



signatures



signatures
2005

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thanks

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editor's note

From the start, Signatures was intended to showcase the creative products of RIT's student body. Year after year, the Signatures staff is repopulated with photographers, programmers, artists, and writers; all of them interested in seeing how a literary magazine is published, seeing how to evaluate a range of creative work, and eager to exercise their talents to produce a magazine.

At the time of this writing, there are several weeks until graduation. This magazine is only a few days from being sent to the printers, and I'm in week 4 of the last quarter of my undergraduate career here. A few hundred weeks of classes, and a few co-ops later, and here we are: hundreds of students eager to become hundreds of professionals.

Approaching the exit sign of our little brick city.

Thanks, RIT.

Pete Karl II

Editor

We would like to dedicate this magazine to Sam Abrams and Robert Creeley.

Acknowledgments

John and Mary-Lynn, for your support when I became editor

Dave, for keeping the website running

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Becca, for being the backbone of the magazine

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Kelsey, for keeping us laughing while you got the job done

Adwoa, for being the Isaac Asimov of Signatures magazine

visit www.signaturesmag.com to view the first issue of our
online magazine featuring videos, music and more!

Sonnet 7 am

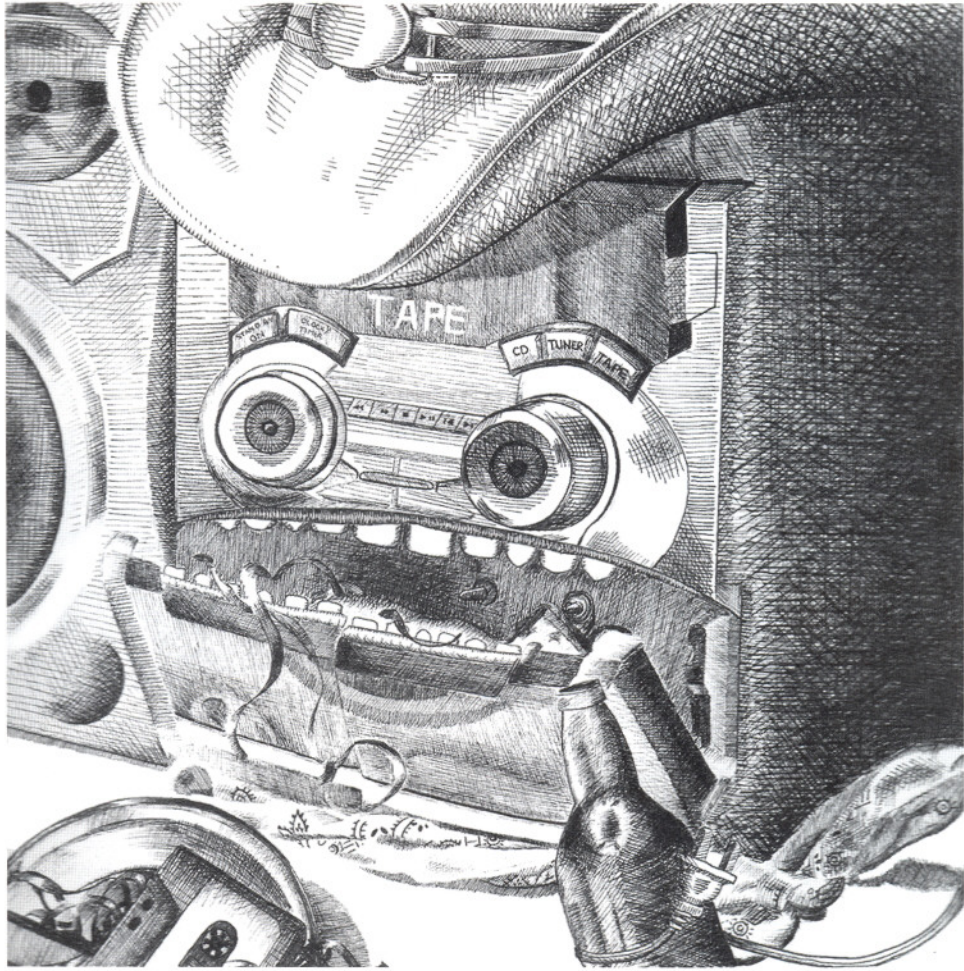
bridget S W E E T I N

We button our shirts from bottom to top
slip into stale jeans, right and then left
place back the duvet with a silencing flop,
and walk out in the snow, feeling bereft.
Empty words exchanged with people we meet
Leave my hands chapped, in need of a shower.
Piling back to stainless-steel sheets
your plastic toy-heart, as it beats so it sours.
We're tired of sleeping apart in this
bed. Two bodies lost, when we touch,
in thoughts of solemn forgotten trysts
we can't believe we miss, even this much.
Concluding the ritual ending to our night
we slip into stale jeans, left and then right.

untitled

amanda D A I L E Y

break me elemental
through you, prismatic
bend that light
into kinetic angels
that promise while-you-wait salvation
with their fingers crossed behind their backs.



Radio

margaret G A T A U T I S



La Vitesse

meredythe M c F A L L

Something Beautiful

gary S C H I C K

He said, "I want you to take my hand." She asked with intrigue, "Why?" He grabbed her hand gently and said, "So I can show you something beautiful." He gestured for her to close her eyes by coyly batting his own eyes at her and then placing his free hand over them. She closed her eyes not because she trusted him, but because she was timidly curious. He turned and while gently tugging at her arm, led the way. Her body became an extension of his and vice versa and they moved smoothly. She calmed and just let him take over. It was as if she wasn't moving at all but was rather on a ride. Her imagination began flowing ideas

of everything beautiful that she knew: A full night sky of falling stars, a slow magnificently glowing sunset over calm water, the birth of a gorgeous butterfly out of its cocoon's womb. But, her thoughts stopped there. Before she could finish them she had realized that the ride had come to a halt. She felt him hiding behind her with each hand of his covering each one of her eyes. He said, "Open your eyes." She slowly opened her eyes and after he felt the soft tickle on his palms from her eye lashes, he removed his hands. Through her eyes she saw herself looking at her own reflection in the mirror.



Ledge
kate OFFEN

UC 158

catherine G E R M A N N

An invisible cat lives on our ceiling
I can see her paw prints from when she stepped in a stream of wet paint
The dog downstairs is loud enough to scare our invisible cat on the ceiling
We fear she will try to jump out of the window and she will float up into the sky
Past the clouds away from the dog below and away from the snow
I don't know how far she would float or what would happen when she hit the stratosphere
But the windows are closed and the locks are impossible
So - she couldn't get out if she wanted to

I hear our invisible cat on the ceiling trying to talk to me
She meows and meows trying to make me see her
I meow back, hoping that she understands that I don't understand cat-speak
I want to know how long she's lived here, if she pays rent
What she eats and how she gets her food
When she sleeps and what she does when we shut the bedroom doors

As it turns out, the meowing was just my roommate.
And he laughs maliciously at my gullibility thinking he has me fooled
Thinking that I am dreaming some strange intergalactic upside-down pet
I just look at him and ask,
"If there never was an invisible cat on the ceiling, how did the footprints get there?"

untitled

gary S H I C K

Step up to the edge of the cliff.
Look down and see nothing but death.
Look up and see nothing but desperation.
Look around and see nothing but depression.
Where to step if everything is darkness?
Step forward and take a chance with death.
Because this depression is a constant loop.
And it's time for something new.
Something constant.
But don't worry.
I'll try my hardest to grow wings.

Light Streams

ruth K E N N E D Y

chilly autumn nights
we stood encircled
by blackened pines
skip ropes of rosy light
streaming overhead

shivering we'd return
to the farmhouse
bodies warmed
as we lay
in flickering stream
of homely firelight

Play Day

james M O R R O W

What the heck!
It's just a day.
Won't matter to anyone,
If today I play.

A Story Above

joshua H O R N

The swift, vibrant, ancient glow
along the horizon,
stained by the crimson streaks.
The royal sky,
rich with emerald, ruby, sapphire.
Wispy clouds are swords piercing.
The night sky,
tugging and wrapping itself around
every star.



Jelly Fish

kristen F R Y E



Barbe-Moo

joseph PIETRUCH

Man, I Hate Cleveland Heights

matt LAWSON

The sun is getting higher and the day is hot;
We pull up the long drive.
A Toyota truck with the A/C shot;
It is a great day to be alive.

I paint houses all summer for the rich and snotty;
They shingle their roofs in slate.
A mansion rises up, old paint job is shoddy;
Let's go, it is quarter past eight!

I run up the ladder, 2 stories high,
With my paint and my brush.
Slate shingle sea, my feet are shy;
Steady feet. No need to rush.

Fragile stone beneath my feet;
I brush paint where it may lack.
Blazing sun, unbearable heat,

The slate begins to crack.
My heart stops; I gasp.
This is the end of this.
I flail my arms, reach for grasp,
As I slide into the abyss.

I fly over the edge, grab a gutter and stop.
What the hell am I gonna do?
My boss looks up, eyes wide, jaw drop
Bring the rope and roof ladder too!

He is almost here, roof ladder in hand;
It is gonna be alright after all.
The roof ladder is larger and hits the gutter band;
It breaks and I start to fall.

My journey ends in a massive shrub;
Scraps, bumps, and spotted lights.
My plants! My plants! You'll pay for these, bub!
Man, I hate Cleveland Heights.

A Tribute to my Father

sarah M O R G A N

Dad, So many things
Come to mind
When I dwell on you

Cracking nuts
Wheelbarrow rides
And lilacs moist with morning's dew

The long, long road trip
The ring on my hand
The snoring through the wall

I could make a list
Going on and on
And never write it all

You picked my bones
Rocked me to sleep
Taught me what adultery means

"Stop, drop and roll"
"Listen for the water"
And "Get up Sleep-in-beauty"

You saved my earring
From a watery grave
And helped me bury my bird

I'll always remember
You standing so brave
In the worst storm I'd ever heard

Because of you, I met the Jolly Miller
On the River Dee
And a vet from the Yorkshire Dales

There was always that
One special book
That could make you cry without fail

These things and more
Are remembered by me
When I think upon you

Through my eyes, I know
Your descendants will see
The man that they never knew

I love you so
And pray for you much
I hope that you know it is true

The one that God chose
To teach me His love
As my earthly father was you



untitled

caitlin BRENNAN - CANT



Floating Youth

eric S U C A R

untitled

demetrius S A M U E L

My words came before I spoke them
Blunts disappear before I smoke them
The poems were sloppy and long before I wrote them.
So I coat them with spice, so they're fiery laced
They hold my feelings encased
In words, with which bold anger is replaced
In the face of adversity
I look past the world's perversity
And find humor in the numerous people cursing me
What's worse to me is them saying I can't do it
Like they've been through it, and blew it
So now they tell everyone who thinks about it to screw it.
I review it for myself.

Her Eyes

matthew S H A N D

More black than lights out
A dark I could never be afraid of
Perfect inky circles
Her eyes



Spike

merrilee S A N T O R O

Blues Poem

melissa S K Y E R

Among artificial foliage and
Duct tape covered panes
She's slowly coming undone
Dirty sheets and a rusty sink
Rumble of low flying planes
She's slowly coming undone
Broken radiator vibrating callously
Empty fridge hidden by two mouths to feed
She's slowly coming undone
A dishrag restrains unwashed hair
Answered prayers are all she needs
But one way or another- she's coming undone
In lonely middle America
Days divided by overlapping shifts
She's slowly coming undone
The check has been late for weeks
And the government won't give her a lift
She's slowly coming undone
Roaches and tears and spilled powdered milk
Options bolting out the back door
She's slowly coming undone
Head down, shoulders defeated in plaid
Shuffling 'round splinters in the floor
Because one way or another- she's coming undone

Ten French tipped nails
Colored by tiffany stained glass
She's slowly coming undone
Held together by tortoiseshell hairpins
And weeks that fly too fast
She's slowly coming undone
Locked in misery by a thin gold band
And starched navy business casual skirts
She's slowly coming undone
Plush and post-mod décor
All her wealth has no real worth
One way or another- she's coming undone
Crisp smiles, brisk click of heels
Lattes and opera seats galore
She's slowly coming undone
A six-figure partnership without love
But she won't ever ask for more
She's slowly coming undone
Cold unyielding lace trimmed sheets
And a purebred pooch that won't obey
She's slowly coming undone
Smash the china, flush the jewels
Wipe tears with minted Kleenex one more day
Because one way or another- she's coming undone

Damp

nicole SWINTON

Magdalene just came running in here
saying
 Oh no
 My sister is here and I didn't want her to see my wrists
 (and she almost had)
Last night she cut them up
and needed longer sleeves
I picture her
sitting against the side of the toilet
damp from its condensation
the razor is rusty
she feels the tickle of leftover hairs in its corners
she can hardly stand it
the tickling brings her such pleasure
delight!
tosses it in the trash
goes to find her pity
once again
All I could do was stare
at her starved wrists with their
dried blood lined slivers
almost dead
and she was so nonchalant
it was numbing
and so I mumbled
you can borrow my striped one



Eiffel Butts

joseph PIETRUCH



Altos de Chevon

kristen F R Y E

Constant Reminder

joshua H O R N

The snow fell upon the small town, crippling it with the pale white glow of nature. Sirens flooded the streets as police cars ripped through the cold night air: a convoy of justice giving chase in the wintry night. The red and blue lights blurred in the serenity of the dark, contrasting with the sharp shadows projected by the building and street lamp duo. The frigid wind whipped throughout the buildings, darting in and out of the closed windows and doorways, leaving a trail of ice in its wake.

All the sounds and feelings were just a dull murmur in the back of Tim Eiffel's mind, a constant reminder of his sins. He pushed his car to its limits on the back roads just outside the town, a sense of paranoia ever present in

the dark recesses of his thoughts. An eerie calm filled the car as he passed the city limits and the urgency of the situation became less intense. The darkness of the countryside in this hour of the night was as a mask, hiding him from those who would wish to bring him to justice.

The actual escape was the least of his worries. He had plotted his route quickly after the incident. Assured by his knowledge of the surrounding streets and land, he turned onto a wide, broken and dilapidated country road. This road would lead him far away from this town and to the next one, where he would easily be able to find a place to hide.

read the rest at www.signaturesmag.com



untitled

caitlin BRENNAN-CANT

Hip Hop's Finest

donny J A C K S O N

Tears for The Fallen...

The Greatest...

Hip-Hop's Finest.

2pac was the Struggler, the Thug, and the Voice of the Ghetto's Youth.

Biggie was the Poppa, showing the Rawness of the Street Hustlers.

Jam Master Jay was the Beat, the Center, the Originator.

Big Pun was the Playa, The Punisher, The Latino Leader in Hip-Hop.

Soulja Slim was the Dirty South, the Villain, the Grimy-Rider type.

ODB was the Clown of the Clan, the Unknown Man, the Dirt-Dog.

These men are the fallen souljas

Hip-Hop's finest.

Hold On

tyler S C H I N D E L

Holding on to a single thought

I wonder; why my heart's pounding
loud as a raging current; does my mind spin
soundly within; I believe you exist
a forbidden desire; you appear before me
lost and found; is my courage before thee
humbled; as I approach such beauty
others miss; and mock in understanding
my question; remains undaunted
is my spirit; ready for an angel from heaven
I wonder; while

Holding on to a single thought



The Sky Goes On Forever There

katie D U A N E

Badass McGee

matt LAWSON

How many uses a baseball bat got?
How long does it take a corpse to rot?
How far can ya' run with yer' kneecap shot?
Better ask Badass McGee.

How many cameras in the liquor store?
Where's the best place for a dime bag score?
How many kicks take down a front door?
Better ask Badass McGee.

How many cops come take you in?
Does pepperspray taste like Red Hot an' gin?
Do you feel sorry and regret your sin?
Better ask Badass McGee.

How does the prison gas chamber smell?
Do you know you're dying, and how can you tell?
Does it hurt that much, to burn in hell?
Try and ask Badass McGee.

untitled

amanda DAILEY

the blue smoke curling
up and above your head
lingering, after escaping
captivity in your depths.
i can't help but think that
my fate is the same.



Apple Detail

margaret GATAUTIS

Grief

bridget S W E E T I N

Grief. It's a funny thing. Just when you think you've got it all figured out, all the stages played before you, something happens. You'll be brushing your teeth, leaning over the sink to rise out the paste and it'll get stuck. You'll hear her voice; think she's calling you from the kitchen. You spit out the paste and watch it make swirls into the running water. Slowly saying to yourself, It isn't her voice, and she's not calling you from the kitchen.

But there you are, tooth brush in hand running down the stairs to the kitchen. Breathlessly staring at an empty table where a chair has been placed. The chair in her spot at the table, where for the last two years there

wasn't one so her wheel chair would fit. But there it is, empty and laughing at you. Snickering.

When it first happened you didn't know what to do or how to act. Everyone is showering you with this sympathy. Everyone except the people who matter. Your sister is heaving sobs on your shoulders, while Mom can't even walk down the aisle without the help of your brother and father. And all of those people in the church, packed in like sardines weeping over the same thing, don't matter to you. Your eyes are blurry, like you're wearing glasses that have been dragged through a parking lot, trying to remember the last time you saw her. The last...

Deprived

joseph PIETRUCH

The night drags on and on, slowly,
Toils of the college student,
The window shade is up.

Outside the snow falls, lazily,
Drifting down through lamp-lit shadows,
Lulling him into a daze.

He thinks of sleep, bed, comforter warmth,
And is reminded of his aching back, eyes aflame,
The weekend is coming.

Time passes through his stupid gaze,
Hypnotic specks of yellowed white,
Awake, he is sleeping.

Turning and returning to the screen,
Disjointed thoughts make keystrokes fill the page,
Only three more lines.

The morning comes too quickly for his taste,
At five he sets alarm for eight A.M.,
He has already lost.

Contradictions

dan FAVA

In solitude, solid
exhaling art and nostalgia
upright stood
with mood swinging, mind lost

Playful and painful thoughts running,
rushing, leaving and not returning
Turbulence, mind, creation, explosion
Combinations of ingenuity and ingenuousness

The composer, decomposing
Constructing ideas
destructing the self
An eternal lethargy
that keeps him still in space
despite the motions of time



Greece

christina TSIAMOURAS

Untitled

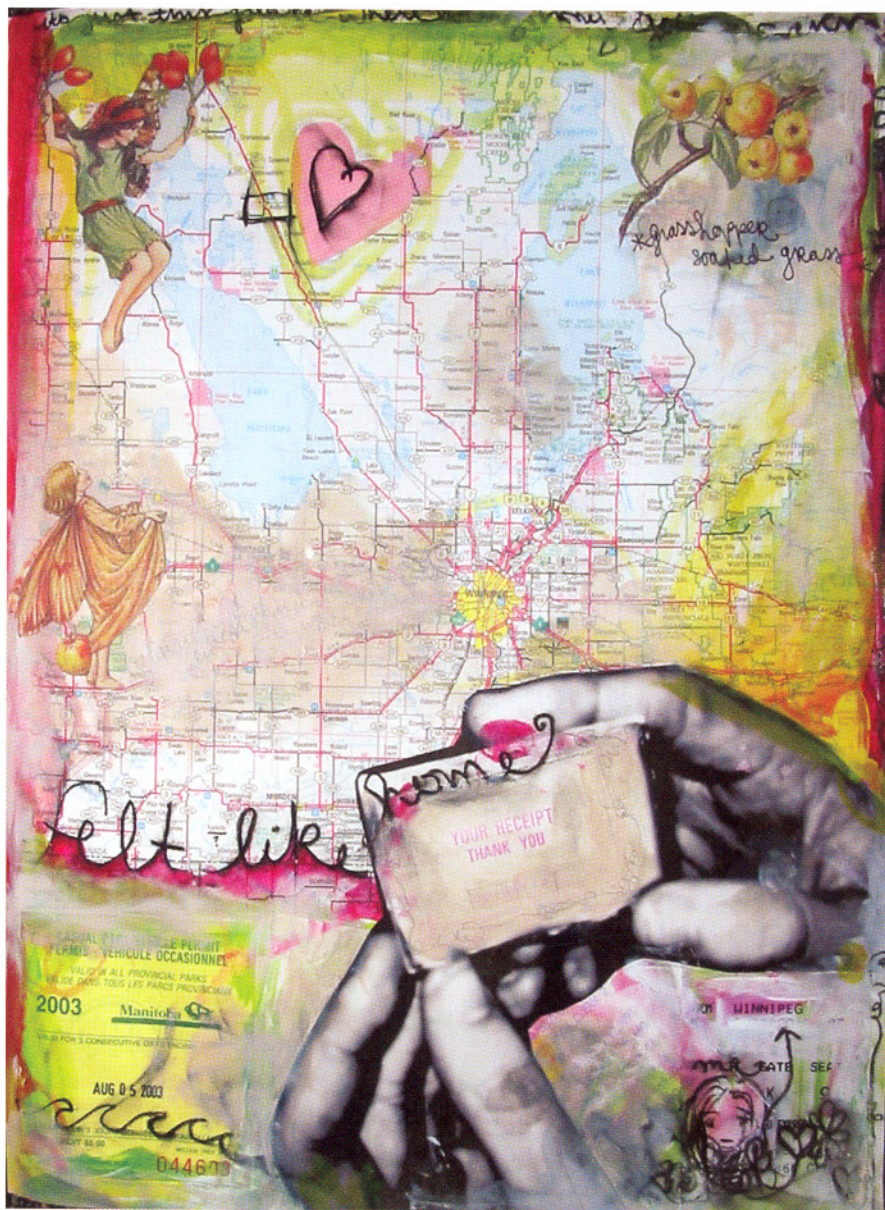
donny JACKSON

So many things I see- colors, lines...beauty.
I dream about what I cannot perceive with my eyes.
I slowly slip away and suddenly I'm in the sky.
I cannot fly, but I'm with the birds as one of their own.
Flown, from to and back again like this is my journey.
I see the world, its way beneath.
Ha-ha! On top of the world, finally!
Crash!!!!
Damn, I shouldn't daydream when I'm at work.
I dropped the whole chicken and the pan it was in.
I guess not all birds are graceful and free.

Identity Theft

demetrius SAMUEL

Phenomenal forgeries from foolish funds
Frantically flapping faulty wings of lies
They fly but don't take flight.
Just deception and they depart, sharks.
How are you so cunning?
I only see you a second, you're running.



Home

katie D U A N E



Grandmother's Doll

merrilee S A N T O R O

untitled

matthew S H A N D

The granite was faintly cold beneath him, but the chemicals rushing through his bloodstream provided inner warmth as well as a numbing effect. He didn't seem to mind. Leaning back on the ascending flight, one elbow supported his lithe frame, the other arm perched on his wide flung knee, the automatic pistol in his hand swaying to the dry jazz that bled from the walls behind him. The cigarette dangling from the corner of his thin mouth was unlit. He made an effort to remedy that situation, sitting forward and fishing a lighter from the breast pocket of his jacket. Sprawled out now completely, head resting on the damp rock, he blew smoke at the stars, bleary gray

eyes lost among the celestial bodies. The door three feet from his head swung open. "It's time," a disembodied voice rumbled, and the door was shut. Without making much noise, the man was on his Italian leather shod feet, the cigarette resting where he'd been moments before and himself moving through the breach. The ember burned strong, a wizened contrail of smoke snaking its way up into the unruffled night air. The light jazz was punctuated with the bark of small arms fire, assorted shouts and screams, the clatter of furniture being haphazardly rearranged.

read the rest at www.signaturesmag.com



A Drunk Reflection

eric S U C A R

Vicious Cycle

jocelyn MILLIMAN

Fear
Is that what it all comes down to?
Scared
I know he doesn't want to be hurt again
Time
Somehow time is never on my side
Patience
Can't recall a time when I was ever patient
Understanding
I do understand the reasoning
Disappointment
But I'm just disappointed that it has to be this way
Fear
He's not the only one scared of being hurt
Pain
I've had my share of heartbreak
Trust
I'm hoping that he won't hurt me
Better
I'd hate to see him find someone else
Stop
I just can't get rid of this vicious thought cycle

Too Good for Hallmark

sarah MORGAN

When I was little
You were so big
You were so strong

When you were there
Everything was ok

And then I grew up
The world was so big
The world was so strong

When you are there
Everything is ok



untitled

kate OFFEN

Leaving Maryland Drive

Kevin S E I T E R

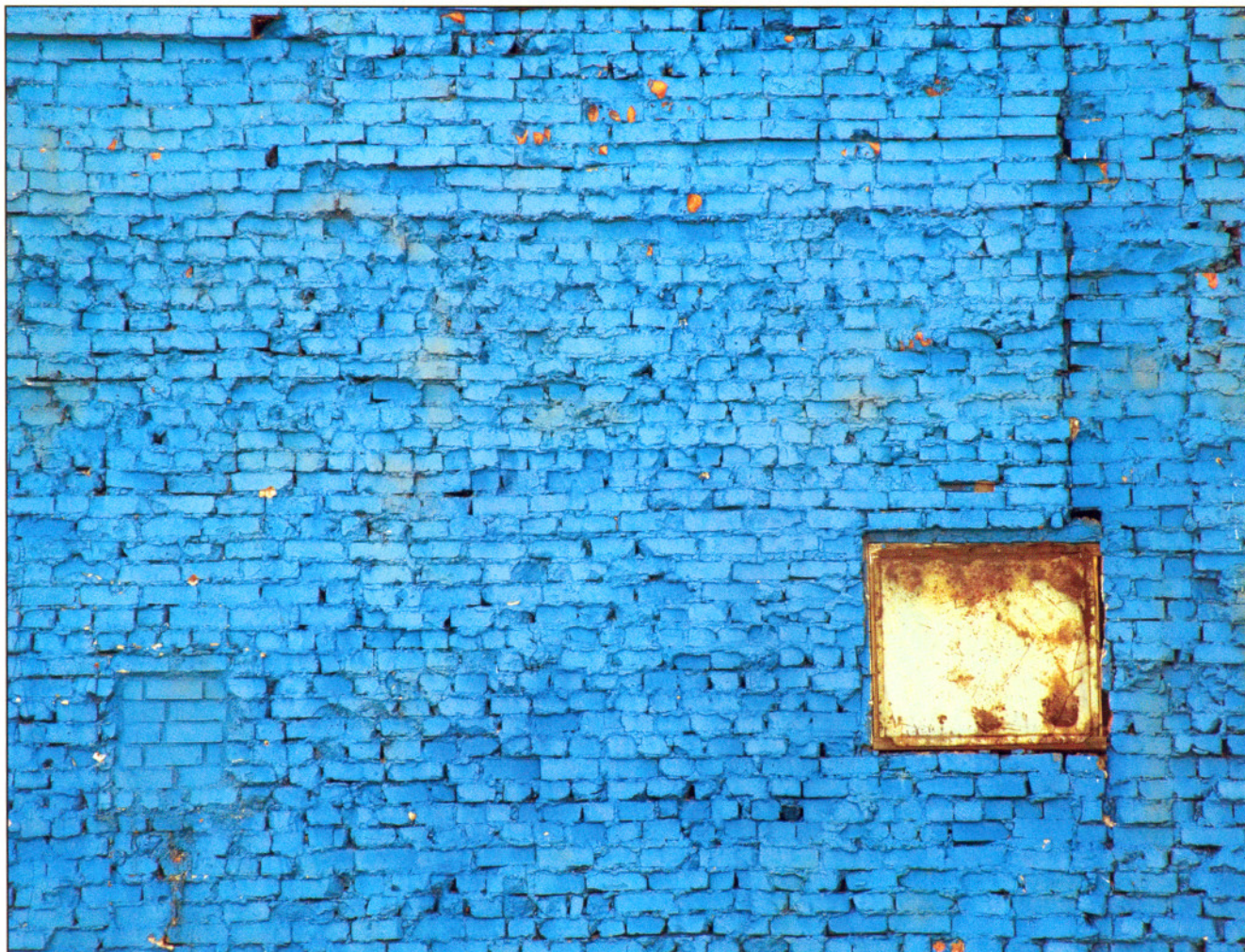
I woke up to a siren along Maryland Drive.
Red and blue shot for a moment off the glass hummingbird
perched happily on the windowsill, gazing over at me
for just a moment with red eyes and blue wings
before the light trapped inside escaped and
doppler effected the escaping ambulance noise
on Maryland Drive.

Blender helped make breakfast this morning
Banana Strawberry Milk Blend
Toaster popped 17 seconds late and I took
a little bite from my slightly buttered burnt toast
Birds chirp happily every day
Either way

Car odometer reads 125,726 - number system based on slashes
started in cave walls by men with more sense than me.
Pain is bad, Pleasure is good.
Sort of funny how I try to remind myself of the obvious
But that's not an issue anymore
Pushing 140k today from Maryland Drive

Trees change from dominant pine to dominant not
Blur together like a painting
Brush strokes easily flowing away the wind and time
but never the insecurities of the land left behind
and never the scars of a tarnished past
But still the bright of a startling beginning

Today I leave Maryland Drive and Sirens



untitled

sarah WEEDEN





Shadows

sarah MOYER



Demonstrandum

scott WOLF

Mental Eclipse

joshua HORN

His mirror image gazed back,
hollow and alone.
A drained mind and vacant soul,
in need of tenants.
The window prisms,
coating the stained walls
in pale tans and browns.
Shadows caressing
the cracks in the ceiling
and finding solace within
the confines of dark corners.
Dim outlines
of the phantoms and banshees
that until now
haunted only his slumber.

Winter Haiku

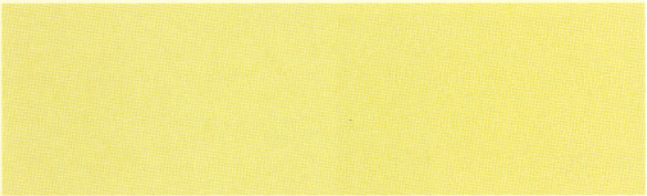
Nathaniel HUBBELL

Impending December
Fewer shadows
More cracks in my palm

Two heads, three eyes,
A fourteen-inch gray streak;
Cat photography

Around five o'clock
The cold finds its way in
And stays 'til eight

By the park
The sky is indigo and
The crows are endless



untitled

jocelyn MILLIMAN

I want it to work, but not knowing that it will
I start to worry and try to sit still

Holding myself back or at least trying to
my time spent thinking about you

I've felt this before and know how it ended
I had my heart torn and it was never mended

This time around, will it be different?
Will all these feelings be well spent?

Why won't these thoughts just leave me alone?
Why must I struggle with the unknown?

Oh how much I wish I were blind
to these painful scars that were left behind

Vectors

christopher MULROONEY

part skill and part skullduggery
light into apertures flares
homely as sin

tall tarts and wiggy mountebanks
climb the rungs
to another hangout

the difference says who to blame
is you

at the glass counter selecting your ice cream



untitled

katie D U A N E



Two Religions

luke VAILLANCOURT

So Little

scott S A M A R E L

I ask for nothing.
But I want everything.
Why is it I love being happy?
But I can't stand not being perfect.

Where's the love of my life?
Where's my ten years of no worries?
Where's my body?
Where's my looks?

Where is that one person,
The one that makes me miss a beat,
The one that I can look in the eyes,
And see the stars,
And see the future,
And see my happiness.

Why is it when we have everything we need,
We want more.
Do I really need more?
Do I have everything?
Am I lonely because I miss my friends?
Am I sad because I have no one?

Do I cry myself to sleep every night,
Because I want more from this life,
Than it is willing to give me.
Do I have to take more from life,
Instead of waiting for it to hand me everything.

Or am I crying everynight,
'Cause it is the only real release I have.
It's my only escape from worries.
It's my only way to happiness.

Why do some have everything...

And I get so little.

Turquoise Butterfly

anthony R E E S E

My beautiful, turquoise, butterfly,
whose wings, a shade of blue.
Who hatched out of a cocoon,
to start life anew

Who started as a caterpillar,
small and unseen
Who hatched from an egg
on a leafy green

You crawled your way through sadness
You crawled your way through joy
You crawled your way to the sun
and found a little boy

You followed him wondering
Who this boy could be
Never seeing a creature
such as he

But feeling some connection
You watched his awkward movements
Not knowing that you in his life
would be an improvement

But now is your time to go away
and hide in your cocoon
The sun will not be your light
neither will the moon.

You'll sleep in tranquility
and notice not the world
changing and transforming
with your antennae curled

Soon you will emerge
more beautiful than before
to show the world your splendor
and to be adored

You'll find that little boy
who's wondered where you've been
He will be surprised
to see the skin you're in

You started small and shy
and ended up known and loved
Now you can share your beauty
As you fly above



Cameron Road Abode

kate OFFEN



Steph II

margaret GATAUTIS

Walking Angels

nicole ROBINSON

Walking angels by my side
when I laugh and when I cry
knowing from whence their spirits come
energy as bright as the sun
from dawn till dusk they follow me
to light the path for me to see
that with each new day
comes a more enlightened way
to love, to cherish, to give
to feel, to think, to live
to know that the Lord will always be
right by my side to carry me
and if in everyday course I should fall
I'll take peace in the greatest gift of all
and with this greatly shall I confide
in walking angels by my side

untitled

nicole SWINTON

Che! Teddy Boy and Y'shua put to bed
Myra-Ellen says you wore Shiseido red
and tongues wag in mouths long dead
cause they don't like what was freely said
their proof lies in sweet honey sickle
whose taste has proven rather fickle
their proof lies in Ted's helter skelter
resulting in that summer swelter
the proof is in the nucyoolar pudding
from god's nudge nudge in gooder footing
banality of evil now by vernix caseosa kissed
but don't you fret that god is pissed
just give a ring to Wolfowitz
he'll tell you if you made the list



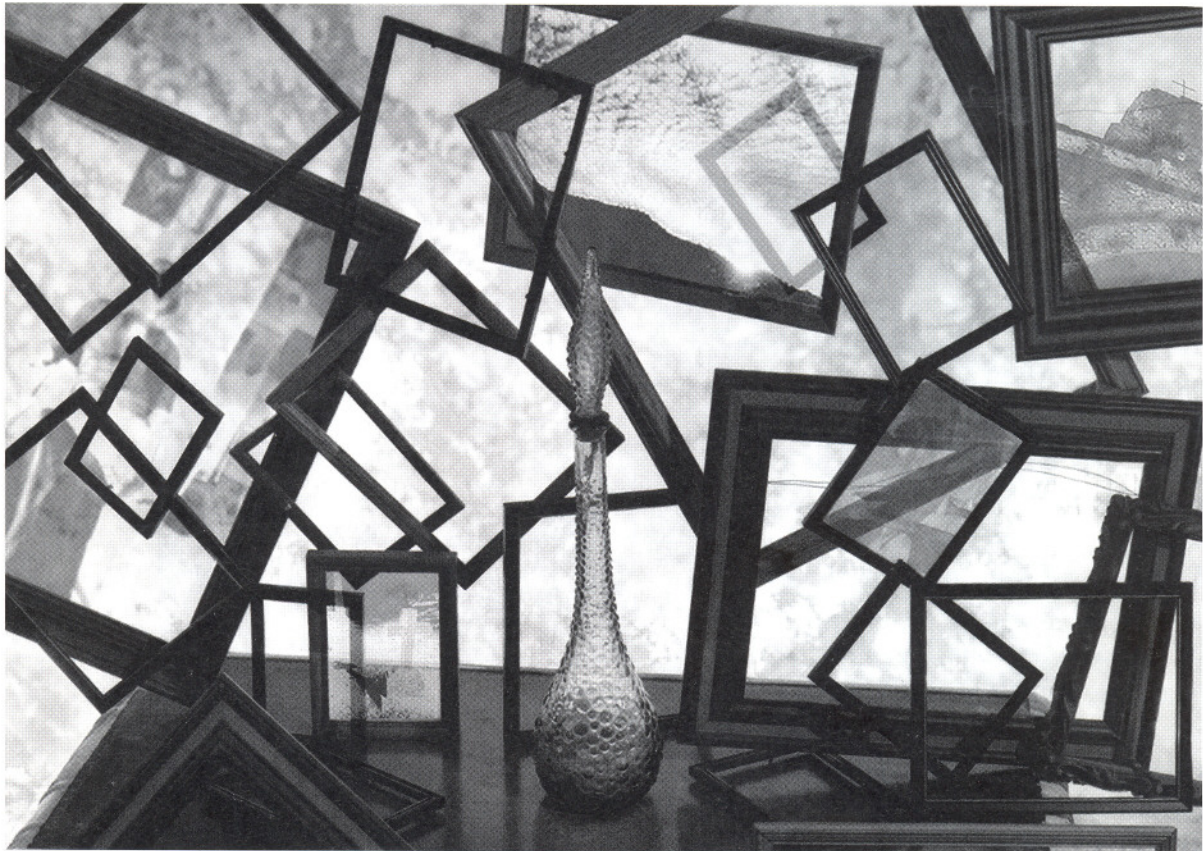
Broken Reflection

luke VAILLANCOURT

Wall of Life


christopher A D A M S

I cannot see my life
from a distance. If I
could, my dreams tell me,
it would be a great wall...
One side houses civilization,
the other side ravaged by the wild.
Chipped on both sides,
the wall climbs a mountain.
Though steep, it provides me steps.
One must leave the little village at the
bottom and climb. A dead Father's dog,
as if a puppy, races me up the wall's first
steps. I put all I have into winning, but to no
avail. The sly dog awaits me, happy-tongued
and panting, at the top of this first flight. Blindly I race, too
frantic to watch her, the race coming always closer with each new flight.
One day, gasping for breath, I topped my longest flight. I won, but noticed an old black
and white dog struggling with each step...finally, collapsing just short of the top.
I had won, yet lost.
Now I fought on alone, understanding who was
gone
gone
gone



Self Interpretation

kaitlin OLDENBURG



The American College of Management and Technology

Dubrovnik, Croatia

The American College of Management and Technology, founded in 1997, is a model of international cooperation between Rochester Institute of Technology, The Ministry of Science and Technology of the Republic of Croatia, and the Polytechnic of Dubrovnik.

In collaboration with professor Gladys Winkworth of ACMT, Signatures Magazine is honored to showcase our first international submissions from a pair of students living in Dubrovnik, Croatia.

Jure Glavan is in her Junior year, and Nador Rajsli is a Senior. Both are in the Hospitality and Service Management Program.



nandor R A J S L I



Pubescent Day Cycle

jure GLAVAN

9 am

I sense happiness
I look in the mirror
And see determination in my eyes
I look at everybody
And notice that there is a sense of hope
That I feel I belong
That I feel I am welcome

12 pm

I sense sadness
I look up in the clouds
And see tears in their eyes
I look at everything
And search for something that is not there
Then I feel like crying
Then I feel like drifting away

3 pm

I sense weakness
I look in the mirror
And see fear in my eyes
I look every now and then
And wonder how the pain will feel today
How much suffering will go my way?
How much must I suffer today?

6 pm

I sense madness
I look up at the clouds
And see darkness in the skies
I yell at everything around me
And try not to vent myself on others
So I walk alone
So I walk back home

9 pm

I sense elation
I look at the mirror
And see relief in my eyes
I notice I am evolving
And yet I feel no change
This is another day in my life
This is just another day

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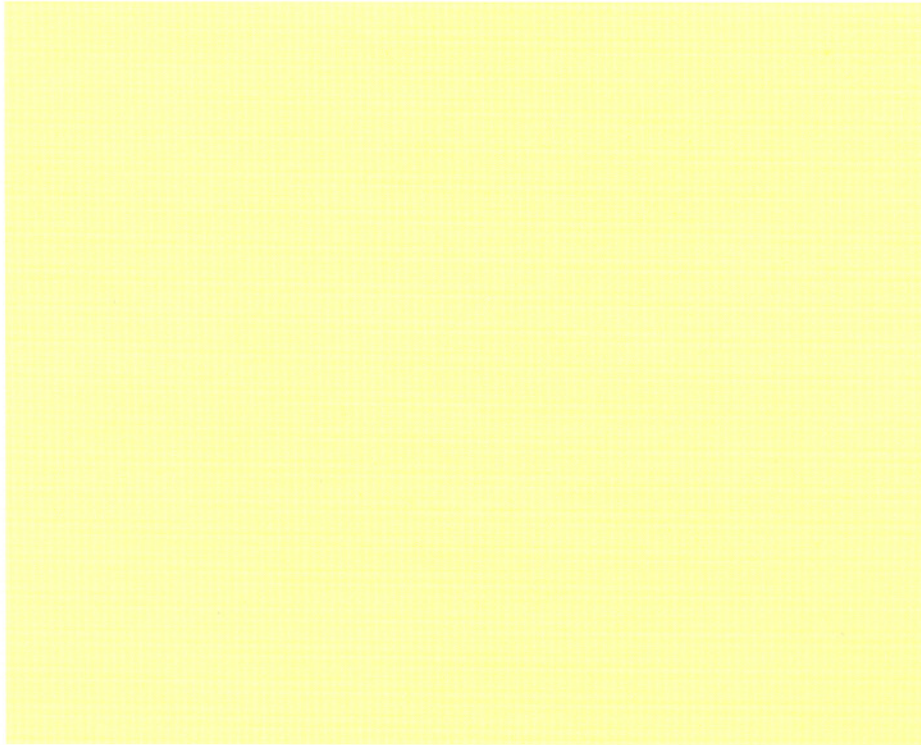
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We'd like to point out that Gary Shick's last name is spelled "Shick" and not "Schick" – we're sorry, Gary.



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