Warm Thanks to the *Signatures* Faculty Advisory Committee

John Roche (English) Faculty Advisor

Javier Espinosa (Economics) Financial Advisor

Matt Bernius (SPM) Printing Advisor

Stephanie Cole (Art) Design Advisor

Vincent f. a. Golphin (English) Literary and Design Advisor

Paulette Swartzfager (English) Literary Advisor

Nancy Doubleday & Dan Bogaard (IT) Web Advisors

NTID Faculty Advisors

Pam Kincheloe (NTID/Liberal Arts Support)
&
Luane Davis Haggerty (NTID Cultural & Creative Studies)

One Morbid Perspective
Allison Pitkin

It was just so strange
what had happened that night,
while everyone was asleep:
Bitsy's beautiful,
blue eyeball exploded!
She's disfigured now,
and weeps.

Her brown, healthy hair
can't hide the huge tear
where her one oculus once was,
and recalling the skewer
I chucked in the corner
brings back my
high,
happy
buzz.

Flow
Elliot Krasnopoler

Untitled 1: From the Fruit-Head Series
K. Nicole Murtagh

Lianna Fowler
Michelle Girard

07/24/04
Angie Carter

last night the wind blew fierce
and cold,
whipped around buildings,
rocked trees,
took our breath

we searched for warmth in crevices
and folds, tucked each other into
brushed hands and roused conversation.

you showed me back alleys and old
abodes, places you once lay, spaces
you once consumed.

what was it to have known you then
watch you walk across morning floors,
yawn stretch expand contract

what would it be to taste and touch you then?

a seductive slice of proverbial pie
full of want and desire…or
would it have been
the first nip
in a long line of cuts?

the temperature fell as the day rose
fading navy to eerie tones of magenta
and dirty greys…

we sought refuge:
cramped into my car
faded
into reclined seats and foggy windows

breathing each other in
both drowning quietly
through seams

an hour of eternity

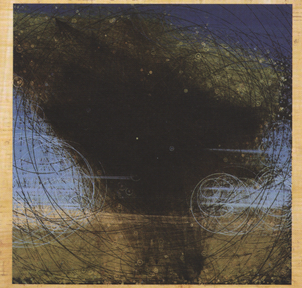
I awoke to your eyes
a soft smile that welcomed
missing you already

we stirred to separate

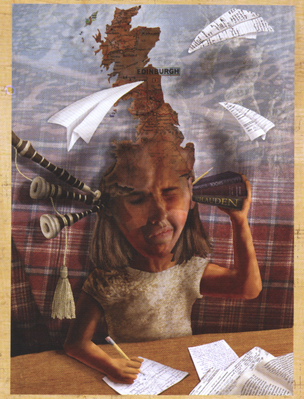
you walked away

as I watched the sun stretch
itself through clouds
in my rear-view
mirror

Joshua Tree
Eric Decker



From Others
Whitney Tressel



On My Mind
Whitney Gratton

Muscles Under The Viscous Lie
Elise Fouasnon

How could one forgive her? No heart to run.
Kickstand-firm, Ten Stone Legs-firm. Tired and worn.
A splat of shadowed earth. Tickling every fiber.

I eat those clouds. Lick their vapors. Fuck their dreams.
I kill each thread of dust.
Condensing my body of fluid amber.

I am the one who snapped your filament.
I cut your eyelids, never to close again.
Each grain of wheat in your deer sweet colon—knifing their way out.
I harvested that pain. I presented you that fear.
You ate my curdling bile.
Each swallow victorious! I call no truce!
No end to our war!

You ask because you can't take my abhorration.
Fictitious emotions carved in wood. A plaque of us.
I spit out your kiss. I vomit your meaningless green light.
Exalt your goddess! Your faithful queen!
(As if you're worthy to eat her tears)

A glare of sheer skin fleshed pink.
Collapse

I am the one you call home. I am the one you worship.
The north star,
Woman is not the moon.

Woman is a gun.

Talos
Jason Stein

Tasting an Orange
by Noelle Evans

The jaw tenses.
Cool and soft the pulp bubbles pop
under teeth which might sting
with the sweetness which is like
when you inhale after having a mint
and your nose feels like it is
taking on too much air at once.
Juice breaks from the pulp and overflows
the tongue which presses against
the roof of your mouth as if
to diminish the tang
which is as rich as the scent.

Mirror
Brandyn Balch

Bullet-Cigarette
Chelsea McCulley & Jessica Scott

Rolling, Untitled
Sarah Pilato

I feel like a third-world nation
As if being me is a humiliation
My skin crawls and scratches my nerves
Itching and reaching, with no one to serve
So I'm scattered in corners like frantic insects
Searching for my faults while trying to collect
Myself with empathetic social efficiency
But my self-evaluation's declaration is deficiency
The uncomfortable inconsistency existing currently inside of me
Is driving me, undeniably, to question my validity in this vicinity
Is it the position I'm in, where I just don't fit in
Or do I despise my own face with disappointed chagrin?
My ears perk up in vigilant defense
In response to statements that could have made sense, but
My mind manipulates, my paranoia recreates the voices in the next room
They penetrate and take the shape of judgments offered as my truth
Why does my gaze peruse the haze, without disguise
For eyebrows raised, pretentious games, and condemning eyes?
Is the truth of the matter, however, more than the chatter?
Am I throwing fastballs at an absentee batter?
Do the intersections of the highways in my mind
Entwine four lanes in a warp-speed organized design?
Perhaps I'm the interstate, lonely, literal and bold
And my peers a metropolis of interaction and unwritten code
I miss all the quick turns and look for landmarks
Rearview intimidation prods my gropes in the dark
On the contrary, could the issue be
That illumination comes from me?
If only to bait my sly stronger self
To pacify and wait for my mind to belt
Together in agreement, to spare the self-bereavement
I'll reiterate my logic, my debt and my cost
I try to keep my mouth shut, so my brain won't get lost.