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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
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 profound meaning.

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

"Yeah," the man said, tapping John on the shoulder. "The bulletproof vest under the trenchcoat and 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 it's going to.

"Whatever happened to Vince?"

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

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

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

John cleared his throat and spat, looking over to the other man only to see him drama- tically give a hard look back out at the street. A bead of sweat rolled down from John's forehead and into his eye, but he took a step away from the wall.

"I've got to go and pull out papers," John 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."

- James Beasley
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,
Pactories shattered by time.
The red roofed houses of the depressed and desperate rest endlessly next to
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 to
Christ, and the liceless lives the people live.

The tangled web woven by silkworms in one night's 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
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
Parling 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

“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
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

Adam Vincent
I get my electricity from the Sun

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
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 loves
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 goodbye 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

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 flies and the sweet tantalize, he’ll forget the forgive, oh my poor bit of pity, you knew you were pretty, though he might swear otherwise.

- Jessica Kocsis
<- *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* *sipping* *sipping* *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> <EMAIL>, 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
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

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

- Diane Kuchorezyk

[Signature]
**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

cliche
twinkle in my eye
unlike before
different

good*

- Robin M. Gerber

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**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
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
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 ever floor.

Long summer nights that weren't
meant to end;
Song by song the game became longer.
Lovan' 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 P. Schuyler
want you and your body to be hurt.

I've said this all before, but I

plain myself again. I just don't

something you'll regret later, and I

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
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. Miehl
Lost in Building 7
Ljung

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
no one 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 coals
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

Naming

to know the name of even
and call to them in quiet
and penetrate thick bark
to the fresh green where
to reverence the kitchen space
and welcome the black space
to finger gently sharp her
and thistles

to call their names with a

- Ruth Kennedy
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 misspend your time I couldn’t care less the sad part is you are my heroin my one true challenge

- Phil Robinson

Phil Robinson
human factory

THE HUMAN BODY

FOOD
Food entering the mouth is chewed and cut by a saw-like brush. Food is then pushed into the stomach by the tongue and mixed with digestive juices. Digestive juices contain digestive enzymes and pancreatic juices. Food is then pushed into the small intestine and mixed with more digestive juices. Food then enters the large intestine where water is reabsorbed. Food is then pushed into the colon, where water is reabsorbed and the remaining solid materials are eliminated as waste.

LIVER
The liver is a large organ located in the right upper portion of the abdomen. It is responsible for producing bile, which is necessary for the digestion of fats. The liver also plays a role in the detoxification of substances and the production of important proteins.

STOMACH
The stomach is a muscular organ located in the upper left portion of the abdomen. It is responsible for the physical and chemical processes of digestion. The stomach helps to break down food into smaller particles, and it produces digestive enzymes and acidic juices to help break down proteins.

HEART
The heart is a muscular organ that pumps blood throughout the body. It is responsible for maintaining the flow of blood to all parts of the body, providing oxygen and nutrients to the cells and removing waste products.

INTERESTS
Interest is a mental process that involves focusing attention on something that is perceived as important or appealing. Interest is a key component of motivation and is important for learning and development. Interest can be sparked by a variety of factors, including curiosity, enjoyment, and perceived usefulness.

MUSCLE
Muscles are a type of tissue that are responsible for movement within the body. Muscles are composed of specialized cells called muscle fibers, which are specialized for contraction. Muscles are controlled by the nervous system, which sends signals to the muscles to contract or relax. Muscles are important for movement, posture, and maintaining balance.

1266
for you my love

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
(Silence...)
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 foreed;
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 drone 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 fornication 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 fainted 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 funny, 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
California Dreamin'
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 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.

Watch 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 Olechewski
One Up

I watch lots in the mock 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

[Signature]
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.
im 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,
im 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
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, fun-dip, 7up
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
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
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-O 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
rares of people
contemplating suicide

- eric "searching for the hydro" seidro
church steps
Dust in his shoe

Trestle
steady as a trapdoor
the center of myself
Kept the girl moored
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
cought 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 Koeis

Jessica Koeis
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

I've Seen Worse

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

Broken voices tremble, an 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
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, browns 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
Tid 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 now
What can be lost
like dandelion seeds in breeze

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 Olechowski
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 rose.
Heartless 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

Woodman

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.
A killer grizzly crushed my head
And tore my nose to shreds.
Singing upon my flesh and bone
Gave myself up for dead.

A 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 or foot.
Lost 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
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 with
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
He has a bony finger pointed at me
She's waiting
He supervises as I turn my back to him
Old steel feels nice against the soft fleshy temple
Finger squeezes the trigger
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
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
feet 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 Pate 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 patiently follow the inevitable path of the avalanche.

- Amanda Kelley
untitled

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

- tim 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

[Signature]
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
portobello sandwich

- Kristin P. 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 lasecki
rishik mehda
tim miller
alexis peterson
andrew shull
stephanie snow

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the cd-rom version (on shiny silver disc):
rishik mehda
sean morris
richard ninh
andrew shull

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stephanie snow

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