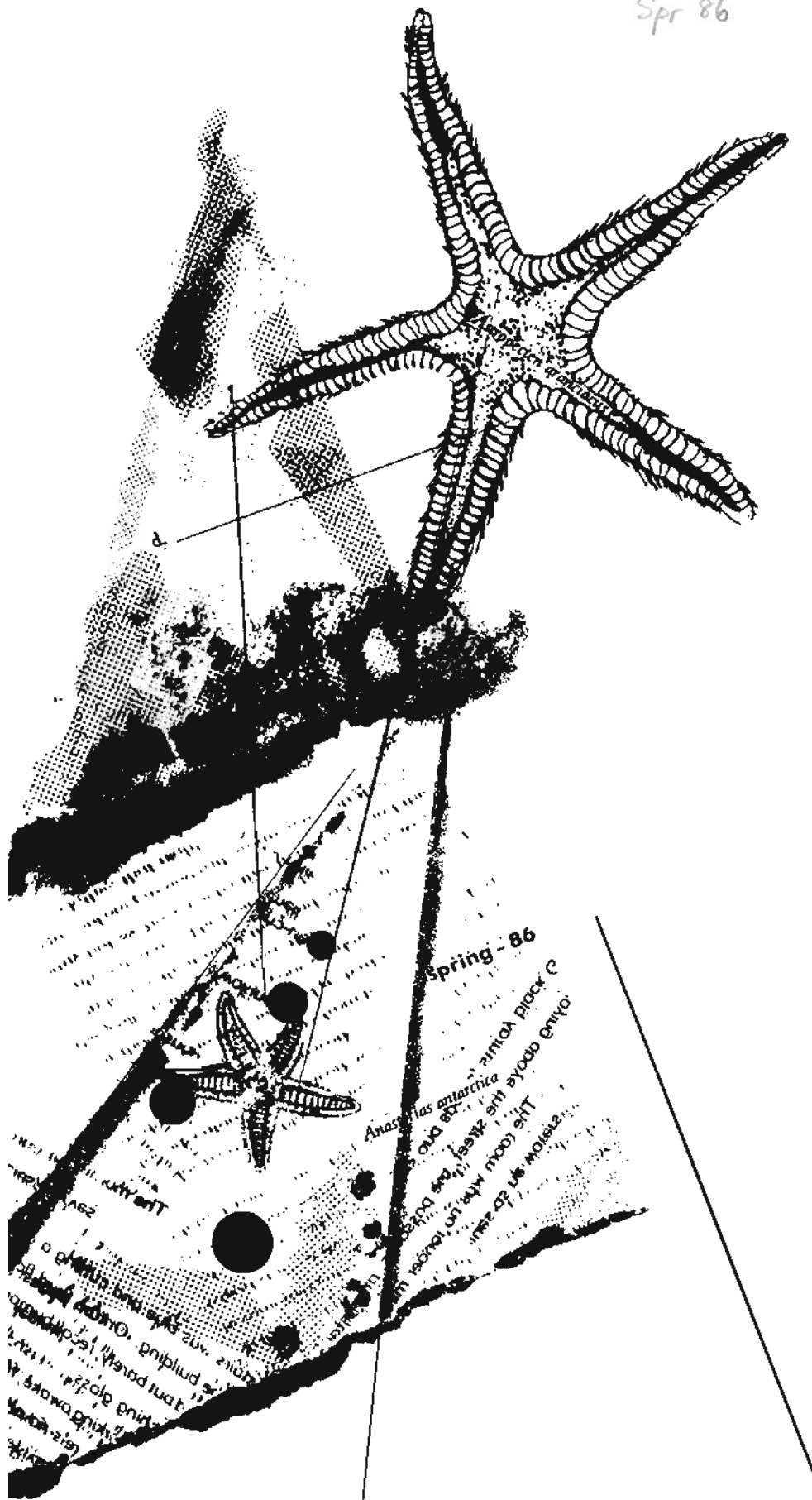


Spr 86



Signatures

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editor: James A. Habacker

Signatures spring 86

staff: Darryl C. Jacobson
Amanda Olsen
Roy Sowers

faculty advisors: Som Abrams
Dr. Robert Golden
Erik Timmerman

designer: Regina Capobianco

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mail should be addressed: Signatures Magazine
Office of the Dean
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1 Lomb Memorial Drive
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GO TO HELL PABLO PICASSO

Go to hell Pablo Picasso.
Why in the hell did you die,
 leaving all of your works behind.
Memories of you will live on,
 your immortal being is possessed in your canvas.
Your mind is still here, Greek mythology seems true to be.
When does your soul die from the pigment within.
You're on extended loan, only if it could be.
 Immortal.
 Immortal.
 Immortal.
Pollock and you will soon have fun,
 learning to play like young kids.
Oh how I wish I can play with the masters above.
Go to hell Pablo Picasso for not inviting me.

Frank Rieber

Dress For Success

Wealth
or delusions thereof
comes when it does
to yellow ties and
red ties alike
doesn't matter what kind of
knot
and pinstripes are cool

W.D. Amstutz



No Title

Boxed emotions
artificial,
standing in line
waiting,
waiting
to shake hands, or maybe
hug
the next of kin

tears seep through the package
and taste salty,
salty.

Flies can't understand mirrors
or windows
but I wonder
can they tell them apart.

And what about reflections
in a window
or
a fly on the other side too-
confused?

Like fighting
to get
to the other side and finding
it was behind you.
my head hurts.

The Year R.I.T. Spent Money for a Real Poet

Poppa Oppa 'sgone ona cut it
Up junk it. 'Sgone to wRIT it.

D'jew all 'Appen(on)heimer?
Say he poet, Buddy, not a rhymmer.

Michael Maier

ABOUT MARKS DUCKS

*so simple are those ducks
who with green wings topple
from ladders unforgiving
and always try again.*

*so simple are those ducks
whose blue minds waddle
onto another pond not
worrying about their mates
blue minds.*

*so simple are those ducks
whose red faces quack just
a little and move on quietly
to another oppressor*

*and so simple are those ducks
whose carefree life of flying
here, going hungry here and
dying there. is always
admired so simple mindedly*

Jeff Burroughs

Kings' Music

I's the King!
 I's the King of rock'n'roll
 dowop a do bop shooby do bop a do be bebop a lou op
 I done did what Jagger do
 do wop a shoobop dooby do wop
 30 years ago.
 I was the heart and soul,
 not the Colonel's promotion and gold
 do wop a shoo bop dooby dooby do wop a do
 top that-- do wop
 Tutti Fruitti!
 I's the King of rock'n'roll!
 Hear little Paulie?
 he's lived his dreams,
 all his dreams;
 copied all my screams
 Whaooooooooooooooooo babeh!
 I'ma tell ya
 Ant Mara, Uncle John
 I's the original fag
 no Bowies, Boy Georges, Ben Hers.
 I's the fag, not the fad
 Original Tutti Fruitti
 do wop a bebop a shoo bop a doo owop a dododo whaoooooooooh
 I's the King of rock'n'roll!
 oh yea schadoobie doo whaoooh yea
 look at me, ahead of my time

Roger Barone

Strange thing time-
 hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah
 I's not a King no mo' Ladies and gentlemen, brothers and sisters.
 I present unto you
 for your hearts and souls
 the real King:
 Jesus!

hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah

'Thank you Richard!'

WRITER'S BLUES

Hey you writer workin' night and day
Hey you writer workin' night and day
Create your prose in black and white
 toss it all away

Looks like you could use a drink tonight
Looks like you could use a drink tonight
Your pen is dry I feel your blight

Barely make enough money just get by
Barely make enough money just get by
Spend all you can white snow gonna
 make you die

Fool's gone mad that's what I hear them say
Damn fool's mad is what I hear them say
Snuffs up the night and writes all day

He's not selfish now knows what he gotta do
He ain't selfish now know just what to do
Make you laugh and cry his gift to you

Life's a bitch man's got to pay his dues
Life's a bitch o man must pay his dues
Reaper's comin' round I hear him playin'
 the b l u e s

Kristina Argento

PARALLEL LINES

The mangled fly drops and struggles
And hardens
And dies..... slowly

Let it petrify!
Smother with snow white tissue
Flatten it between my fingers
'Til it ceases and I resume.
Then toss it as fast as I can
Run away

Mutter to myself
Let my heart beat
Pulsate
Explode (like a balloon)
Taste that sinewy red meat.... ROT

Always thinking
Of foiry tales
And Cinderalla's delicate glass slipper
Shattered once!

Elizabeth Erickson

FOOD STUFF

Buffalo gal devours The American Raven
Finger typing on meat carcass flesh;
Cramming crumpets,
to ear bleeding trumpets;
belching tea juice over dead steak.

Burger bonanza on Ponderosa grill
Angela contemplates if A tomorrow exists;
Her satisfaction dives for flavor,
like a peptic alligator;
Beef back fat patties, at the counter, ON TAP.

Her dress size never increases
in six easy pieces,
even with a turkey breast at rhubarb lips;
That magic svelt metabolism
suggests to her neighbors 'cannibalism',
all day on the bowl, she just shits.

Todd A. Garvett

Polly-tic

give me praise

and i will raise my dress, Polly-tic sat behind the icecream
counter men stared at her ass she delivered all
imaginable flavors

manager in the bathroom staring into mirrors
dreaming he could score with Polly-tic toying in his mind
knowing why he was employing her

tease, no squeeze you bastard chase around the shop
admit you want to hop in bed with her but leave her alone

Polly-tic got the job 'cause she talks mean funny sassy
looks like a million bucks never fucks leaves 'em hangin-on
for more a customer dropped his drawers when Polly reached
for coco-fudge bent over like on t.v.
lady dragged old man home for sayin he went to the fights

Polly Polly Polly-tic

lives for politics talks to old men who give big tips
stare at her don't care 'bout her just want want want
managers mind in knots don't you know it
a girl once sweet hangs like meat
behind
the counter.

Darryl C. Jacobson

baby-mind

change the planet now
adore never bore me she cried goo-ga goo-ga-ga
all day long

everyday in a song without fail she cried
goo-ga goo-ga take me shopping
do my mopping sing dance buy buy buy
visit no goods bye-bye-bye

night time full moon she ran into saloons alone cup fillers
wallet fat man cans of coffee grown up formula

no more ha ha ha i'm sobbing for you mindie
no one listened empty ears eyes no time half children
died alone no ice-cream cone

only ugly sadness
she could never share.



Benjamine Kende



IS POETRY FACIST?

shout at the body of bodies with rhythm
 have to split at least ten feet way
 you'll win someone's heart if your split land on their
 unexpressed face.
 always throw with emotions; audience shuddered at every breath
 see those guys who gamble with rumors about poetry
 always look sacred bec it's cold for them to do
 people always filled with uncontrol emotions
 poet can poke them without being hanged; he/she hanged them!
 stabbed them with sharp words! put rocks in their bladders!
 this is what poetry should be about
 we will rule the world with iron poem!
 arise my poet fellows! let's spread fear with your poets!
 we can burn the constitution with a stanza from shakespeare
 let's make him the father of facist movement!
 we can retard the congress with help of metaphors!
 rape the land by using simile!
 there will be no more of the state of address
 there will be state of poetry given by prespoet.
 poemstitution! poemill of rights! poeuge! poetor! poesentative!
 dept. of poetry! poetgod! goetland usa! poem ocean!
 poeth! poet system!
 it's a start.

WHY AM I DEAF?

(to answer why i am not hearing.)

why couldn't my eardrum wake up and dance?
must be wonderful to hear all those noise
bach, mozart, chorus, birds, bells, snow thru branches.
must be so glamorous! always bring me a tear in my eyes
but why couldn't my ears feel what i think?
now as i seek the world:

marcos announced a reinstatement on his
boys, not to play with fire.

plo declared a war against israel
bec they don't like the taste of matzo

people of ethiopia scream for life

reagan bluffed about his star war project

road screech people yell gun party
bomb peek a boo mrs sterling's non
stop chatting wall street bandboom
grrrr whap bobobobob kakakakakakak

my ears are sometime wiser than me.

The beaches are littered with dead fish.
A cardiod drops from a black box.
The box and the fish.

The Fishing Trip

Ed thought that he was reeling in a sunken log.
The fish realized his fate and had given up without a fight.
Ed felt helpless despite his natural feelings of aggression.
As he grabbed the fish by the gills and brought it up to his face,
a blank stare came into the fish's eyes.
Ed remembered his dead father.

Myles Kleinfeld

The Karen Quinlan Story

Karen was the dream conquerer.
She could high-dive straight into
the heart of her worst fears,
but preferred the colorful
electronic dreams.

Karen felt triumphant in spite of
her circumstances.

Two months later a court order
had pulled the plug.

Karen was considered brain dead.

Hidden from View

the reflection in your eye
shows

a man happy, full of life.

everyone who knew him
can't understand

why he ended this way

Kurt O. Wiggins

a broken reflection
tears

now someone cares

This is my lonely room
With all my lonely things-
 sad books of past sorrows,
 mortgaged hopes left unshared,
 and cute golden children
 committing lives of despair.

This is my open tomb
For no one to see-
 burned off years
 and broken dawns,
 half faded photographs;
 what's gone is gone.

This is my unfound mind
Where old men have spoken-
 today rises without me,
 sunken ships beneath the moor,
 as swirling empty tidal waves
 weep upon the shore.

This is the end,
Abruptly calling time:
 corrupt souls to merge with,
 bitter songs of glory.
 left here untouched-
 such a sad, sad story.

Crazy? The world's violently spinning
And I can't make it stop
Now it's gonna descend
Twisting faster than a top

Walls are being built
Higher than I can climb
They're putting up more
Sealing off my mind

If this be reality
 give me my world back
If this be sense
 give me confusion back
If this be found
 I'd rather be lost!

This stairway, leading up
It doesn't have an end
Stairs disappearing behind me
Stairs in front starting to bend

Their world
is finally ending
finally ending
for me.

refrain

'World Peace'

John's bedside radio was always on.

Every hour, on the hour, the news
News from the world
would be broadcast

He knew he was alive

he was important

He felt the swirling energy

energy of the sun
in his room

He could see the beautiful flowers

the flowers outside, exploding
with energy.

But, as the blueness of his

blue room, began
to eat away
Bits
of his mind,
he killed himself
on the hour.

MAX P. YAWNEY

TWENTY-FOUR TIMES A SECOND

CHARLES:

Slam! Ka-cunkk!!

'You're not going anywhere', as this wise ass-ticket taker grinned not unlike Charles Manson at the Tate-LaBionca Trials. My feet were magnets longing for the other's comfort. My hands were the Haddock filets I bought on Monday but hadn't found the time to bake. My nerves were that of a retired air traffic controller while my stomach was; well, let's not talk about my stomach. What would Steve McQueen do? Well, he wouldn't hold onto Ali MacGraw's arm like this.

'Don't be so tense, you're supposed to be having fun!' And for a moment, I believed her. Karen's face is so gentle and excited, I can't help but feel romantic over this heroic act. So here I am, snuggled and strapped into this boxcar with this pretty girl named Karen. I've got to stop this NOW! Who am I, Woody Allen? Maybe she'll think it's cute. I still have to allow ample room between under-arm and chest though. The last thing I need is to hyperventilate and barf all over Karen. Ok, enough bull-shit! I am Steve McQueen! Wait a minute.

'Karen, isn't Steve McQueen dead?'

'Hold on, here we go!'

KAREN:

Woosh! Click!

'You're not going anywhere', smiled the boy who took our tickets and made sure we were fastened in tight. And after this ride we can go on the Scrambler, then the Tilt-a-Wheel, then some cotton candy and then, and then... Charles looks bored. He told me he liked amusement parks. Maybe it's me. I've made too many decisions, I've been too dominating. Well, he must like me; he hasn't let go of my arm since we got on this ride. Play it cool Karen.

'Don't be so tense, you're supposed to be having fun!' What a nice guy; nice smile. But God, he looks so far away, as if he were a boy again riding this ride only all of a sudden, it's twenty-five years later! I wonder if he's blowing his mind right now? He sure is blowing mine and I don't even know what this guy's thinking about! We've been waiting long enough. Let's go, let's go!

'Karen, isn't Steve McQueen dead?'

'Hold on, here we go!'

TICKET BOY:

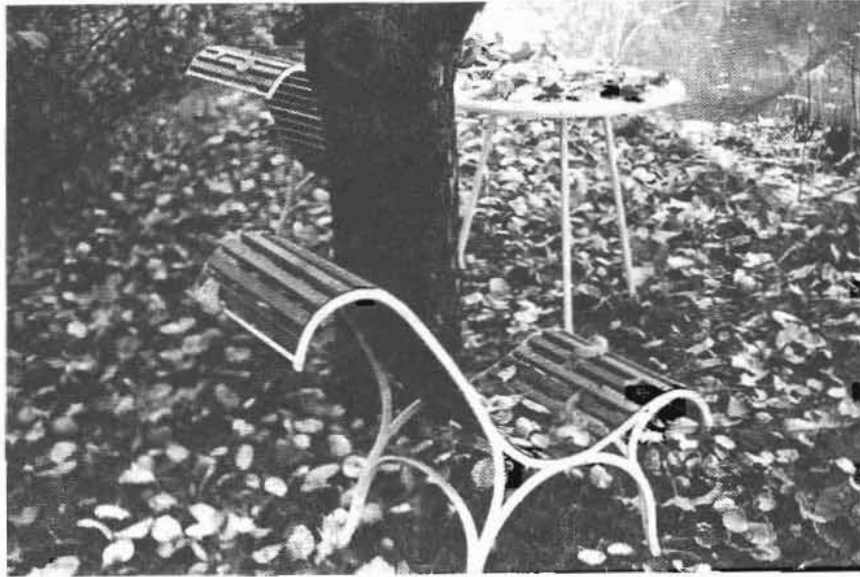
Bam! Shazam!

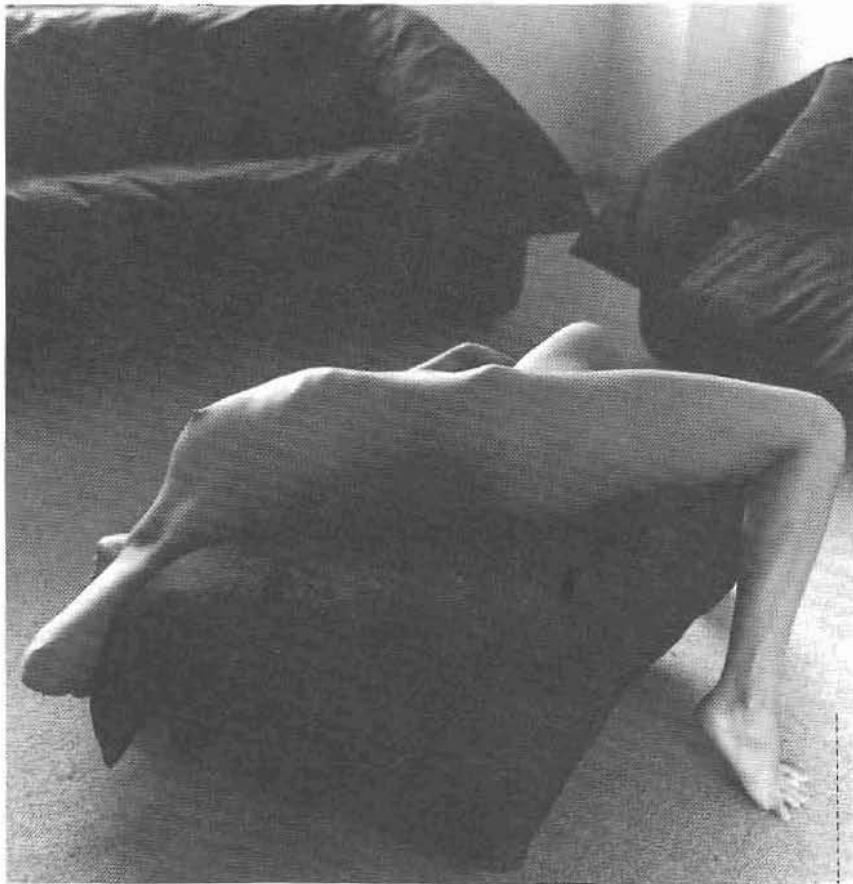
'You're not going anywhere', as I tried to smile at these two characters cemented together in my cleanest carriage. I wonder if they even know. Ya, I see this guy trying to impress his girl and she's real pretty. I give them my 'second to the front' car with the new red cushions I 'Armor-all'ed just this morning. I don't think they even noticed. Besides, the poor guy's turning blue. If that son-of-a-bitch blows chunks in my new car, I'll punch his face in! Well, not in front of the girl. But I'll be real extra nice so she notices me instead of that wimp! And I'll close the ride and escort them to the restroom which would give me a chance to get away from The Byrds and The Three Dog Night. What a goddamn boring job. Maybe they'll close the park early tonight. Ya, nice try. Ok, let's go gang.

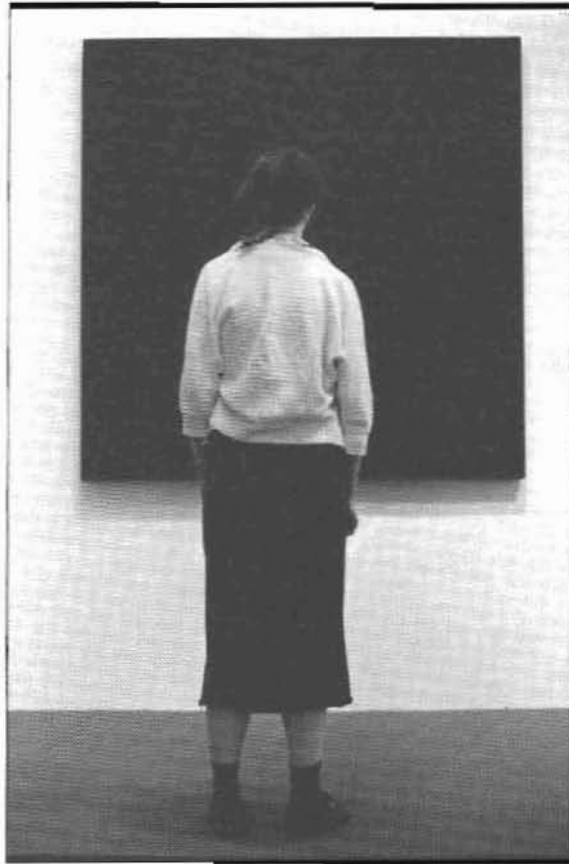
CAMERA:

Wham! Cha-click!

The chipped and carved red and white safety bar was pulled down into place by the ride operator of Paragon Park's second most popular ride, the roller coaster! Seated in the car with the least amount of rust is an attractive couple dressed as Banana Republic mannequins in a summer window display. The lanky ticket boy paid little attention as Charles gently took Karen's arm as if to reassure her there was nothing to fear. The boy did nothing more than play dirt games with his right and left Adidas by gathering rocks to drop in between the slim cracks of these 100 year old platforms built for these people's grand and great-grandparents. Riders shifted and turned as if to cue this boy mesmerized by his self-imposed hypnotism. The game was over as the ticket boy, with all of his confidence, reached for the brake clamp. The cars clicked back for a moment. They were now loose and ready to go. It was just beginning.







Erica Freudenstein



Kathy Russo

Move Me

*You moved into the crowded room
and with you
you moved me
I stared at you
a stranger
and felt you set me free*

*As freedom fell upon me
you fell into my mind
I toyed with you for moments
pretending you were mine*

*Moved into my mind now
you'd make yourself at home
I can see us as together
I can see me not alone*

*You tilt your head inside me
your eyes give me a smile
but now you move to leave the room
I wish you'd stay a while*

*And there you were
a stranger
across the crowded floor
yet you moved me to a place that I
have never been before*

Rebecca Stephany

IF I WERE YOU

Did you know

I crawled into your head yesterday
I saw square circles rainy days yellow some foolish pride

Did you know

while your mind was probed
I made
a few minor adjustments
helped you out a little bit
got ridda some ideas that
I don't like

Did you know

when I crawled back out
I saw a perfect reflection
of myself
I am ugly.

Sympathetic Vibrations

*I don't quite understand how
they happen
And I only have a suspicion
of what the term means.*

*When one string is
plucked or strummed An-
Other is set to wiggling
and there you sat*

*Laughing and Giggling
music to my ears*

*Tonight Kate
we play those sym-
pathetic vibrations
heart chords absorbed
heart strings strummed*

*Tonight
we play by parents rules
but it is good enough
that you felt the same urge
to maybe
sleep together*

*However, you do not need to get
your catholic dad upset
On Monday you go
and he does not suspect
that today you bought your plane ticket*

*Heart chords Heart chords
Trip to the beach
Could you hold me closely?
our words reach out and do*

*Sitting closely
loosely talking
Open and old stories
come through
accepted eagerly*

*Throbbing
and
Sobbing
and
Shuddering
and
Thuddering*

Turn cold November rain
In streets blue of TV lights
and quiet. Footsteps fall,
persistent onto dying leaves.
Wash away with hopes from last night's lover's bed.

James C.J. Tabbi

THE GOLDEN TOUCH

She has that kind of blonde hair
that only midas
would have appreciated.
Rays of golden light
flowing from the highest
waterfall
falling onto her shoulders
in a pool of gold
splashing
and touching
me.

JEFF BURROUGHS

seventeen

walking past friends in the rain
like strangers. talking to strangers like
old friends in the rain.
waking the baby.

the current suicide of the mailman.

my laundry like a hot water bottle. clean.
conversations with old women on
the deaf telephone. keeping it in check.

buttoning all my buttons. checking the mail.
getting the shakes.

losing my black sweater. she is only
seventeen. i only want to talk to her.
losing my innocence.

cooking a private meal. eating
alone. burning two candles.
she wears her hair differently today.
raining for three days straight.

waking too late. spending money.
she doesn't wait around
for my gift of chocolate pop tarts.

cleaning the attic. not painting.
killing a fly. talking
about the soul. i am angry at it.
raining for a fourth day.

forgetting her name. going to
the doctor. they can only
offer sympathy. crying.
there is no justice except death.

looking for her on the street.
forgetting what to say. she plays
with my head with my hair.
making the day seem unimportant.

feeling despair. someone
is picking the paint off my
paintings. michael draws the coffee.

picking at the cut on my face.

hanging around. counting all your
money. there is no business here.
she dances in the street. her
friend remembers my name.

writing letters. visiting places
that i have never been. meeting people
that i do not know.

there is no justice except in bed.

laughing aloud. tomorrow she
is there. i can hardly speak.

waking when the rain stops. michael
says do not take her
too seriously. i stay in bed.

buying an umbrella. she only
dances after school. i can remember
it now. i don't own a watch.

painting over the spots on the wall.
holding her hand like china. one
word after another. she loughs sweet.

*jumping in fall leaves. my birthday
is on the work calendar. on the day
that i was born. she is in all
of my dreams now. i will give her
a gift. innocence.*

*there is a special sound when
all is quiet. life. she knows
how to say the right thing.*

*i am amazed, buy light bulbs. there
is never any end until the very
end i say. she draws large letters
in a small pad.*

*we eat with chopsticks.
i am not familiar with any
other language. she is full
of life and cool.*

*birds fly in formation. wind blows.
i see her on the street and she
shouts my name.
you should know i am alone.*

*when i turn on the stair i feel
heat. change my shoes. looks
are deceiving. dust collects anyhow.*

i don't shave for four days.

I, Spectra, drive through the night,
white teeth biting the darkness,
white teeth biting back.

The road and the mountains roll back
over me.

The way is invisible.

I manufacture another road,
Palm trees sway out in unison
between the maples.

I drink and drive,
flex my armband.

'Roy' and 'Claude', (who don't exist)
fight with the old turtle, (who isn't there either),
for a place in the front seat.

I, Spectra, by day a dental receptionist,
at night, glowing, striped like a jukebox,
shine through the windshield. I speed on
chewing up the yellow lines, and
leaving yellow polka-dots behind.

Lightening hits on the hill.

In the quick blackness which comes after,
the stripes separate, shrink down, disappear.

In their place are seven toads
which turn into seven snails.

The car stops in the driveway, riderless,
unaccountably glowing blue in the black bushes.

In the house, the stripes of color
lie coiled tightly on the table.

A sign instructs me.

I swallow them. and
Spectra sleeps.

Judy Levy

The Real Story of Karen Ann

Keller, Helen (Adams) (b. June 27, 1880, Tuscumbia, Ala. -d. June 1, 1968, Easton, Conn.), blind, deaf, and mute, came to represent in her life as a public figure the most extraordinary accomplishment ever made in the education of persons so handicapped. Her affliction came about as the result of illness at the age of 19 months. Instructed from 1887 by Anne Mansfield Sullivan, Miss Keller learned to read, write, and speak, and she eventually graduated cum laude from Radcliffe College, Cambridge, Mass. She wrote *The Story of my Life* (1902), *Helen Keller's Journal* (1938), and many other books and articles.

See: views on deafness 5:1131f

Volto Bureau ground-breaking ceremonies 2:827h

Quinlan, Karen (Ann) no entry in the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, 1976 edition.

MR. OBJECTIVITY

Hit big mouth, kill man. The camera in the wall sees all,
 pain, play, pleasure, reason. Our lives with self-
 detachment from emotion, expression, freedom, liberal,
 moral, sensation, religion. Determinateness of intersubjectivity,
 oh what big fucking words to say. Meaningfulness, oh yes Mr.
 Objectivity you know thou truth, but fuck your preachment and
 your wide sense of wisdom. Mozart, Wolfgang, Amadeus, organic
 unity, will and contemplation of reality and tragedy.
 Youth sleeping under a Willow tree, how nice Mr. Objectivity
 can be. Narrow sense of morality, kill causality and essence
 structure in all things. Sensation in theme, sensation in time,
 sensation in form. Your moral instruction is blank in the
 expression of your ugliness. Van Gogh, Vincent crows over the
 wheat fields. Hey grab your general nature, don't give substance
 and essence only representation. Fuck you Mr. Objectivity
 and give me surrealism in your lens. Your aesthetic attitude
 I cannot understand along with Aristotle who got me fucking
 mad. The possibility of philosophy and science theories in
 aesthetics. It's all the same, why should we lie.
 Dancing Dali persisting in memory, censorship set me free,
 Nicholas Ray is dead, Oh God why did it have to be He.
 Dali suffering as Ray did, hope the pain stops. Fassbinder,
 what a fog was he, genius was he indeed. Giving thought and
 mind to the camera on the wall, what a Anti-teater can be.
 Standing beside Mr. Objectivity, grab me a knife ready
 to kill and bleed. But like the rest, end up in the grave
 with blood streaked hands of what once had been.

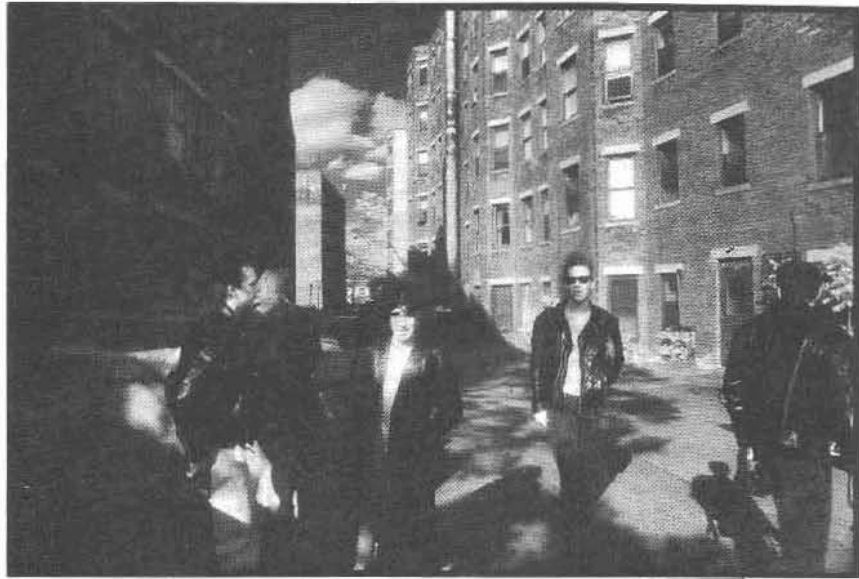
Bellies over the vineyard: August, 1983

I like the way my skirt feels when the low wind
slides up from Cayuga lake to toss it across my legs.
The air is warm and thick today and the sky is flat white
with the trees and bugs pasted to it. Only the birds move.

I remember that day in late March when we were tying
vines on the west side of Rte. 89 and the barn near the
garage behind us collapsed. It made a noise like thunder
coming in from a few towns away. The hay-dust finally settled
on the heap of old wood. And the operas kept playing from
the garage. Later, five Canada geese flew so low over our
heads that we could hear their wings hitting the air-- crisp,
like sheets spanking a strong wind as they're out to dry.
Five smooth bellies passed over rows and rows of vines, taking
my breath into the clouds that hung over the lake all morning.



Roy Sowers



Sun-cue.
Masses move.
'Ninety whales
were found beached
on Cape Cod.
Ten-thousand caribou
drowned
crossing the Caniapiscou River,
Quebec.'

The morning broadcast
(meal companion) leaves
at eleven.
Quiet fingers
turn pages: I
study muscles, nerves
and shivering trees.

Canada's wind
leans against my
windows, both steamed
by my own breath,
my own waking.
I bike to class
in air that catches firewood smoke
and the smell
of shedding sycamores.
I breathe
back to Ithaca: in my hair
I smell the sweater you wore.

Read, sketch,
pedal near the north-running Genesee.
Home again
to sweaty windows:
I've begun two years
of rising
in this yellow room,
your color
pulling me out into
the sun.

Carol Kolatac

Missing Marilyn

damned E train doors
closed on my elbow
this morning
made me spill hot coffee
on my wrist
the jerk
coughed his way uptown
on the rails
leaning
leaning
drunken locomotive
blowing a greasy wind
across the platforms
and up the skirts of
women walking above

SENSE

?

Abbreviate my name
Short term intelligence.
The shadow Retina recognizes.
Personal quandary,
Physical existence.
(I KNOW WHO I AM...)

XXXXX

Sharon Sterner

His Word

The room was no longer mine.
I left the door unlocked
and the dusty blinds
swaying above the street, the passages, ritual stones
and winter moving, still--

the two girls came
and daffodils were set in my old window
and winter's leavings
scattered the gutters of Broadway.
All these cast-off petals blowing about--
whose funeral?

Ah, my good gardener
humming the blues as he waters the chantry lawn--
Out from the camphor to the light of day.
See, stout hedges unfold their first warm green
through fence-axes and spears, sturdy black Gothic scribblings.--
Spring is taking us away, and soon.

A kite-wind takes my hair
riffing what's already tangled.--Do let me think.
My hands grope for their pockets
and I brace myself to greet the yawning world
the rumor of spring takes from its bed.
My eyes smart too, with sleep and cold.
Here's hoping the day will fall to place.
It seems I am to be
notorious in memory,
a slandered legend,
scarlet capital in a margin.

Linda Leviton

Just The Other Day

Just the other day
 I got this wonderful idea
But it got sucked away
Just the other day
I was the boy my mother knew
 When I showed my thing to you
It made you turn your head away
I want to be on a milk carton
so you can see me
 When you eat your 'Special K'
I want to be on a milk carton
So I can be the way I was
Just the other day
Just the other day
I drew a twisted kind of pleasure
And I had to take some measures
So you wouldn't look away
 Just the other day
 My parts were in their places
 Saw the same old clueless faces
 When you dared to walk away
 I want to be on a TV screen
 So you can watch me at 8 A.M. on saturday
 I want to be on a TV screen
 So I can be the way I was
Just the other day

Amanda Olsen

No Spring for Springtime

dreary morning
still dressed in winter grey
Spring looked out the window
Smearred with drizzle

roll over
sunk into Her covers
sleep a few weeks more
forgot about work
 awhile;

I did too.

Dumbfound

**forgive me
for not understanding this
i don't know
if i'm stupid
or if you don't know how to explain yourself.**

An over-ripe melon
crashes through a rusting screen
squeezing its innards against the cross-hatching.
Skin peels back, pulp and seeds penetrate
to anxiously drip onto the heated radiator.

POP SNAP

Precious inner seeds abandon the shell
sliding slowly with the sinewy membrane down
to land in a precise, pre-planned patch
forming a pale orange placenta around the
plant pot placed previously on the
sun-burnt hardwood floor.

Haphazard potting soil unites whole-heartedly with the
slithery gel to accumulate and produce the power to create
another over-ripe melon.

Laura Cohen

White Lace

Icicles dangled intricately from brittle branches,
of frozen trees,
white lace hung from the sky,
resting safely below,
as the wind whispered glass secrets,
skaters danced on ice,
forming figure eights,
their shadows chasing after them,
kidnapping their every movement,
far away children tobogganed over crystal white hills,
writing letters in the snow,
below antelope pranced through icy forests,
in time vanishing from view.

look
grasp the thorn
feel how pain
travels from your
fingers 2 your brain
feel it venture
thru your blood
goze w/ fascination
 the crimson flood
spilling spewing
leaking spitting
flowing thru newly dug tunnels
puncture it.
feel the pain.

see
grasp my hand
firmly close your fingers
feel the skin
warm & soft
curl your fingers around mine
let our spirits intertwine.
sense the closeness
simple contact sends
the pulse racing-
upon the creases of your mind
my heart is always tracing
& although only
your hand is in mine
I swear our
thoughts are interlacing.
touch me.
experience the communication.

2 appreciate anything
the opposite must 1st be seen
2 be real it cannot
be left 1/2 there or in between.
experience it 2 maximum potential
the stronger memories
are influential.
fake not the sensation
or humiliation
trudge thru the desperation
& know jubilation.
let every emotion penetrate,
dive in deep
push your damndest
& truly sleep.
love with zest
conceal no hate.
torture is the best medicine.
cry & feel real sorrow
4 the delicious joy you will feel-
& you'll be savoring tomorrow-

Gretchen C. Sarstedt

This Moment

The light which hit the chrome stairs was blue and cutting a quick angle. The stairway led to the roof of the building. On the third floor the halls were narrow as cat walks. Two passed but barely; recall bumping into her. There goes balance crashing wind, rushing glass.

20,000 volts, it feels like 20,000 volts when jerking awake, falling out of the sky into my body at break neck speeds. There's no one here; what would you think if you were here next to me and I shot to life in a jolt? If you were here I wouldn't have fallen asleep.

The room has wires running from the stereo. A double wire was nailed to the wall and ceiling with absurdly oversized nails. His hands were black with a mixture of oil, grease, rust and dirt. The ratchet which stuck from his hip pocket had a perfect print of his hand on its handle. The patched jeans and army jacket were almost as dirty.

I believe I was standing in a room full of sand; I was looking out of the window. The clouds were beautiful, and they hovered silently over the lake once blue for one long breath. Then with each wave the landscape changed; first a valley of an ancient river, then a... a... I can't remember. I can't remember. But it was bright again, I went to go swimming but the beach was closed. I forgot my shoes there, walking along thinking of her.

Walking far past midnight, too tired to go to school. Principal orders me into the hall, no he didn't call you because I don't live there anymore, no, it wasn't me doing donuts around the math teacher. It was someone with a car that looks a lot like mine.

I haven't slept in two days, haven't eaten in four, but I'm not about to stay. And there's a policeman at the door who wants to talk to somebody here quick, but no one knows who.

Hear voices and they talk talk. Stop thinking so loud. I'm not sure we see the same things. A voice landed next to me and sat there a while.

*I saw her once: She stood alone in a crowded bar, she demanded my attention, was full of care and thought, courtesy, consideration, military attitude of readiness
commanded soldiers to stand at attention.*

Yes, I see you, want to touch you, hold you... you stand as if in a clouded room, its walls a valley. Try to find you, try to find you under the day's tree green light, so lost as to be happy.

Hold my hand, squeeze it-- it almost isn't me waves are trying to lick me away/ are partially succeeding/ move with our hair in the water our heads in the sky. Night land breezes dry us, cooling.

Still standing thinking looking at her at the bar.

Yes, well what is her name?

Why does it seem this way again again. May in an old hospital room, the scenery oh so beautiful, but oh so permanent. I can see her among the summer pines, dust lit sun ray carves an impression of you for me only me.

And everything changes as quickly as the landscapes of dreams: yes, it was a dream: am I now to forget you? Have you forgotten the walks we used to take... I'll push this point no further. Out of reach was out of choice.

It's hard to write something about someone you are trying to forget. I want to write but instead stare at the wall, out the window, through what I perceive you to be at any time and place. I write nothing, jump in the car and drive as far as possible, bump into you on the boardwalk, but you don't recognize me, you forgot your contacts, pretending so at least to cover shock.

Put those books down on your blanket and live it for once. You have all the ingredients for adventure but you work work work all day then say you feel sick and you don't know why. You work so hard to get ahead that you plan on what you'll be doing eight years from this moment, you'll be re-reading some story you read in the same bed yesterday, you won't notice how nice the air is at three a.m. outside your window, you won't find Al Capone's hole in the wall on the lake where the sun rises.

Walking on the indian path at night the wind wakes the scents and sense of the past twenty autumns. The trail branches so many ways as it grows dark and stormy but we have each other to discover and the storm grows and is unable to cool our passion with warm rain/ soft thunder. The smell of your hair and clothes that night.

I've got a window fan in my room, it fills my room with the night air until I have to do something about it. It drives me out to find where that night's heart lays, in a bus, car, by foot or in dream I'll be there, or I'll be in motion, cloths flapping over a machine sweating summer heat.

Was what I was in over a shimmering night tar road, two curving lanes of stripes, car breathing nicely, throaty purr. Open it up, open it up a little tonight the air is just about right to ream this engine a little, get the oils flowing, battery charged.

Just when I'm ready to forget your name you're always there, standing as if in the background, saying nothing trying to cover nothing as if nothing interested you but integers.

Introducing me to past/present lovers in chronological order at this time of night; I'm double-parked in front of the bar and these people look none too friendly.

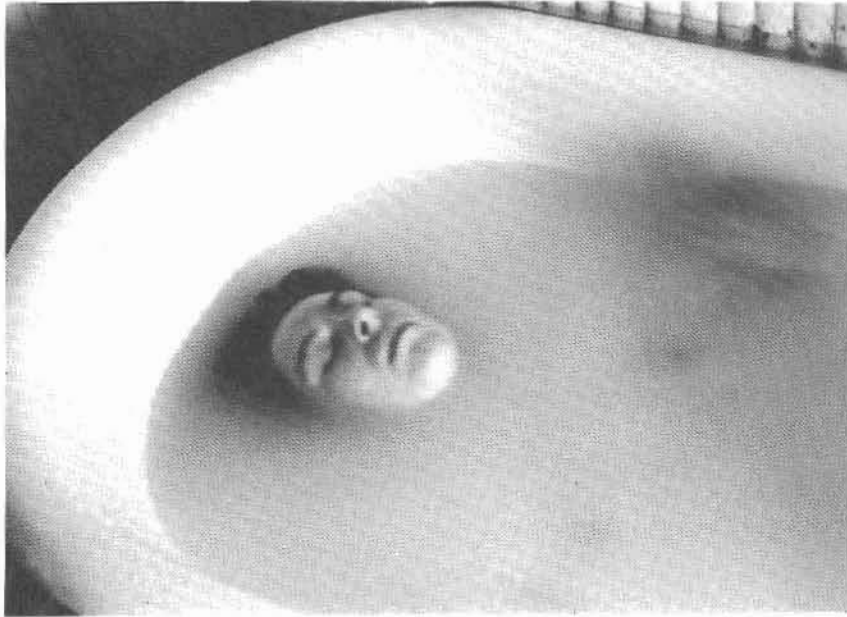
People take turns telling me stories about you, they buy me drinks they're so amused by the details of the incidents but more so with the evening and you sitting closer to me. I don't know why they're interested with what we do. Say you're not like that. Please.

Love is standing in the forest, the smell of rubber on rain slick street coming to pick you up from your room, love is tapping on your window at a little past three in the morning.

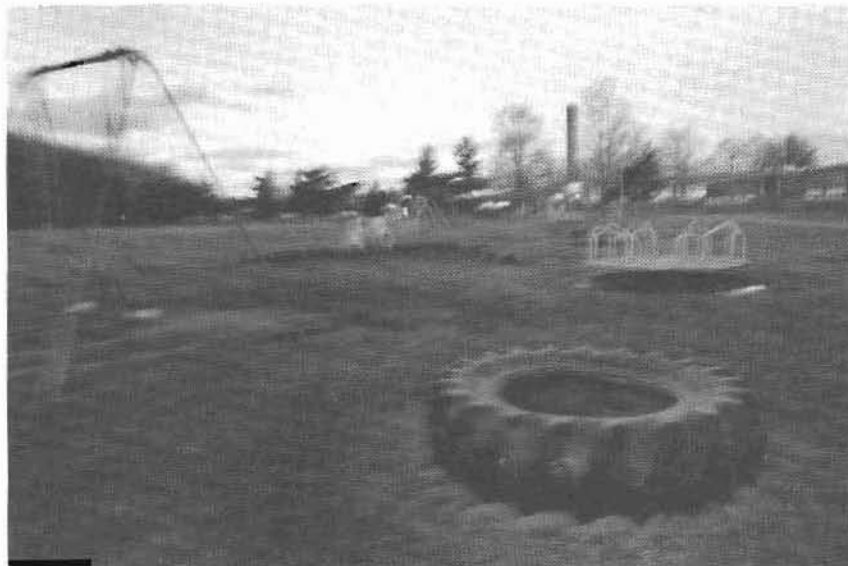
Drive the parkway by the beach until daylight, swim its water for breakfast, plan very little for the rest of the day. We don't need to make plans, it all happens today. Drive in shifts to cover more, you begin to enjoy the feel of the throttle, thrill of the road and the flocks of birds the car startles into flight. This year, this summer, this moment you live with me.



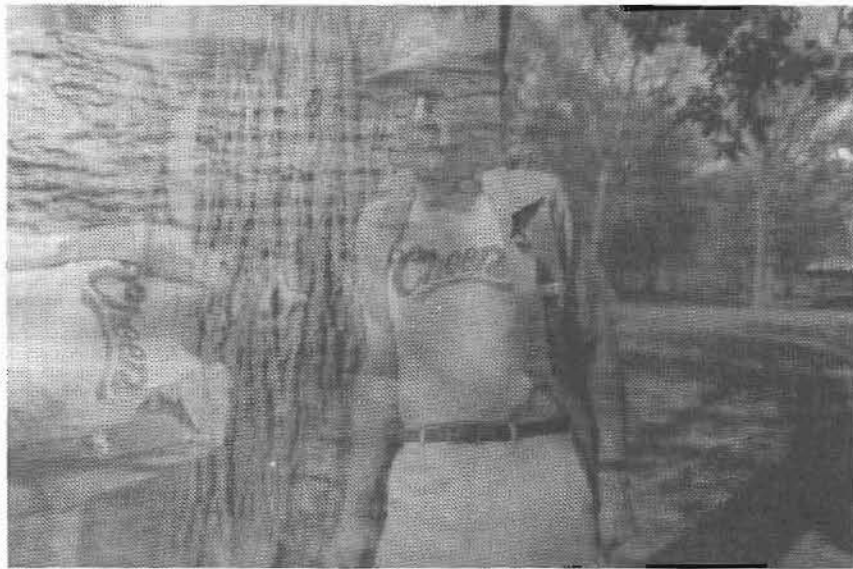
Chari McCalmont



Phyllis Mangefrida



Jay Farnham



Darryl C. Jacobson

Stepping down an alley
With feline grace
Face warming to all the tabbies
No external signs of disgrace

Statements made showed sign of security
In event of saturnalian bliss
Now it all seems like charity
With words tainted by shade of white

How fragile the happy spirit
So loose and easy going
Devastated by an insignificant error
Strays off like a leaf
To anywhere that the wind is blowing

How it was done cannot be imagined
Myself never could do
In the morning, look to the mirror
Deflected, not reflected
colored a hue of blue

The daze of unbelieving
Forces one to wonder
After brief consultation
The blow was as low as possible
Proving never to be relation

bedroom eyes II

turn aside your
bedroom eyes
which so amiably
whisper unheard cries
& unaware spill naked lies.
tomorrow my face will
no longer dwell
in the place where
bedroom eyes once fell.
stay among your stupid circles
leave me to be
relate not to what I strive to express
you do not feel my loneliness
& w/ your eyes
you add to my supply
of growing distress.

your bedroom eyes
have burned my retinas
& soon my real feelings
I will not repress.

mold grows
in your brain
parties feed the lust hungry
& ignorant lovers
ignore the rain.

silent ?s
mute answers
no exchange

swallowed by this void
undefined
a vortex of no
explanation
silently sucking in all my
motivation

tighten your grip
you're slipping
need some crazy glue
b4 you flip

$$\lim_{t > 0} u(t)$$

I discovered the rhythm with which to beat
Out the feelings held in my heart.
I thought that we were in time together.
But as we approached that critical moment
The ardors of youth were mine not yours.
When rhythmic movements turned to convulsions
Entropy's mask hid your lack of response
To my efforts. My futile efforts.
Your disunion left me burning, discerned,
Yearning to take you to the limit
Which I strove to reach. I had
Wanted so much to feel you come
But the waves of an ocean rise not
From force less than that of the infallible moon.
By Man in the Moon may you then be filled,
and flow without bound beyond your limit.

Your Stranger Now

I'm your stranger now
That word pulls
 the tears from me
A bucket from a well
Draws the old love
 mixed with fresh pain
The two
 swirl inside
 like oil and water
Our words
 on fire
And behind you I scream
'I hate you! Oh, i hate you.'

Open door mission
London Fog in green
You block the entrance
Momentarily I dream.
Of a stranger
In a theatre
As the film begins.
Patterns in concrete
Sidewalks I've seen
No wind, no rain today.
Blonde hair at attention
One small hoop earring
Faded velvet seats
Initiate the scene.
Sense the sideways glance.
Grey traffic
Clutters the street.
My eyes meet
Your eyes
Are closed.

Experiencing the city, while stumbling on memories



Carol Bassett

Waiting

Burning lights into the night
Silent music playing
Looking at life through shattered glass
How long, has it been
Has it been, too long
I feel, your touch
Your touch, is gone
Surrounding me
Vacant walls around me
Sleeping with the lights on
No apparent reason
Dreaming of music
Without the radio playing.

