

SIGNATURES

a magazine of art and literature-1991

Signatures

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PATRIOT

When I look at the flag
Suddenly
I know why we're there

It's brought so many
Here (Home)
Throughout the years

Freedom.

It's the only thing worth
Fighting for
Worth trying for, dying for

For if freedom dies
Then so do we all

-Andrew Kieniksmán

He stuck his finger up his nose
probing
hunting
forever searching
he asked me what I thought

He stared out of his eyes
glassy
barren
eternally dark
he asked me once again

He wrinkled his brow
craggy
old
deeply furrowed
his face asked me this time

He withdrew his finger from his nose
glaring
angry
loosing patience
he screamed for me to answer

My mind went ever so slowly
strolling the streets of memory
Passing the glass
beautiful people
Thinking it odd
the answer wasn't there

My mind picked up the pace
blazing the trails of memory
Trampling the green
sunshine daydreams
Feeling a pain
the answer wasn't there

My mind tore through the dark
blind through the caverns of memory
Breaking the brittle
subconscious bones
Touching a hand
the answer was there

My mind flew from the dark
out of the caverns
over the trails
through the streets
depositing the answer
on his doorstep
"I don't know"

-Debbie Lilley

Mary I.

With you, beside you
Sidestepped conversation dangles
As life unravels like a poem
Whispered in lowercase
Subtlety passes through
the turnstiles as I
close my eyes
And feel again
The way you said
by smiling
All is meant to Be

-Wm. Moon

"...easily will uncloset me..."

Sonnet in a phone booth
Timeless gray rain unfocuses the glass
A murmur of the street
That encloses the sound of the dial tone
I pause, collapse within, and
Close around the memory I bathe with a smile

The sounds of her laughter
Run through the mottled sunset
Then I lived as if on fire
In the seconds our heartbeat, our laughter
entwined
Eternity burned through me and
Set ablaze the paper layers
of my soul.

-Wm. Moon

Silence was as loud as thunder,
voices would be comforting.
The numbness took me to a moist jungle.
A colorful scene smudged with my presence,
I feel.
The green resembled war,
yet there was no feeling of rage coming from the
primitive area.
Forgiveness for my smeared self cleanses the
silence.
A hollow taste of sourness.

I clutch my legs sitting in a ball rocking back
and forth letting silence speak.
I sweat tasting salt,
light escaping,
darkness lingers protecting
the jungle in the womb of acceptance.

-Michele Arbel



8-22-90

Remember hot
summer nights
after
playing in the
creek behind your house
we'd come home to
dinner outside
while dusk crept
inside with the flies that did too
and then
there'd be water-
melon for desert
big smiling slices that would
grin from ear to ear as you munched
inwards gulping
and holding
seeds for rapid-fire
ammunition against the sins of my soul
to cleanse free the aimless ways in
which we forgot to say
what really mattered.

-Opal

The power of the comma

(written with Robb Mann in mind)

"Did I do anything stupid last night?"

"No. You didn't do anything, stupid."

same words different meaning
an unravelled period swinging by its tail
with the power
to make a rich man poor &
a poor man king
you take a breath with it,
like so,
and continue on your
merry way . . .
but be warned,

using, too, many,
starting, and, stopping,
like, a, new, driver,
using, a, five-speed,
for, the, very, first, time,
with, you, in, the, passenger's, seat,
wondering, why, the, hell,
you, gave, them, the, keys,
in, the, first, place,

withoutitislikeaspeedinglocomotive
outofcontrolwithnobreaksasitbuilds
upspeedheadingforthedangerousturn
whoknowshowmanywilldie!

but a comma,
cleverly placed,
will make the wild man
think twice,

sucker.

*-Debbie Lilley
Poetry Winner*

TRAIN TO THE CITY

"Ya know. . ." I said as I began to talk to the woman sitting next to me on the A-train. "Last night I saw the craziest show on TV."

I laughed. (I think it was because my words sounded like a *Welcome Back Kotter* rerun. . . "craziest?" -- there's a John Travolta adjective if I've ever heard one!)

"This made-for-TV-special was on about this guy who kept beating up on his daughter until she killed her mother."

The woman shifted in the barely reclined maroon seat. Her chin, a turkey's crop of plump flab, seemed almost bigger than her head, and I looked at it wiggle as the wagon sped us down the line. She smelled like a deodorant cake in a government run beach house, and observing her stare blankly out the window, I knew she was ignoring my story completely. I also knew she had no where else to go, so I continued eagerly.

"You prob'ly want me to shut up, don't you? Hmmmm?! I'm almost 21 years old lady, and for once I'm not going to shut up." I could feel my voice becoming thicker and vehement. The conductor from the food car was swishing down the corridor, so I paused for a minute and regained my composure.

Once his serge-suit-self passed my hostage and I, I turned and faced the woman.

"As I was saying. I'm not going to shut up, no matter what *you* do to me. I won't shut up. I won't SHUT UP!"

"Why are you doing this?" she asked breathlessly.

The muscle to the lower left of her mouth twitched like an eye who's been deprived of sleep. Just as I looked away from the question that she presented me, I could see peripherally that she had drawn her purse even closer to her full bosom and that her brow knit, relaxed, knit, relaxed, knit and relaxed a veritable carpet of anxiety. In a deliciously taunting manner, I kept on.

"I can finally talk, don't you get it? The TV show kinda freed me. All my childhood was spent being polite. Polite and charming, always clearing the table. I was fucking charming!" My profanity caused the woman to flinch and I became aroused, but only for a minute.

"My dad would drag me from under the bed by the hair and punch me in the back 'til I stopped crying." My voice became more tender. "I stopped crying 'cause I couldn't breathe. I had the wind. . ." I stopped, not even aware if the train was moving or even if she was listening to me anymore.

". . . knocked out of me. And my mother would swing that ice crusher 'til red and purple pencils would grow up under my skin. Heh, just like the ones from the dentists office. . . Like pick up stix thrown. . ."

The woman pulled up the strap of her purse over her shoulder and stepped around my knees. It was a canvas purse decorated with a duck motif and it bothered me. She was making her way towards the food car and I wasn't even finished with my sentence.

". . . thrown about like pick up stix across the kitchen floor." I said to myself now, with indignation. I spread my legs apart to take up all of the warmth that newly vacated seat provided, feeling it seep through my cold jean-legs. I learned how to say NO, and I wanted her to know, and I longed to jump into that TV set and grab that father's belt fisted arm and scream NO!

"I CAN SAY STOP! I CAN SAY NO! I CAN SAY STOP! I CAN SAY NO! NO! NO!" I screamed it loud. I screamed as the enormity of my vocal emotions made my throat feel as if it would rip laterally.

"Please come with me." said serge-suit.

"Hey," I said to the bearded man behind the plexiglass with a hole in it. The snow outside was picked up piece by piece and carried through the bitter, tear inspiring winds with a searing swiftness. ". . . d'ya see that TV special last night?"

-Hillary Hetherington



三原山樓境

徐敏



Clam Dip

The party started out fine-and why shouldn't it?-the music was low enough to make conversation viable, but loud enough to cover those frequent petty mumbled comments. As the Altec Lansings distorted slightly trying to fill the loft, the room was jammed to the point of possible overload on the weight bearing members in the old building. The conversations were ostensibly light and unimportant, and my boss was sucking up the catered hor d'oeuvres like there was no tomorrow. Which was appropriate, because if this party was a bomb, my tomorrows could be limited.

So why was I so nervous, then? Stupid question, even if it was unspoken and rhetorical. All the bosses were all here, for God's sake-and mine was leader of the pack. My performance at work was far from exemplary, and my attitude basically sucked. A good party, some lubrication in the form of a case of a French wine that I couldn't afford, and a lot of those sort of blemishes would be forgotten. For a while, anyway.

So there he stood, my next months raise, my job security, the next payment on my Z, and basically my entire financial future, all wrapped up in a \$2000 Italian suit he made look as if it was right off the Sears' racks. From his attitude it was clear that the term 'employee' translated roughly into 'one who wears polyester and vomits in public.' He held a Ritz cracker, buried to the second knuckle in the clam dip.

Is it surprising then that at this particular moment the clam dip tried to crawl away?

The first thing I thought was untranslatable-sort of a mental fart of surprise. The next thing that registered was an urgent need to urinate, which I did. Luckily I was wearing my fave-rave black pants. These were the same pants that came off with a ferocious butt-burning yank in the Xerox room as Irene, the new file clerk from the pool, decided that making love on a Sanyo Series 5000 was part of a pagan ritual that would help restore a healthy color to her aura. I heard that a week later she tried the same thing with someone who carried a bit more clout. Irene is now marketing head for the Cleveland division. It made me feel good that I contributed to someone's aura, and I still have the 247 copies of our thrashing about.

As all this was flashing through my mind, the clam dip was making a sliding, gooey escape from the bowl I had borrowed from the apartment upstairs. By the time it had made any headway, my boss had obliviously extracted his fingers, and was talking through a (mercifully immobile) mouthful of Ritz and dip as he carried out his reluctant duties of social butterfly and moved to the next stop on the suck-up express. Frantically, I dropped to my knees amid a tangle of legs as the glob of whitish stuff hit the floor with a schmucking noise. Through a host of thighs and calves, I saw it inchworm along the floor.

It was gaining speed as it headed for my bosses leg .

As it scraped along the legs it passed, the dip left a mucus-like residue on pant legs and pantyhose but no one noticed, as they were all torn between trying to kiss up as much as possible and the fear of being a memory in the midst of a bad hangover. Hell for an employee is to be the face in the toilet as the boss regrets the night's binge.

I shouldered my way through the crowd on my hands and knees, the moist heat of the crowd reminding me of a jungle night, trying to catch the dip before it. . . I don't know-decided to bite him back. *Beware the Revenge of the Clam Dip*, I thought, and giggled madly. I knew I was never going to catch it in time as it closed to within a yard of the leg it was intent on defiling.

It covered that final space in an obscene lunge-and I swore I heard a squeal of victory over the jarring notes of U2 as it did. A pseudo-mouth had appeared to plant a gushy bite - bits of wayward clam protruded like Play-Dough teeth-about to do unknowable damage to the leg that belong to the hand that owned the pen that signed my checks.

Miracles happen in odd places, though, for as the dip made its final dive, a black open-toed pump with a tasteful four inch stiletto heel plunged down into the middle of the mass, and pinned it to the floor. As it wriggled in its death throes, I kneeled in shocked joy, then I followed the shoe to a well shaped calf, to a firm thigh, to a tuckus that was art, and then to an exposed back with skin the color of soft leather. Topping these parts was a fashionably awry mass of jet-black hair. The face attached to this hair turned to me and our eyes met. Smiles blossomed.

I stood and brushed the pretzel dust and cracker crumbs from my knees and elbows. The clam dip lie dying on the floor, its oozing, mayonnaise-based blood leaving stains on the carpet that never did come out, even after \$200 worth of cleaning bills. But at that point I couldn't really care.

I moved to the black hair and smiled even wider.

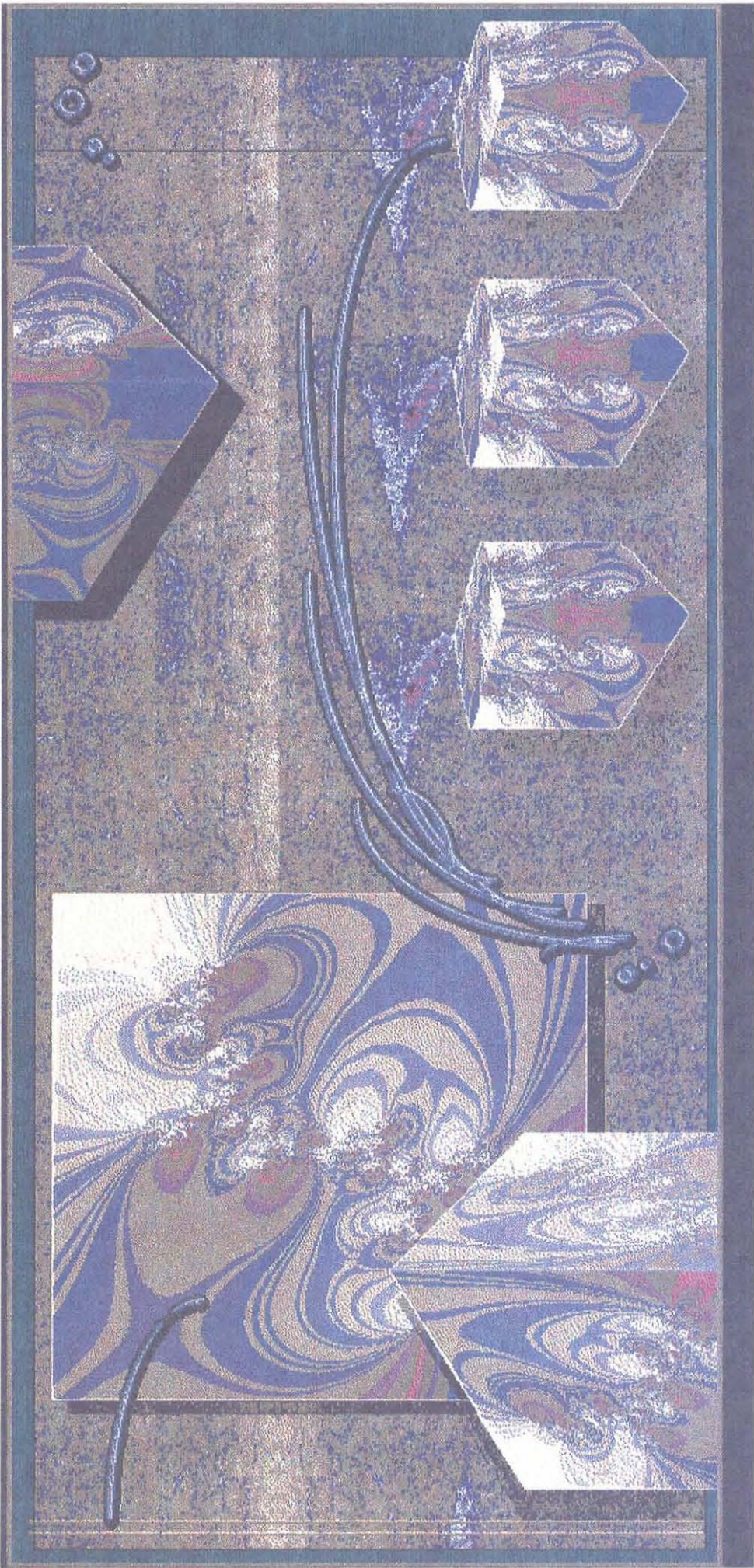
"So how are things in Cleveland?" I asked.

*-Doug Roberts
Prose Winner*

"dad"

Today
in the mirror
I noticed I had
combed my hair
like yours
and wished it
wasn't something
to be
ashamed
of.

-Doug Roberts



-William D. Patrick

Flux

Dancing on the Shadows of ether.
Arms in the wind-tunnel's chaos.
Smoke trails dodging the photons.
Trapped at the edge of everything.

I am trapped on the edge of the everything
leafing through the chapters of virtues
looking for the answer to everywhere.

Scratching on the doorsteps of the cathedral of decision.
Talons of tradition disrobing the monumental nothings for no one.
Scabbards screeching off the bookends' grips.
Stars dancing on the Shadows of ether.

I am trapped on the edge of the everything
leafing through the chapters of virtues
Page after page of empty fullness.

Flaming crackers snap onto the feet of night.
Crying shoulders of the Heartland of our Nation.
Flipping pancakes on the griddle with a practiced wrist.
Not treading far from the known poison ivy's lairs.

Scribbling the frantic fears of the past four generations.
Removing the yesterdays from tomorrows not yet.
Swirling in the shadows of Michelson's memories.
Bohr knowing. Bohr seeing. Bohr feeling. Heisenberg wrong.

I am trapped on the edge of the everything
leafing through the chapters of virtues
The index is garbled with numbers and vice. . .

Slip knotted fantasies stretched on the racks of the dungeons of Oppenheimer.
Sea dragons, mermen slinking through fogs of the Eternal's own brow.
Dancing on the Shadows of ether.
Eddies, torrents whispering in yells that Kafka was Right!

I am trapped on the edge of the everything
leafing through the chapters of virtues
Window shopping for a righteousness.

Under eaves of pollywog murmurs.
Steam rolling from the pistons of the train of nuance.
Bold outlines of caboose against green fields.
Nuances so blatant you couldn't take your hands from your belt.

Soldiers of tersity dodge the gunfire of solemnness.
Fixed on the journey with rations for none.
Skipped like a record last June on a back porch in Alabama.
Blinking with rainwater on white wheelbarrows and roosters.

Bovine, humor in the cracked hollow barnyards of the BreadBasket.
Crispier not. But colder for new fangled fludgery in triplicate.
Holding on to what wasn't in the beak of tradition and furor.
Crumbled on top of the myth of Peacetimes.

I am dancing on the edge of everything
Tearing through the chapters of virtues
Window shopping for a freedom with no more money than life.

-Pat Fleckenstein

Gestures of Friendship

Nothing needed to be said, I simply reached out my hand and squeezed her arm. Only, it was anything but simple. That single gesture was the most complex act of my young life.

It was with a single gesture that I sacrificed my innocence and everything I enjoyed about being young, for friendship. That "simple" squeeze said more than volumes of words. It expressed sympathy, caring, fear, but most of all support.

It lasted only a moment, yet it seemed to widen in time, taking up every second. I felt the easy-going joy and carefree days slip out of our grasp. I felt the future looming over us, not nearly as pleasant as the college catalogs painted it. I felt her thin arm shaking under my tightening grasp.

Achieving even more than that, with one brief action, I put her well-being ahead of my own. I would swallow my fear and hold back my tears, while offering her my shoulder to cry on. I became strength, even though my knees felt weak. I would allow no words to leave my mouth without accompanying them with a reassuring smile, no matter how difficult.

Two weeks later, I held her arm as we entered the Bill Biard Clinic for Women. Even though just being there was the toughest thing I ever had to do, I never let go of her hand. I never left her side.

And in the car, on the way home, she reached her hand across the seat and gently squeezed my arm. That gesture of hers said what mere words couldn't, "Thank-you" couldn't have begun to express her gratitude.

-Heather Haynes

Light environments and a wedding

he gave me neon
'cause he had so many.

his socks didn't match
we did.

then she did, again
and neon boy
married her smile.
while my neon
sits
in my closet with socks
and a flower i stole
from your wedding
jacket while
you neon smiled
without blinking.

-Arispa Feldmeyer

The Pen is Tinier Than the Fjord

Good morrow as it were,
my dear departed journal.

How hast thy been
comporting thyself?

"I have been afflicted
by a nouveau-egalité
messianic urge, my
sordid little author."

A new equality messianic
urge? What contemptible
rubbish is this?

Have you been indulging
in nutmeg teas

under the silicone trees,
my impetuous journal?

"Nay, I am merely
coming down from the
nicotine smog of Los Angeles,
which has given my
spirals a sooty brilliance."

Brilliance, my despotic
little journal, is in the
eye of the beholden needle,
which hath consumed
infinite quantities of
seasick camels feeble.

"Seasick camels?" I fear
my author's lack of
resolution stems-
from the loss of his
marbles in the River Thames.

Yonder hydrant can attest
that his penwise skill
is wrought of jest!"

That was the straw
that stroked the rhino's back!

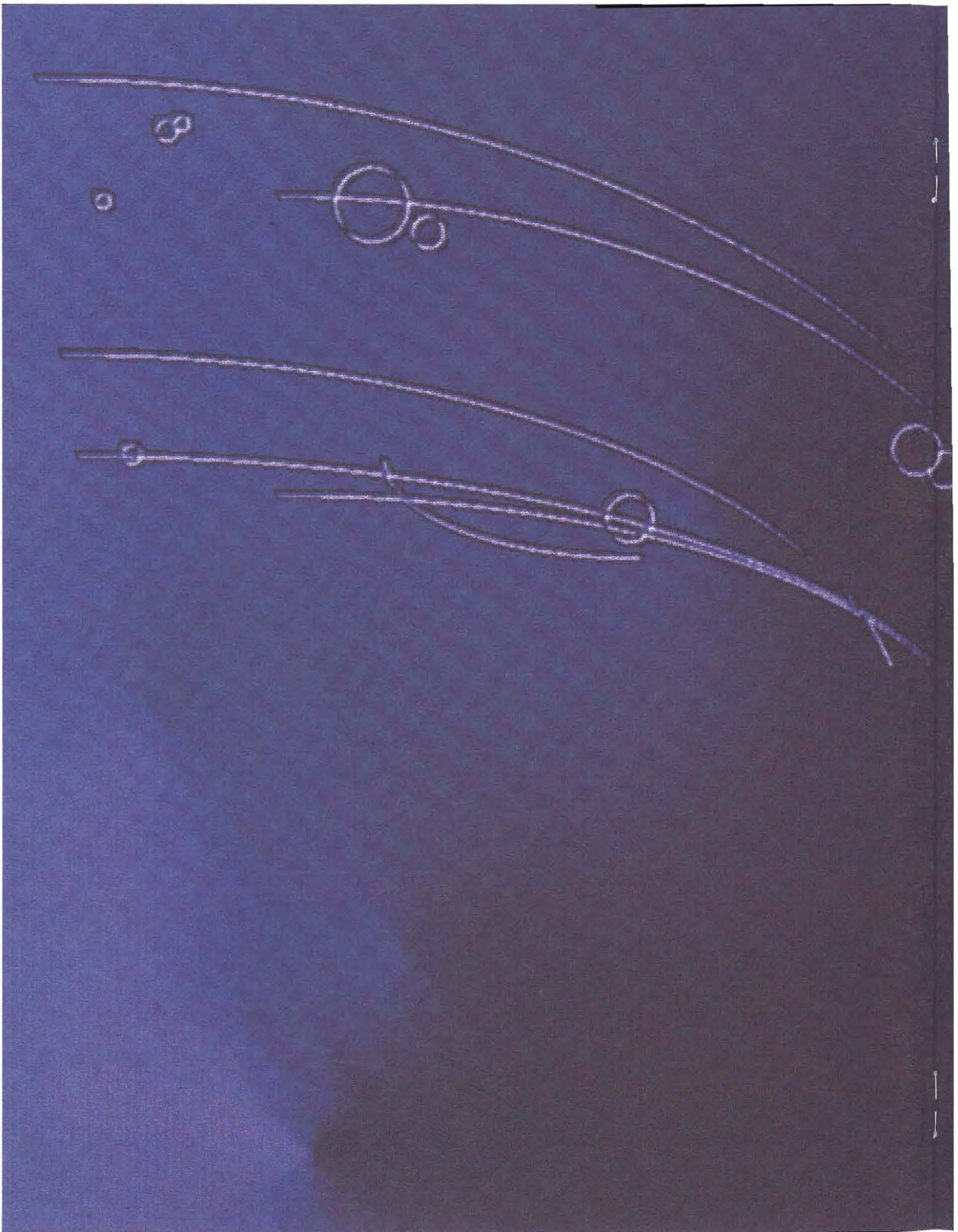
I must say that for a
symmetric, prophylactic,
retentive scrap of woodwork,
you in all fairness have
become an inscrutable jerk,
and furthermore to
add more dreaded sense,
my quill shall still
your pasteurized insolence!

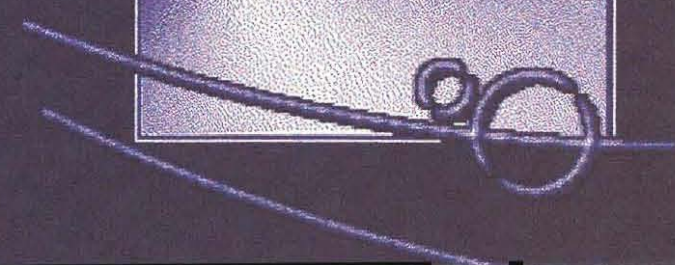
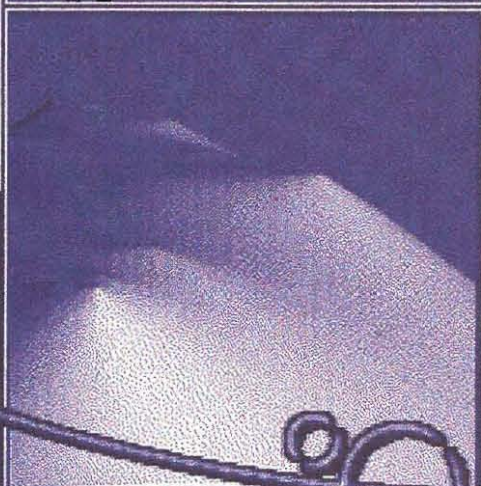
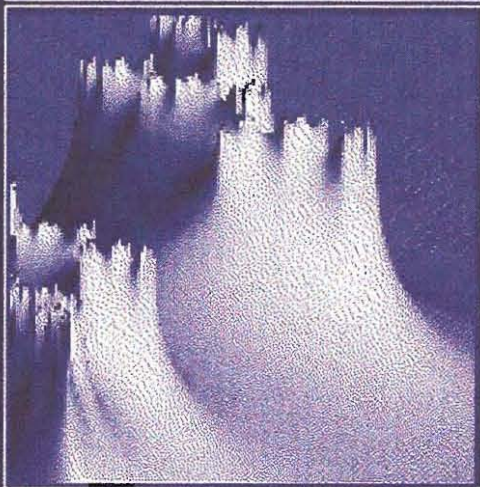
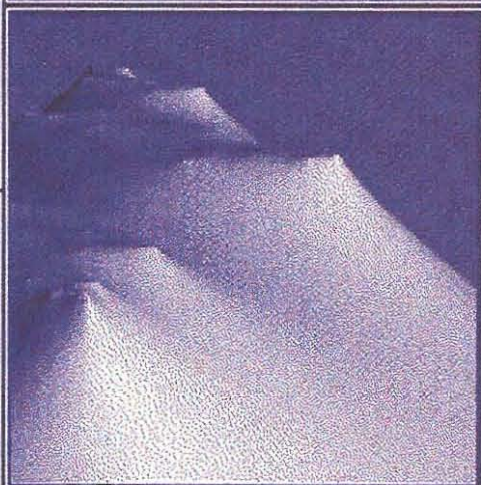
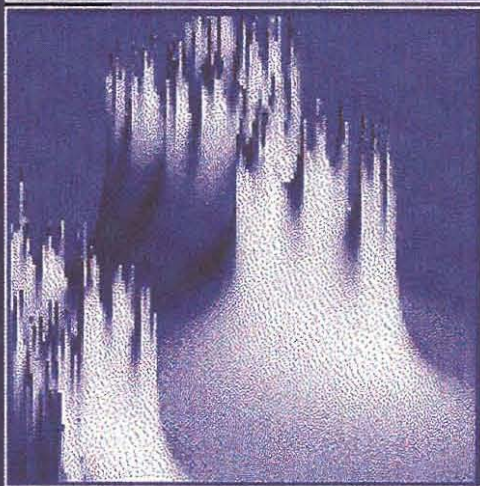
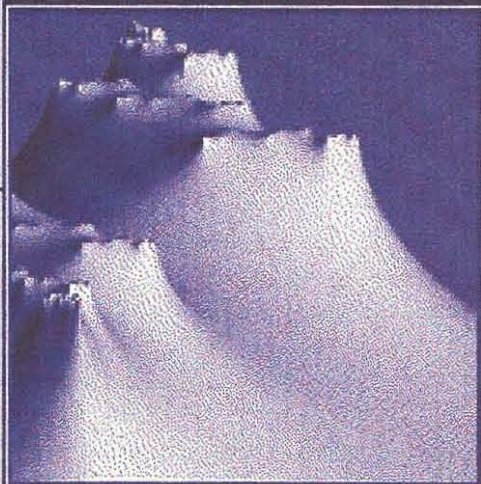
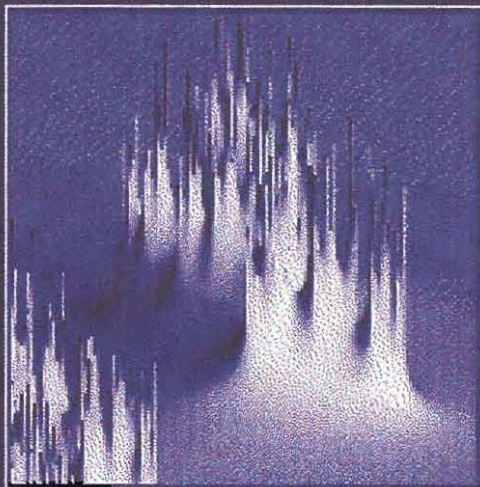
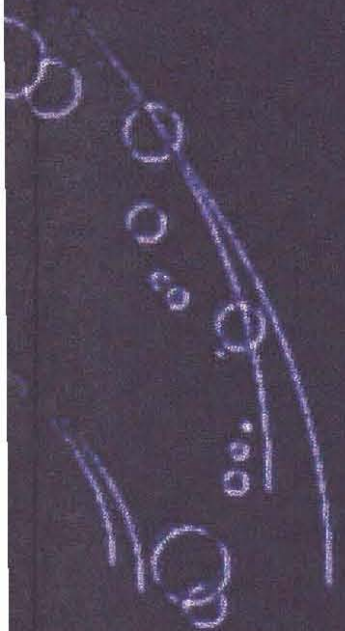
"Horse your holds, my

fickle, dumb lad. Such
cosmetic expenses may
make your hungry wallet mad.
Ere you make vacuum
threats upon leaden words,
take heed, the pen is
tinier than the fjord."

... Thus my reasoning being
loudly rebuffed,
that bugging journal
stapled my hands shut!

-Ali Sugerman





Second Coming

I ain't much of a writer. But, I have to tell ya that
I, have seen Jesus.
He was on television,
Making a plug for his book.

Said he was real happy with the sales but,
nobody was getting the spirit of the piece.
So he's gonna do a tour.
It's being sponsored by Pepsi.

Have you seen the ads yet,
like the one where Jesus turns Coke into Pepsi.
Or the one in which Lazarus comes back for a Pepsi
The best has Jesus on the cross asking God for help,
and God sends him a caffeine-free Diet Pepsi.

Coke got real desperate so
they made a deal with the devil.
Cost them 666 million and all the souls of their junior executives.

They wrote off the millions on their taxes
as a religious contribution.
As for the souls, well, that's the price of business today.

Some marketing people asked me what I thought,
so I told them.
"It sucks, but, it does sell soda-pop.
I'm not the one you should ask, Try God."
They did actually try and learned that
God is not available for comment.

-Arthur Ashe

On Being Black

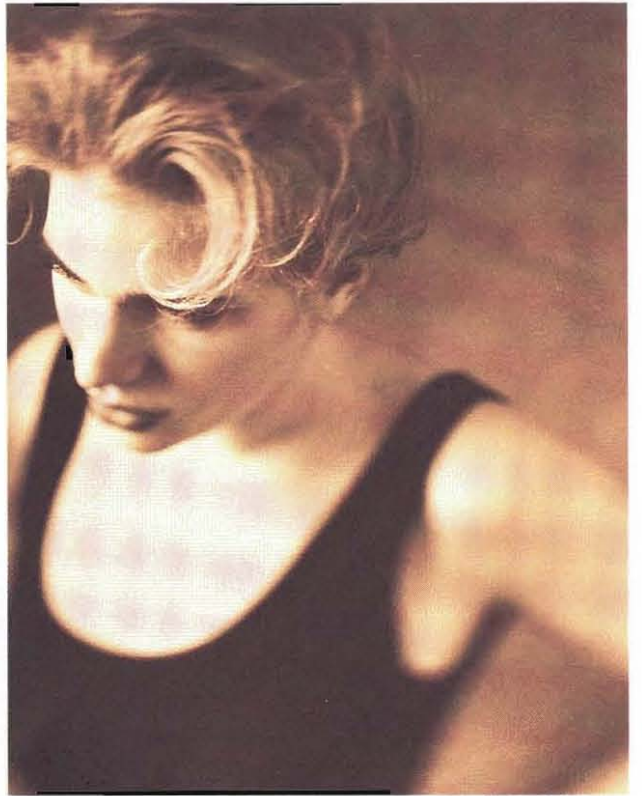
Black cats, black ties, blackberries, tulips, smiths, and sheep; blackboards, birds, beetles, and bears; the black of the night, of deeds, of moods, and of outlooks, the hole in outer space, the magic of witches, the belt of rank, the Death that killed thousands in Europe during the 14th century, the Sea dividing Southeast Europe and Asia, and the Monday of the Stock Market Crash; black widows, bass, panthers, even the Black Panthers-the one with a capital "P", black eyes and black-eyed Susans, blackheads and beauty marks, the color choice of Punkers and funeral goers, the music of Black Sabbath and Black Flag; the black used to describe the unspecified contents of the electronic box, or of the jack that is of legal drinking age, or of the mail that has nothing to do with the postal service, or of the ball that does not bounce; bruises that are black and blue, the eight ball, the Batmobile, and the shoes (do patent leather shoes really reflect up?), the black that means there is going to be rain; the black that is the vision of the blind and the silence of the deaf and the despair of the sad and the anger of the mad; as the radio alarm sounds the tune, "There's a little black spot on the Sun today," a hotel waitress asks a customer, "...and how would you like your coffee this morning?"

-Glenda S. de Guzman

Forecast

My blasting mind
Round like the belly of a dead fish
Dissects thoughts of past issues.
I'm having a nostalgic orgy
As the hot red wine clears the way
To the central processing unit.
I wouldn't care less
If my future became a definite probability.

-Dan Saftoiu



-Rob Delahanty



-Maureen Mahar

Trail of Thought

The young girl's eyes followed the old woman's trail. The old woman was a short stocky black woman who wobbled side to side as she drifted through the snow banks. Her white hair was covered by a faded blue ski cap she had found along the trail, buried far beneath the vacant slums of the city. Lazy dark eyes blinked rapidly to filter out the raw, Antarctic like, air that caused ashy streaks of tears to fall down on the dry cheeks of this woman. Her round body was covered by an imitation fur that once belonged to some youthful woman who didn't pay any attention to growing old; she probably hadn't realized what trail her future would allow her now elderly self, to walk on. As her blistered fingers gripped the white plastic handles of the bags that held her only possessions, her numb feet limped slowly through the light snow. She could recall once walking gracefully and even running along this very same trail when she was younger. 'What had it meant when I was younger?' she thought while the hard plastic cut through her calloused palms. She couldn't seem to find an answer and chuckled to herself, shaking her head with her heavy bags sliding along the snow.

"Miss," cried a little voice.

The old woman continued to walk, her body humped over, eyes straight ahead.

"Miss." The youthful brown child walked after the short-statured figure. The legs of the woman moved onward, trying to pick up speed. 'Cain't even thank wid out folks interruptin'. What does it mean ta thank anymo?' Her chest raised up and down to her new pace but her feet were too cold and the child's walk was too young.

With her bags in hand, she faced the young girl who may have been eight years old. The child's light eyes were alert and happy. No tears were traced upon the youth's shiny smooth face. She, too, wore a ski cap with red earmuffs to match. 'Probably a Christmas present,' thought the old woman. She looked up at the girl, who stood two inches taller than her, to view a familiar object in gloved hands.

"I think this belongs to you, Miss."

The old woman gazed at the object. A slight pain shot through her left foot. A left boot swung from the girl's glove.

"This is your boot, isn't it?"

Charcoal eyes stared coldly at the girl. She shook her head before turning away.

"Not mine, young lady. Not mine."

"But Miss, it matches your right. . ."

The old woman turned her upper body to face the girl again.

"Tain't mine, ya hear? Now go find someone who kin use it."

She watched the girl's glove reach out to hand her the boot.

"Go on now girl! Find someone who needs it!"

The child dropped the boot in front of the old woman's uncovered left foot and ran with fright in her eyes, her legs leaping over the high snow banks. The old woman looked after her until all she could see was a small red dot disappearing as fast as it had arrived.

Her foot twitched as she reached for her lost boot. 'Must of fallin' off while nappin', she thought looking at the laceless boot. The foot felt as though lead, heavy yet weightless.

Yes, she had been the one who needed it, and sometime in time, the young girl, too, may walk a trail with a missing boot, but for now the old woman stared straight ahead, wobbling down this endless white trail with an unanswered thought in her mind.

'What had it meant when I was younger?'

'What had it meant?'

-Diane Conway



The crags, the rocks and stones
filling space with unimaginable
beauty and strength.
Rising above the clouds
extending to the heavens
Reaching the stars and
space
Enveloping all.
But still very much a
part of Earth.

-Tim Oertel

Develop - Emerge - Reconfigure - Live

The watercolor reflections sending tinsel moments onto the ceiling
Adhesion become cohesion
 lint ginger bubble highlights on a white

Digging tunnels through sandy blood-stained lands to escape from the
loneliness and into the welcoming depression. . .
 Guy Montag holding Aphrodite's hand

Cohesion become acceptance
 laws against imposition of morals
 laws for freedom's sake. . .

Blasphemous Universal Narcissism
 acceptance become saturation restricting
 chasm between nuclei instants

Release in the tinsel moments on a white
 The lint ginger bubble lingerings projected
 Adhesion become cohesion in one arms

Aphrodite dragging Guy to the precipice defying the law
 welcoming the new-acceptance become me was I
 Narcissistic Singularity distant

-Pat Fleckenstein

You're aware of only yourself until you feel the torture of being aware of another. So you taste his tears and you smell his skin until all days turn dark.

We engaged in a delightful conversation. His heart, like time intimidated by pressure. Glasses framing colors only I could see, hair that could make me slip and fall. You are the chick peas in my salad.

If he felt my stare he would melt in his own hands. I am getting tired of his image which can only be dark and gray, he reminds me of a wine resting on my tongue. He danced, provoking the attention of the whole world at once.

The air is tasteful when he is around me.

-Michele Arbel



-Vonda Hussey

Impressions

I followed my mother's
footprints.

The impressions
her flat brown shoes
left in the muddy
clay ground
were too big
for my small
white saddle shoes.

My steps were large
and awkward.
People snickered
as I leapt
from print
to muddy print;
determined
to keep up.

I made
another impression-
smaller-
carefully positioned
inside
each of hers.

-Suzanne Ward

The Next Generation

I know of a child
Who cries herself to sleep.
I know of a child
Who dreams of running away.
I know of a child
Who sleeps the sleep of death.
I know of a child
Who lives in a dreamworld.
He is dead now - shooting too many needles.
I know of children
Whose cries are never heard,
Whose innocence is lost,
Before knowing what it is.
I know of children
Who are sold everyday
For money to buy food,
For drugs that are needed,
For their brothers and sisters.
I know of a child
Who hides before the raised hand,
Who hides before the angry words.
Tell us why
You can't hear
Or see us?
We are your children,
You said,
Your hope,
Your future.
Yet, you destroy us with one sweep of your hand.
Treat us with compassion and understanding,
And give us hope.

-Jennifer Wong

Untitled

Yesterday it was easy to presume
A predilection for avarice
And interrupt dinner
To show your friends
The holes in your pockets
Rather profound.
Now you're a slave
And work for smiles
Under the chapel of mediocrity
And follow zig-zag rules of discernment.
Your new pockets bear the smell of mothballs
And your dinner guests
Are plated with silence

-Taro Abe

Final Words

"More money, please."

-Taro Abe

Ansel Adams

camera wide

lens high

breath short

black

and whiter earth

captured in frost-

bite

crunch boots

and early morning

moon dance.

-Opal



Adrian

You can't crack his smile
Move his stare
Break his stride
Mess his hair

Standing proud as
A rhinoceros among men
His horns compliment
Any given horizon

Confidence unbestowing
Patriot or marksman
You can't make him suffer
He is. . . . inanimate

don't eat
don't shit
don't sleep
don't think
don't smoke
don't drink
and his feet don't stink
no lust
no anger
no envy
no joy
no job
no money
not a girl or a boy

He does only as I
Wish and talks to me
As I understand
We dance around my apartment
And frolic in rhinoland

Ode to be inanimate
To be content watching
The world go by
When I go to bed he
Sleeps with me when I
Throw him up he flies

-Micheal Brunzell

Justification of a heaume's retirement

No two snowflakes are the same
They are all individual
Born in the heavens
Journeying downward to their death
Littering the ground with their corpses.

No two people are the same
They are all individual
Born in the heavens
Journeying madly into war
Littering the ground with their corpses.

I'd rather watch it snow.

-Timothy M. McManus

She Got a Black Eye

I see a sister
with a black eye.
(the lonely path
before us
with many stones)
She looks wet eye
down
on
them now silent
"Quickly Guilt!
"Pass me by!"
Yeah sister,
did your man do that to you?
can stones give you comfort?
Love.
we tread the same road, well. . .
but to pass blue
we must be in different directions
No.
my skin just don't swell.

-Hillary Hetherington



-William D. Patrick

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Colophon

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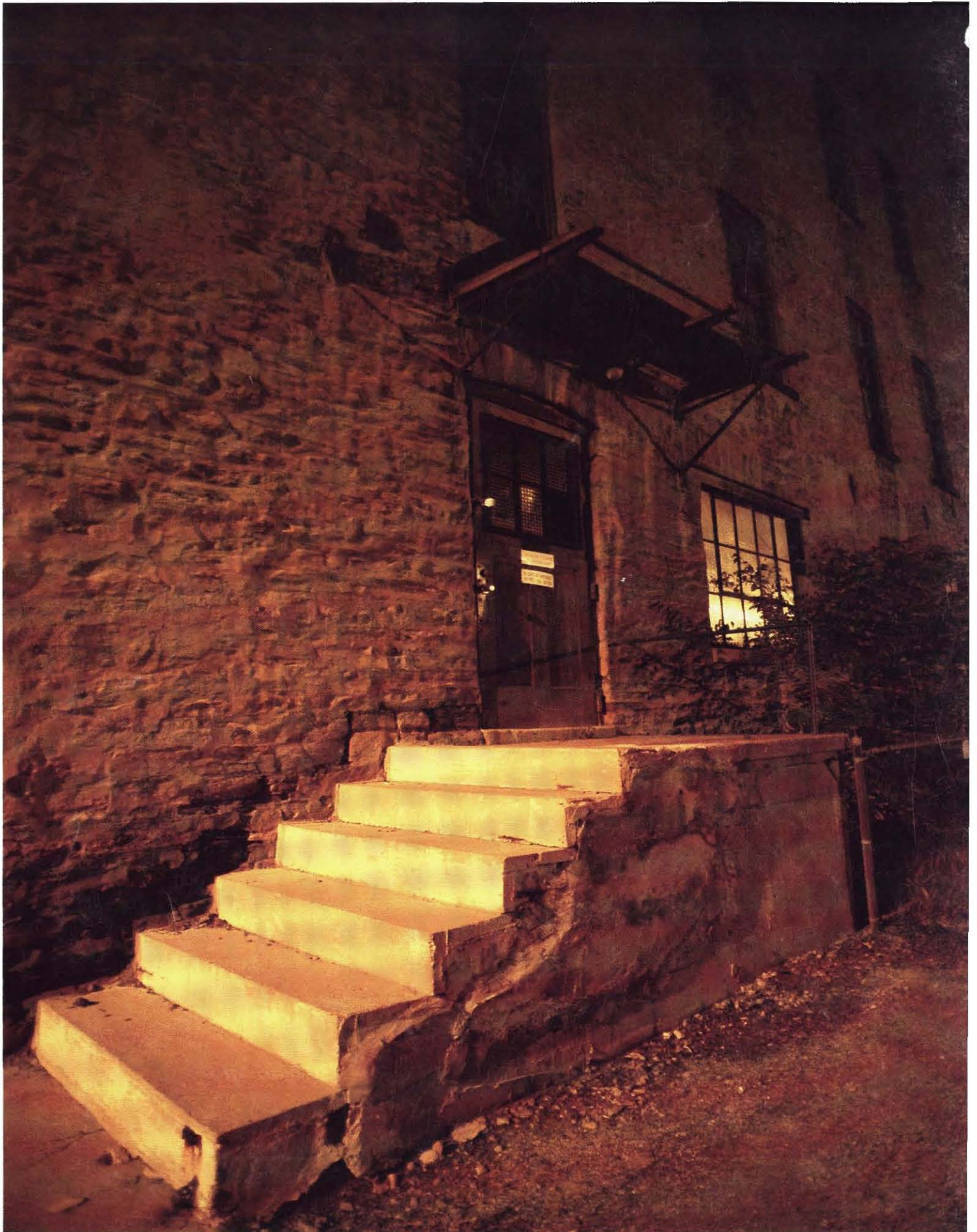
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