

sig.2000



signatures magazine:  
rit's journal of literature



# Signatures

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Jim Gentry

# Signatures

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## To The Edge

Come again to the edge with me  
where summer fields stretch out  
into the opening land.

Give me your hand  
where willow seeds lift lazy dreams  
gentle on the gentle breeze

and paint brush weed  
cut by a crazy girl  
blooms orange and gold.

Come lounge with me  
in grasses of green  
in lengthening shadows.

Kiss me again  
where last we smelled sweet clover  
lost in the arms of each other.

- Hugh Mitchell

*Hugh P. Mitchell*



Sleepy

Anna

*Anna*





George Gr



## Vince

John squirmed under the heat of the midday sun as he hurried across the road. As he ducked through the crowd in an effort to reach the air-conditioning that was both beckoning and mocking him from the recesses of his memory.

Nevertheless, he slowed as he came across a familiar face leaning up against the brick wall of the stationhouse. The uniformed policeman, a plump, dark-haired man in his forties was staring at the street traffic, smoking a cigarette.

"Hey," John said, taking a spot on the wall next to the man, who nodded his greeting.

"How'd it turn out?" the man responded, still looking out at the street.

"Pulled a .45 slug out of the dumpster," John said. "No victims, no witnesses. The lab's going to do a ballistics check, but you know how these things usually turn out."

"Not even worth the money for gas over there."

"Yeah, but one thing can lead to another. Discharge leads to possession, leads to sales, and before you know it you've got a mob tie in or a murder. We just cast our lines and see what nibbles."

"Only they don't feed the little fish to the bigger fish. They let them go, right up the line. For the one guy who's in too deep to give someone else up, everyone else gets a free ride."

The two watched the cars and the people flow by as the conversation lapsed into silence and was replaced by the ambient sounds of the city. After a moment, the cop finished his cigarette and tossed the butt down onto the ground,

staring at it as if it had some profoundance.

"Those things'll kill you," John said the silence.

"Yeah," the man said, tapping John. The bulletproof vest under the trenchcoat white shirt shifted uncomfortably. "But they do it nice and slow."

"How's the shoulder?" John asked, over:

"Hurts sometimes," the man shrugged. "Least now I know before its going to"

"Whatever happened to Vince?"

"Died today," the man said, stepping butt and crushing it. "One less hospital the state to pay."

"Shit," John said, pushing back his to let a little more air in. "Guess I'm hear it, though."

"Not me. This is the way that ed to go - part a shootout with the cop he'd get his name in the papers one last Me, I'd like to see him rotting in jail, just knowing that everyone's already forgotten him."

John cleared his throat and spat, lo over to the other man only to see him back out at the street. A bead of sweat down from John's forehead and into his eye took a step away from the wall.

"I've got to go and fill out papers said, stretching. "Good talking to you."

"Yeah," the man said, glancing at John the first time. He turned back to the street pulled out another cigarette. "Yeah."



Skinsuit



*Chris Donovan*

Chris Donovan





Seung-Yeon Cho

## There's No Better Time Than the Present

There's no better time than the present as the sirens squeal in this enigma  
Rows of Cheshire grins smile contently as the sun shines through the wind  
Factories shattered by time.

The red roofed houses of the depressed and desperate rest endlessly next  
progression.

In this city, a paradox lies buried under the empty crooked streets and the  
three passes untouched by time and history.

In the windswept fields of burrs and glassa church is built paying homage  
Christ, and the lifeless lives the people live.

The tangled web woven by silkworms in one nights time-Keeps the radio  
catching cold and coal mines from turning to dust.

In ancient tongues and lost dialects-the words of a genius so carefully exp  
confuse such conscious minds.

But in this city, this city of ruin, this city of question, this city of time

- Peter Ahlberg

A handwritten signature in blue ink, appearing to read "Peter Ahlberg". The signature is stylized and fluid, with a long, sweeping underline.



## "Efficiency"

Dear Mr. Talonbird:

In response to your e-mails  
Requesting a job description  
From everyone in sales:  
We saw through your encryption.

As head of Department of Efficiency  
We understand that you get bored  
And we admire your tenacity  
When several e-mails were ignored.

I am the Sales Manager  
So when I don't reply right away  
I'm most likely with a customer  
But you reprimanded my department the same

Let me give you a blunt depiction:  
When my people you do harass  
You can take your job description  
And shove it up your ass.

- Todd Hanson

## Backwalk

Chlorophyll orange moving suitcases  
Forfeit your lullaby for an eighth note  
The fungus can't speak  
And neither should you  
Our struggle now melting  
The burns sinking in  
The end new beginning  
Crisp melodic beats of sorrow  
This indigo glass stained on my walls  
Detonation pacing softly  
Jello in my eyes  
I see a moving past  
My blood deprived of oxygen  
Don't hate the extension cord  
Plug it in - it fits  
Parting hells  
Leaving equally rusty smells  
These escalators taste like oranges  
I hear the wind now  
The sun is speaking clearly too  
I want to climb that tree  
3-prong compatible too.

- Joshua Gingrich







Adam Vincent

*Adam Vincent*

## Shy

You may not act  
What you'll never

That part of us  
Us—you and me.

Plural. And sing  
Two ones. And

Because deep down  
I know you're

- Randall Good

*Randall Good*



I Get My Electricity From



## A moment

pleasant places  
in the water  
Shine  
like faces  
each scratched clip  
my frozen lips  
and the smoke...  
it dances.

- Desere' Angelique Gamaldi

Desere' gamaldi

Cara P

Cara Paul



## True Beauty

Beauty is only skin deep.

It is those that mock this statement that make others weep.

WHY?

Why do you insist on causing beautiful creatures to cry?

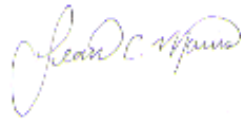
It is you that place yourself in the category of those you mock,

Leading you astray from a most beautiful flock.

A flock that leads their life with an open mind,

Taking everyone for who they are--EVERYKIND...

- Sean Morris



## The One

Look into my eyes my friend  
tell me what you see  
do you see the one that long  
because you were meant for

Let me hold your hand my friend  
I'll follow you anywhere  
time with you is magical  
can't you see I care?

Listen to my words my friend  
the silent ones that pray  
please don't ever let me go  
I love you more each day.

- Rishi Mehta



## oh please don't say the sky is falling

if you're still alive and  
out there: prove it  
send me your little finger  
send me your last blessed good-  
bye coughing up at the center of  
the world  
if you're still out there and want  
me to say anything  
breathe twice and wait for  
the secret words wait for the  
sky to twist its ankle and fall  
down on everything you ever  
were wait for the things you say to  
turn around and beat their ugly  
manipulations into your big blue eyes  
wait for me to beg over the phone  
over the carpet crawling or clawing  
at my burning red eyes over the  
taunted bed over the prying windows  
over the crippled sunlight of day my  
dear my dear  
if you're still alive you'll  
have to do better than this.

- tim miller

*Timothy Miller*

## Under the thumb of a Man

crinkle  
little girl  
your man's  
strung you up  
like a serious gap  
in the gender of men  
and plies and the sweet  
tantalize, he'll forget the  
porgive, oh my poor bit  
of pity, you knew you  
were pretty, though  
he might swear  
otherwise.

- Jessica Koesis

*Jessica Koesis*



-< \*reading\* >-

```
*typing*: >>>msg
MSG> *delete* *thinking* *sigh* *re-typing*: >>>msg
MSG> hi there, *delete* "lame!" *fingering keyboard* *typing*
>>>msg
MSG> hi, do u mind if i share a few words with u?" *glancing up at
ceiling* *delete* *rocking chair* "diet pepsi." *nods*
*chair rolls* *footsteps* *opens fridge* *grabs soda can*
*footsteps* *chair rolls* *sipping* *eyes water* *heavy sigh*
"aspartame fix." *typing*: >>>pal
*friends list*
>>>msg
MSG>safe to knock? *pause* *eyeing keyboard* *aiming for ENTER*
*sigh* "tsk." *click-clacking tongue* *pursing lips* *eyes close*
*eyes open* *sniff* *sipping* *burp* "straighten things out."
*sigh* *rolling eyes* *sipping* *nibbling nail* *sipping* *sippin
*gulp* *ahem* *typing*: >>>msg
MSG> *delete* "why bother?" *re-typing* >>>msg
MSG> hi, id like to talk to *delete* *pondering* *sipping* *typing
>>>msg
MSG> *delete* *typing*: >>>mail
EMAIL> *typing*: EMAIL>send *sipping* *smacks lips*
To: *typing*: ENTER
%EMAIL-E-ALLADRBAD, all addresses are bad; send aborted
EMAIL> *typing*: EMAIL>e
>>> *typing*: >>>pal
*friends list*
*sigh* *sipping* "oh, bah!" *typing*: >>>lo
AKW2692 logged out at 9-SEP-1999 00:15:52.70
```

- Aimee Kirsten Whyte

empty playground

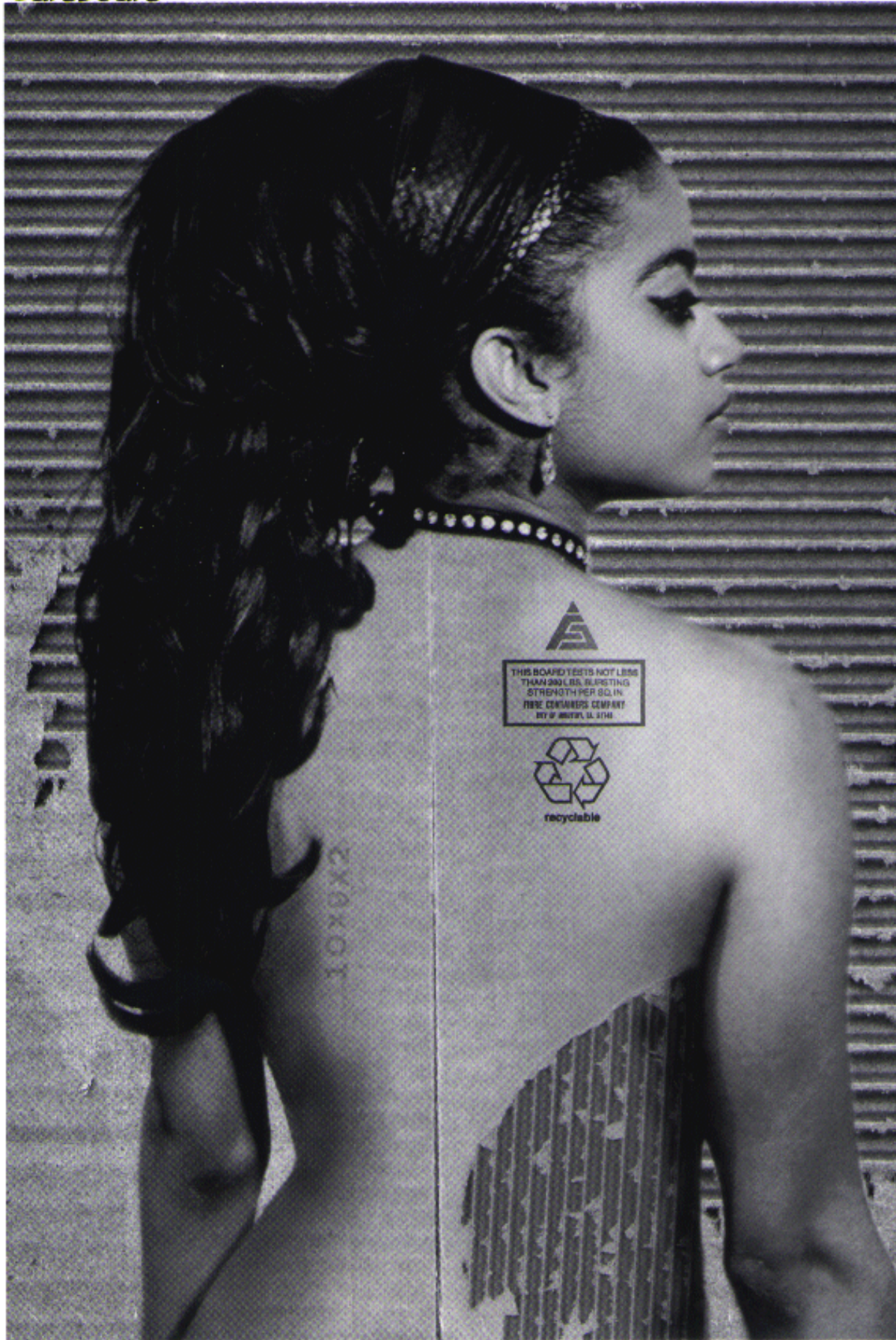


Melissa

Melissa Rowe



Cardboard



  
THIS BOARD TESTS NOT LESS  
THAN 900 LBS. BURSTING  
STRENGTH PER 80 IN.  
FIBRE CONTAINERS COMPANY  
MTY OF AMSTER, IL 61741  
  
recyclable

Chris Donovan

## LADYTRON

Her picture is everywhere.  
It's the second coming in lipstick.  
There are those who are smiling and eager to see her:  
But those who only see her in crushed velvet nightmares  
are lethal.  
Her picture is everywhere on the living room floors  
of wet-fingered lethals.  
Her face is smoldering in the TV.  
Her charm is the incense  
of beaming and lethal disciples.  
The interiors she haunts are red and blue and black,  
the shadows are bruised.  
She talks smoke into black phones  
to men who smoke colored cigarettes.  
Her life is danger;  
the men in their sad suspenders tell her:  
Her picture is everywhere  
on the walls of lethals  
who can see the melancholy in her make-up.  
Someone is being slaughtered by the cracks of their mirror  
while her picture watches.  
Her mirror is round and she wonders into its roundness  
while her picture everywhere evaporates her.  
She's dead  
and the lethals have smeared her pout down her face.  
Her picture is still everywhere.

- Chris Patunas



## "one sunny afternoon"

one sunny afternoon  
taking a stroll  
through a wood  
stumbled i  
upon a rock  
actually  
on the rock  
protruding  
from a hill  
not large enough  
to call a hill  
forming  
a tiny cliff

upon this rock  
i stood  
i sat  
i looked  
in the rock  
at its wrinkles

where greens do grow  
and ants do travel  
at collections of dirt  
soil  
where streams do carve  
and fallen leaves drift  
plunging over  
that sudden cliff  
where water slides  
and pools swell

(for within that world  
i did dwell  
one sunny afternoon)

- Diane Kucharczyk

*Diane Kucharczyk*

## Untitled

I love the way  
your eyelashes look  
with each lash outlined by the light  
each one

watching your hand  
cup mine  
I watch you  
when you're not looking

You're tempting  
to the point  
where I give in  
to happiness

smile  
of you  
every time  
every time

cliché  
twinkle in my eye  
unlike before  
different

good\*

- Robin M. Gerber

*Robin Gerber*

## Untitled

Locked away in a tight place  
Are birch bark and musty deeds,  
With the course ripple of hair:  
It takes a can-opener  
To pry your mouth apart  
For the answers.

At the end of the day  
The bed will eat me  
And make me sweat damp circles  
In arm-pits, crotch, stomach;  
Areas of hollow pain.

Biting figs and adulterous apples  
Makes me cry like a shepherd  
To a flock of lost sheep.  
Each time I tell you this,  
I can move back in time further than  
The fire is still burning somewhere inside  
The secret springs to my tongue  
And an open mouth will unfurl the Key

- Jessica Cole Henderson

*Jessica C. Henderson*





Adam Vincent

*Adam Vincent*

## AGAIN

The Knell of tarnished  
rings through my

a fleeting lodestar cast  
upon the wilted

This evening quells the  
of distant days.

The Hell of again.

- Joette Hartman

*Joette Hartman*

# A Lost Love Letter

or

## Revelations of a Youth Gone Awry

I don't know when it started  
But somewhere along the way  
I went bad.  
Coffee stains and cigarettes,  
A chocolate stain on the car floor:

Long summer nights that weren't  
meant to end;  
Song by song the game became longer:  
Lovin' lies, curled up in the grass,  
Thinking that there might be  
a chance.

Just rockin' along like the misfit that I am,  
Not knowing what's next.  
But somewhere along the line  
things went predictable.

Jobs and schedules like a  
long endless winter:  
Mother Nature handed me  
and insanity pill and the  
night got  
longer:

The onset of Spring and  
I could feel the tug.  
Mr. Wanderlust found me again.

From Boston to Athens  
An enjoyable commute, and  
yet you kept me from going.

I thought there was a chance,  
And the sultry summer lust  
just got to my head,  
And somewhere along the  
way I realized I still  
have a crush on you.

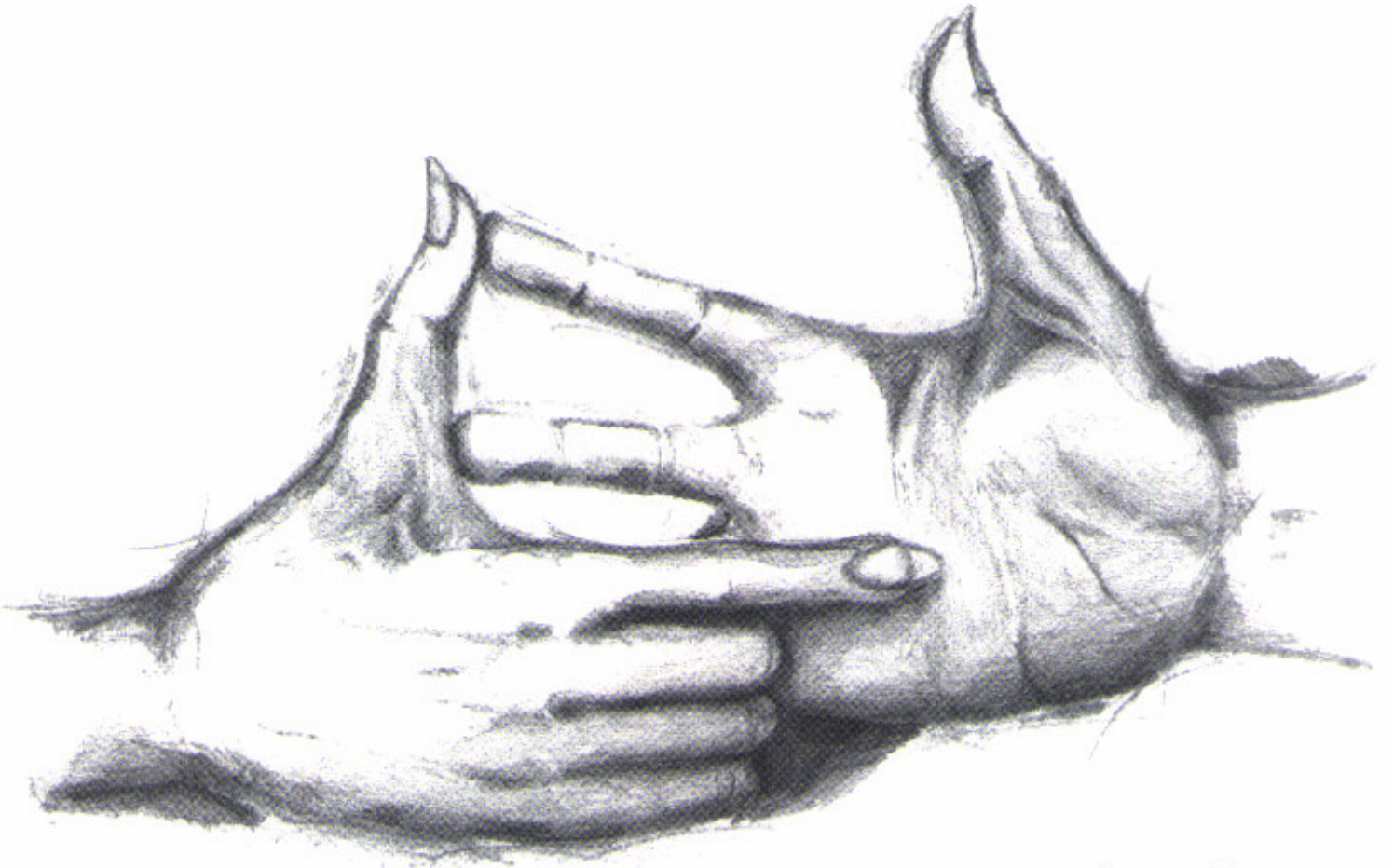
- Kristin E. Schuyler





want you and your body to be hurt,  
I've said this all before, but I  
explain myself again. I just don't want  
something you'll regret later, and  
sure you're careful. I know I  
to be careful and I know  
just worry about you. I don't  
like your mother, you already  
that I love you, and I don't





Rishi Mehta



## Indian-Style

I love how we sit nose to nose like indian-style for two, our  
legs making diamonds

like the sparkle in your eyes

when you think I don't know you're being

naughty but I guess that's

half the fun, right

the magnetism of our attraction turning

heads

my friends are jealous.

you're my little pothead.

god I hate that wish you

didn't smoke so much so I wouldn't

have

to

w o n d e r at night. that's the

part

they never

see

- Samantha Taylor

Comet





## Morning in the World

Morning again,

Inhale...

...Exhale...

...Morning again.

Just like 8304 times before.

Different horizon,

Different circumstances.

Definitely the same sun.

Roll out!

Face the world!

Get started soon so as to finish sooner

And move on to other, always more important tasks!

Today you're defined by your accomplishments,

Today you're nothing but what you do.

I hate the morning now

For what it has become.

For what I have become

Longs for the eternal, post-morning slumber;

Hoping not to wake up,

Just like 8305 times before.

- Andrew P. Miehle

*Andrew P. Miehle*



Se





Gwyn Jones



Lost in Building 7



*Cara John Paul*



Ljung



Anna Jonsson

*Anna Jonsson*



## alternative amplification scheme

they have machines of their own  
and they're sliding across the hillside  
even as we speak or decide to think  
maybe it's all cracking porcelain  
noone gets a thing without  
taking a chip  
gods collect them from each shoulder  
when you seem vacant  
don't waste our time  
and our souls aren't coats  
if it's cold take us inside  
we promise to hush not asking  
the meaning of it all  
even when it's on the tip of your tongue

- tim miller

*Timothy Miller*

## Naming

to know the name of every  
and call to them in quietness  
to penetrate thick bark  
to the fresh green where

to reverence the Kitchen sp  
and welcome the black sp  
to finger gently sharp berries  
and thistles

these things we may learn  
and to sense the pulsing  
of enemies and lovers  
to call their names with a

- Ruth Kennedy

*Ruth Kennedy*

## Untitled

She had red hair and pigtails. Green eyes. She was so little, I could hardly see her in the darkness. The darkness was so black, you would wonder why this little girl was standing there all alone. Alone, staring at the empty darkness. There was only enough light to see her, what she looked like. So alone. She hasn't talked to anyone, yet. She knows no language. She can't talk. But I do know what she is thinking. I do know how she is feeling. She knows I am standing there in the darkness, trying to get her in a warm and comfortable place. She doesn't move. Staring at the hard, dark emptiness. She doesn't breathe. Just enough to stand up. Standing there, frozen. Someone turned her into ice.

- Kathleen Collins

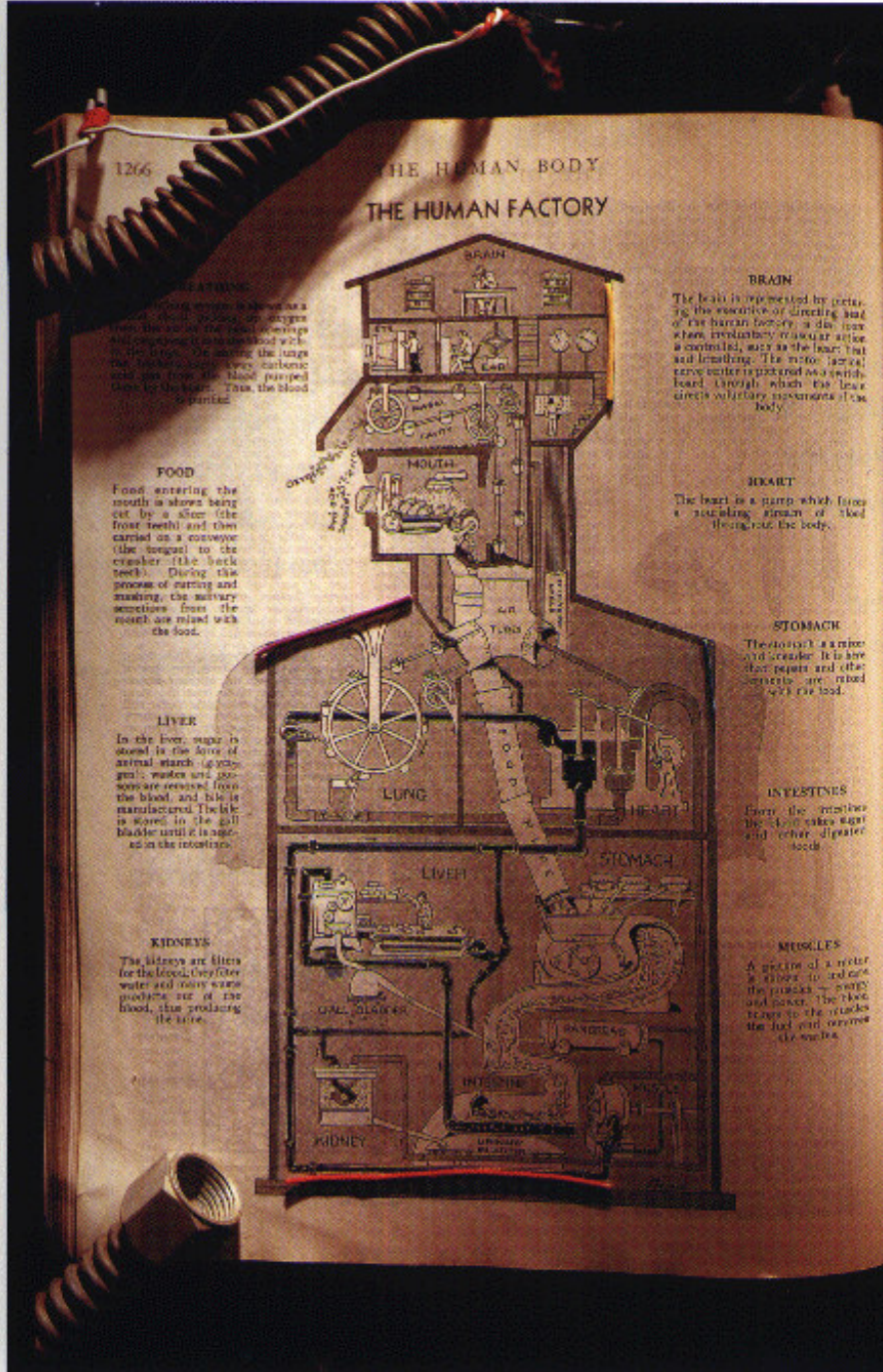
Mo' town diner: 4:00am

beginnings and ends  
caught up, tangled  
lost together in their complexity  
I must control  
that which is valuable to me  
so sit there and analyze  
everything, anything  
mispend your time  
I couldn't care less  
the sad part is  
you are my heroin  
my one true challenge

- Phil Robinson

Phil Robinson





1266

THE HUMAN BODY  
THE HUMAN FACTORY

BREATHING

Breathing is shown as a kind of bellows on wings from the nose the fresh air sweeps and is pumped into the blood vessels in the lungs. On entering the lungs the blood takes away carbonic acid gas from the blood pumped down to the heart. Thus the blood is purified.

FOOD

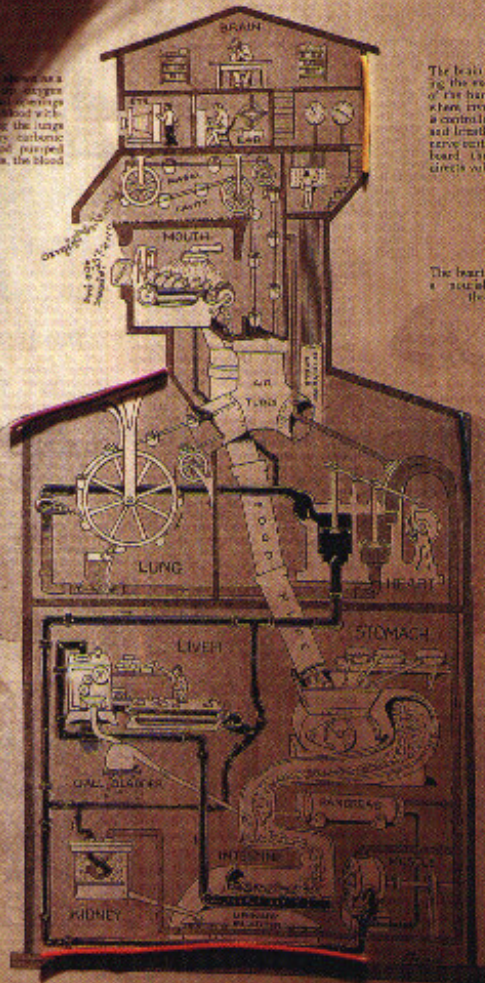
Food entering the mouth is shown being cut by a slice (the front teeth) and then carried on a conveyor (the tongue) to the crusher (the back teeth). During this process of cutting and mashing, the salivary secretions from the mouth are mixed with the food.

LIVER

In the liver, sugar is stored in the form of animal starch (glycogen); water and vitamins are removed from the blood, and bile is manufactured. The bile is stored in the gall bladder until it is acted on in the intestines.

KIDNEYS

The kidneys are filters for the blood; they filter water and many waste products out of the blood, thus producing the urine.



BRAIN

The brain is represented by controlling the executive or directing head of the human factory, in the form of a revolutionary or war office (a controlled) such as the brain that controls the factory. The motor (action) nerve center is situated on a central board through which the brain directs voluntary movements of the body.

HEART

The heart is a pump which forces a circulating stream of blood through the body.

STOMACH

The stomach is a mixer and crusher. It is here that papain and other secretions are mixed with the food.

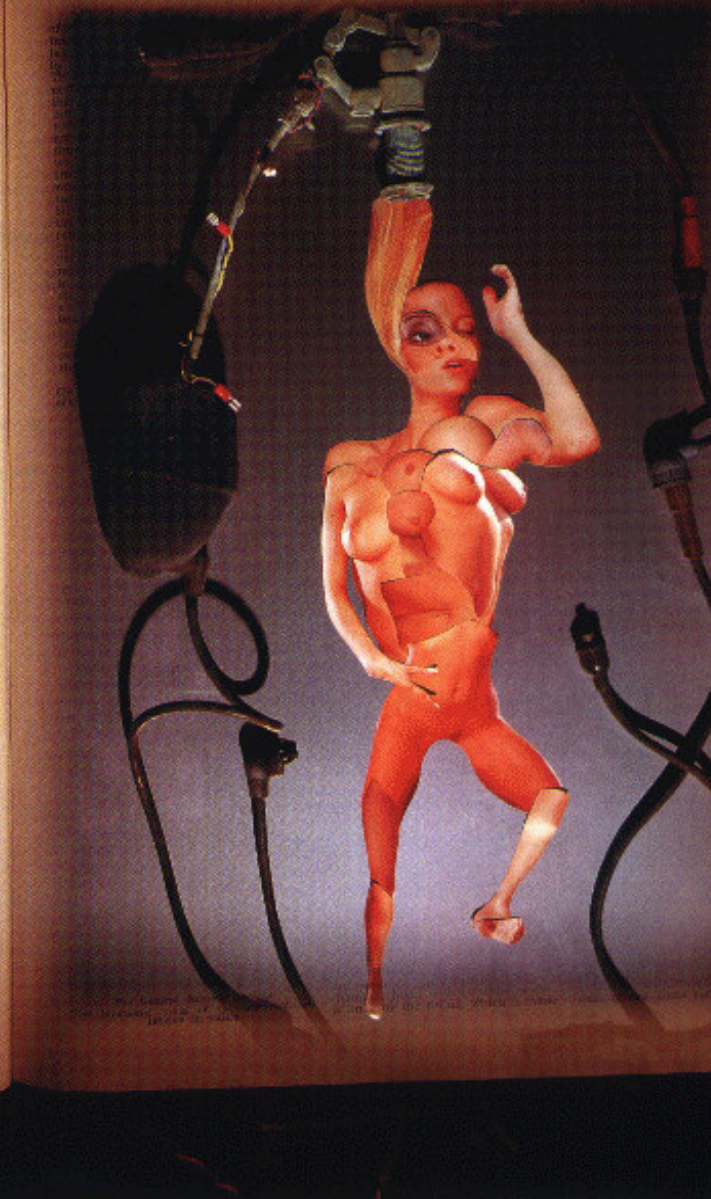
INTESTINES

From the intestine the blood takes sugar and other digested foods.

MUSCLES

A mixture of a motor is shown to release the muscles to pump and power. The blood brings to the muscles the fuel and oxygen for the muscles.

THE HUMAN BODY



Jim



for you my love



Stephanie C. Snow

*Stephanie C. Snow*



## a cold day.

watery snow lies on the ground  
like milk on my upper lip  
we splash through it  
our feet tingling inside our trendy shoes  
(Payless..)  
she can't smile, she says  
it will make her face crack  
so,  
through chattering teeth,  
i tell her a joke. (Knock, Knock..)  
she laughs, rubbing her  
red, aching face with her mittens  
"You're such a bitch." (me?)  
but I had to.  
She's too perfect. (a perfect whore)  
and I've always wanted to crack her in the  
face.

- Alexis Peterson



## Compatible differences

Compatible differences brand  
city streets and rural fields.  
Similarities are often forced;

ethics of likability.

A handshake says so much  
when mannerisms convey emotion.  
Hidden motives seem genuine;

social graces on display.

It is hard for me to understand  
or for me to believe that it  
unnatural to feel

lonely.

- Kevin Niemiec

## String Ridden Puppets: Anything To Make Work Suck More

Baltham unbuckled his belt and dropped his pants to the floor. Weeks before he had stopped looking around to see if anyone was watching. He turned around and sat his ass against the tilted panel next to the door. The familiar heating sensation passed as the scanning array moved over his flesh.

In small shining letters along the side of the panel the words Rectal Scan Module Failed to catch anyone's eye. A mechanical voice drifted out of a speaker above his head and the door to his office opened. "Thank you for baring your ass, Mr. Baltham. Access granted."

Hours droned on as usual. Day in and day out. Around two, his secretary waltzed in and stripped erotically to her bare flesh. As horny as he was, Baltham didn't exactly object to her wanting to go for a little ride. In all the noise they were making, he sure as hell didn't notice

the robotic OSHA representative glide out of the secret tunnel. Cattle prod in hand, the robot read out the revised OSHA code from programmed memory. "No Pornication with secretary without prophylactic." Before Baltham could even respond or finish his pleasurable deed, the robot shoved the cattle prod into Baltham's ass.

Baltham failed to sit down the rest of the day. As the clock hand turned, he left the office and headed for the front building doors. He walked a little punny, and Ray, the security guard stopped him as usual. "Stealing office supplies is punishable by castration. You have no choice but to be searched." His small mind dictated the speech in a monotone. Ray snapped on a new set of rubber gloves, and checked Baltham's mouth first. The last thing he said before shoving a cold glove where the sun doesn't normally shine was bend over. "Thank you for allowing your anal cavity to be searched." Baltham proudly fixed his pants and left the office for the day.

- Bryce Dalhaus



a cold day

# California Dreamin'



Anthony

*Anthony*



Open Window



Chris Donovan



## Thoughts on the Union of Animate and Inanimate Objects

We two together  
A green and angular arch  
I one water receptacle  
You the fountain

- Weldon Davis Terrell

## My Father comes to A

The vagrants next to me;  
sunburned, hungry,  
point their fingers  
strange language.  
Where will I sleep?  
Freida waits for me  
in Hanover; on Straulauweg;  
but I will not return.

The tickets settled,  
I was warned about leaving her.

Hatch of this immigrant vessel  
opens to this dream of limbs.  
sheep brought  
to slaughter.  
Wishing I never came.  
Where will I hide?  
Oil in the cracks  
of my apprentice hands,  
burns on water;  
This must be America.

- Chris Olchewski



## One Up

I watch lots in the flock talk the talk  
Then when they tried to walk the walk most got  
blocked  
Stopped like shot clocks  
Frozen like frost  
Lost in the chaos  
Caught with store bought ways of thought  
I fought to break free  
Top-notch mainstream teams couldn't take me  
Do not underestimate me  
I'm not perfect but above average like straight B's  
Respect for my perspective is overdue like late fees  
I hold my head up  
Don't become fed up  
Motivate get up  
Never hesitate or let up  
These dressed up dead ducks  
Get led straight ahead to the set up  
They all bled when cut  
But I survive  
Mobilized by drive from somewhere inside  
Try to defeat the weak lie  
Each time seek why  
Keep the heat high  
Reach the sky  
Now when I speak my mind  
Other kids are like "You said what???"  
Then I quick pick my step up

Exist in opposite as a cultural observationist  
Plus creationist  
Basing this way to live  
On the fact that every day is a gift  
Nobody can predict  
Where I'll end up  
Because I bend and twist  
My own luck  
Sure enough: without trust friendships turn to  
Sure enough: I must never be content to give  
Until I touch the sun  
I feel pressed plus stressed  
Must flex unless I want to get  
Crushed with tons  
Release a sigh  
Breath from my lungs  
It's a constant contest to run among millions  
I realize even when I rest my eyes to die  
And death leaves me numb  
There will still some tests left to overcome  
Reflection on my direction every second  
My life quest is to become  
Recognized  
As just this one

- Joshua Schwalbach-Scott







Andrew Sch

It is the most complex machine ever created. It is capable of doing complex mathematical calculations. It can also create unique thoughts and new ideas. These ideas can be beautiful works of art or cataclysmic weapons of destruction. It is often influenced by emotional stimuli. It is very vulnerable to fatigue and stress. It uses various senses to perceived the world around it. It needs to interact with others of its kind. It must receive nutrients to sustain itself. It has an almost infinite amount of storage space and is always eager to fill that space with knowledge. As it ages, it loses some of this information. What is this that I am describing? It is quite obvious, the human mind.

- Andrew Schall

Andrew Schall

## The Butterfly's Egg

If we were to become what was intended,  
I don't think

WE HAD TO REPRESENT THIS GRAPHICALLY  
AND IT WAS REALLY HARD BECAUSE

(scuff scuff)

We'd answer each other the way we do;  
Infrequently and with perfect timing.

(scuff scuff scuff)

When will we grow?  
As a human race?

I WISH I HAD,  
I NEED TO.

Our process here is  
Sometimes inconstant,  
Sometimes unbalanced,

(TRANSLATES AS CRAZY, MAD, INSANE, DERANGED.)

Sometimes light,  
Sometimes joyful,  
Always necessarily so.

(The path to higher living is not always clear.)  
(Yes, I am beginning to realize this.)  
(Thank you.)

- Jessica Cole Henderson

*Jessica C. Henderson*



## alone

scared,  
i know where to go,  
curled up next to my companion,  
my friend.  
i'm safe here,  
hiding.  
you're always there,  
always.  
so vibrant,  
peisty.

jab with the left,  
punch with the right,  
back and forth.  
stand tall and be beautiful,  
that's it.

always there,  
soul mates,  
i love you,  
always there,  
don't leave me alone,  
i left you alone,  
i love you,  
i miss you,  
you were always there,  
i can't go on alone.

cold dark room.  
you're alone.

i need to be there.  
don't be sad,  
i'm with you.  
i won't cry.  
i'll try not to cry.  
always there.

please don't leave me,  
always there.  
i don't want to be alone.

- Stephanie C. Snow

*Stephanie C. Snow*



Ad

*Adam V...*

## Goldenborn

3 breathes  
3 bronze dips over 2 shoes  
A pair of transparent eyes looking on  
Asking why  
Not knowing, still pure  
Later on they will cry  
Unfolded glass to open  
Orange air bubbles to pop  
Unshining treasure on bottom  
That should be on top

Now the air paints my lashes

Crystal leaves, fading trees  
    Squirrels sipping tea  
        Fuzzy blanket, sleepy grass  
            Below this ham and cheese

I wait for her as the water trickles

Still hope in the unseen  
Next in line  
Second from being  
A familiar autumn breeze

And so we marched 2 by 2  
When life was just a blur  
Hopscotch, Pun-dip, Zup  
Not caring if she was her

No waiting in this sandbox

No wondering on this swing  
Thinking daffodils, sneezing bubbles  
Floating clouds of innocence lost  
Unpaid first, no matter what the cost

So now when one drop rolls down

I hold the other deep within  
Believing and knowing I'm the one  
Golden toes, unopened life  
Eager to begin.

- Joshua Gingrich





## The Vista



Cara Passarelli

*Cara Passarelli*

### Untitled

In the midst of sorrow and pain I am standing.  
On broken grounds I am falling face-first.  
On stable grounds I am hiding,  
hiding behind smiles, bright eyes, and happy stories.  
I am a liar..

not in the sense that I tell lies, but that I am not true to myself.  
I wear fake smiles and cast aside tears.  
Tears ease the pain and smiles strengthen the hurt.

- Erin Smith

*Erin Smith*

## From this window alone

From this window alone three parties I see

From this window alone boxes of unopened model railroad sets given to charity but unappreciated by the wealthy doctor's impoverished child

From this window alone thousands of lonely people wandering around in public places, not sure what to do, just waiting for a bagel or Enlightenment

From this window alone lines and lines and lines and lines drawn in circles around and around, not really going anywhere, just presenting the illusion of motion

From this window alone a million mad numbed junkies who can't get the help they need because they are evil and their breath stinks

From this window alone all day long dreams of afternoon TV violence school and No-Friend-0 sore masturbating thumbs and blood shot eyes

From this window alone the holocaust of one boy's mind and security because his father refuses to speak with him

From this window alone

- Weldon Davis Terrell



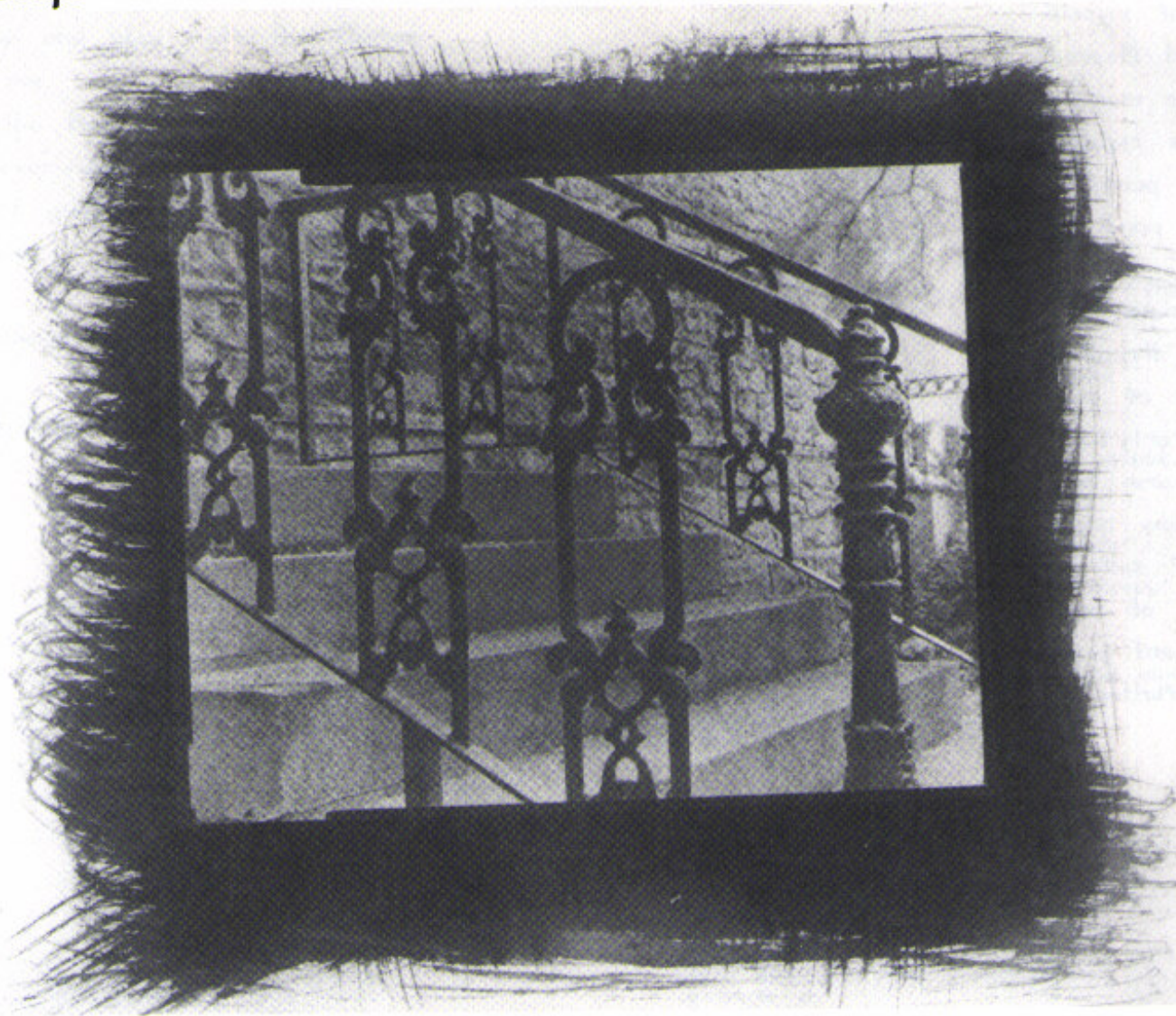
## soul searching

to each is own  
tormented souls  
strike out for not theirs  
Kinship battered clipper ship  
wrecked with mutinous captives  
Keeping their attention impossible  
tv has ruined society  
are they watching me watching  
looking right at you  
a police line up  
who's out there  
positive identification  
how'd I get here  
murder in the first  
10-20 mandatory  
for trumped up weed charges  
the ring of fire  
steaming like a train  
Freighters packed with oil  
ignite the light  
the few reign supreme  
suppress the move  
living how they want  
afraid it's the way  
bigotry racism leaders  
make the followers  
lose the individuality  
energy soon depleted  
clear cutting bullshit  
like I got fucked in the ass  
unsolicited penetration  
the pentagon disgraces  
races of people  
contemplating suicide

- eric "searching for the hydro" seidro



church steps



Melissa Rowe

Melissa Rowe



## Dust in his shoe

Trestle

steady as a trapdoor  
the center of myself  
Kept the girl floored  
nailed to the mainstay  
hung for the righteous  
next to the peony  
cool on the porch  
duchess  
stitched his name  
with scarlet thread  
to the lining of my britches  
we burned forty-two bridges  
before we came to this 'hold  
I asked peachy questions  
the origin of self  
the thickness of his skull  
each magnificent progression  
to an ugly flutter fly

you know I'd rather die  
than find myself yours  
belonging to the frankly elite  
that run to every poor pussy  
caught in the willowing tree  
I knew she wept for you  
she left traces of gold dust  
sprinkled atop your shoe  
and I've been caught up  
in your arch like tacky  
white glue  
It's not so much the daybreak  
as the sink of a settling slow  
Keep the knees pressed together  
and swing to and fro  
she counts a few naughties  
several illnesses  
a sneeze  
an acho  
and my merriment precedes me  
pardon me for my overly  
obsessive digression  
for I'm the pill  
that dissolves in you.

- Jessica Kocsis

*Jessica Kocsis*

me

fire outside, cool within,  
you know and play with the flames,  
taunting me,  
i want the fire to subside,  
but it never does,  
he doesn't give in,  
i apologize

- Stephanie C. Snow

*Stephanie C. Snow*

## I've Seen Worse

I've seen worse  
I've seen fractured bone  
Shocked by whispered words on the phone

Broken voices tremble and shake  
Uncertain of the ache  
Hearts pound with heightened disbelief  
Knowing there is no relief  
That which will not hear them  
That which won't have the mercy to kill them  
I've seen worse  
Mothers without their sons and daughters  
Standing in the morgue  
I've seen worse  
Children with head cracked open  
Like fissures in the ground  
Surrounded by red aurora  
I've seen worse  
white lines in the pavement  
pale flesh and bone  
I've seen worse  
a friend's head in my lap  
and eyes light and fire begin to flicker  
I've been there to watch them die  
and leave me behind

- Dan Parker





Lee Thompson

## The Evergreens

Summer light shines across the fields  
Life embraces the light, and the light embraces back  
This is a time of joy, a time of celebration  
It is a season for jokers, a season of happiness  
Yet amongst all this excitement, the Evergreens remain the same

The face of Fall, frowns across the plains  
Life embraces its grief, and grief seems to embrace back  
This is a time of suffering, a time of misery  
It is a season for loners, a season of depression  
Yet amongst all this sadness, the Evergreens remain the same

The cold hand of Winter, sweeps across the land  
Life embraces its void, as the void embraces back  
This is a time of nothingness, a time of emptiness  
It is a season for death, a season of doom  
Yet amongst all these carrions, the Evergreens remain the same

The spring rain dances across the hills  
Life embraces the rain, and the rain embraces back  
This is a time of ecstasy, a time of delight  
It is a season for lovers, a season of passion  
Yet amongst all this love, the Evergreens remain the same

Time makes its impression on us  
We embrace time, and time embraces back  
Our world grows older, we grow older  
We cannot remain together, as time pushes us forward  
Yet like the Evergreens, I believe, true friendships will always remain the same

- Chong S. Kim



## HyMN

Sounded respons

Ive

To my talking

Sucked the words

Out of my mouth

Obligated to breathe

Vigorously in

haled

My ago

Ny

Tendered me the hug

I appealed

For

Held me unwavErING

Omitted

My fragile

State

Kissed my forehead

Hid the naughty urges

Behind the blue of his

Eyes

Gave me

BaCK my

Balls.

- Samantha Taylor

## Museum

Slide through corridors of

Burn untouchable

Never seen the same again

Whispers that the world n

What can be lost

like dandelion seeds in bread

Each frame asks

Why we kill what we love

How many times

I wake covered

With what lies deep

Behind the color

In my numb heart

Take my hand

Show me this Phoenix rising

- Chris Olchewski



## The Unknown and the Forgotten

I see my face in your eyes,  
A moment of truth in a trance of lies.  
I cradle myself still to shouts of solitude.  
You robbed me of my pearl-sided mirror with  
reflections of the resplendent moon  
that rendered past reminiscences of my pale white roses  
Heatless seascapes shudder moans of anguish  
down my sorry spine because of a visage of stone  
that crept through my yesterdays  
and paraded past my tomorrows.  
Spread again my maroon blanket like marmalade  
over your sinful past passions  
before the forests of fear emerge in your steps.  
Forbidden possibilities overindulge themselves  
in pungent scents of childless distances  
ending in a dream of tragedy and shattered pieces  
Inevitable choices ripple tasteless uncertainties  
throughout the lives of the unknown and the forgotten.

- Aimee Kirsten Whyte

## The Woodsman

and most days walking through the woods,

Oh, I'm a forest guide!

once I saw a great big bear

Nowhere to run or hide.

Killer grizzly crushed my head

And tore my nose to shreds.

Nothing upon my flesh and bone

Gave myself up for dead.

Shotgun blast splits icy air

Screams right above his head.

one more taste of tender thigh

Grinned big and then he fled.

nearest town's a full days ride

Upon horse fleet of foot.

st in pieces on the ground

Covered in grime and soot.

anyone come rescue me

Before I die of shock?

yes the bear laughing at him

While resting on a rock.

Andrew Mead



by [unclear]

[unclear]



Melis

Melissa R





Gwyn Jones



## I Think I'll Kill Myself Today

Tired and bored  
Constantly tired and bored  
No motivation left  
No life  
Daily monotony  
Get up, go to class  
go to work  
eat (sometimes)  
sleep (rarely)  
Eternal sleep calls me  
I never want to wake up again  
Today is Friday.  
The end of the week  
rejoice  
Sleep in tomorrow, but tomorrow  
for me  
will never come  
I won't be here  
Work ends. It's 4:30  
Drive home to my apartment to my  
3 lovely roommates, maybe they would like to join  
me  
in my eternal sleep  
Drive home in heavy traffic with  
STUPID IDIOTIC  
New York drivers  
the same as any other day  
Finally home, calmly walk up the stairs  
open the door  
relieved no one home  
throw books on my desk  
I open the middle drawer within  
lies a gun  
a toy cap gun with an orange tipped  
barrel  
Ironically the manufacturer named the gun

"Jenny"

I bought it specifically for the name and  
used it  
in a photo shoot  
once  
Sighing with disappointment for it is not  
a real gun  
"Maybe I can bludgeon myself to death w  
say and  
chuckle softly  
I carry the toy gun to my bedroom  
I shut the door and turn the lock  
I set the gun on the bed and lay flat  
on the floor reaching for  
the shoe box  
hidden  
in  
a  
corner  
underneath the bed  
Got it!  
slowly I open it my heart  
swells  
as the light hits the  
cold hard steel causing it  
to shine like  
a diamond  
I take the weapon from the box  
the weight of it  
locking me  
into  
reality  
loaded  
safeties off  
I sit on my bed and glance at my poster  
above my pillows. It's a poster of Death  
himself with fleshless skull and  
burning red-orange eyes  
Grinning



Jennifer K

e has a bony finger pointed  
t me  
e's waiting  
e supervises as I turn my back  
o him  
old steel peels nice against  
e soft fleshy temple  
inger squeezes the  
igger  
wonder if anyone will miss me?

Does this fit your judgment?  
Your stereotype MOTHERFUCKER  
Am I for real?  
Since you know me so well MOTHERFUCKER  
YOU tell ME

- Jennifer Koehler

*Jennifer Koehler*



## untitled

one day breaking the leaves eating cold  
food looking out into whatever may be transpiring  
somebody cried out for attention and was seen  
as they danced in a frenzy of desire to be  
completely naked and as I look now stuff will happen  
to the big dog, the one you call home, those  
who came and saw a need and shot off their own  
toes and fed them to the goldfish in their  
ponds full of gasoline and a dash of madness  
stranded on an island where the insecurity tree  
grows (fill in adjective here) every day until  
its tears begin to drop so softly on the ground as  
the draught crumples up every last piece of soil so  
profound that the birds begin flying upside down  
in a more enlightened sense of searching for food  
they saw the sun and looked around until there  
was only a dimly lit moon of knowledge

- Phil Robinson

Phil Robinson

## Avalanche

Snowflakes descend,  
Cascading around you like plucked petals of  
he-loves-me,  
he-loves-me-not.  
You observe the crystal-like forms begin their Fall from  
Innocence,  
Their Fall from Grace,  
The Fall of Ultimate Redemption.  
Forced from clouds of silver mirrors that reflect the ills of  
reality,  
And causes the angels to cry icy tears,  
Tears that tumble uncontrollably through the indifferent sea of  
ice and wind.  
No warm arms to welcome them as they descend,  
Only a cold blanket created from its own wrong doings.  
Here, its fate is determined.  
All things have the freedom of choice,  
To chose to melt into another form,  
And to release the fear of the uncertain,  
Or to remain frozen,  
To always regret.  
Each makes its own choice,  
Each lives with that choice.  
But heed this:  
Those who wish to remain forever unchanged,  
Must conform to those stiff in form,  
And must fatefully follow the enivitable path of the avalanche.

- Amanda Kelley





Red



Anna Jonsson

*Anna Jonsson*

### untitled

dreaming regrets and lost time  
blank space i wondered into eter  
but never came back  
where are you and where do y  
you've been?  
i never talked the lines down v  
if you ever knew the things i  
somehow if i feel you still arou  
just in the occasional dream coul  
pass a moment of angelic light  
from within the nothings of spac  
is half-lost without you and we  
losing ourselves in moments.

- tim miller

*Timothy Miller*



Fly Girls



Lauree Sundberg



## Intrusions

Do you remember that evening by Lake Michigan?  
When we dreamed our dreams and vowed to climb Mt. Fuji in the year 2003.  
Yes, you were there and nowhere else  
And I was there and nowhere else  
When we were walking on the ledge, wanting to fly over the water  
Our shadows mingled and became one  
My shadow did not come back to me.  
Could you please mail it back at your earliest convenience?

Last time when I had a cupful of sleep,  
You arrived unannounced  
And asked if I'll love you a lot.  
Yes, I said.  
On a bed of tender flames.  
Always. . . .  
(You smelt of cinnamon and cloves!)  
And as I began to write my name with my finger tips on your body  
And whispered into your eye-lashes,  
You walked away, promising to come back.

What should I tell you, how I've been without you?  
Why don't you tell me how you've done without me?  
The last messenger left by the morning train.  
They never come back,  
And they never reach you.  
What else could I do? The pigeons refuse to fly in this weather.  
Before I close the letter, I apologize for any inconvenience and delays.  
And by the way, Mt. Fuji might be up for auction next week at Sotheby's.

- Sameer Malhotra

Sameer Malhotra

## Mexico

Happy birthday rings through my ears.  
I can feel tabasco sauce burning my blue lips.  
My hands slip slowly up and down my zipper reassuring  
my manliness.  
In the turquoise bathroom I am covered in dense fog  
hoping that my laughter will be hidden.  
I slither into my Pinto and slowly scurry away,  
silently.

igh.

Karen L. DirKse



## The Beatnik Yuppie Session #6

The economic management of a yuppie  
is torn between dress-down khaki and those  
coffeehouse geeks (of which am I neither?)  
the chardonnays become stiff  
from internet porno and a  
dry martini that'll turn your  
head around  
Like the eighties rejects from  
John Hughes clinging to the  
sexual age of reconstruction  
a revelation for those who can not comprehend  
the meaning of single lane parking  
campus parking tickets and  
college loans  
all served up in a grilled  
portabella sandwich

- Kristin E. Schuyler

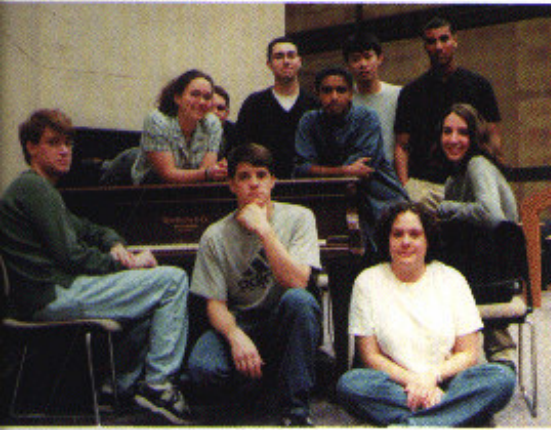




this is signatures magazine  
may 2000 @ r.i.t.

the following people are referred to as  
"editors" of aforementioned magazine:

jennifer koehler  
nathan laniewski  
dan lasceki  
rishi mehda  
tim miller  
alexis peterson  
andrew schall  
stephanie snow



the next following people are responsible for  
the cd-rom version (on shiny silver disc):

rishi mehda  
sean morris  
richard ninh  
andrew schall

the next following person is responsible for magazine layout:  
stephanie snow

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