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and Becky Simmons for inviting the class to tour  
the Cary Collection and RIT Archives,  
respectively.

## Diverse Boisterousness Maggie Iverson



## Happiness Andrew Rutkove

I'm sorry, so sorry  
I couldn't bear to contain myself at the bottom  
Of this soggy, steamy, shit-filled paper bag you call friendship

I'm sorry, so sorry  
The tin box I brought myself in had already been  
Dented, dropped, dinged, and didn't shut all the way on one side

I'm sorry, so sorry  
The coat hanger had to be the one to relieve your itch  
My fingers were too short, chubby, and my nails had been neatly  
trimmed and filed

I'm sorry, so sorry  
The allergic reaction my lips contracted upon contact  
Caused me to salivate, cry, and curl up inside your dress for shelter

I'm sorry, so sorry  
My mother's cooking reminded you so distinctly of  
Cellophane tape, semen-caked urinals, beggars' beards, and me

I'm sorry, so sorry  
Cotton-filled bottles of discontent promise artificial rest  
They were such good friends, I had to swallow them all in hopes  
none would be neglected



## Something Scary; Something Cute Blaire Moskowitz

## When I Was Seven Whitney Gratton

i wanted skin like coffee beans  
or a cup distilled, with cream  
and sugar, steam rising -  
the smoky morning, before  
the sunrise

i wanted hair twisted into bars  
of chocolate, cascading  
braids of licorice, or  
strands of twilight, wild,  
untamable

i wanted my blank skin to be  
colored deep, fathoms  
of the solid substance of  
the sea, impenetrable pillar  
of beauty & mystery

i wanted stories written in it:  
tales of courage, perseverance in pain,  
hope lingering when hope is gone,  
opinions, passions, songs,  
stains of determination  
running deep

i wanted all that heaped history, heavy, scripted  
black ink on black skin  
i wanted a spirit of river mud  
i wanted a soul of-sweet maple  
i wanted a will of solid oak  
i wanted courage like coals  
i wanted eyes shining like mahogany

i wanted to be soaked in ink  
& sepia-spilled sentences

i wanted to be  
a story worth reading

## Trouble followed Wendy Erin Busch



## The Devolution of Communication Jeffrey Schmidt

## The Music Stand Amy D'Amico

The room is so cold at night  
My fingers stake the blanket down  
Like a tent set up by my collarbone.  
Only my face feels the chill.  
Plastic candles in the window,  
Peach-pink color on the walls, closer to a woman's dusted  
Cheeks than the inside of a shell.  
A carpet remnant  
Hides most of the plywood floor.  
The room is wide. Pine doll cradle.  
Varnished dresser  
Crammed with faded clothes.  
A rented trumpet on an angle, on a chair,  
Outside its case in the dark.  
An antique music stand, old filigreed brass--  
If you saw it bounce, the gliding light  
From the cars going by  
You'd see how I thought  
We were doing.  
It has to be there:  
As a robe pulled quickly over itself  
Across the ribs  
When somebody is there.



Poor Jack  
Sam Cole

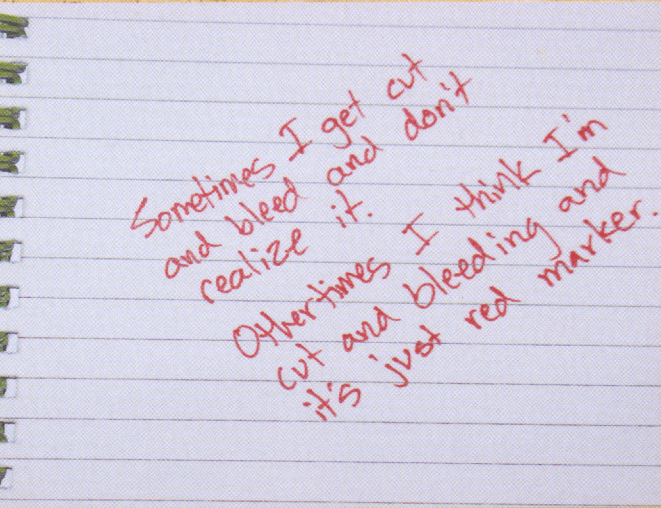
this is a  
poem  
in the brutalist  
style  
(like the architecture)

jack was a dog  
he came here for  
a place to learn  
how to be a dog

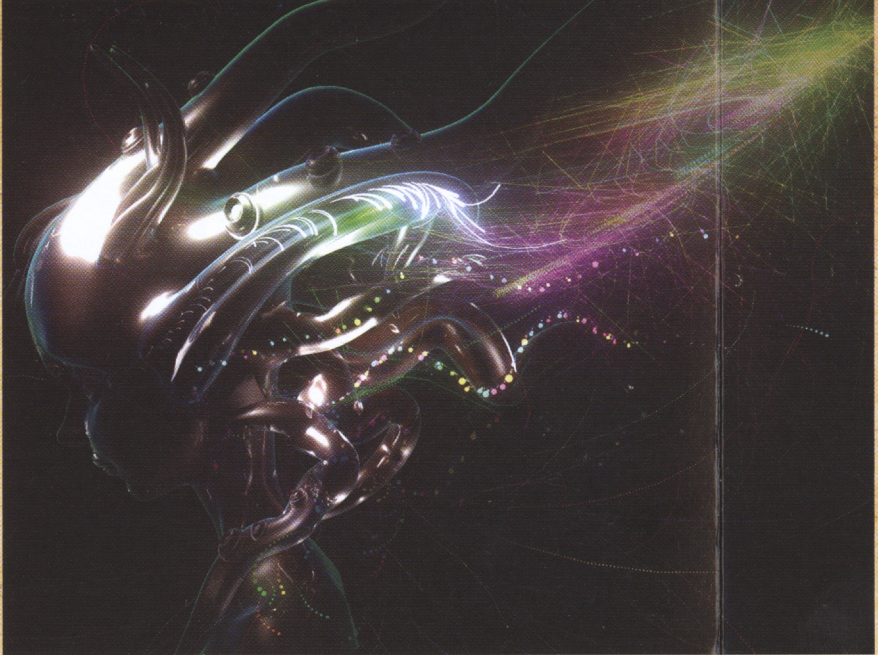
instead  
they made him  
a brick.

poor jack.

Bleeding  
mattsones



Dragon Girl  
Ning Su



Magic  
Sarai Oviedo

one step. two step  
slide, glide, collide  
walk forward, stand still  
waiting, wilderness chimes

one, two, three, four  
measures guide body sighs  
five, six, seven, eight  
moving along let's dance

one and two. three, and four  
come on down to the dance floor  
five and six. seven, eight  
ready for mambo you'll never forget

fight the silence: swing hips  
swell, sway. life is happiness  
entropy the enemy.  
embrace the energy.

right foot jumps. left foot lands.  
hear the pounding. hearts a-climbing  
the pressure, the measure, body alive  
boogie-boogie, boom, vroom hands reach sky

blood is flowing at its max.  
vibrant eyes; hair's a mess.  
feel the rhythm slide to the socks  
magic like classics, music of stress  
ears racing; hearts ablaze  
dawn catches us all

let's go to bed. the silence has rung  
we only out-danced the moon the stars

Frame of Daydream  
Melissa Harrison



Coping Misconstrued  
Simone Perry

D R I P  
D R I P  
D R I P

Slide

Paint caresses canvas  
Perfect geometric shape  
Bright  
Jading eyes  
Retreating at sign of brilliance

Colors fade  
Heightened focus  
Squeeze  
Hand grows heartbeat  
Navy brush  
Sapphire fingertips  
Wood imprinting palms

D R I P  
D R I P  
D R I P

Slide

Paint overtakes canvas  
Pollock reminiscent anarchy  
Ebony splatter  
Tranquil center

Fiery crimson rays  
Outbursts  
Midnight depressions  
Consume crystals of serenity & contentment  
Create wrist gyrations  
Furnace-filled strokes

D R I P  
D R I P  
D R I P

Slide

S\*p'l\*a\*s'h

Clear, pure frothy liquid  
Engulfed bristles  
Concealing overactive disgust

Something Scary, Something Cute

The Devolution of Communication, Trouble Followed Wendy

Diverse Boisterousness

Dragon Girl, Happiness  
Frame of Daydream, Bleeding, Coping Misconstrued, Poor Jack  
When I Was Seven, Magic, The Music Stand