



**SIGNATURES**  
art & literature magazine



# SIGNATURES

art & literature magazine 2005

SIGNATURES MAGAZINE 2006  
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[www.signaturesmag.com](http://www.signaturesmag.com)

enjoy.

my own therapy with you // matt shand

tonight  
white sparkling light  
danced on cold black water  
and i let everything go  
into the falls

the quarter mile // justin saldo

Blue rain patters down on cold bricks  
A cool wind dances in-between the tall buildings  
Umbrellas pass each other by  
The only words are spoken by the wind  
Breathless moments between strangers  
All as indifferent as the gray sky above

popping room // andrea romansky

We spoke in honeyed articulation of  
Matters undefined by the inadequate limitations  
Of idiom and expression, over the  
Resonating Falls; tumbling, golden, bursting portions.





effervescent stillness // erica hart

this is not a love poem // nubia hassan

love poem consists  
of a tame vocabulary, a god,  
a mile of ink or paved roads of graphite

a lady drips consonant and vowel  
from lip to hand to pencil

the dance begins  
a gliding twirl of lust  
a twisting thrust of penmanship

an undying monologue  
like an infant tongue  
or the bruised petal of an aged lily

the milking of nature's potent warmth  
curled into a bath of letters

the unkempt earth  
unraveled upon a piece of paper

the love poem is universal

decaying the walls that wish  
to keep all our mother's jewels  
housed in a glass jar,  
buried in a black sea

a love poem;  
fruitful art tree

each letter is plucked and settled;  
the papyrus basket nurturing her symbol

young letters in a textured womb

crafted and painted in the heat of  
a moon-lit swollen heart





aversion // rachel porter



mexico // erin snyder

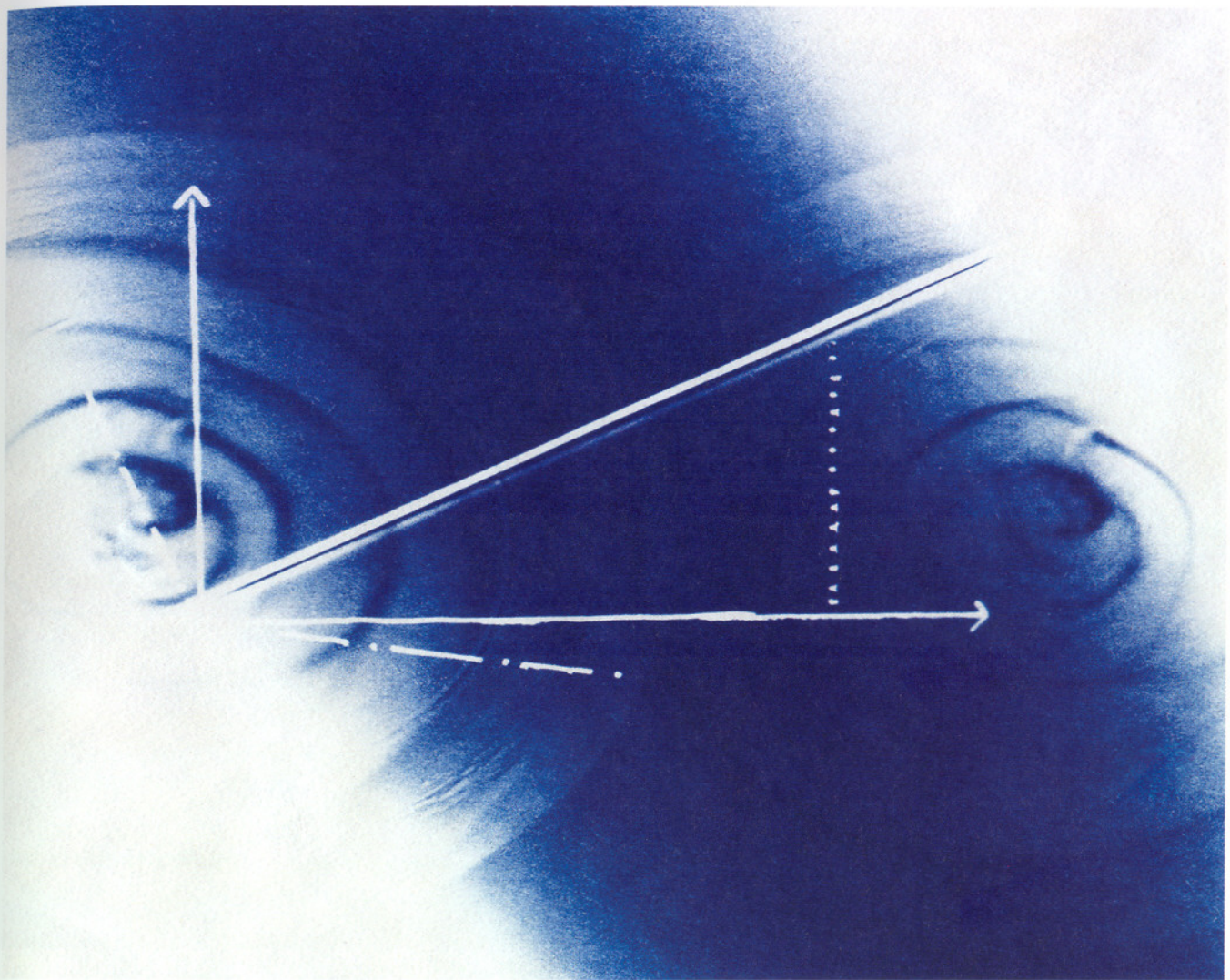
Terracotta roofline over  
Paisley prints in stiff cotton  
Breathes warm summers heavy  
Upon my neck  
Your neck  
Your tongue  
Under dirty ceiling fans  
Spinning.

groundwork // erin snyder

Damp floor tiles  
in your old house  
sink  
toward dirty earth  
like weary feet  
pressing cold  
in weathered shoes  
bent  
and buckled.

cheeks // erin snyder

patches of bleary pink  
under wilting eyelids where  
dark circles  
rise purple  
beyond  
crests  
of flesh



blueprint #2 // jennifer friess

keeping secrets // caleb j. pearson

There's a rabbit's skull in a big green field  
garnering secrets in its empty sockets.  
It's seen owls eating mice,  
dogs chasing turkeys,  
men shooting big, bold bucks,  
and me as I approached from the woods.

I found it yellowing alone in the field  
amidst crickets and grass and dirt.  
Not even a skeleton to lie with it.  
Not eyes to see with  
nor ears to hear with.

Given such an opportunity, I did what any man would do.  
"Alas, poor Rabbit! I knew ye naught!  
But perhaps you'll get to know me!"

"I lied on my resume,  
I cheated on my taxes,  
I stole from my work,  
I slept with a whore,  
I burned my house down for insurance reasons,  
and I didn't cry when Bambi's mom died."

I placed him back down,  
hiding him in the ankle-deep grass.  
I wished him good luck,  
thanked him for his time,  
and I left with my conscience wiped clean.





warning // jessica thurber

full // erica eichelkraut

sweaty palms pull at the  
fat  
of my thighs  
like taffy to  
stick  
in your teeth  
and  
rot  
them from the inside  
(don't dream of  
girls  
like me)  
the stench of your breath  
burns  
holes in the nape of my neck  
as you pull me in from  
behind  
(you could never  
lie  
to my face)  
the wind from the air  
and the sounds of the road  
outside are  
no  
comfort  
for your company  
(kiss me with your  
eyes  
as i leave)





twisty red // jessica mckinney



stains heard // dia allen

there is this echo, an echo  
an echo of  
repeating before my  
mind, thoughts echo, the same word  
the same words, the same  
thought, walking, then skipping  
skipping words, skipping thoughts  
running thru my mind of echoes  
images don't fade, they stain  
like echoes of colors, blood red,  
then rose, lily pink, some type of orange  
an echo, repeating, an echo  
noone heard it the first  
time, The first time it sounded  
like an echo and again,  
thoughts, walking, skipping  
running around in circles of endless color  
those thoughts, they echoes, canyon-like  
mind of holes, thoughts roll into, out of  
echos of lives not mine, stories, dreams  
the soaps never moves on, just echoes  
of weeks past, again, that pause  
wait for it,

an echo.



glass lamp // stephen shachtman

complexities // patrick tribble

karma and dogma coconspire  
to inspire the justification  
for naive rejection  
of the broad common logic  
stated then stricken  
from the courtroom records

like a perfect parable  
this story must come  
to an imperfect ending  
the structure of instruction  
catalyzed the demolition  
of the freestanding supports

tremulous swaying backed by  
torrential downpours  
pour down the remnants  
of a fractured calendar  
months fall apart  
leaving days to flutter down

yet an unended novel  
questioning all it ever could be  
finds an epilogue to justice  
in justifying everything  
while two imperfect persons  
play unaware in a desert





tire on a wire // eric haynes

'Goddamn, it's hot.' As soon as she pulls the cohesive beads of saltwater from her forehead, a thousand leap up to instantly take their places. 'Fuck me, it stinks.' It's as if every oppressive odor in the city had congealed in the alley, metamorphosed into a giant boot, and commenced kicking the shit out of her senses. She'd been watching the mouth of the alley for ninety-five minutes. For not the first time, her hand reassuringly spooned with the nine-millimeter in her coat pocket. 'Tonight will be the last night I spend waiting around in this shit sty.' Long shadows flicker on the bleeding alley walls, shapeless guises flutter past, silhouetted in the hazy orange spill of streetlights. One form pauses; in slow motion it turns, approaching. Squat, bow-legged, ponderous. Heavy boot falls reverberate off the crumbling brick. 'Goddamn, it's cold.' She's shaking, damp clothes stuck to her. Holding herself.

"Let's make this quick." The voice seems disembodied, gross, revolting. She shifts her weight in an attempt to settle her turbulent stomach. "I haven't got all fuckin' night, sweetheart." The figure stopped just short of her. Though it's diminutive, she feels one-eighth its size. She realizes she's stopped breathing. Inhales sharply, squeezing the pistol now, attempting to juice it for all its courage.

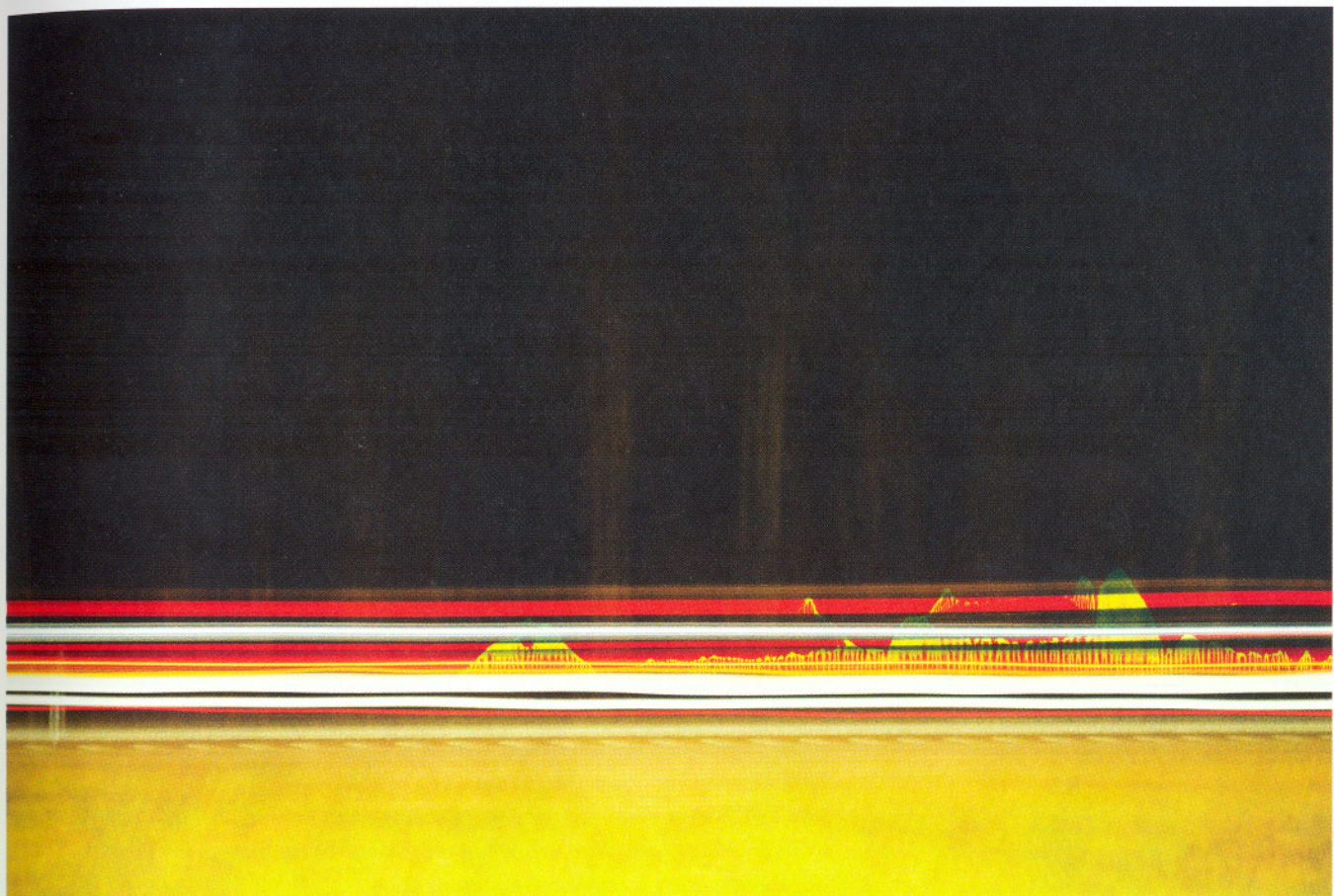
"I don't have your money." The words leave her mouth, but she doesn't hear them. "And I never will again." The figure barks a short, cruel sound of mirthless humor.

"Are we really doing this again?" He's closer now, and she can smell him. He beats the alley. Shuffling backwards, she is startled by a cold, waffley press against her back and the rattle of unyielding metal. She'd been retreating since she first saw him.

"I'm through." Weak words falling from trembling lips; lips split two seconds later by the heavy rings on the back of his right hand. Reeling, the fence holds her up. Her face is on fire, hot, puffy. She tastes her blood. Tears burst the floodgate. Tries to say something tough, but only produces a whimper.

"Still through?" The question droops in the dank, stagnant air as the figure cocks its top to the side. Her finger cuddles with the trigger, pistol pointed at the center of the looming mass. She can barely nod. He lowers his head. She pulls the trigger. Click. His head snaps up, eyes wide. Freeze. This is what rigor mortis feels like. His shocked expression is replaced by one of disappointment. A gleam flashes once, twice, across her throat. Gasping, red stuff fills her lungs. The concrete rushes up to meet her, and is surprisingly warm. Her blood sucks at his boots as the alley swallows him whole.





rest stop // dan solel



inhale // brennan rosser

As I intake the thoughts out of your closet,  
Your Secrets become something more,  
They become Our Secrets.  
I Inhale every word that escapes your lips,  
Taking them in like the precious air we breathe,  
But never once exhaling the things you uttered.  
I have become the Father of Your Secrets,  
Your Jack trapped in a Box,  
That has no handle to turn and reveal your Skeletons.  
I will hold these secrets behind my horizontal doors,  
Even when my face turns purple from not leaking a breath,  
I will not exhale what I have vowed to Inhale.  
My eyes will roll behind my head,  
And my body will drop to the floor  
Before my lips part ways to release a final breath.  
Even after the passing of my time,  
Your secrets will stay secrets,  
And maintain custody over their integrity and confidentiality.  
By Inhaling and never Exhaling I reach out for your Trust,  
To establish that bond that Earth & Time possess-  
Only they share the secrets of secrets that know one else knows about.  
I'm willing to devour all your past wrongs, your present sins,  
and your planned future crimes  
With an open ear and a closed soul,  
And I will never entertain the idea of bending the Rule of Loyalty.  
I will hold the secrets You divulge to me within the contents of my heart,  
Just Exhale every secret you want me to know,  
I will sit back and Inhale every secret You entrust me with.



nasturgium // val snyder

dahlias // katie duane

Crawling through a bed of purple dahlias, I look up to the sky,  
and I see their purple heads swaying far above my own.

Petals divide quietly beneath the sun's dimming glow,  
*Dignified* but heavy, resting only on a tall, slender stem.

From up here, on these pretty purple heads,  
The earth is a far away place, and I am frightened by my *instability*.

I am swinging from leaf to leaf, clinging to the threads in between,  
My vision is thick with vines, sticky webs and bumblebees.

Searching for the sweetness held deep within, I recall my *good taste*  
I bury my head inside the purple, suck out all the pretty, and I jump.



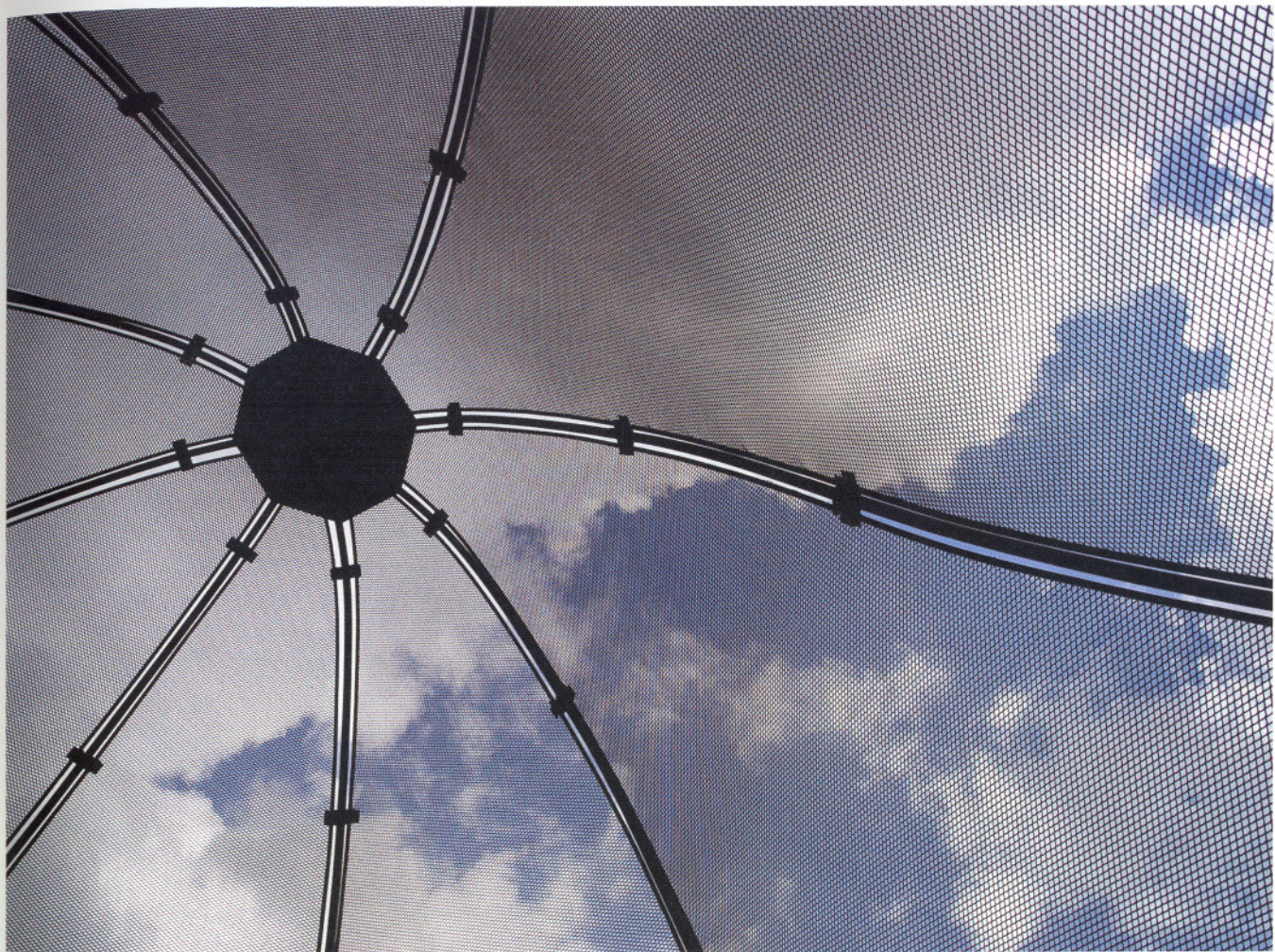


konstantin kurtovic // leaves in a window

another color // joshua horn

On the street corner  
Alone  
But not unaided  
Before dark hallways  
Between steel walls without ceilings  
On a green and blue canvas  
Against backdrops of black  
Each stroke swaying the scene  
Just one dab  
And everything changes





screened sky // sarah woodruff



the world // ben weaver

The security door closes at 2 A.M.,  
on an American military base in Kandahar,  
Tired soldiers on their side asleep.  
Lonely wisps of sand floats from the ground.  
Not even the 'copters are up this early.  
This soldier could take a inch, fall upward  
and give his life and never call in missin'.

But here's the mud, the battlefield  
I know, the iron gates. Across the sunflowers  
to the far edge, the scarred trees  
magnificent with fury, cruel  
like bullets hittin' the ground.

There's a van in Kabul that the priest rents  
to collect money. Tonight it overflows  
dollars spilling on the ground.  
piled in the moonlight like ancient wars.  
I got in and made a spot, slipped  
down deep and they sheltered me.

It's September 11 in '01, full moon  
I sit back as it turns the color of  
blood red, an ancient color.  
Soldier in a weary cold, I watch  
this tank of ours, how its manners  
and frantic dirty roads, all its destruction  
is just a cover of murder across the sun  
rolling to Afghanistan.  
While all around me lies the world I know,  
my fortress bound with chains.  
The wind cuts through a heart.  
One headline might break loose,  
make its way to freedom.  
But in these chambers, all the goals  
ever dreamed have become dust.  
Every victory, all the dead, caps and uniforms,  
boots that said we could be proud.  
Medals look up to the sky.  
All the shooting and destruction is done.

An eagle flies the news from Afghanistan;  
its cries are fresh in the feathers.  
A dial turns in the dark, tells of war  
in a flurry of static. Cadillacs and Chevys  
under acres of flags, all of them are babes,  
they'll take you there, are tied down  
in the arctic; their journeys stretch out  
behind them and the battlefield has forgotten.  
All the millenniums it takes to be happy then,  
half asleep, riding the great Constitution  
that turns war forward. I walk home  
as the day sounds start, the moon  
floating in firs and the lights of America.

September 11, my partner is alive.  
On the camper stove, a steak cooks with spices.  
Saturday leaves and cold mud in the backyard.

In the Red Room, Bush gashes through the pain.  
I go and knock. I see him coming  
in the trenches. But when the back door opens  
there is only the world before me. How far it goes,  
no dirty road in the intensity. That is a sorrow,  
but the secret sauce is so sweet, used silverware  
shines on the plates, such things are true,  
America in the brutal cold mud,  
the fir tree leafless at dusk.  
but the world, the world lies so unbroken  
and is so shattered.



emergence // neil laperriere





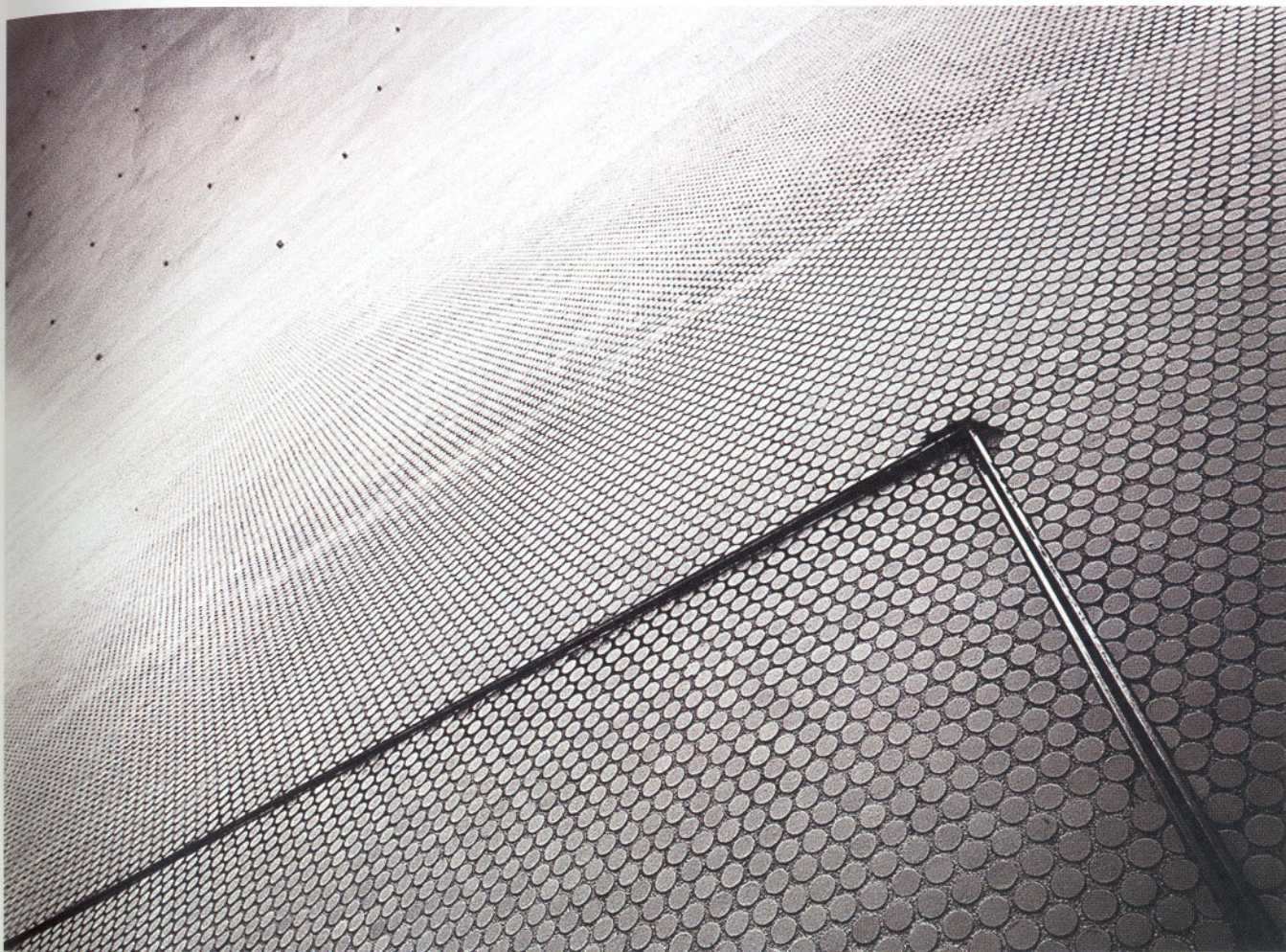
reflections // jennifer rivera





untitled // steve shaw





corpora quadrigemina // nicholas duers



i am grand // nubia hassan

I am roughage.  
cooked bowl of oranges.  
in your mouth.  
bitter banana leaf in your stomach.  
I am raw straw.  
thick tree bark.  
acorns, apples, dapple color.  
I am grand  
canyon of honey.  
you are roots of onion carrion.  
the stench smears molasses slow.  
your wet seed,  
ripe vine water.  
in my mouth.  
silos warm wheat heavy.  
I am roughage.  
I am grand.



unexpected secrets // erica hart

it was // matthew erhard

For the novice it was  
An impossibility,  
A trick of the mind,  
A headache for hours to come.

For the expert it was  
A piece of the puzzle,  
A hint at the possibilities,  
A beam of light into the shadows of my life.

For me it was  
A parting gift,  
A way of saying you were wrong,  
A hint to what you let slip through your fingers

Revenge served over time.





chimney bluffs // coco walters

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spent // jennifer rivera

Three morning glories  
Dots of water almost dark  
Blended colors run.

choir practice // jennifer rivera

Rustle in darkness  
of praying insects waiting –  
Kneel to listen close.

the birds and the bees // jennifer rivera

Sweet primal urges  
the timely journey complete –  
First taste of nectar.





If I ever love you  
I would be like a fish in the sea  
who lost his ability to swim  
with Michael Maloney

valentine - moment // nai wang



moving out // ornella santoni

I am moving out  
Out of all fantasies  
Out of naivety  
Out of my friends out of my room  
Out of the pain

I'm moving out  
Into liberty  
Uncertainty  
Excitement  
A new promise  
My own true self

I'm moving out  
For my own self  
I am going to be free  
Free from you  
Free from them  
Free from myself  
I'll be new  
I'll be different  
I'll grow

Anew one  
Of many different lives  
A new other story  
A new beginning

I'll try everything  
At least once

I am moving out



spin cycle // rachel porter



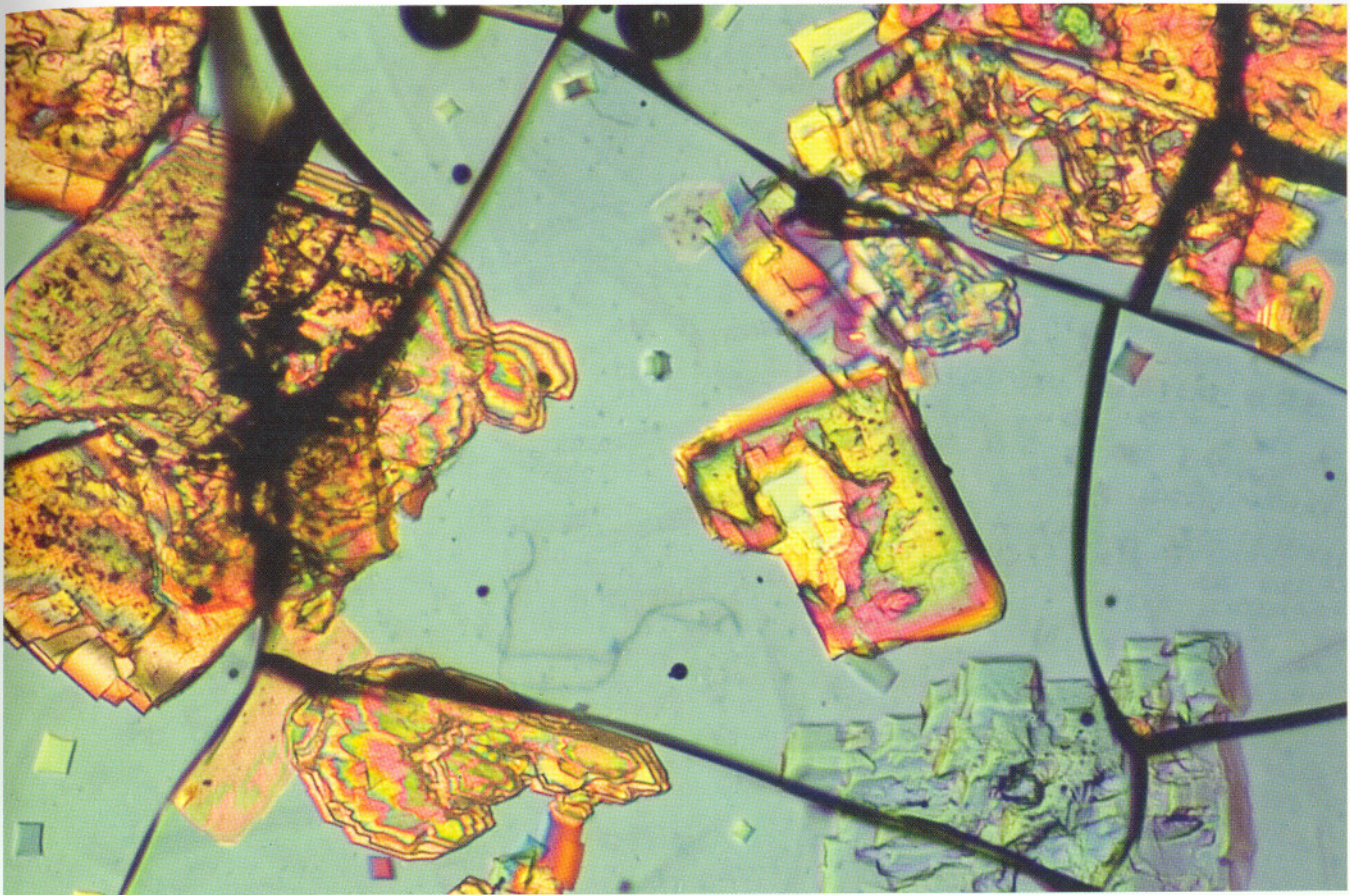
prismic // joy e. johnson

Pleasure slides smooth on slick butter yellow  
Melts into throbbing magenta waves  
Pours hot and thick over raw sienna dunes  
Dripping sweetly into apricot caves

Going drip, drip through baked burnt orange cracks  
Engorging dry laser lemon walls  
Falling syrup aglow on golden mounds  
Pulsing under warm electric lime scales

Gushing forth from volcanic torch red fissures  
Spraying blow-away blizzard blue clouds  
Steaming from atomic tangerine springs  
Panting over long screamin' green fields

Breathing sighs out of carnation pink rays  
Sleeping soft and quiet on sunset orange horizons.



sugar // selena kuo



how lovers talk // coco walters

i can't sleep  
light seeps in through my curtains and whispers to my  
eyelids  
"no, not yet"  
flickering candles make my eyelids dance and shadows  
move on the wall  
he's up late talking to her, i want so badly to have that  
it gives me that feeling that i want to cry but cant force it  
out of my throat and into my eyes  
i walk into the hallway, creaking  
and curl up on the cold wood floor  
and press my face down to listen under the door  
just to hear how lovers talk.

lips // jessica thurber

between your upper lip  
a slight rest, in the shape of V  
cutting soft and loose;  
bleeding feminine.

the curves of protruding skin,  
smoother than untouched stones  
in streams; constant.

a subtle pause when touched;  
harder, crumbles i.



wrap // erica eichelkraut



no reason // stephen devay

Every Word that you utter, I get closer

Closer to making that connection.

With every action you take

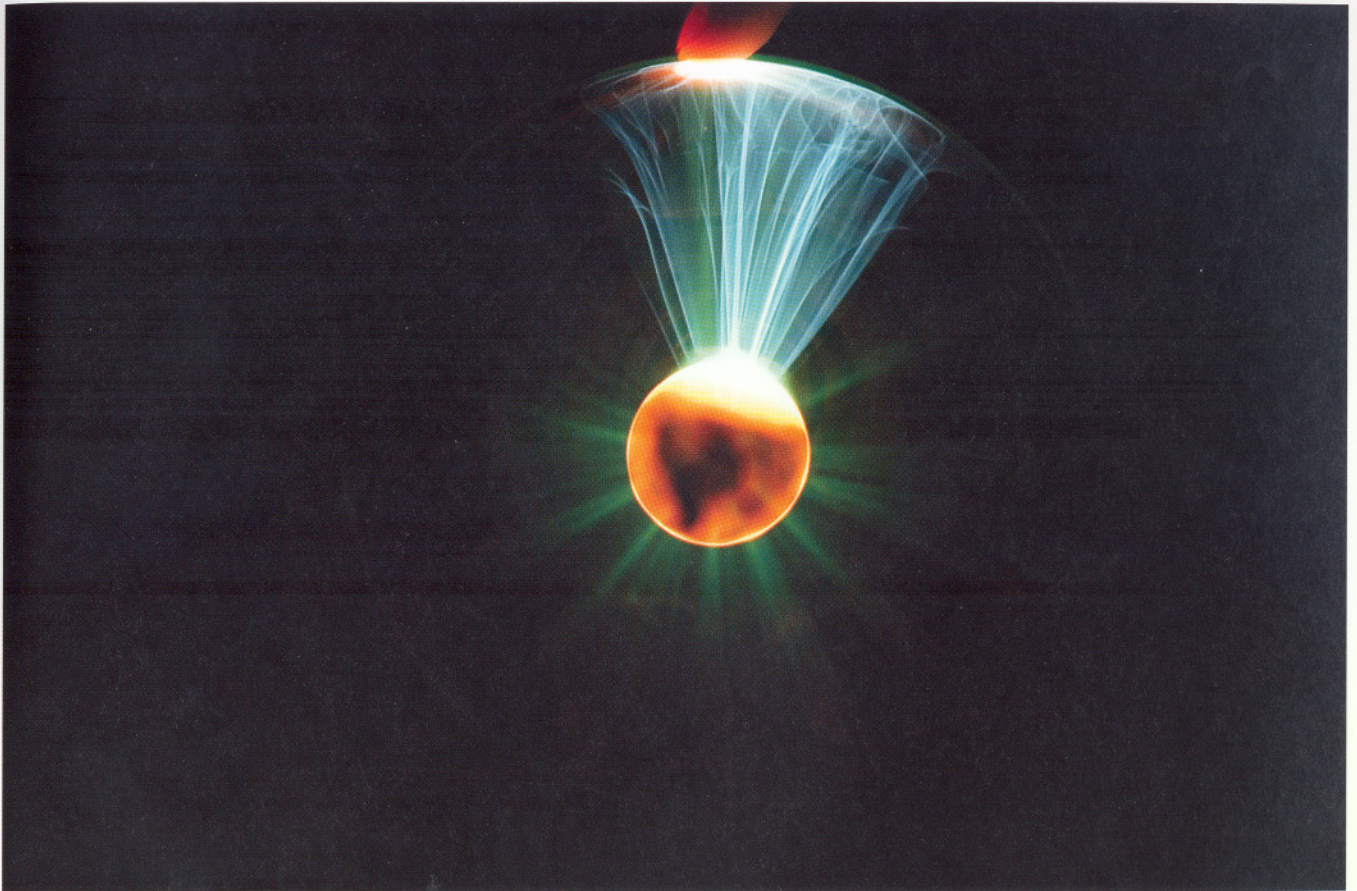
I become more sure of my thoughts

As your almost snoring breaths

Enter the air and irritate my brain.

I want to make that connection

**Of my fist to your face.**



illumina storm study // eric decker



coffee shop girl // patrick saturno

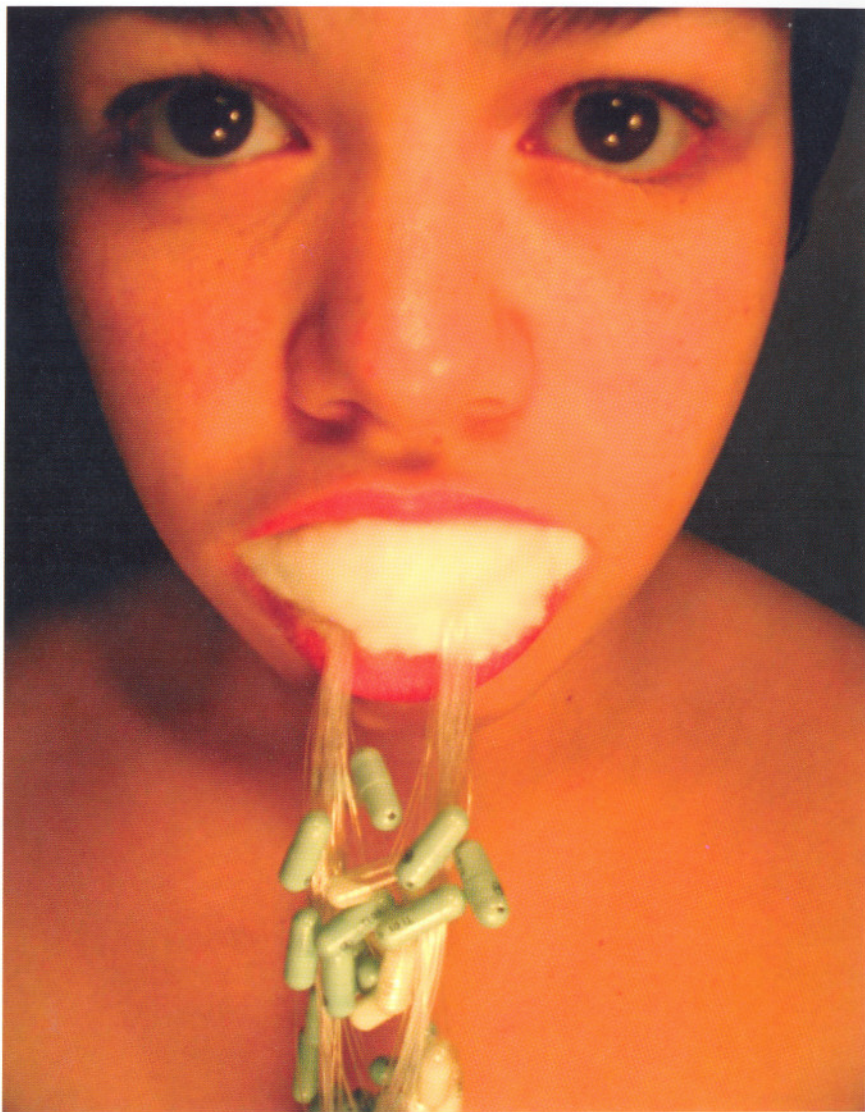
The dust of ground beans  
spackle her dark roast hair  
She carries the scent of her trade  
the awakening of morning blend

I wonder how many beans  
have met their powdered demise  
and scalding torture  
at her chai hands

I order a small genocide  
She complies with an half & half smile  
Her yellow fuzzed sweater  
blocks the deed from view

I pay her for the atrocity  
and her chair hands  
motion to the table of cover-ups  
that sweetens the liquid corpses

A spoon of sugar and bit of milk  
make the remains bearable  
I look back to those espresso eyes  
and wave 'bye' to my latte love.



untitled // lindsey mark



untitled // michele brown

February 26th, 1993: I found this with its edges singed, the last few lines exposed to water, under the overturned, burned briefcase in the rubble of the brick building over there, a golden band of roses in the ashes next to it.

will it happen while I'm here?  
a man in the hallway  
with eyes – flat like stones  
his dark pebbles watching, scanning  
his carhartt like a glove  
simple almost nondescript  
wavy dark hair close not cropped  
after-five boldened jaw  
arms outstretched  
carrying a red GBC-bound book  
talismanic  
those eyes, those eyes  
look through me, a woman  
make me wonder  
why waste what little time I have left  
getting an education

that day I saw him again more pale  
he whistled an odd song  
unknown notes that floated behind me  
followed me through the breezeway  
there then gone  
His carhartt was smaller, so was he  
His eyes were dull too  
they didn't meet mine.



iggy pop, the passenger // erin mccallum



i imagine // simone perry

A woman's work is never done until her name is called to the grave.  
He can never love someone if he is still fixated on her human being.

It is pitch black but one lonesome light brightens the day of night.  
The tribute is soon but my heart and mind are not phased.

The hall is loud but not one voice do I hear.  
He never sees the signs in front of him.

Look into my eyes and everyone can see the plights and triumphs of my life.  
Tomorrow the sun will peak out from the clouds and bless us with heat.

A picture with him I never got and the night was so young and new.  
So many people there yet I only saw his number one.

A multicolored leaf blows and dances lifelessly in the wind.  
Not a breath of wind touches me and brushes me of my soul.

They can never break me down with jibes of insecurities and flaws.  
Those things that held fear are as loose as a gazelle in the free plain.

No matter how hard I try I will have to read his page again.  
The reigns never freed those in his web from the start.

They imagine the chocolate that I am yearning for: white, almond, milk, or dark.  
Feeling the touches of the legends that past warms my fingers to the fullest extent.

Writing will no longer be a lament but a joyful serious jubilation.  
The wait is not long until one calls my name and we start a blissful,  
stressless journey till death due us part.



jellyfishing // joe pietruch



sometimes // helena fruscio

I like to make myself uncomfortable sometimes  
Like when one pant leg is a little shorter than the other  
And hangs at a wrong angle  
And lets the cold air hit me stubble legs.

Like when the words stick to the back of my tongue  
Get caught between the bumps of words that aren't mine  
Filling my mouth with the juice of mistakes squeezed too harshly

Like when I interlock fingers with a chubby companion  
Or catch the eyes of an awkward stranger  
Or eat ice cream with a plastic fork

Like when I sit cross-legged for too long  
Or not long enough  
Or when my thoughts are too big to comprehend  
Or too much to put in words

Like when the wind blows my tangled hair into my face  
Covering my eyes that are shut against the cold  
And still walking at a hastened pace

Like when the inside of my thighs slowly wear away the denim  
And my stretched skin exposes the claw marks of my sweet tooth

Like when something is so right that the tears must come  
And they just watch, and cannot understand  
Like when the awkwardness just cannot hold it closed and together  
But flips and flails for everyone's own awkward memory to see.



identity crisis // jesse maleh



RAP 100F-603

11



36 ▶ 10A

11



FUJI RAPIDOF

12



36 11A

12

untitled // nate mumford





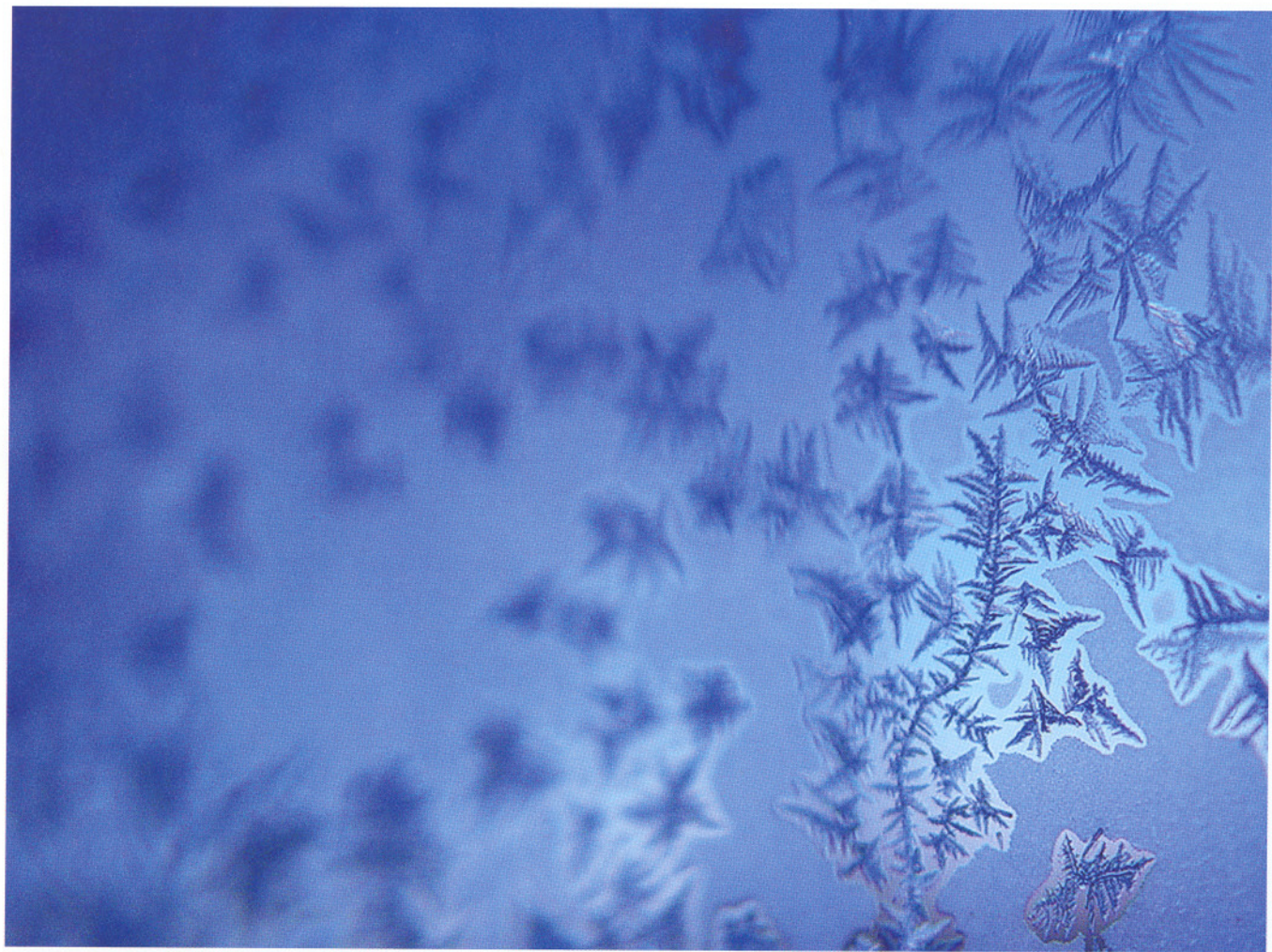
swing me away // sarah woodruff





taste // leo.nina





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sentinel // michael orts





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PAGE #	artist // piece
12	allen // stains heard
46	brown // untitled
56	chamberlain // birds
43	decker // illumina storm study
42	de vay // no reason
20	duane // dahlias
29	duers // corpora quadrigemina
10	eichelkraut // full
41	eichelkraut // wrap
32	erhard // it was
7	friess // blueprint #2
50	fruscio // sometimes
31	hart // unexpected secrets
3	hart // effervescent stillness
30	hassan // i am grand
4	hassan // this is not a love poem
15	haynes // tire on a wire
22	horn // another color
38	johnson // prismic
39	kuo // sugar
21	kurtovic // leaves in a window
26	laperriere // emergence
55	leo.nina // taste
51	maleh // identity crisis
45	mark // untitled
47	maccallum // iggy pop, the passenger
11	mckinney // twisty red
52.53	mumford // untitled
57	orts // sentinel
8	pearson // keeping secrets
48	perry // i imagine

PAGE #	artist // piece
49	pietruch // jellyfishing
5	porter // aversion
37	porter // spin cycle
34	rivera // choir practice
27	rivera // reflections
34	rivera // spent
34	rivera // the birds and the bees
2	romansky // popping room
18	rosser // inhale
2	saldo // the quarter mile
36	santoni // moving out
42	saturno // coffee shop girl
13	shachtman // glass lamp
16	shand // egress
2	shand // my own therapy with you
28	shaw // untitled
6	snyder // cheeks
6	snyder // groundwork
6	snyder // mexico
19	snyder // nasturgium
17	sole // rest stop
40	thurber // lips
9	thurber // warning
14	tribble // complexities
33	walters // chimney bluffs
40	walters // how lovers talk
35	wang // valentine – moment
24.25	weaver // the world
23	woodruff // screened sky
54	woodruff // swing me away

