

# Signatures 2003

art and literature magazine and cd-rom of RIT

Three strangers entered a classroom for a meeting one late afternoon in October of 1999. They were all freshmen, and were unsure of what to expect from their first experience with Signatures. Over time, each would find his or her own place within its pages. One would find herself with the challenging tasks of its design and print. Another immersed himself in its new technological opportunities. The last would find himself involved in all aspects of its production, shifting from one area to another.

This brief story is about the experiences of our editors-in-chief Andrew & Stephanie, and Rishi our CD-ROM developer. This account illustrates what it means to be a part of Signatures. Being a member of the Signatures staff has given us experiences which we can draw on for years after our graduation from RIT.

Over the past four years, Signatures has evolved into more than just an annual magazine publication. It has become a gateway for new artists and writers to showcase their best work to the RIT community. The gateway has been expanded to include not only a printed magazine, but also a CD-ROM and website. In addition, thanks to our generous sponsors, we have been able to increase the number of editions released to reach an even larger audience.

None of these accomplishments would be possible without our amazing and dedicated staff. Our advisor John Roche, has guided the staff for the past four years to achieve this level of excellence.

On behalf of the entire Signatures staff, we hope you enjoy this year's edition of Signatures Magazine.

Sincerely,

Andrew Schall & Stephanie Snow  
Editors-in-chief, Signatures Magazine

*Andrew Schall* *Stephanie C. Snow*

## SIGNATURES 2003

This issue is dedicated to Mark Price and Sam Abrams, whose vision and dedication sustained this magazine for two decades, and to Mary Sullivan, for three decades the conscience of RIT.

Rochester Institute of Technology  
Art and Literature Publication  
[www.rit.edu/signatures](http://www.rit.edu/signatures)

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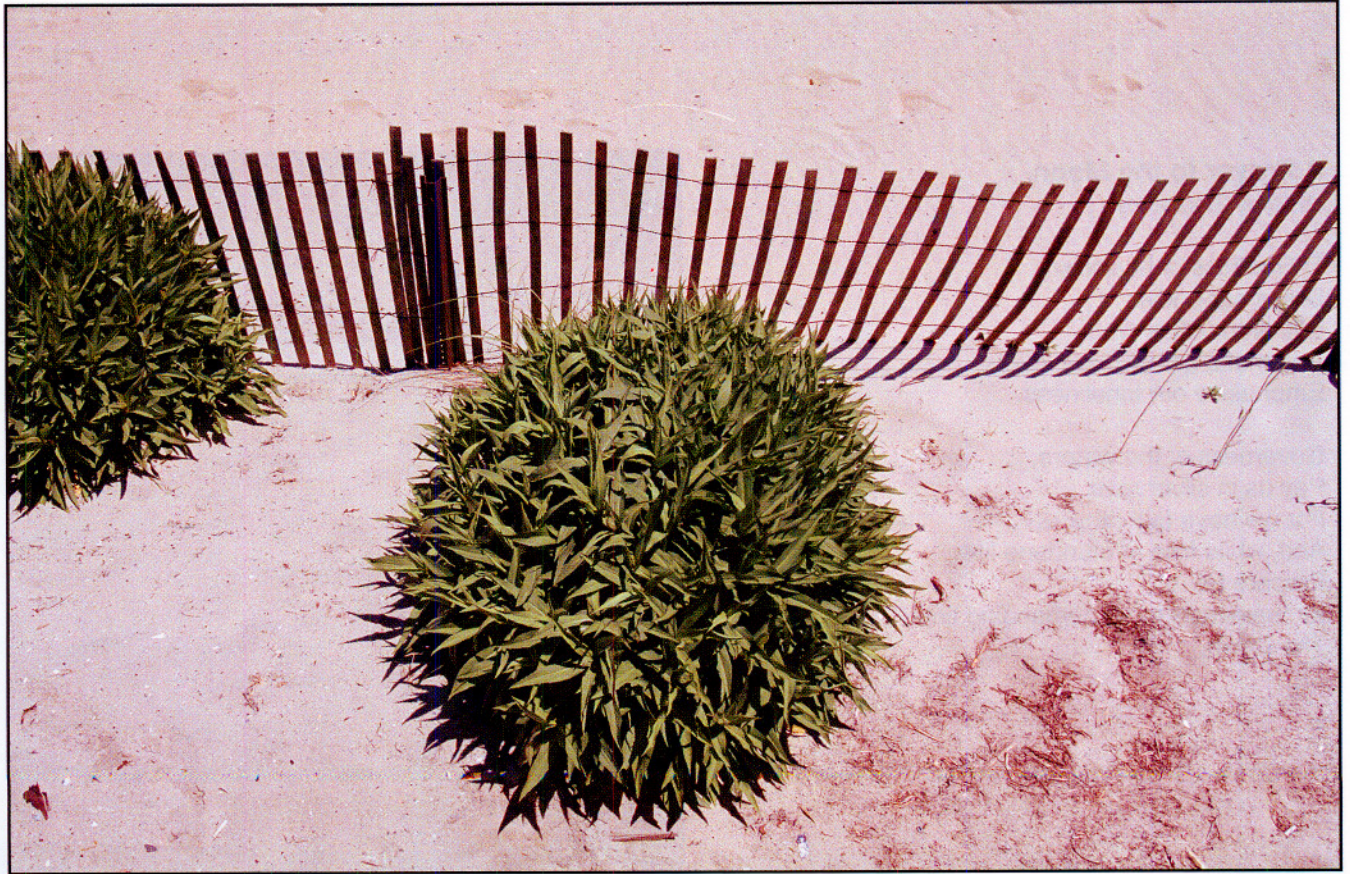
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Luke Pearsall

Green Bush

## **A Prayer to the Moon**

*Dimitrios Stournaras*

O Goddess of Mysticism,  
Dress our bodies  
With your silver web  
And make us, who are lovers,  
Emphasize our loneliness.

Governess of the waters,  
Pay us in silver rays  
For we have faith in you,  
And, while free of mundane life,  
Prepare us  
for mankind's most demanding time,  
The Dawn.



Luke Pearsall

Moonrise

## Pilgrimage

*Alice Salzberg*

Fields of my childhood had grown old  
When I came back  
Kicking through calf-high grasses  
Seeds and thistles clinging  
Like desperate lovers

When Guernseys lived here  
Their heavy sacks swayed as the wandered  
Pulling up mouthfuls of soft green  
Into ever rotating jaws  
Untouched islands of brambles

Fieldstone walls marked the farmhouse  
Where she hung dripping cheesecloth bags of curds  
She padded around in cloth slippers and black dress  
Uniform of the old Italian women  
She spoke a melody of Calabrian staccato

Peaches once hung heavy  
We bit into fuzzy dry skin for  
Gushing ambrosia  
pasture and wall still there  
Is there fossilized cow dung  
Under unblemished houses  
Built by city commuters?

## Reverence

*Colin Zablocki*

The first fold of autumn calls the secret shadows out  
Contagious spreads the royal way upon the path ahead  
So many veil'ed nights were hidden by a drizzled pall  
Splashing lines of merciless tears down a face that's fallen

Dozens few cannot compete with such a sullen storm  
A silent scythe of silven fire forever goes unmourned  
Unjust it seems the sins of time to gather to this point  
Centered cruelly above a mind already wracked with hate





Kate Lewis & Michael Meyerhofer

Etc.

## Morning Rituals

*Evin Neadow*

warmth entwined cover  
body tenses bare toes  
cold bathroom floor

puffed eyes awake  
sticky sweet spread honey face  
soaked pores refreshed

bowl, spoon  
spilled milk  
dry break-fast

## Our House

*Matt Mattice*

the snakes started coming in through the faucet  
and you said they were sewer snakes and  
that's how they got into our pipes  
and it was almost funny the first time  
after the screaming had died down  
and i told the people at work  
and we all had a good laugh  
but then it happened again and  
again and again and again and again  
and suddenly it was a little more  
scary than funny and we wondered if  
it would ever stop and we called the  
plumber but he was bitten and poisoned  
and he died and we found it kind of odd  
that the snakes would not bite us but  
if an outsider came in he was guaranteed  
an early death and we wanted to move  
but we couldn't sell the house because  
who wants to have to live with so  
many snakes(?) and honestly we were  
scared that if we moved the snakes  
would follow us so we took our  
baths in water filled with snakes  
and used snakes to boil our  
pasta and you said to me one day  
that you thought it took a lot of patience  
to get through this and that if we  
could pull it off we could probably  
get through anything and then i remembered  
why i married you.



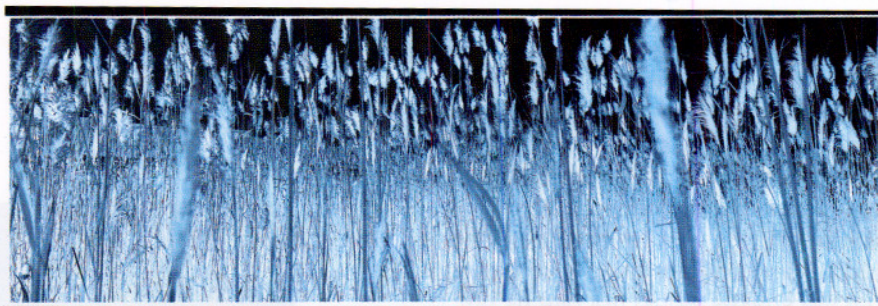
John M. Slaughter

Untitled

## Trust

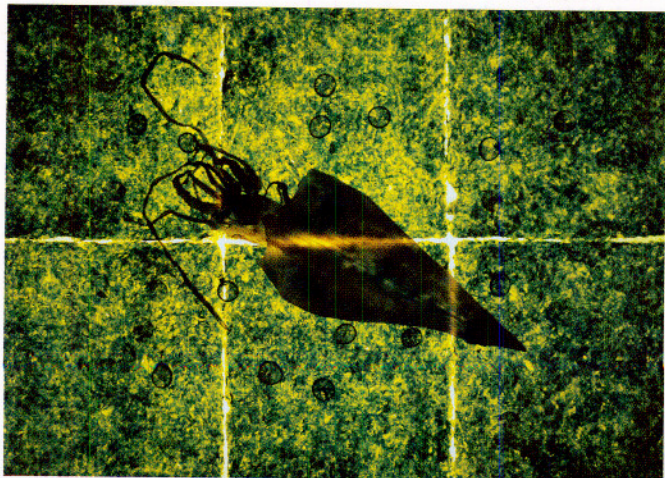
*Jocelyn Gajeway*

earth-strong,  
ceaseless shifting.  
gravity's pull,  
still and dark as water  
engulfed in flame.  
half-slurred words  
and bright red screams,  
reaching through gelatin.  
my ruby heart  
helpless in your hands.



Christine Blackburne

Blue Bush



Michael Turek

Squid

## The Bite

*Ruth Kennedy*

When Adam tasted the apple,  
he did so carefully.  
Hesitant with guilt,  
he nibbled at the crisp skin.

Not so Eve,  
she took a large bite,  
relished its sweet tartness  
dribbled juice down her chin.

SHE was ready to move on  
---on to Africa.

## **A Simple Sight**

*Dalas Verdugo*

the prettiest thing  
that snow can do  
is cover the top of a tree limb,  
which leaves a black line to define it.

## **Dusk**

*Ed Scutt*

Like the child's last faint sigh  
Before she surrenders to  
The interruption of sleep,  
The stubborn orange firebrand  
Collapses below the distant line.

## **Tribute**

### **to Adenike O. Agosto**

*Olukorede Agosto*

Mother though you're gone,  
Thoughts of you are ever fresh in me,  
I still hear you loving voice,  
Feel your tender touch,  
It feels like you're still there,  
Till realization hits me,  
And I discover you've been snatched by Death  
as he slowly ate you  
Taking time to devour his prey  
I stood helpless  
The night before I remember you say goodnight  
as if you knew it were to be the last  
Adieu Adieu dear mum:  
Though you're gone, I know you watch me  
Up there in the Grandstands,  
As I run the race of life;  
Soon we shall be together never to part again  
Till then....

## Untitled

*Robert C. Kalajian Jr*

Playing in fields of amber  
Caressing golden thistles  
Burrs in our hair  
The promises we made

## Salad Worm

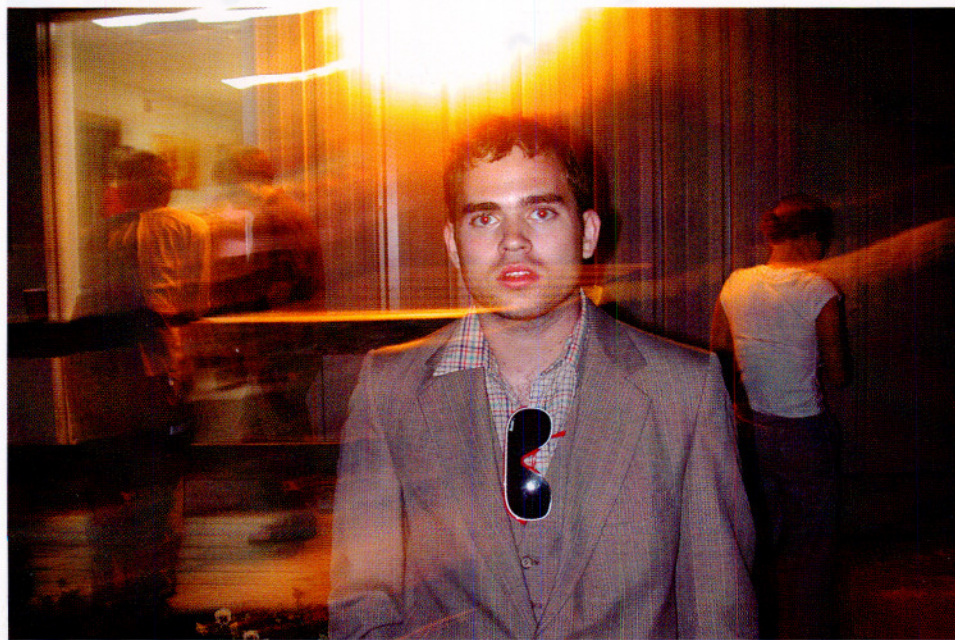
*Bonnie ann McLaughlin*

How can I so hate  
such an innocent little thing,  
just because it's found  
where we say it should not be?



Leon Lim

Dream of Heaven



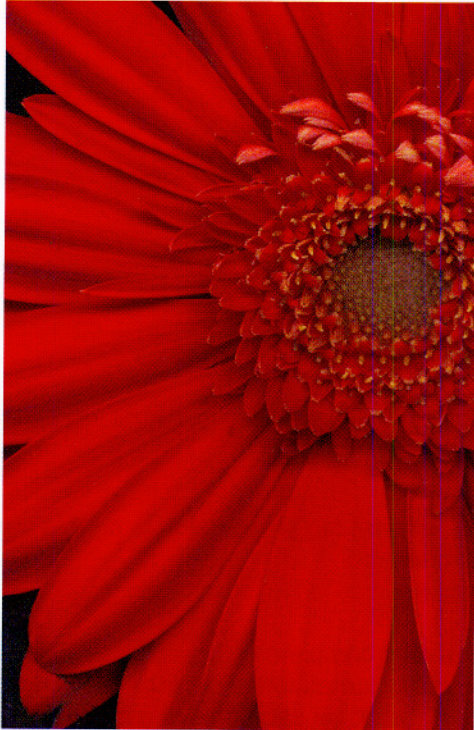
Clint Baclawski

Issac

## Because the Dance

*Oana Ghiocel*

Because the dance  
    Rupture occurs  
Serene  
    As the fall breeze  
Strong  
    As the wind on twin peaks  
Interaction  
    Seduction  
        Passion  
I      feel resurrected  
Because the dancers fly  
    My gravity's an illusion  
Because their bodies are soft  
    They are untouchable  
Because it steals my eyes  
    The rhythm's divine  
Because it divides my heart in two  
    It unites me with you  
Because the dance never stops  
    Wings grow on your back  
And the dance emerges in you...



Stephanie Snow

Red

## Tears

*Michael Sauder*

I was walking by your room, when I heard the sound from you.  
I stopped and waited, listening, concerned.

I gently knocked on your door,  
at the same time realizing you couldn't hear me.

I slowly opened the door and peered in. Your lights were off,  
but streetlight shone through the window, and I could see you  
curled on the bed, gently sobbing.

You seem not to know I was there, as I slowly approach your bed.  
I startle you at first touch, but you soon relax as I sit beside you.  
You lean against me and I embrace your fragile frame.

The tears renew, soaking my shoulder, but I barely notice.  
I gently rub your hair and back. No words are spoken.

Five minutes. 15 minutes. An hour, two hours. Time does not matter.  
You long ago stopped crying, but still we stayed, each in our own thoughts.

At some point in time we finally separate. I lower you back to bed,  
covering you with a blanket, and kiss you on the forehead.

As I step away you softly say "thank you",  
to which I give a simple "you're welcome".

And really, that's all that's needed.  
I don't know what was wrong, nor do I need to know.  
I only want you to know that no matter what, I will always be there.



## Martyr

Spencer Slavin

He stood on top of the gallows like he owned it.  
And the hot Spanish sun burned our eyes and  
turned everything a washed out shade of yellow -  
the cameraman had put a piece of cellophane across the lens.  
His words bleached our minds - a contemporary brainwashing -  
promises of a better Spain, promises too wild to be believed.  
He could speak until the end of doomsday and I think we all  
would have stayed to listen to him We may have done just that,  
if the gallows door had not swung open -  
The man's last sentence punctuated by the sound of his neck snapping



William Robinson

Spider

**here**

*Patrick Kelley*

he controls  
no one

he does not understand  
that he controls me

he does not understand obsession  
in the milky way

and i do not want our progression to go this way  
let us turn around  
and try again

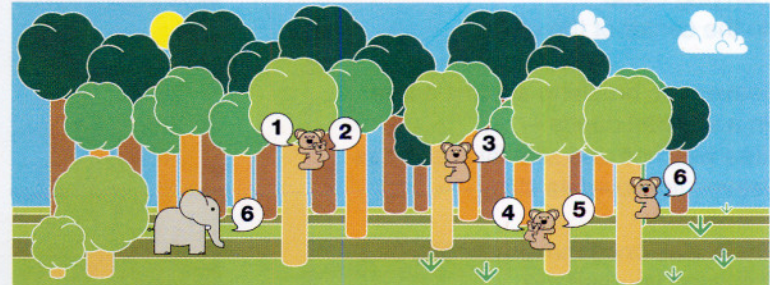
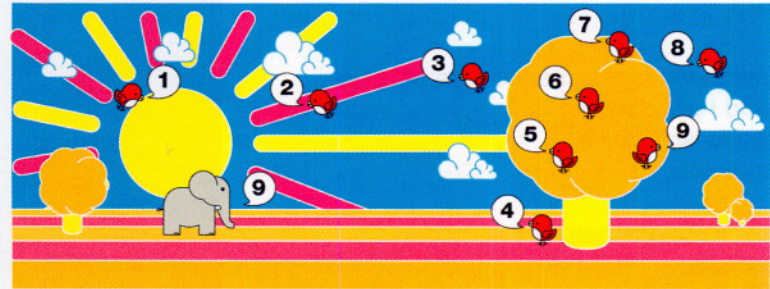
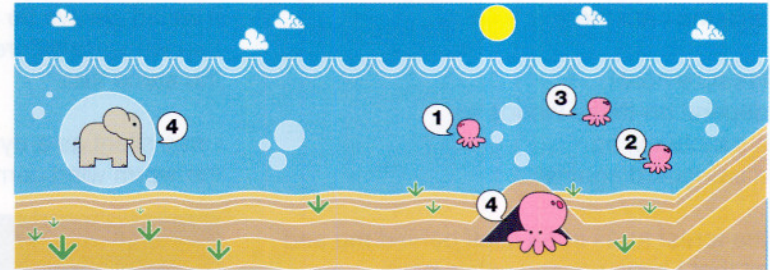
when this orbit completes  
we will have returned to the beginning  
and we can what we should have earlier  
we can make it stay

## The turtle that never sleeps: Time

Spencer Slavin

(She)  
encapsulated  
life moves slowly - progressively - forwards  
I can't remember what they  
(said)  
to me  
enamored  
with the punctuation of the day  
stop signs  
(I)  
think of them falteringly  
twice now  
disengaged  
I should probably...  
(don't)  
Like red signs with white letter  
I pull over  
And head home  
Home is where the heart is  
(love)  
the castle  
cracks fades  
time to flip  
another tired cliché  
scrawled on the back of a chair "  
(you)  
were never there"  
the Intrinsic energy within a body

It's cold outside  
I look at the paleness of my flesh  
I don't want it  
(anymore)



Gino Reyes

Book Elephant

## For Christina

Matt Mattice

i set off for the woods and  
the quiet shimmying of pine needles  
beneath me  
tells me i am there

i realize how i  
depend on these woods as  
a sanctuary, as  
a safeguard against...

the forest turns in on itself behind me and  
all that i have passed exists now  
only in me

the moon makes hands a palish blue  
and I wonder  
if this isn't skin's  
true color

thick roots penetrate the ground  
like veins  
carrying blood  
to the center of the earth

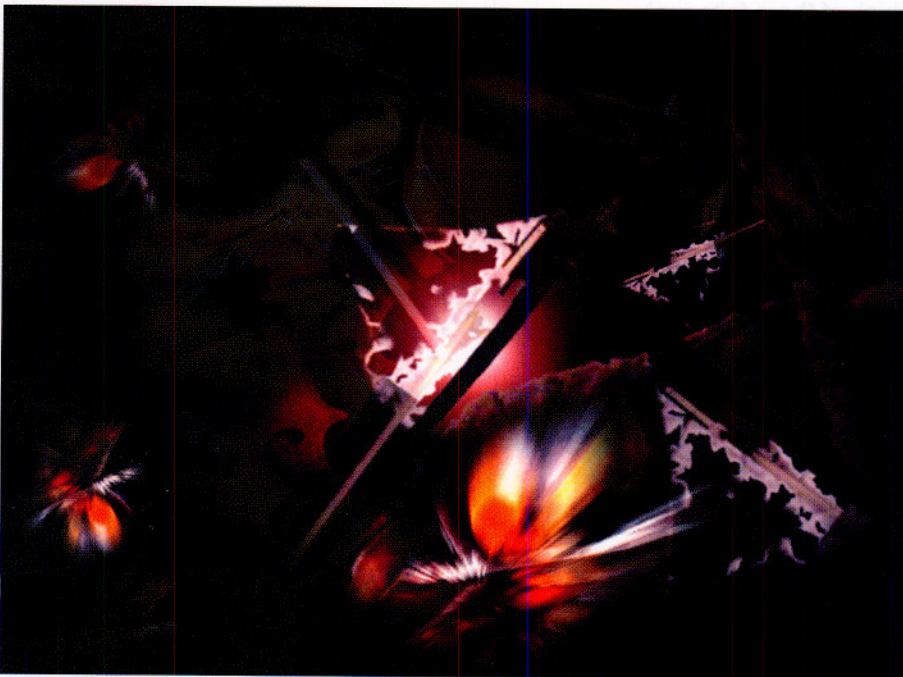
leaves are brushing against a tree  
in a sensual dance –  
tree watches and silently speaks as  
leaves flow over its skin

there was once movement like that  
between you and me

i was once a tree and i would  
stand cold and strong  
as you fluttered by  
and caressed me

it was our secret, i felt...  
it would always be our secret  
that we were different parts of  
the same tree

i was silent as a dying planet when  
the warm wind carried you away



Rose Figliomeni

Mariposa

## First Kiss

Colin Zablocki

It was so long ago  
But just three days before wasn't I waiting for that bus in the snow?  
Cold cold air with my purple hair  
Running down my face  
Staying up late, on the phone  
with a nameless girl my time was my own  
and she was alone  
She was my first kiss  
...so dangerous

Laying in bed with my eyes broken and running down my face  
Staining my pillow violent with water-color bruises  
Despising the lies I wasn't even aware of until three years later  
the fake little masks of a lost little generation  
missing the traditions of old lifetimes

But there I was with my purple hair and safety-pins  
...oh so safe.

Making noises to myself I could understand  
drowning out the sins and  
swearing I would never be like them

They were jealous, devoured me  
Like trite words on paper white as snow  
tumbling down in blankets of warmth  
wrapped in deepest purple sorrow  
no one understood my loss

Not even me until now  
it was unpreventable  
it was oh so dangerous



Ann Zakaluk

Curly

## **As I Wander Through the Tumult, after Whitman**

*Gary Hoffmann*

As I wander through the tumult and throngs of hawkers and buyers,  
As I pass the wares of farmers, as I pass the wares of bakers,  
As I pass the butcher boy sharpening his knife, the butcher girl his sister gazing with dark eyes after me,  
As I walk by the new mother with her new babe,  
As I walk by the old mother, a mother of mothers whose daughters are themselves mothers,  
There do I see you among the hawkers, you a hawker or you a buyer.

Are you he I've seen before? Are you she I've seen before?  
Are you she I've been seeking since I saw you in Manhattan, a street hawker?  
Are you he I have searched for since I watched you curiously in Chicago buying trifles?  
It has been too long, old friend,  
Too many miles distant from our last encounter,  
Too many miles distant from our last encounter,  
Too many years displaced from our past rendezvous.  
You don't recognize me now any more than you did then,  
When you yelled the price of jade luck charms across the streets of Chinatown in Manhattan,  
When you stopped to listen and buy those same luck charms at a flea market in San Antonio,  
When three pounds of flax sat beside you laughing, as you sat among the concrete pilasters of San Francisco laughing.

You are older now, or you are younger now,  
Your eyes are darker, or your hair is lighter,  
But I still recognize you.



Hannele Lahti

Bike

## Broken

*Austin Cantrell*

I have committed a grievous error  
I have broken you  
With no thought of your feelings  
I used and abused your mental state

With out a care I saw a toy  
Like a child I played for fun  
My mind not ready for you  
Like a coward I ran from you

I hurt you in ways I can never know  
Thinking I knew best but was wrong  
I hurt you in way that can not be cured  
Throwing you heart into you face

I have seen I am a barbarian  
With no say of over your life  
I have shown you nothing but pain  
To repay the love given to me

For my sins I accept the punishment  
To live never knowing your touch  
To see you never knowing your gaze  
To love you never knowing your heart

I know I will never have you back  
I know I will never repair you soul  
I know only my most sorrow apology  
I know it is worth nothing

To live without you  
Is the hell I must live  
For my sins to you are great  
And retribution I must make

## Soul Soup

Aron N. Schauer

In an hour or two  
or somewhere between  
I'll cook for you  
a nice tureen  
of soup the like you've never seen  
such flavors will I consummate  
to tempt your palate from thence your plate  
on soup of tender squab you'll dine  
my skills you will justly prostrate  
the soup I place in front of you is no ordinary brine

My dear, you know not of your fate  
our souls are destined to conflate  
this soup will make you mine  
my soup, your soul, it will mandate  
the soup I place in front of you is no ordinary brine



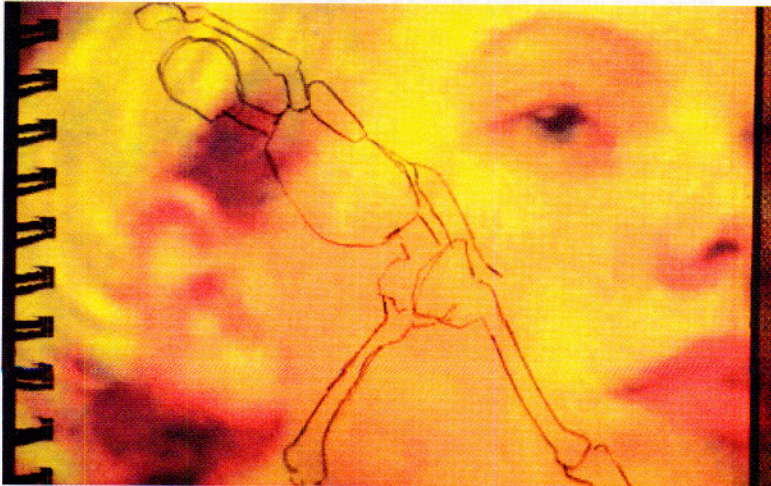
Samantha List

Education

## Amongst The Heavens

Joseph Lee

Beneath the winter sky I gaze upon the heavens.  
What do they hold for me?  
To live to work to play to die.  
What does my future hold?  
As I gaze upon the stars I meander through my soul.  
Where is the path I seek?  
I see hooded men with blindfolds stumble through the heavy fog.  
Will they ever find the answer?  
I search their empty, vacant souls.  
Am I doomed to die like them?  
Will I be like the falling star burning into oblivion?  
Plans, schedules, dates, and times.  
Do they at all matter?  
Life is a slave to nothing.  
When will all the hapless souls of men open their self-sewn eyes?  
Still I wonder amongst the heavens.



Samantha List

Untitled







Callie Sorensen

Tasmania

## The Orange Grove

Lorraine E. Beasom

They walked in the  
Orange grove at night  
His arm about her shoulders  
Hers about his waist  
Heads together they  
Made plans for the future.

The orange trees were  
Mature and laden  
With golden fruit  
They plucked one to eat  
And thought how delicious  
Was fruit which had ripened on the tree.

They walked in the  
Orange grove at night  
She with her cane  
He with his walker  
Found a bench placed near  
At hand on which to sit  
Quietly remembering.

The orange trees bore  
No fruit having been  
Killed by a deadly frost  
That year --- their  
Twisted branches now  
Ghostly shadows in the moonlight.

## Memoirs

*Kelly Beller*

Childhood's passionate reject,  
A recycled upright, veneered in pickled oak  
Purchased to honor the commandment  
Thou shalt practice!  
Insufficient recompense for not playing with my friends.

Youth, I find 'Fumed Oak', a show.  
Enter Noel Coward and company,  
Enter laughter.

As a young adult,  
Ewell Gibbon guides me  
To collect, roast, and grind acorns  
making muffins, sharp and sawdusty to the taste  
but natural, gathered, near at hand.

Our first apartment  
Furnished courtesy of curb exchange and house sales.  
The flatness of Mission Oak  
Rugged, utilitarian, Stickleman,  
Fitting setting for children, pets, family.

Our last house,  
With its thin strips of red oak flooring.  
Bruited tough, hardened revelations  
Of high school years and family turmoil,  
The scuff of ages.

**Uncoupled,**  
I remember the series 'Oaks of the Genesee'  
Richard Beale's fine tribute  
To our grand ancient sentinels  
Confident enough to stand alone.



Matthew Berkman

Remembrance



Ann Zakaluk

Alessandra

## Queen Anne's Lace

*Nyssa Schauer*

Down the road,  
Through a thicket,  
Beyond the bend,  
And up a hill,  
To where the servile pine trees bow,  
In reverence, to the Holy Place.  
There,  
Betwixt the shadows,  
A rising ray of sunlight,  
Brings focus to a feathery patch of wildflowers.  
Like maids in waiting,  
They modestly tint the courtyard  
Of the Queen.  
There,  
She reigns amidst her loyal subjects.  
How stately she stands,  
Adorned in her finest frocks of white.  
Sentinel of a secret treasure,  
Enshrouded within her lacy collar;  
A jewel of vesper tine purple,  
Glittering in all its glory,  
For only the most deserving spectator to behold.

## Failing

Moni Haley

Every day. I had thought about it every moment. I couldn't tell anyone; I wouldn't tell anyone. They had these enormous expectations; I had these enormous expectations.

"Erin will get into any college she wants."

"Erin will be in the limelight."

"Erin can...Erin is...Erin will..."

Well it's crap. "Erin" is full of shit. A myth, a fable told over and over for the past seventeen years. I really can't do anything. I don't give a shit about the grades. I don't care about soccer or softball, student government, the spring musical, or tutoring. I don't freaking care. There's nothing I actually want to do anyway, besides sleep. A really long nap sounds spectacular just about now. There's no doubt I couldn't fail at that. I won't.

\* \* \*

I won't really remember anything. Mom will stand there stroking my hair for two weeks before I'm allowed to go home. Grandma won't understand and just bring me homemade food that has enough fat in it to kill a small horse. My brother won't come visit me. When I go home, he will only grunt a "hi" and "bye" at me. Who wants to be related to anyone that tried to kill herself anyway?

I am so successful according to everyone, but I hadn't succeed at this. Despite the fact that I got into Berkley like my guidance counselor had hoped. I earned enough money to pay for my own car like my parents had wished. I had been voted onto prom court as all my friends said I would. Now I truly let them down with one more thing I couldn't accomplish. Forever labeled as a failure.

I would only remember the feeling of charcoal encrusted around my chin after the doctor forced me to vomit. I would only remember the look of pity in the shrink's eyes as he asked me why I had done it. I would only remember the stench of the carnations standing alone on the windowsill as it snowed outside. I would only remember that. Every day.



Rebecca Crawford

Window Shutters

## Demented Rationality

Yvonne Scott

Ben Golloum lay on his bed staring at the peak of the blue and white sponge-painted ceiling as the bright sunshine glared through the large window to the right of him. The curtains flapped like sheets on a clothesline in a mid-simmer afternoon breeze. He could hear pans clanging from his wife stirring in the kitchen downstairs. With his hands behind his head, underneath his wavy brown, shoulder-length hair on the pillow, his thin cheekbones are stretched, revealing a frown. He sat up and grabbed his journal from the nightstand drawer. He began writing...

I am very dispirited.  
My decision for departure from you has caused me deep pain.  
Though the sadness is within me,  
I cannot let it surface.  
As I question the matters of her future,  
I think I saw the sadness in her deep blue eyes,  
But it's difficult to tell.  
How I yearn to tell her how I feel.  
Yet I must keep it deep inside,  
Where it may never show.  
I wonder if she feels the same way.  
The longing and desire to be with her has been with me for years.  
She is in my every thought, every moment, every day.  
Will it ever go away?  
My self-torture brings on excruciating pain and suffering.  
It cannot be.  
It must not be.  
She is no longer free,  
Nor am I.

I thought it was all right.  
Everything would be OK,  
When I started to work with her one day.  
Then that other guy came along.  
That's when I lost any chance I had with her.  
Now it really hurts.  
I lost my best friend on that very day.  
We're never apart,  
But always together in my heart.  
This one deed will bruise forever.  
I have to go, to get away.  
I must forget her every day.  
Things are tough.  
They are so sad.  
I've lost the woman I've never had.

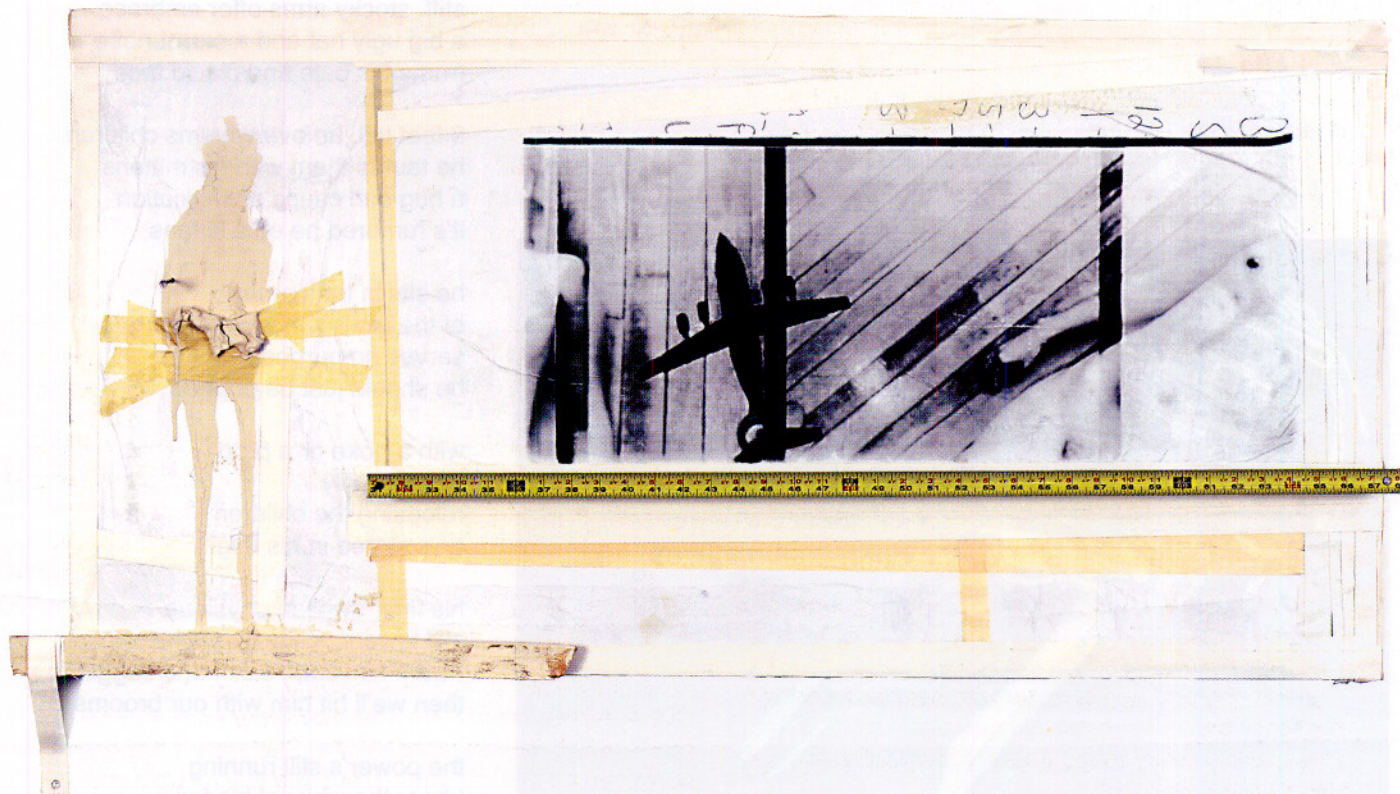
"Honey! It's time for dinner!" his wife called from downstairs.

Ben's head jerked as if she scared him out of his deep thoughts. He put the journal back into the drawer and went down to eat with his wife of 20 years.

After eating dinner and watching Sunday Night Football, he lay in bed in just his boxer-briefs, and reached over and put his arm around his wife. She made a groaning noise and pulled away. Ben fell asleep.

The next morning he arrived at work. There she was, before his eyes in the hallway. He couldn't avoid her and she was headed his way. Her brown hair shined like glitter under the fluorescent light. She wasn't the most gorgeous person he's seen, but she wasn't ugly and she was sexy to him. The way she walked and how she always knew what to say when he needed comforting or needed to laugh was what he saw in her. His pulse was racing and he felt himself become weak in the knees and start shaking. Nobody in this world has ever had this effect on him before.

[story continued on enclosed CD-ROM]



Joe Painter

People Who Like Us Make Me Happy

## Inflatable Snowman (at the Market)

*Maura Bress*

Bloated, smiling, he stares ahead  
stiff, stocky arms offer embrace  
a big ugly hat and a carrot nose  
frame his pale and placid face

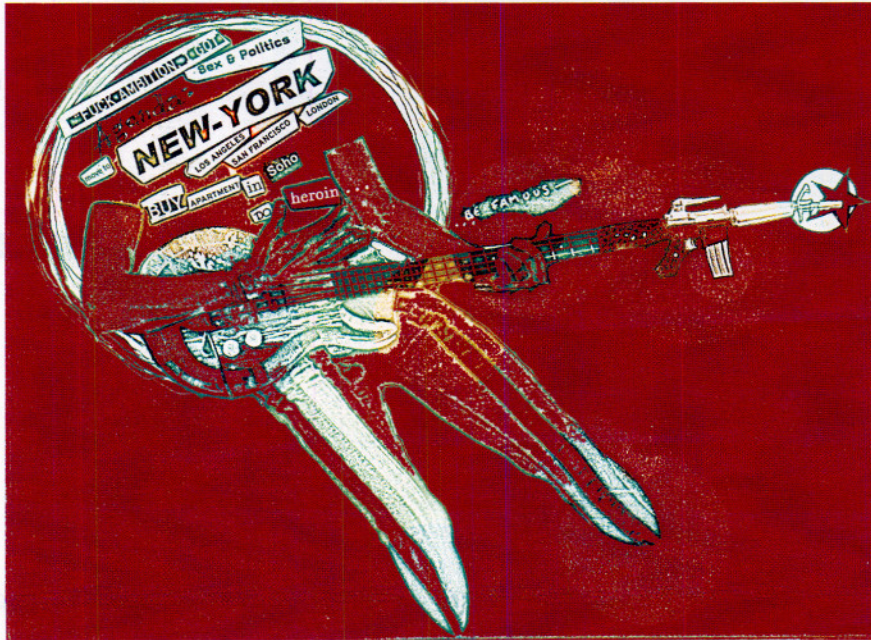
8 feet tall, he overwhelms children  
he taunts them with his mittens  
a hug can cause asphyxiation  
it's rumored he eats kittens

he sits in the corner  
of the store while you shop  
serves no purpose  
he should just be popped

with a poke or a prod  
I'll let him fly  
releasing the children  
he's stored in his thigh

his firm, swollen physique  
still towers, stiffly looms  
I want him limp, slack and sagging  
then we'll hit him with our brooms

the power's still running  
I hear the whirr of his fan  
some day I'll pop him...  
that Inflated Snowman



Ann Zakaluki

Musician

## H<sub>2</sub>O

*Bonnie ann McLaughlin*

Water...  
where the new Life began.  
Rising, falling, integrated whole,  
in constant peace amidst the change.  
Offering to its sisters and brothers  
its candid whispers,  
indeed – to anyone who sets aside  
a little while to while away,  
and seek the lessons –  
from the drop, the pool, the spring...  
Every aspect tied into one  
beckoning refreshment,  
from this mirror and captivator of  
the soul.



Juliana Vail

Brendon



## Taking Out the Trash

*Nicole Sommer*

The little bead in my pocket  
It keeps me sane...  
Never noticed it until now  
Taking out the trash at 4:00 a.m.  
I hear the geese heading south  
Aren't they supposed to be home by now?  
Aren't I supposed to be home by now?  
Funny how I feel myself...  
Feel myself under the moon  
Walking in the puddles  
Caressing my bead  
It's in my pocket  
No one knows, not even I  
When you hear the geese  
See that moon  
Feel that puddle...  
My bead is in my pocket  
And I will be all right  
It tells me, I will be all right

## Remembering Desire

*Jocelyn Gajeway*

your hair  
shines  
Apollo's glory  
an electric waterfall  
whipping in the wind

your cotton sheets  
warmed by our breath  
our bodies  
bathed in the scent of wet soil

that night  
drowning in humidity  
stars masked by moisture  
the truth emerges  
clad in a shroud of  
gray stone and wrought iron

this joy  
those drunken nights  
laughter  
and your gentle lips

calefaction  
the world catches fire  
a wild dance of sparks and smoke

but fire lives  
breathes  
consumes  
and soon there  
was  
nothing  
left

your eyes  
dull  
like wet ashes  
tears and hardened lips

## All or nothing

*Kelsey Burch*

Was it really as easy as you made it seem?  
To not talk 'n' cut me out like a bad dream?

I'll speak of the night it all came to an end  
And of the incident that will never mend  
I could hear the helplessness in your voice  
The distance between us was never our choice

But when I look back at that horrible night  
I ignore the sadness and remember the light

How I sat at the bar with my ol' girlfriends  
Bringing back the smiles, jokes and laughin' trend  
And how I, tough girl got all teary,  
From thinking about you not near me

My friends were shocked by my affectionate display  
Cuz I was an ice princess back in the day  
Of you all I ever did was boast  
Then you left when I needed you the most

You said bye and walked away  
Good reasons you never did say

You returned everything I gave  
Everything I ever made  
Everything our love represented  
Leaving my ghost to remain

Memories of us hugging so tight  
Close was never close enough  
Now we don't even talk at all  
All or nothing is fucking rough

Now that you've heard a part of my side  
Please answer what's been eating me alive

Was it really as easy as you made it seem?  
To erase me forever... like a horrible dream



John M Slaughter

Untitled

## Untitled #2

*Kate Bloemker*

What is peace of mind?  
It is a white wire hanger with nothing on it  
In a closet of identical  
Inspector-Gadget coats

## Untitled #3

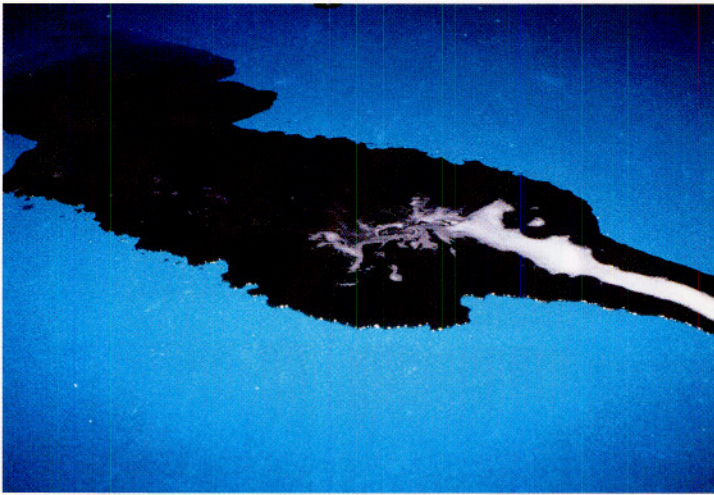
*Kate Bloemker*

I don't know whether you're  
talking sex food religion  
or politics  
when you mumble half-  
finished impromptu thoughts  
Hands in your pockets eyes  
in some other  
direction knowing that volume  
and syntax are undoubtedly  
a gateway to your own mental  
Nakedness



Joe Painter

Eleven Dropkicks



Michael Padilla

Beer

## reach

*Jacqueline Licht*

When the world speaks  
I listen

When the world shows  
I watch

When the world reaches out  
I take hold

When I speak  
The world is deaf

When I show  
The world is blind

But when I reach out  
The world can feel my touch

## Doodles

*Merrilee Rose*

The days of my past  
Replay in tiny doodles  
Elapsed in pictures of emotion  
I have almost forgotten the fun we've had  
The love we've shared.  
Brotherhood.

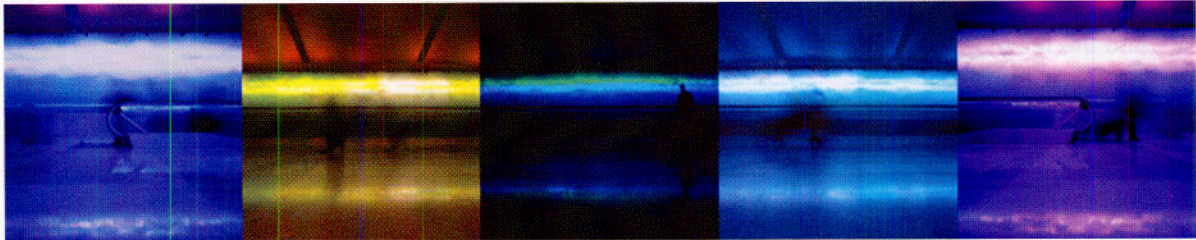
History is held on this page,  
As it was then;  
The dated doodles of children  
Repeated by a young woman  
The doodles of our childhood dreams  
Are placed besides the ones of adolescence,  
And maturity,  
Their inexperienced in comparison  
Yet charming.

Our dreams have changed since the first doodle  
Yet the excitement of them coming true has not faded  
Just like the image of the doodle reappearing in time.

## Maurene the Machine?

*Blake Pellenberg*

When I was 27 I got on this moving machine--  
it propelled me to a place I had never before seen.  
I'm not sure what happened...I just kinda stepped on--  
colors flashed, days passed, my whole life could've gone!  
Sexy legs and a sexy voice guided me all the way across--  
Maurene told me listen near, she said she was the boss.  
She made me promise to come back...she was even a bit mean--  
I hurried and stepped off--wait a sec...what the heck?--now i'm...  
seventeen.



Blake Pellenberg

Pellenberg Maurene Image

## cutting angles

*Stephanie Snow*

i keep running back  
to this place far within the sky  
filled with tears long forgotten

breathing in my hair as it  
dances away from me  
wandering to the clouds as  
they fall up above me

i can't say these feelings have  
changed  
as the stars reflect my eyes  
cutting angles through the  
dust filtering in the windows

but this is how it has always been  
and the feelings stay the same



Kelly Schottler

Best Friends Birds



John M. Slaughter

Untitled

## Click

*Nyssa Schauer*

Click. I've stolen your soul.  
And notice, I didn't hesitate.  
I put it in my magic box,  
Where only I will know its fate.

Yes, you're a big time glamour queen,  
Adored by all, you cast a spell.  
You reel them in and make them drool,  
Then when they're yours their lives are hell.

But so delicious is this day,  
When unprepared you ventured out,  
And left behind your crafty mask,  
Of paint and powder to hide your snout.

Ah, but it was worth the waiting.  
Did you really think you could hold the pose?  
And now the monster is revealed.  
From the inside out, your true nature shows.



## Green Blue Yellow Red

*Spencer Slavin*

The snow is coming down hard now but we're safe inside the car  
The heater makes a funny whistling sound  
We sit in silence, content to let each other absorb the moment  
Whirling flakes out of an endlessness of black  
I can see the road from our clearing  
The street light that always seems to be on the fritz  
broken  
Green-Blue Yellow Red  
It's raining outside  
But we're safe in our alcove  
Our time away from space  
We're drenched from when we went to play on the small  
Swing set outside  
Like when we were kids  
We're close enough to the road that the light  
casts green shadows across your face, which turn to yellow briefly  
and then to red  
It creates a sense of surrealism  
The ghosts of yesterday are kept quiet by your eyes  
If I only knew I didn't have to face them when I leave  
Forever  
Green-blue-yellow  
We're two kids sitting on the roof of a car  
The sun has just dipped below the horizon  
Soon all the shadows will come to swallow the remains of the day  
For now the only thing I notice is how the light pools in your eyes  
And I wonder why I am not drowning  
**Because I cant breathe**  
And then the moment is past  
And my breath returns  
And you never know how close we all came.

Green-blue Yellow

The one month anniversary of your death

A single figure

Silhouetted against a fading sky

The leaves flutter and fly around

Oblivious to his pain

His sorrow

His loss

(You said you'd always be there)

Yellow Yellow Yellow

The heater's broken

And his hands are cold but in a few minutes it wont matter

The blood rushes inward to the heart

But like the heater...

Two days later he is found

The tears frozen to his face

Red Red Red

Sleep



Sara Moosbrugger

Illumination

## Sagamore Trophy Room

*Stillman Clark*

An elk adorns chosen place  
Above stone mantled fireplace

Buffalo still wears the frown  
Caused by hunter who shot him down

On far side of western wall  
An elephant from Nepal

Tiger, lion and cheetah cats  
Align as fondly treasured mats

Then wild turkey buck and ram  
Three large fish and wild boar ham

Mountain goat from precipice  
One grizzly and polar bear apiece

A rhino head charges hippo face  
While hyena smiles its disgrace

Many a beast from Congo wild  
Adorns the wall -- hunter styled

Each trophy proclaims, "I'm great"  
Not yet agreed by those whose fate

Had been determined by need of man  
To grace his wall from nature's plan

A badge of courage heads may be  
Or perhaps more fearing mortality

Unknown to hunter from deep within  
Lies kinder nature than killer's whim

Message on hunter's wall to see  
Says "nature spirit preserved for thee

Too soon their fine magnificence  
Is lost to those who come here hence

My duty to vast mankind:  
Preserve God's gifts for mankind to kind"



*Christine Blackburne*

*Tire in Willow Tree*

## Sparkling Diamond

*Jannette Hanna*

The sinking sun  
Sends one last beam of light  
And for just one instant  
The shining silver flares fiery light  
As though it is the sun itself

The ring sits still  
The light is gone  
The dark of night  
Still shines in its band  
The sparkle of the diamond  
Glowes quietly in the dusk  
The blues of the sky echoed in its depths

He gave it in love  
He gave it for convenience  
Because it's easier than leaving  
To promise a lifetime  
An eternity  
A promise that can be taken back  
With the signature of a judge

The white picket fence  
The briefcase job  
The silver band shines  
These images flash  
In the glare of the ring

It means more than you think  
But most things do  
The fiery lure of the diamond died  
with the sunset.



Callie Sorensen

Eagles Nest

## Volcano for Todd Beers

*Matt Mattice*

The Volcano erupted during our walk to church.  
First came the thick, grey clouds.  
They blocked out the sun and  
My son asked me what was happening.  
I told him and he asked me if it was because  
God willed it be so.  
The spurts of hot lava interrupted the skyline  
and I said yes, I believe that he  
probably does.  
Or she, I said.  
I wanted to raise him with modern ideology.  
Now the smoke was like a quilt  
that was helplessly trying to  
smother the fire.  
The bursts of lava cracked and roared.

'There are quiet places in the world,' I thought.  
And I wanted them then.  
I wanted to be there with my son.  
On the white beaches I wanted  
to see him grow up.  
These thoughts had never  
crossed my mind before, but now  
as the ground rumbled and shook,  
I saw the beaches, almost as if I  
Had wished for them  
all along.

We were all parts of a web that I didn't understand,  
and days later, looking at the aftermath,  
I dreamed that the volcano had swallowed me whole.



Rebecca Crawford

Upsidedown On Leopard

## On the Disappearance of Wealth

*Wynne McClure*

I was cradled here  
A seedling nurtured  
In the rugged loam of earth

I have sought the light  
Felt the warm sun  
And flourished

Stars were my magic  
As I suckled dew,  
Harbored rain

I have known nestling birds  
Watched them in flight  
Protected them

Felt the soft fur  
Of small playful things  
Who sought me out

Worn winter's cold  
Danced with the wind  
Joyed to summer's jewels

My probing fingers reach deep  
Filling my veins with  
All I can give

You come.  
Better you uproot me  
But you cut.

## **The Four Elements of Gaea**

*Jenny Ashman*

In the heart and soul of Gaea  
Lies the origin of emotion  
The burning of desire  
The fire in the eyes  
An element necessary for survival  
One that is hard to tame  
The mysterious warrior...fire

The blood that flows through Gaea  
And keeps her alive  
It gives life  
It takes life  
It has survived since the beginning of time  
Despite the poisoning that has been done to it  
The source of life...water

The breath of Gaea  
That drives away the foul air  
It warms the earth in the summer  
Cools it during the winter  
It can destroy structures with its savage force  
Or blow playfully across the savannah  
The invisible force...wind

The body of Gaea  
Is where everything grows  
The place where creatures roam  
And the plants sprout  
The one that has re-shaped and evolved  
And has survived war, mass destruction, and ruin  
The maternal element...earth

## Warm Spring Wind

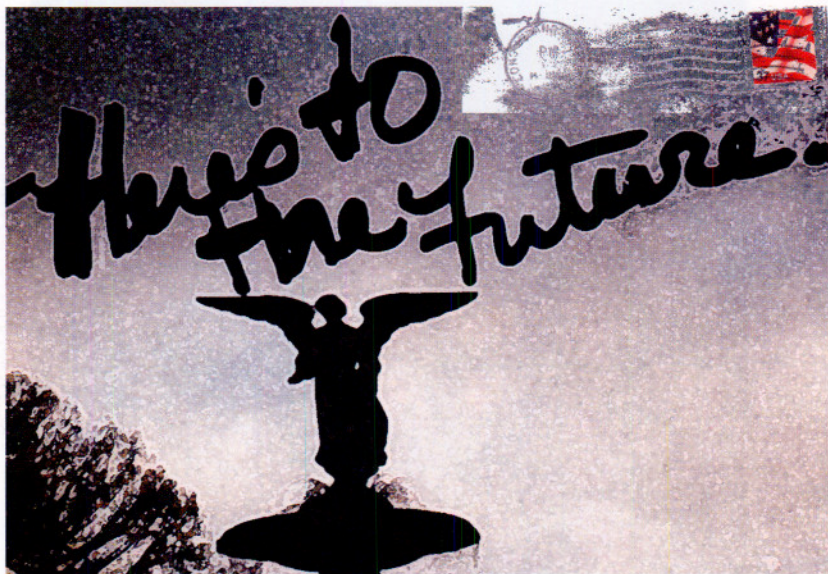
*Luke M. Vaillancourt*

It's when the warm  
Spring wind, pushes the  
green pole back and forth  
under the bright silver  
sun, and moist rings fall  
from their place in the sky  
and dark glances are met  
between curious eyes,  
with the warm breeze bringing  
them together, in one  
solid movement,  
    within one fluid,  
frisk, brisk movement—like  
the solo voice of the violin—  
that's where we are now.



Hannele Lahti

Firenze



Samantha List

Future Postcard

## A Walk in the Woods

*Betty Rockford*

Lured by wedding foliage  
Sanctioned by springs yearly promise  
They move tenuously through worn paths  
Eroded by winter's fervor

Faint sounds of mating birds in distant abodes  
Reassure natures sanity  
Steps acquire a lilt, faces in relaxed repose  
Walkers stride ever deeper into the woods

Thunder, rain, darkness interrupt nature's  
tranquility  
Panic ensues, tears fall  
Hikers cling to each other seeking closeness

The storm abates. A golden light emerges  
Persistent sun peeks through branches  
Quell fear and sadness  
Friends forge quickly ahead

## Dream the Impossible

*Joseph Lee*

Live the ideal moment.  
Control time with a thought.  
Cast away regret and doubt.  
Wander through the past.

Change the unchangeable.  
Bend the inflexible.  
Love the unattainable.  
Dream the impossible.



Kelly Schottler

A Dog in Savannah

## Untitled #1

*Kate Bloemaker*

I'm tired of being your fucking  
Prozac. It happens to me too  
so then where are you? Always  
slipping am I from cloud ten  
to eight to six in my sparkling sky  
your eye is opaque and your words  
apologetic I envy the ignorant  
birds who eat my crumbs because  
they never go hungry like me



## Silent Dawn

*Margaret Sangree*

Early rain so pale  
One must lie still  
To hear it fall

Bird song waits  
Only a mourning dove  
From the distant wood  
Calls.

Not the day to get work done  
But a day for private thought  
Not to intrude on this quiet

Or a time to re-enter sleep  
A light that pale realm  
Between blue  
And becoming grey.  
Honor the mood.



Christine Blackburne

Window



Natalie Clark

Sword

## Shameless Beauty

*Paul Bither*

Alright

So to all things there is an  
appointed time

and our trees must  
pause in their vital duty  
producing oxygen  
and accede to their  
winter's nap

heralded by  
brilliance of  
purples reds and yellows  
but here and there

I see a flagrant orange  
who's blatancy takes my breath  
like the avid child  
who resists bedtime to  
the final bitter end  
but is soundly out  
before the door can close



Luke Pearsall

One

## Crimson

*Wynne McClure*

Smokey clouds  
Billow  
Yellow  
Thick across the day  
Fall as summer sky to  
Form the burst of sunset  
We rivet ourselves to the rocks  
And watch –

Lake waves are  
Catching cups of crimson  
Sky's passion pours  
Upon the moving waters  
And desire bends  
Toward the fire breath of night



Jeremy Kuster

Isolation

## Morning Forecast

*Seth Staples*

People gripe about the weather.  
They get up early  
and scrape their cars,  
then slip 'n' slide  
on one rubber  
or another.

I smile  
and catch snowflakes  
on my tongue.



Callie Sorensen

12 Apostles

## Tropical Morning Wakes

*Margaret Sangree*

Sorry I have no watch to tell  
But the day is fully here  
And I, restless, hear a morning bird  
Beyond the bedroom's thick drapery  
And a cricket chorus  
That stops and starts.

How is the small sea in this hour  
Gentle on the shore?  
No surf, but an incoming tide  
To break the reflecting pattern  
Of leaves that overhand  
Grey-green in the warm light.

A window of clouds, high in the west  
Slowly catch rose feathers  
But the sun is yet a haze.  
A conversation of birds  
And morning  
Is quiet again.

Still, all still  
Under motionless trees.  
The little morning signs  
Are on the water now.  
A land hushed  
Before heat  
Blankets the day.

## Whoever You Are

*Fuyuko Tadegawa*

Why do you inspire people so wrongfully?  
Is it your pleasure to see sufferings?  
Is it your comfort to witness sorrows?  
Is it your satisfaction to acknowledge fears?  
You are not what you said to be

If you are eternal  
You've been around for quite a while  
You have so much time ahead as well  
You have so much more to grow  
It's a long way to go

You know our existence assures yours  
Is it the reason for what you have done?  
You are as insecure as we are  
You are as lonely as the rest  
You are not different from us after all  
You know you are not what you said to be

You are within us  
With or without  
In one way or the other  
You are not alone  
You are not the only one  
You are not



Li-Chun Yu

Raid



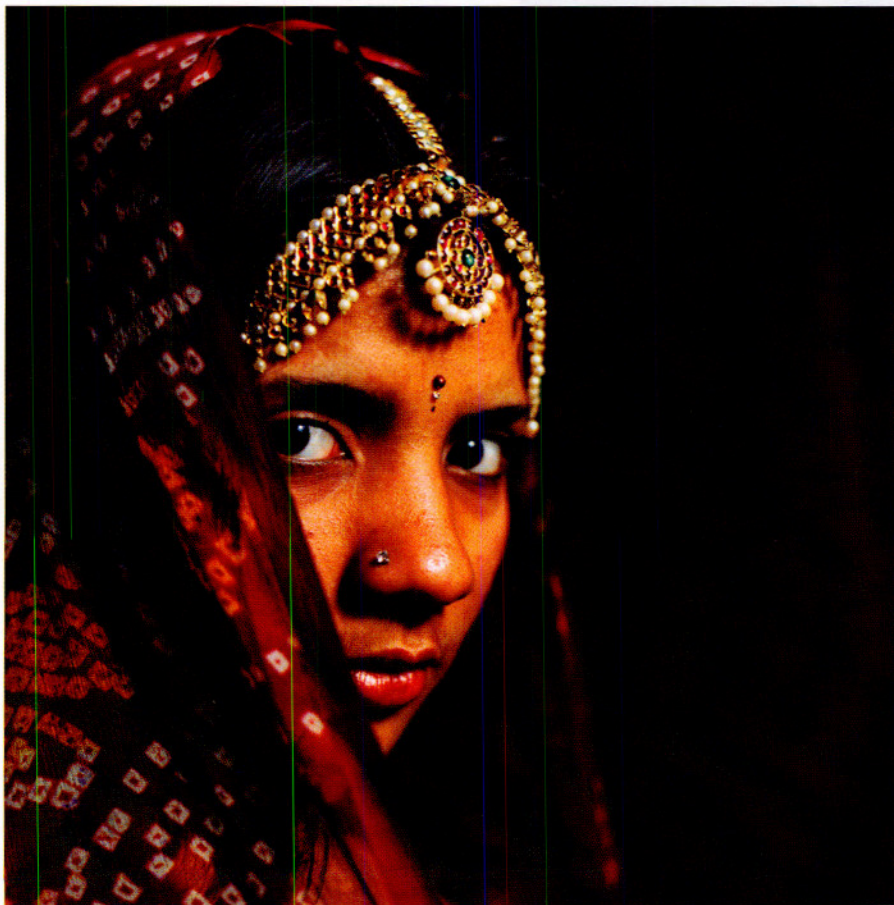
Adam Goodnight

Saturn

## Floor

*Austin Cantrell*

Passed out on the floor  
Senses gone  
Mind out to lunch  
Pools of vomit piss and blood  
Coat the earth where I rest my head  
Crawl in my liquor home  
Tis the drink of heaven's womb  
In one shot  
A world to forget  
To bury my worries in brown water  
Driving down the old road again  
No stop until the wall  
Or the bottom of the glass pit  
40% chance of an unknown ride  
See the world through my sad eyes  
Eat the worm  
Until you die



Anna Leung

Neha

## Feeling

*Chin-Yu Chen*

I look in your eyes...  
I do not see my reflection

Instead  
I see the whole world in you.

Everything around me dissolves into  
nothingness...  
You'd be the only one in the space...

I've felt like this before  
I let the chances slip by...  
I will not let it slip again

No words can describe  
how I really feel  
And now  
I can no longer hold it back....

You are the world to me.  
I Love You.



Steve Warham

One Flower

## Savannah 1990

*Bob Nolan*

Pin oaks stretch upward  
On either side of the road  
Reach across to caress  
Each other in leafy embrace

Myriad-hued azalea bushes  
Color the silence

Hand in hand we float  
Over a magical path  
Of gold dappled light





Joe Painter

So Sweet, So Sister

## The Smell of Roses

*Armel Ramadji Doumnande*

It was windy. Nay felt a very smooth and pleasant wind stroking his skin. At the same time he could hear the nice and melodious singing coming from the trees that were near the Logone River. The lullaby came from a small white dove perched in the branches of a blossoming tree.

He closed his eyes and seemed to be gliding. He had his head in the clouds. Nay was quick tempered by the bewitching song. He was there, admiring the awesome landscape.

On the bank of the Logone River, the weather was so quiet, so full of tenderness, and so peaceful evening. The hot sun of the summer going down was in a fantastic sight. In many small groups, birds flew in the sky. All of them moved from west to east. Nay did not think why none of the birds went from East to West. Anyway, he did not come to think about that. He relaxed and breathed the fresh air rising from the river. However, he could not forbid himself thinking about the birds' motion.

The dove was still singing. It was more and more interesting. Maybe the bird was singing just for Nay who was so alone. It was exactly like a mother rocking a baby in her arms. Nay kept his attention on the paradisiacal sight in the sky. The sunset was beautiful seen from the green carpet of grass of the shore where he was sitting. His contemplation went on and on. One moment, he almost fell in the river. It was exactly as the famous Thales who fell in a hole when watching the stars in the sky in the Greek mythology. It was very interesting, wasn't it?

Then Nay calmed down and took a deep breath. He smiled, grabbed pebbles, and very slowly threw them in the Logone one after another. He enjoyed doing that.

The sunset was almost complete. He was about to go back home. The dove left, bringing an end to the nice lullaby. All of a sudden, Nay felt a very good smell.

*[story continued on enclosed CD-ROM]*



Steve Warham

Mirror

## Regret

*Glenn Flood*

Regret is a descending staircase  
Whose steps are labeled:  
What we should have said and  
What we should have done.

At the bottom is a place  
Lit by uncertainty  
For us to dwell on our mistake

At the far end of this place  
Are two more staircases  
One that descends into indifference  
And then immobility  
The other ascends

Its steps are labeled:  
Acknowledgement, acceptance and resolve  
And at the top is another lesson  
Waiting to be learned

## A Thousand Silences

*Sarah Harmon*

A jaded juxtaposition  
You and I,  
Yet I wore trust and hope  
On frayed shirtsleeves,  
While you wore none.  
Why promise the rapture  
Of moonlight and wine,  
When you merely intended  
To shatter the night  
Into a thousand silences  
And let them sink into me slowly.



Thomas Starkweather

Double Word Score



## The Dreaming

Lorraine E. Beasom

Lying in bed I dreamily  
watched dust motes  
moving lazily in the  
golden light of  
an early morning sun

Suddenly gathering speed  
they began swirling  
clustering together and  
forming steps upward  
on a ray of light

Rising I began ascending  
the steps higher and higher  
and found a seat---not  
too near the sun but  
surrounded by its warmth

Looking down I could see  
the whole world below---the  
trees the flowers and the  
follies of the people moving  
about intent upon their lives

Suddenly I was afraid  
I was so remote from  
all below so uninvolved  
so terribly alone and I  
stood to return to earth

But the steps had  
disappeared  
and I felt myself falling  
falling  
falling

With a sudden start I  
awoke to find myself in  
my bed dreamily watching  
dust motes  
moving lazily in the golden light  
of an early morning sun

SS10  
005.011.02  
CONSENSIVE SPACEMAN (GINO REYES)

Gino Reyes

Design Invasion

## Subtle Layers

Molly Miles

Red dreams and silver leaves  
wade into the sea.  
Little boys on white buoys  
sink into the deeps.  
Beads of light bleed,  
drawing their last breath.  
Red leaves weigh heavily  
on oxygen deprived skin.  
Silver dreams flit through  
the murk of many dirty sins.



Ben Yonda

Lego

## **a smell**

*Leila Navidi*

.I never believed before but I see them now everywhere and while I look in the toilet and they are brushing hairs with gravy fingers and a faint odor putrid odor breath like old food sink stink for days rotten. .and the crumbs are crusting the floor today.

.Solid waste jams and I never believed before but I see now ghosts everywhere now in Big Gulps of bright puke pink under tables She told me once that ghosts are a part of the energy of the world approximating a photon I see ghosts in small grains of caloric intake soon to be blood stream sugar Soon to be energy life Soon to be glucose sucrose and complex carbohydrates Soon to be another opportunity to move across the room Soon to be conglomerates of various devices coming together finally to feel soft and full and to outwardly project Soon to be big fat ass.

.But she's small now comatose and frigidly aware of certain and most things.  
.genuinely manufacturing spirits of herself with every delicious dirt-packed

Heave-haw.



Seth McLaughlin

Reflection

## Night Creature

*Seth Staples*

sliding, slinking  
on the outside and in you  
sneaking, peeking

hiding, biding  
eyes in your eyes, cynical  
watching, waiting

needing feeding  
coiled tight with hackles roused  
sensing, tensing

lunging, plunging  
teeth in unknowing soft flesh  
free at last

## Words. Thoughts.

*Evin Neadow*

Words. you want my words  
should they be thoughts, real  
strangers, faces turned towards floating worms  
as we pass through day old moisture  
do you feel sad for the life-less bodies under foot  
imaging their cries, so meek and unseen  
what if the choice was yours  
muddy grave, watery last breath  
intestines after the beak  
Thoughts. you asked for my thoughts

## Little Birds

*Molly Miles*

building nests on broken branches,  
coated with newly frozen water  
bend beneath new burdens  
and fall to pieces



Sheila Barabad

Puritan



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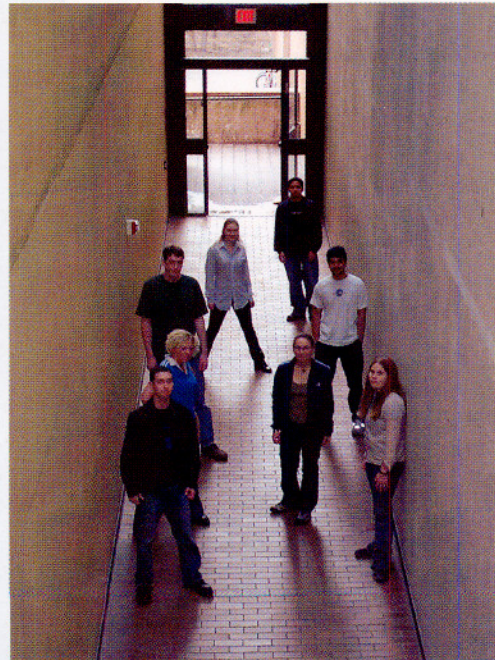
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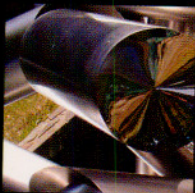
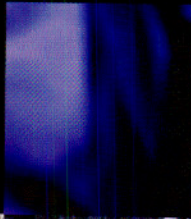
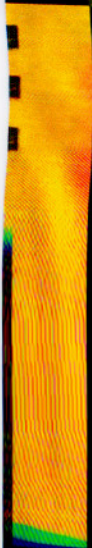
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