

**signatures**

'Library Noise (Shh!)

The second floor of the library is alive with the noise  
of everyone trying to keep quiet,  
Pages being turned so hard that one can feel the pent up  
frustration,  
Textbooks being unpacked and dropped from a knapsack  
as if there is someplace else one would rather be,  
Pencils being sharpened after a snap from pressing too  
hard after writing for too long,  
Knapsack zippered up after being packed in a frenzy  
to make it to class,  
Paper crumpled up in a ball and a grunt or groan relating  
to everyone about another failure,  
Pens thrown against desks after three pages of  
calculations yield an impossible result,  
Voices of people probing and examining each other about  
everything from modern art to modern physics,  
The whispers of two women gossiping about an envied  
third since they have nothing better to do,  
The laughter of men who have been trying but just  
cannot keep their minds on fluid mechanics,  
The murmur of a library employee trying to reason  
with a demanding instructor on the phone,  
The bragging of grades achieved and beer consumed  
as if that was the whole purpose of school,  
A girl feverishly trying to explain to her boyfriend what he  
should have studied weeks ago in accounting,  
A person sitting on a chair with uneven legs, rocking back  
and forth in time with their cranked Walkman,  
Dragging footsteps, everyone's feet too tired to lift after seven  
weeks of the academic artillery barrage,  
One voice from a conference room ringing out in a whisper-scream  
that in only three weeks it'll all be over.

Armen Chakmakjian

Down on the Shore

Down on the shore  
See the waves and the moon  
Tonight. The girls have no lotion  
So here comes the waves  
Like a rock-n-roll notion  
Mothers call us venom  
We just call our self cold Coors  
riding on a dream balloon.

Down on the shore  
Hear the laughter and sighs  
All in meaningless tone  
So midnight cries for the ones alone  
Tears find the sand with the wind that does not lie  
The winners...  
Superstitious sinners  
Cross their fingers-whisper 'I'm in a band'  
With cheap champagne in other hand.

This is just another night  
Down on the shore  
Where hearts bleed because of past  
one night frustration  
'of course we'll last'--  
Laughing--  
Fools don't see  
It's just a need of lustful temptation  
It's a classical love affair  
Down on the shore

Down on the shore  
Where you need no invitation  
Just sly conversation  
To be makin'...  
breakin'...  
takin'...  
blinded dreams.

John D. Greb

## THERE ARE NO CHILDHOOD MEMORIES

There are no  
Childhood memories of  
Sunday afternoons  
In the park  
Or at the zoo  
With balloons  
And Rocky Road ice-cream  
Walking hand-in-hand  
With you  
Under trees dappled  
With Autumn sunshine.

Only remembrances  
Of a shell of a man  
Riddled with tubes  
Like fingers of Death  
Probing into the shell  
That was you.

And do you know?  
Grandma still cries  
When she's alone  
Or when she thinks  
No one's watching  
Her tears drop silently  
Onto yellowed photos--  
Memoirs of a past full  
Of the life you shared.

And only now I realize  
There are no childhood memories...

Brian C. Bliss

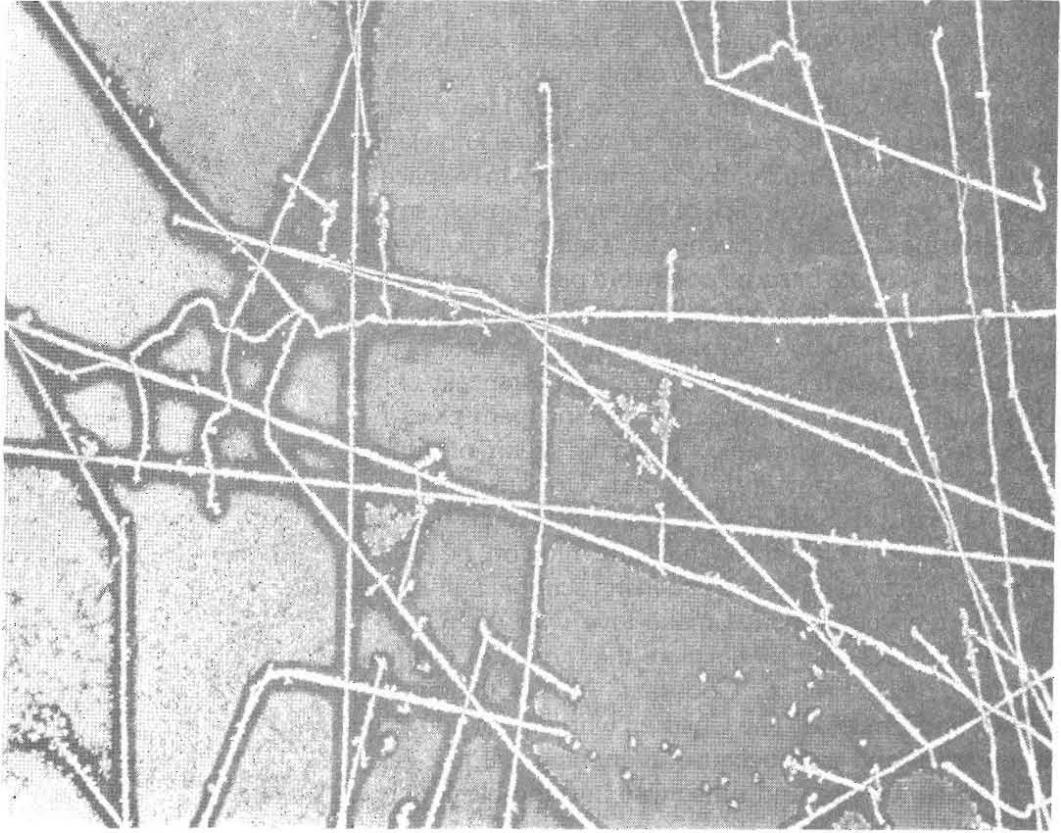
i closed my eyes  
and began to build  
feeling each piece  
till all was whole

i opened my eyes  
and it all fell apart

Bill Wynkoop



GUY MOELLER .



CAROLYN DATEO

SUPERNATURAL JAZZ  
AND OTHER GYRATIONS  
IN RECOVERY

Suddenly in a blinding flash of green light my Quantum Mechanics teacher explodes with rhythmic chantings of Blake, Buddha, and Lao Tzu. From some ancient Heavenly mind-link he recalls century after century of Real Wisdom and in the end finally creates his own version of Their Reality. Mypoesyprof. with hair and eyebrows built Heavenward is simultaneously knocked to the floor with the preternatural knowledge of three-dimensional perturbation theory. He does integrals in N-space at the wink of a bushy brow with a quick click of his gums... Einstein smiles and skips away towards the Celestial Heavengate. I said to Taylor the cat 'go downstairs and write a sonata or some poetry but please stop walking on my fucking head with your claws out and your wit at its end'... in a blink he is out the door on his way downstairs with my favorite pen in mouth. By this time the guru in the corner is laughing hysterically at the leaves blowing in the wind when they suddenly combine themselves in a connected effort to become trees which blow down the stream of Human Consciousness and more importantly human Unconsciousness... WHERE ARE YOU PHILLIP KAPLEAU?? Pooh just laughs because the bees always make honey which, through Divine Intuition, he always finds. He needs no understanding of this jibberish I scribble half awake during a dream. My intellectual friends make love with ABSOLUTE REALITY AND THEIR EGO only to ejaculate the gyzum of Ultimate Equation thus reducing reality to Jazz... Cool Jazz. All is Nothingness in the end except Love and Smiles of The Children who do not know the distinction between trees and cars because everything still just exists. The dinosaur gobbles the tree and runs away into the black hole... gone.

SLAP THE SNOOZE

Sunny blue sky in the window above with tree leaves changing into reds and oranges and then blowing away in despair (or maybe joy). Reports to write, homework, love to give, problems, problems, beauty.

I pad my way to the bathroom, warm morning steam wets my face, feels good. My image in the mirror... almost surreal. Slowly I pull back the shower curtain... her erect morning brown nipples... each drop of water hits and angles backward hitting Taylor who peers in below mine. To make love. I never really want to work. My hours would be much better spent on a long white beach with hot sand and crystal blue water... coconuts, bananas, absolutely no responsibility, no clothing, no thoughts, Freedom, to write poetry for its own sake. To meditate on the ultimate meaning in a grain of sand... become empty, maybe haphazardly Buddha... fat-bellied... laughing at folly... waves breaking... absolute

serenity. Anyway time is such a horrible convention... probably I would feel more natural if I could run off to a Zen Monastery and become a monk... Zen monks can still have sex... and time is just a flow of eternal moments blossoming into what is only called reality... if a monk my only concerns would be when to sleep, when to eat, and when to sweep... zazen ten hours a day... answers are always simple (when I am hungry, when I am tired, and when the floor is cluttered with dust)... can't do that... maybe I'll abandon physics and become a psychologist. I must be capable of experiencing joy in craziness before any of life's objects can deliver satisfaction to my dusty soul... inner joy does not depend on external people, places, and things.

I round the curve and point my car in the direction of old home where my family awaits me.

Driving through Geneseo at noon. Every landmark yanks old memories back into consciousness. The break in the hedge row where Mark and I once hid from coach at the Christmas Wrestling Tournament to slurp a couple of six-packs... we were 17. Wanderings through hallowed mes-caline streets at dusk summertime. Hanging around head shops admiring perfect bongos that we wished we could afford. Waiting outside liquor stores for those sacred bottles of Jack Daniels and Tango, a few cold beers. Later cruising down back black roads in a '69 Mustang at 90 mph... ten deluded-drunk-high-horny children in that near-death vehicle. Learning the fine art of hyperventilation and returning to semi-consciousness with the smell of Kool cigarettes and the pungent aroma of Maui Wau... Tony tripping on Midol. It is truly a miracle that I am still breathing.

The view from this side of the valley is truly a gift. Sienna hues off in the distance after the leaves have fallen... no snow yet. Mist wanders through the landscape, clouds mat the horizon. Breaks in the clouds ever changing the scene letting in sun rays, lighting the mindscape in a discontinuous aura that says all MUST be right with the universe... so very beautiful... God is real. And smile the hills naked and winking like a psalm card in church. The Mt. Morris dam is visible from this side of the valley... majestic!! I never noticed this before... thank you for this.

The valley approaching brings me closer to the Mr. Morris hill where in '71's flood we rode our bikes into the chest-high water... the cops ruined our fun by putting up sawhorses. Cars were flooded over and it almost ruined the Super Duper... putting them close to bankruptcy. It was wild ten years ago when great satisfaction was gained from whizzing down hills into a flooded valley mischievously... no drugs yet.

Shit! Old Jake's hardware store has been turned into a seedy-looking flower shop for 'Jesus Who Saves Us.' Still the same ex-clients from Sonyea walk around smiling and having real fun talking to themselves, hanging out on the corner selling red paper flowers for a quarter. The



V.F.W. Everybody knows everybody in their own small town way. The only expansion in this old town seems to happen at the Murray Hill Cemetery... my grandfather died of lung cancer 15 years ago, unable to speak at the end... too many Chesterfield non-filters I guess. I fail to see and feel the good in this town. Only that my family still lives here. And my aunt and uncle, some cousins... all alcoholics or crazy for lack of any viable alternative... Jazz in black and white... the smell of moth balls in the closet.

'There is always a table full of them sitting together in the dining hall... They are all about ten foot tall and... ' Beth sipped on her glass of Diet 7-Up and shuffled her size ten and a half sneakers on the carpet underneath the supper table. '... I think they are all on basketball scholarships or something.'

'There aren't very many of them... Jesus they're so tall... they must be on basketball scholarships... maybe football I guess.' Beth's dark eyes scanned around the table... the half eaten potato... the steak serving plate with several pieces left and a pool of congealed drippings... my father in the midst of an extended drink from a bottle of Genesee cream Ale... Mom silently chewing and looking back at Beth from behind her new bifocals. I looked at Michelle and she smiled slightly but was silent otherwise.

'And they're all from New York City too. And if they aren't athletes the government praaaly takes care a the rest anyway,' said my father wiping beer off his chin.

I always feel sort of angry at my family's lack of understanding. Or the difference of their's from mine. Why can they not understand the way I do... I suppose these desires are a trifle bit too egotistical on my part... and half the time I don't know up from down anyway. I guess I must realize that my family is not perfect and parents are not omnipotent... I stopped their Godness when I began highschool ten years ago. Faint expectations still linger but more and more MOM and DAD are becoming betty and bill. As I change and grow to realize who I am they seem more human... less Godlike.

Dinner ramps down into dessert and finally the dishes are done. My father sits smoking a cheap cigar and sipping a cup of steaming coffee... his hand rests firmly on his freshly stuffed belly. Mother looks with a cocked head at dad who is presently filling the room with stifling smoke... she walks quickly to the living-room door and pulls it shut... the window is opened... the stove fan turned to high. Grandmother sits (oblivious to the world) playing solitaire, wordlessly concentrating on the cards and the Grand Conclusion. I walk off to the john to take a shit.

I flush. Walking back to the kitchen, I hear my Grandmother's sweet light voice. My parents respond in their usual Grandmother tone. They are



NANCY HLITTON

different around my Grandparents... not themselves as I have come to know them from years of experience. Their voices take on subtle nuances... it is bitinglly comical to witness the nearly imperceptible (yet pervasive) control that such a sweet old lady has on my parents. They almost always get angry or hurt by my Grandfather's drunken slurs and power declarations (which seem to be nominal cries for help). Insidiously, they always present a nice calm repulsive facade to keep peace... too much escalation of real feelings would wreak havoc on the day's fragile serenity... after all it is much better to look good than to feel good... I walk into the kitchen and smile happily.

'Hasn't Billy turned into a fine young man? I am very proud of him. He does so well in school and all' said Grandmother holding a deck of cards in one hand, shaking from Parkinson's Disease... sweet herb tea steams from a mug next to her.

I say 'Talking about me again ay? What was that you said??'

'Oh nothing much Billy. We couldn't talk like that in front of you. You might get a big head or something.' She smiled warmly and went back to her cards. I gazed back and smiled into the football game on T.V. Suddenly I remember Sarge.

We used to take long walks in the woods together. He would always be sniffing around the ground looking for mice and rabbits or whatever he could get his doggy paws on. I love him very much. But lately I feel that he has been neglected... nobody walks him anymore... he is old and I am always away at school. He hobbles around and can barely see but he always has a smile and a tail wag for me when I come home. I want to take a walk with him in the woods to recapture some of the good old days.

My first dog was Snoopy... a waggly little beagle. He was very good at turning up rabbits. This dog had a mind of its own. If he wanted to take a walk by himself, allthe coaxing in the world couldn't get him back into the house... he would look back, smile, and wag away. The last time I saw him alive he was on his way off for a midnight piss in the woods. I cried for days after they found him on the road with his viscera burst wide open by some anonymous driver.

It must have been a couple of months after Snoop got hit that my father blessed me with Sarge. He came home from work at the prison one day and as usual asked me to go downstairs and grab a steak out of the freezer for dinner. Reluctantly I walked downstairs... I always hated this task. I was amazed to see a little back and tan puppy wandering around in the cellar... instantly I exclaimed 'Daaaaaad!!! There's a puppy in the cellar canwekeepit canwekeepit??' Of course we could, it was a gift from him... an inmate at the prison had somehow gotten that little puppy into the jail. And as much as everybody there loved Sarge-- who was named

after my dad's drinking buddy and co-worker Sargent Palmer-- he was against the rules in jail. That was more than O.K. with me.

'Mom... has Sarge been fed yet??'

She returned my question with a panicky glance that I instantly understood.

'I'm sorry we didn't tell you sooner but...' mom drew in closer to me and softly held my forearm. Slowly the expression on her face migrated from one of concern to one of painful desperation. 'A couple of weeks ago he fell down the stairs and we had to help him up because he couldn't get back up on his own.' Mom, now fully engulfed in tears, finds her way to the chair next to the kitchen table where my father looks on loudly in silent concern. 'He is buried under the pines out by the barn,' mom breathed as she sat down and sighed with a deep sense of finality.

I expected Sarge to die soon, he was very old... so are my grandparents. But I'd hoped that we could've taken a walk first to catch up on time lost. For some reason I couldn't cry, I felt put off by my mother's tears and I know that death is natural, Sarg is probably in a better place now anyway. Still I felt uncomfortable because my response to the news was not as my parents probably expected.

'Why didn't you let me know when it happened... why didn't you tell me before??' I asked, realizing my own mortality.

'Well... Sarge died in the middle of your final exams at school and we wanted you to do well.' This pissed me off. As if I am not capable of dealing with my own pain. I know that my parents were protecting me out of their love, but it still bothered me a little. Feeling like being alone I went to my room to read myself to sleep.

A troop of what appears to be the gestapo yank this man out of a door across the street. I can hardly see what is going on in this rain, the wind forces me to squint my eyes. Illuminated by the lightning I get another glimpse of them: they beat him over the head with what appears to be a leather club of some sort. I can barely discern their screaming and chanting. The wind calms for a moment and I hear the words: 'JEWISH BASTARD.' They intensify their flogging. I want to get over there and help this man out but I am paralyzed with anxiety. I try to scream at the top of my lungs but not a word comes out. I am totally powerless.

The look in the eyes of the man as they drag him away is utter terror and confusion. He chants over and over 'eli eli lamma lamma sabacthani.' I reach out to him but I fall forward uncontrollably into a deep black hole.

I violently awake to the realization of a dream. It is pouring outside... the trees shake angrily in the wind. The thunder loudly pulls me towards full consciousness. My mother is yelling at somebody or something in the hallway. He has gotten in from the garage somehow. He is so afraid of the thunder that he always runs under the first bed he can find. My mother hates this and continues yanking... he tries to resist.

This is only a memory.

Life is a memory for Sarge.

Dreams are reality.

We knelt by the pines together side by side at dusk. Our hearts beating in unity after the long walk. We prayed... our minds and bosom together. The sun shines in broken brilliant rays through clearings in the pines around and above us. Suddenly the sun gets brighter and is no longer above us but is all around us. We float above our bodies. To find out that we are Sexless... Timeless... Selfless. The fundamental light of life and free. We are God, God is Us... there is no longer and distinction... no Body or Form... only Light. We are all there Is... there is no We... just the One. Sarge is God.

I feel his old presence yet vibrating in here... everytime I walk into this place I expect Him to come wagging up to me.

He does this only in spirit, in what he has left with me.

Bill Brooks

Alan

I lie on my back, half dressed.  
You stand before me, half naked.  
I walk my feet up the steps of your stomach  
Barefooted  
like a Muslim entering the mosque.  
My toes wriggle with pleasure at the touch of  
your skin beneath them.  
Your body becomes a holy place to me.  
A place to worship with joy,  
not penitence.  
I reach out my arms  
and am blessed.

Maureel



BERS KANTARJIAN

## On My Back, In Summer

All before me is blue,  
save the fluffed pillows  
riding the warm current  
that powers all within its grasp  
toward some invisible end,  
toward some unattainable goal  
that, when at last reached,  
becomes but another step.

All before me is gray,  
save the jagged hole  
in the formidable wall  
formed by heavy clouds  
in a windswept sea.  
The deepness of the waters  
shows its true measure only  
in the azure of where it is missing.

All before me is black,  
save the twinkling eyes  
that, scattered among the cosmos,  
beckon with an all colour light.  
All before me can never be  
simply what it seems, for every sky is a composite of  
all skies, all colours, all dreams.

Stephen D. Morton

## I Love to See

I love to see  
The light figure that always flies by.  
The young is life full of beauty.  
The youth is a child truthful to his duty.  
A maturing child,  
Only curious,  
To watch.  
Friends to make,  
A life to live,  
And a new world,  
That likes to repeat.  
To procrastinate bears a Hamlet,  
To wait  
Only gets gray.  
The right road lies in the search.

Yu-ming Zhu

Homage to the American Steel Corp.

dont worry that dog  
he cant hear he  
been wrestling that bone  
in three years it has  
grown to be three times his  
length  
    with all doubts cleared from their minds  
    they ate and ate  
and after the meal came  
the ritual bath  
a handful of hair shadows cancerous  
laughing  
see nailed to a pole on the bank of  
a stream  
a cast iron fish preparing to spawn  
dont worry the sign pointing  
upstream today  
mean the water ok to go swimming.  
dwight t metzger

Dias ochre triptych  
With microphonic  
Snakes, bending to a caustic  
Ill-lit face. Ironic

Empty opposition  
Microphone across  
The stage, lending his mission  
A singular rage. Crass

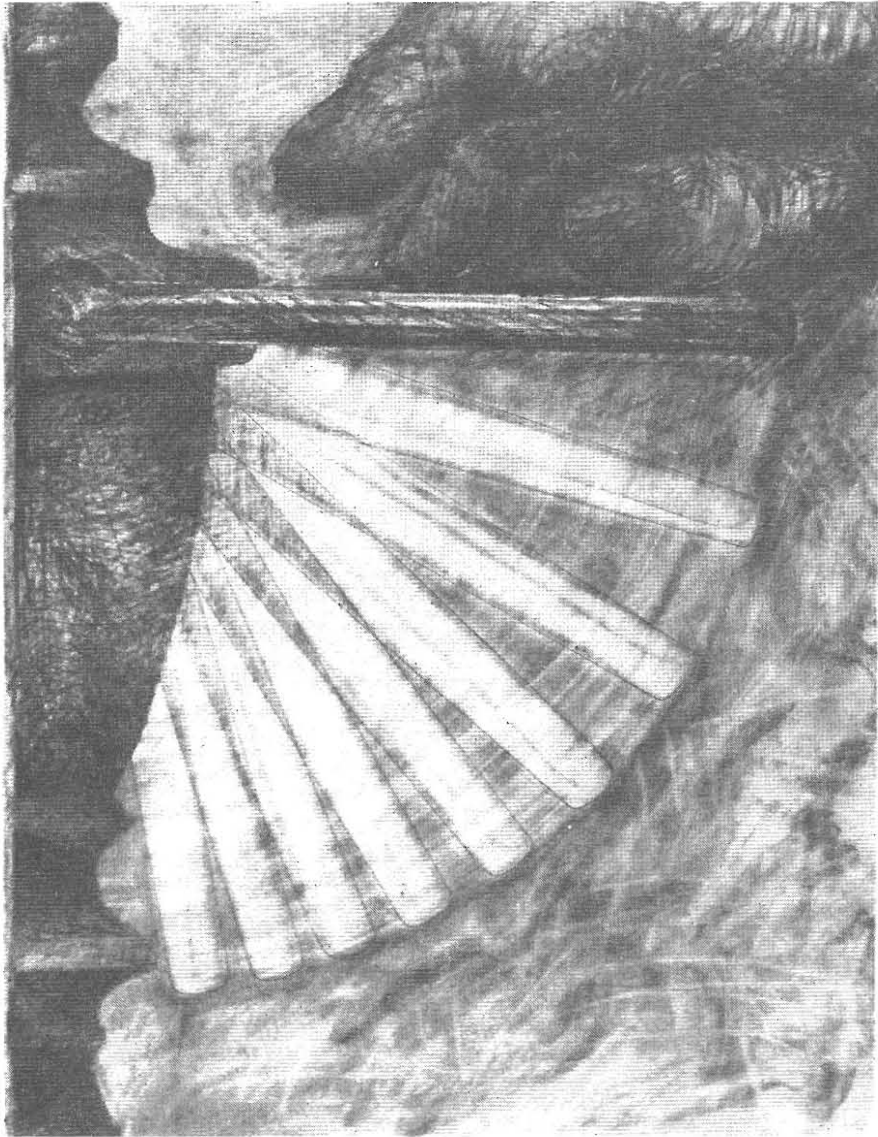
Questioning followed by  
Smooth, smooth response and  
I and mine are allowed my  
Youth. Subtle reprimand follows,

(Crafted condescending),  
Couched in terms  
Of the State, unbending  
And hollow. One learns

Not to hope for the deep  
From the shallow, and turns  
To the view of the sallow,  
And sleep.

B. Myers





CHRIS STANGLER

On Jamie's Suicide  
(for Shauna)

Standing room only behind the gates of confusion.

Change is on the wall.  
Change is dead.

You  
    sit frail inside one-half base times height of pale  
    floodlight swinging with dried leaves,  
Crying.

And I,  
    on the hypotenuse, sit quiet -- cold metal stair  
    cuts through leather jacket, past my skin, takes  
    a long left at the marrow, and gently punctures  
    my lung with its tetanizing grid.

Change wishes he was black.  
Change knows he can't be, because he's not.

You make me feel alone, like some dead desolation angel.  
What would Jack do if he were here now?

    After 16 innings the dirt beneath my feet doesn't  
    kick up dust anymore.  
He'd probably light up a Camel, stick out a thumb  
pointing 90 degrees to nowhere, hop on the next  
one that stops, and get the hell out.

I drift away -- Walking the sparkling glass sidewalks of St. Paul,  
looking down onto a concrete plane of stars, the universe cracking  
from sewage heat below.

Change is a father.  
Change holds back traffic with one swift line.

Your eyes.  
Your eyes, turn to a fire I've never seen before in someone so...  
God! Sixteen man, sixteen and your questions  
mean more to me than anything I ever conceived at your  
age.

Wind fills your jean-jacket's bleached clouds.  
They pass slowly over us, realising a slight rain.  
I tremble with the chill.

Change turns and tags the night.  
I turn, and walk away.

James C.J. Tabbi

## A Surprise Visit

Booze is a minor preoccupation of mine which I rank just above breathing, so you can imagine my lust when I tripped upon a fifth of Rut-Gut as I entered my two room flat. Curious, I chugged it entirely. Then, I read the card. 'Remember me?' it posed. 'No,' I replied, tossing the now empty bottle on a pile next to the stereo. I cranked Tom Petty and the Heartbreakers, flopped face-first on the couch, and filed the day under, 'miscellaneous.' A rap at the door interrupted my stupor, so I struggled to answer it. There stood a buxom, blonde bombshell grasping a fresh fifth and a stale cigarette in one hand and her hip with the other. This piqued my interest.

'Hello,' she said in a throaty voice.

'Remember me?' She swept in, tracing her steps with a trail of smoke.

'Sure,' I lied, blankly spying her sinewy calves. Some men like a big bust, some go for a cute bottom; personally, I'd kill for sinewy calves.

She found the couch, crossed her legs, and breathed a small cloud of fumes asking, 'Do you really?'

'Sure,' I repeated, now engrossed in her knee caps. 'You're Lisa.'

'No.'

'Carol.'

'Nope.'

'Dee-Dee?'

'Nice try, hot-shot. I knew you'd forget.'

She flicked her ashes into an old half-empty Molson. 'Marge, we discussed Freud at Larry's party.' She paused, waiting, or hoping for a glimmer of remembrance to cross my face. I was sorry to disappoint her. 'You took the pro side of sexual deviation and I took the con. Remember?'

'Oh, yes.' It was quite clear now. She was a psychology major at Vassar. Not particularly bright, but her physique more than made up for it. Shirley Feeney could spend a small fortune on wool socks trying to put up a front like this girl.

I found my cigarettes under a stack of last month's bills, lit one, and asked coolly, 'So, what brings you here, Margie?' I'm never too witty after a full fifth. Catch me before my fourth shot; I'm a regular Bob Hope.

'I want you,' she explained.

'I see.' I managed to keep my cool, although I almost lost it when I keeled over backwards, crushing both my nightstand and my left hand. 'So you're gonna get me drunk and take advantage of me, right?'

'You got it sailor.'

'More power to you.'

We split the bottle, crushed out our cigarettes, and set out to prove that sexual deviation is okay even if you're only wearing your Gucci's.

I refilled the day... under 'sundries'.

J.D. Greb

### In the Autumn Woods

A hollow tree of trunk  
stands still dead  
short and tilted  
away from the sun.  
When the decay  
was not so soft,  
woodpeckers practiced  
millions of pecks  
on the trunk pitted with pores.  
The fleshbark is mostly gone  
now-- fallen away--  
and the remaining structure  
whispers images  
of glorious death and memorial.  
Sun baked smooth,  
cracked in small squares,  
the impossible patterns  
of natural occurrence, an  
infinity of texture.  
Green&Brown fur rises  
around-the-base and up-the-sides  
gently from the swamp grasping  
and sprouting to reach the top.  
(The tree will fall first.)

Kyle Accardi



JENNIFER ATKINSON

'Poem'

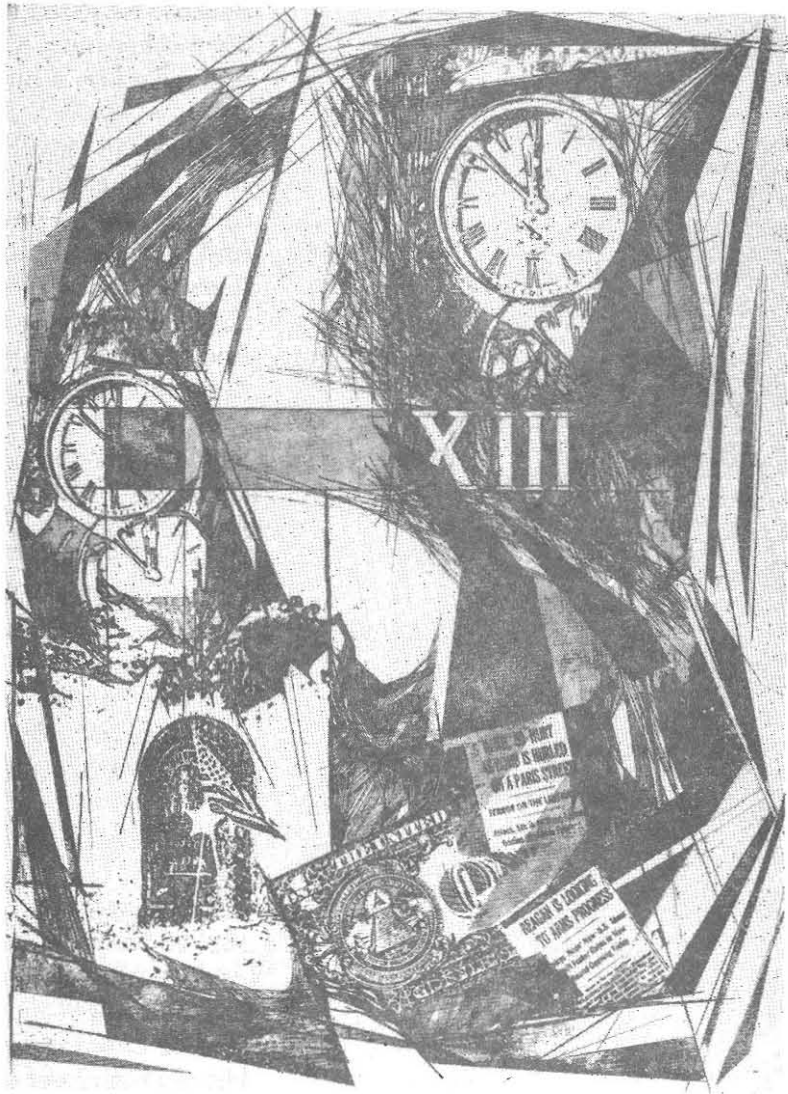
Johnny was a happy child  
And a bright lad too,  
He wrote a poem,  
And he called it 'Flowers'.  
Because he loved flowers,  
His mother hung it on the refrigerator,  
And gave him a hug.

That year in High School,  
John had just turned fifteen,  
And he typed a poem,  
And he called it 'Love',  
Because he didn't know what it meant.  
His teacher gave him an A,  
And his mother hung it on the refrigerator,  
But forgot the hug.

Sitting in his dorm room,  
He let his twentieth birthday go by,  
And he scribbled a poem,  
On a torn peice of scrap paper,  
And he called it 'Elusive Darkness',  
Because that was his best friend,  
His professor gave him an A,  
And told him he needed help,  
John's mother placed his letter in a pile,  
And went back to work.

Alone in the bathroom,  
Of a dark, old motel,  
John placed a slit on each damp wrist,  
And watched his misery flow,  
And he smeared a poem,  
On the back of a matchbook,  
And he called it 'Fate',  
His mother never saw it,  
And John hung it on the bathroom door,  
Because he couldn't reach the refrigerator.

anon.



CARL E. GLATTS





## Silent Street

Riff Raff, stick'em man, walkin' down the street  
Riff Raff, stick'em man, walkin' down the street  
Riff Raff, hands down his pants,  
knife up his sleeve.

Talk to me, Cold ugly Alley  
Talk to me, Cold ugly Alley  
Talk to me 'bout the street, life, alone  
'bout what's going down.

Dere's Suzie Sleeze, silent street walker  
Dere's Suzie, you know, streetwalker  
Standing on the silent street, other hands in her pants  
needle up her sleeve.

Mister Streetlamp, tell me 'bout the street light  
Mister Streetlamp, tell me 'bout the streetlife  
Tell me 'bout standing tall and knowing all the skinny.

Suzie Sleeze says, Hello Mister.  
Suzie, she says, Good time Mister?  
Waitin' for the money, hungry for the squeeze,  
leanin' 'gainst that knowin' brickwall

mmmy John says, Hello Sister  
mmmy John says, got da time Sister?  
Wantin' in that honey, fingerin' that honey  
fingerin' hiz pocket honey.

It's Hotel right there  
It's Hotel says Five Dollars here.  
As I crouch in shadows, waitin'  
Single lighted window, shouts where  
where into my home sweet home.  
The light, it goes, I go  
He comes, I kill, He dies, I thrill  
lean up the man  
We've cleaned out the man  
Money Honey  
Money Honey  
Money, Honey, Honey, Honey.  
Save your lip, baby,  
Save your lip, baby.

Hello, Cold ugly alley,  
Talk to me, Cold ugly Alley.  
Place where I lies, everynight  
where I dies.

Dere's Suze Keys, money honey  
Suze Keys, money honey  
I'se Riff Raff, the stick'em man  
Riff Raff, the stick'em man.  
Mah head straight down man,  
Mah head straight down, man.  
Avoidin' them icy cold pools of light  
Hatin' them accusin' rays of light

Suze standin' on the Silent Street  
Her darkened, shaded, shadowy blacklines eyes,  
Fling from gutter to mah eyes,  
She leaps from Mr. Street lamp's graces,  
I elude her painted, made up traces.

She cries, you promised me money  
Honey, I promised you love honey.  
She wails, wails, wails.

I'se Riff Raff, stick'em man, walkin' da street.  
I'se Riff Raff, stick'em man, just walkin' da street.  
Riff Raff, that's me, mah hands down mahpants,  
Blade up my sleeve.

Aj Madison

Confession

Gradually, the archer realizes the bow is drawn.  
The string, tight, awaits its release.  
(What holds me?)

Release is everything.  
Yet unreasoning terror locks quivering fingers tight.  
To wait too long is to lose the quarry.  
(I have always lost the quarry.)

And, slowly, the burning tension fades.  
And the bow, unused, remembers pain.

Marc Jablonski

Line Poem

Blue Chevrolet  
Ugly; inanimate  
Twelve hundred dollars  
Lifeless; homeless  
physical touch  
fire; rusty  
square form  
computer detailed  
rusty doors  
dirty windows  
time driven  
nation driven  
'blue bommer'  
velvet seat; caresses  
female machine  
senses my life  
one driver  
mein fraulein  
used tires  
rebuilt engine  
39,000 miles  
20,000 mine  
10 years old  
speed; demon  
limited; time bomb  
insurance  
named; 619 MKR  
Ugly; disgusting  
metallic; feminine  
true lover  
symbolic  
life; love

Steven A. Greco

i had seen  
her eyes  
before

shimmering

moonlit  
on an august  
tennessee  
ridge

gazing  
into me

sheer permanence  
of sincerity

each like  
onyx,

and deceptive,  
her voice  
led in and out  
like a  
stream,

inviting and  
clueless

and liquid

daren robert gray



KIM SUTHERLAND

## Ode to a Disappearing Lake

'All that remained was a reddish-brown mud crater  
with a half-acre puddle in the middle.'

They say that when the wheat comes up,  
It grows great golden inland seas,  
But boats cannot be carried on  
Such dry and windblown waves as these.

So why this wharf, here petrified  
And choking in midwestern clay?  
This wheatfield marina, strange sight indeed:  
A dinosaur of recent days.

Today it's hard to find just where  
The engineers had built the dam  
That held the deep groundwater tight  
And flooded, buried, drowned the land.

But Cedar Lake, as it was called,  
Sat disturbed beneath its shore.  
Seems water goes where water will,  
For soon the lake would be no more.

The water served its prison term  
For thirty years without complaint.  
But when the cell walls cracked apart  
It seized upon its chance and went.

The owners, they raised hue and cry!  
The fishermen and tourists, too!  
The engineers tried all they could  
But there was nothing they could do.

For in a world where boundless oceans  
Turn to desert seas of sand,  
What chances have the fragile works  
And petty dreams of modern man?

Marc Jablonski

Walt Whitman Doing the Dishes

An apron bespeckled with golden flowers and the word 'HIS'  
covers the slack-muscl'd chest and ponderous beer belly  
Shirtsleeves are rolled loosely out of sight  
on round, flabby, yet capable arms.

He squarely confronts the sink full of dirty dishes.  
Before him lie glasses stained dark with the sticky remainders  
of diet grape soda,  
Plates crusted over with last night's veal scallopini,  
Bowls peppered with hard-stuck rice krispies remains,

Saucers enameled in a patchwork of coffee spills, some still  
stuck to the cups they held,  
Coffee cups brimming over with strange and wonderful mold  
experiments, effusions of life on the grandest scale,  
Cups also laden with the white-ringed and pungent remains  
of last week's milk, now well on its way to becoming  
a delightful gouda,

Knives caked with dessicated and cracked peanut butter,  
or transparent, runny mayonnaise,  
Forks cocooned in hard yellow tendrils of dried noodle,  
Spoons spotted with the occasional bran flake,

Ice cream sundae dishes and spoons graphically telling of  
cool delights that once were,  
A broiler pan inseparably layered with the black, burnt-in traces  
of overdone flank steak,  
A muffin pan with its holes half-filled with carbonized yeast,  
Steamers and broilers with once-slimy spinach and broccoli  
plastering their insides,  
Pots coated with the white, starchy traces of boiled pasta,  
A grater with hard orange cheese hanging in long tendrils  
from its oval holes,

Frying pans inches deep in hardened grease,  
Spatulas likewise encased,  
Steak knives, paring knives, orange peelers, carrot peelers,  
Scissors, wooden spoons, egg beaters, meat tenderizers.

He surveys this all with a glittering, piglike eye.  
Slowly he draws in a mighty breath  
and with a gusty sigh lets it out  
to concentrate his thoughts.  
Then he gets a mighty beer  
and with gusto takes it into the living room  
to watch the football game.

Marc Jablonski



STEVE PALMER

Let's go bowling tonight  
We'll have the time of our lives  
Put on your lucky shirt and I'll put on mine  
Come on everybody, it's bowling time

Check the TV GUIDE for Tuesday night  
Grab your twelve pounder and turn out the lights  
Oh what luck, none of these shows we'll miss  
Tonight we'll reach new heights of bowling bliss

Pizza and Genesee  
This is the life for me  
It's bowling time

Hey there Jim, how goes it Joe?  
These guys are cool and they know where to go  
Not to some play nor a stroll in the wood  
These guys go bowling like every man should

Jerry stands at the lane like a man before his Maker  
Go to it big guy, I know you can take her  
For feats of manly strategy get me another beer  
If that's my wife on the phone, tell her I'm not here

Pizza and Genesee  
This is the life for me  
It's bowling time

Eric G. Rippert

12/5/86

Someday when the sunrays  
Scream through the gap  
In my ill-measured curtains  
And creeps 'cross the carpet  
As morning matures--  
Like many-a cloudless morning before,  
I'll slip into consciousness,  
Out of some dream,  
And notice the dust in the air in my room  
As it drifts into the path  
Of the shaft of daylight  
And wonder awhile...  
Just how much of that stuff  
Am I breathing into my lungs?  
Then I'll go back to sleep  
'till, say, noon.

anon.



The Horrors  
of a Rainy Saturday Night

Shatt Shatt

Shatt erd

The lonely people and the only people  
I see them everywhere  
The boy who sits eating dinner alone

Plain metal fork

Plain metal knife and spoon

Crusty, chipped plate

missing its fried cardboard offerings

The boy pushes the dish away

The minutes race

but the hours creep

counted only by the low moan of a

radio on the counter,

playing the music heard

before, before, before.

Erd Lie Vehz

In the far corner

the lone waitress stares at a day old paper

cigarette and smoke curling lazily around

her riveted face

she remembers a boyfriend

and for a minute cared and wondered

where he had gone

she turns the page

and drags on her cigarette

only

turn the page again

listening to the tired paper crinkle

and wonder if it said anything new.

Lie Vehs

bite at my coffee

looking out the crud etched window,

still tasting gutter mud splashed up

at me from water choked shoes

still hearing the soggy squish, squish, squish

of leather hitting an unforgiving sidewalk.

hear the radio continue with its

shrill pursuit of love

fill the greasy air with razor tipped notes

that have bounced off window glass

and a shadowy reflection sneers

at me before I can refocus on

the rain swept street.

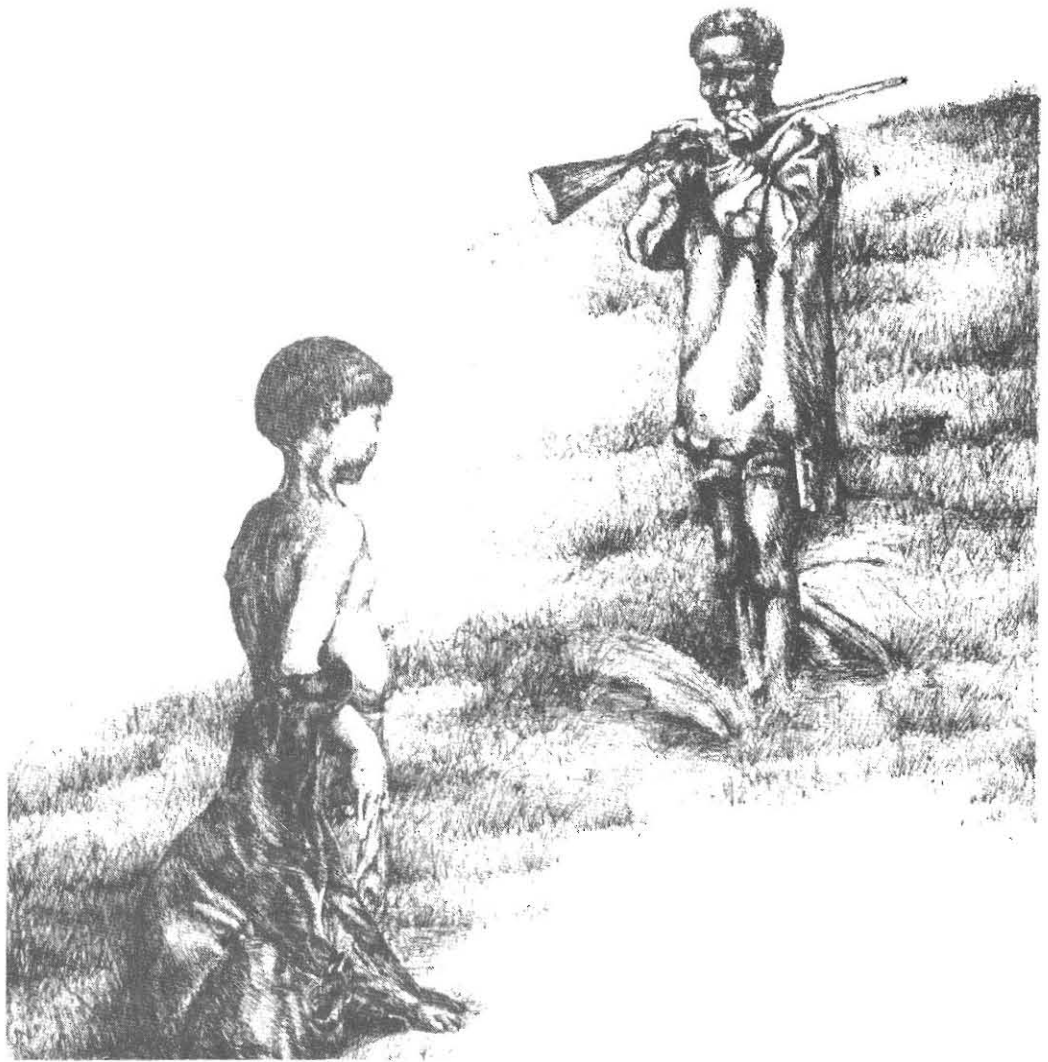
I hear fluorescent light buzzing down on me, and  
I give up the idle fantasy  
and come back inside the diner.  
I feel the ceiling dripping scratchy parts  
on tiled floor  
And in the back of the room, I hear  
thunderstorms arumbling  
Shatt Shatt Shatt  
erd lives

Aj Madison

### THE HEARTH

HER WORK WAS OFTEN HARD AND TIREDNESS  
POURED OFF OF HER WITH THE MELTING SNOW  
THAT HAD FALLEN ON HER BETWEEN THE  
GARAGE AND THE HOUSE  
THE KITCHEN WARMED HER BUT SHE ALWAYS LOVED A  
FIRE BEFORE A DEEP SLEEP  
SO I LIT ONE WHILE SHE ATE WITH HER SCARF  
AND BOOTS STILL ON AND THEN CAME OUT  
AND DISAPPEARED INTO A PILE OF PILLOWS ON  
THE COUCH AS I TENDED AND LET THE FIRE  
ABSORB MY FACE  
WE WERE THERE FOR AN HOUR WHEN HER HAND CAME  
AND TOUCHED MY SHOULDER AND THE DARKNESS  
CONSUMED HER ON THE WAY TO THE BEDROOM  
I NEVER TURNED BUT WATCHED THE FLAME FOR ANOTHER  
HOUR BECOME OVERTAKEN BY DARKNESS AND  
THE COLD BLUENESS THAT HAD HIDDEN BEHIND  
MY NECK CAME TO MY FACE AND BID ME  
GOODNIGHT WHEN THE FIRE TURNED TO EMBER  
MY FINGERS AND FEET FELT THE UNLEASHED CHILL  
OF WINTER THAT MET ME ON THE PATH TO THE  
BEDROOM AND FOLLOWED ME IN  
AND THE ROOM WAS HELD IN A DEEPER DARKNESS  
WHEN I DREW THE COVERS AND HER BACK GLOWED ALL  
THE COLORS OF THE FIRE  
AND LAYING AGAINST HER I STILL FELT THE WARMTH

ERIK WILKINS



KIM SUTHERLAND

## Boots

I missed my old car a lot those days. I put eighty thousand miles on my Rabbit and never thought I'd miss it. I guess I was wrong. Four days I'd had those cracked soles and I began fervently hoping I'd find a town. I hadn't even seen a road for more than a week.

My feet look like Bilbo Baggins's. They look and feel like drumskins. Just before sunset, I tried to clean my blistered soles, but most of the trail dirt had worked its way into my life permanently. As near as I can figure, I made twenty-five miles that day. I wanted to find a town real badly.

There wasn't a whole lot to eat that night. I couldn't scrounge up enough. I lost a lot of weight on the trail. I got down to one-forty-five from two-thirty. Sometimes, I'm still amazed at how hard my body had gotten after being on the trail for six months. Hadn't had meat for a long time. Fish, but no meat.

I finished the bed of leaves under my bag, had the last cup of my famously acidic coffee, put the fire out, and went to sleep.

Rain storms are stupid. Especially in the Rockies. So you say, 'It gets cold.' Ever had to cup your balls in your hand and hope they wouldn't get frostbit? Now matter how well I prepared, it always got too cold.

I gave up on sleep and started out well before dawn. Walked Westward and downward and breakfasted on foraged food. About eleven, I walked into a small town.

I contemplated stopping at the gas station to cut off most of my hair, but my feet insisted I care for my boots first. I asked a gas station attendant for directions to a shoe store after cleaning up a little.

A look of disdain and reluctance came over the shop-owner's face as I ducked through the door with my back pack still on. I smiled and croaked a 'Mornin.'

'It was,' he said, as he watched me strip off my poncho, back pack, and boots.

He didn't look like a shoe store owner should. He was big. Stood about six and a half feet tall and probably weighed in at two-seventy. I wished I had cut my shoulder length hair. He reminded me of my two worst enemies-- myself and any former girlfriend's father.

'I'm gonna need some new soles.'

He accepted my assaulting boots and looked them over from arm's length.

'That you do, twenty bucks and two days for the soles to set,' he said in a Western drawl.

I glanced at him and would have bet he was in WWII. His short hair and no-nonsense attitude tipped me off. His larger than normal selection of cowboy boots told me what to try.

'How about two days labor, grub, and a dry place to bed down?'

'What?' he asked around the chaw he was working on.

'No money, so I'd like to work in trade.'

'I don't know,' he said uncertainly.

'Look,' I said, hiding my trail-won confidence, 'I'm on my way to California and ran out of money in Missoura. I'll work fourteen hours day doing anything. You get me three meals a day, a warm place to sleep, and the boots and we're even. Deal?'

'I don't know.' He was wavering, I could tell. Then he shot his last objection at me. 'I don't even know you.'

'I wouldn't trust me either, mister, but I need my boots, and I'm sure you got some jobs you just haven't had time for...'

'If I let you paint my store, you gonna finish?'

'If it takes more 'n two days, you restock my dried foods and throw in a coupla pairs of socks. Deal?'

Smiling with confidence, he reached over to seal the deal.

I spent the rest of the day setting up for the job with him looking over my shoulder. At quarter of six, he came up behind me and said, 'Here's a sawbuck and directions to my house. Go to the Diner down the street and don't eat too fast. I have to break this to the missus, so don't show up until eight.'

'Right, but I can't get served unless I got shoes.'

'I've got some abandoned sneakers if they fit, and if not, I'll call Diane and get her to look the other way.'

'Thanks.'

I don't remember the name of the town. But, I'll never forget how dry it looked. The cars were dusty, the sidewalks were dusty, and all the shop windows were dusty. Even the Shoe Store's, though I'd washed them a couple of hours earlier. I even got dry looks from the people. Not one of them looked at me curiously, they dusted right over me.

'Four more blocks,' said a man in white, food stained clothes and walking the other way.

I stopped.

'Pardon?' I asked.

He stopped too.

'Diner's four more blocks from here,' he said around a cigarette which dangled from his lip.

He didn't look at me. He didn't seem to want to. I stopped wanting to study him and he offered a cigarette and a light.

It was my first in a couple of months. We watched the sun drop a degree or two and smoked in silence. We turned to each other and shook hands. He left me with the pack and lighter.

I found the Diner four blocks down Main Street a few minutes later. A cop car pulled out of the lot and drove off in the other direction. I calmed down a bit and walked into the parking lot. I saw some dusty pickups parked in one corner and a motorcycle which waited patiently near a guard rail.

I walked in and saw several dusty, checkered-flannel, heavy-set farmer types gathered in a corner over coffee and an army jacket-clad, unshaven cowboy unsuccessfully wooing the counter girl before paying his bill and leaving. I walked to the end of the counter, tried to shrug out of my pack before recalling that it was probably at Lundwell's house, and sat down. I glanced around as I was expected to and pulled out a menu.

Outside, the cycle started and departed.

'You must be the hiker,' she said as she pulled the menu from my weakening fingers. I've got the last of today's stew and a sandwich in the kitchen. Take it or leave it.'

'Taking it gratefully,' I replied magnanimously, or would have if I hadn't croaked, 'Yes, please.' I never could act halfway normal near anyone that beautiful.

'Comin' up.'

She walked over to the cash register and sorted through the checks as the farmers moved toward her. She chatted and kidded with each farmer as they shuffled up to the register. She then selected a check and rung up each of the departing farmers. Each of them said 'Thanks, Diane,' and then followed the other farmers as they all left as one.

She followed them to the door and shouted a few extra good-byes. She watched them drive away. Turning the 'Yes! We're Open' sign to 'Sorry, We're closed,' she turned and looked at me. Then she went into the back and out a few minutes later with my food and a pot of the remaining coffee.

She set it all before me and I thanked her. She worked at cleaning the diner.

I watched her. She subtly began to retreat from being a waitress. You can't hide that sort of thing. She busied herself but kept returning my stares with her own. I ate mechanically. Stew. Stare. Stew. Avert gaze. Stare. Stew.

She finally finished or said fuck it and walked over, wiping her strong, roughened hands on a dish towel.

'California, huh?'

She poured the last of the coffee into her own mug.

'Uh, yeah.' Her eyes were brown. I prayed she'd say more.

'You're kinda old to be a hippie.'

'Just a vacation before starting my new job.'

'What do you do?' She was interested, I could tell.

'Engineer, I hope.'

'Computers?' she asked.

'Maybe, whatever they have, I guess.'

I finished my meal as we talked. It got better as I neared the end of my dinner. She offed the lights after dropping the plates in the kitchen sink and asked me to wait outside while she locked up.

'I'll take you to First Street,' she said, smiling. 'No, it's on my way,' after I argued ineffectually.

We walked down Main and made more small talk. I kept hoping I said the right things. I also wished I was back in the mountains. I was so surprised and scared, I couldn't shy off when she took my unoffered arm.

She smiled as she dropped off an envelope in the night deposit box. I wished I could have gone back to the mountain rains and freeze my nuts off.

'It's this way,' she said, breaking my wistful stare at the surrounding Rockies. She continued to lead me along until she stopped at a small alcove before the expanded Hardware Store.

'Coffee?' she asked as she unlocked the center door leading to a stairwell.

'Uh, I oughta get to Lundwell's house.'

'I'll call 'em. Don't worry.' She tugged at me semi-insistently.

I remember hating Eastwood and wishing he'd shut up as I heard his-- 'Don't mind if I do.' My back pack, left with Lundwell, seemed to pull my shoulder straps deep into my shoulders with their weight. Death seemed as if he would come from behind. And I wondered who had changed the gravitational constant upwards as I climbed the stairs to the second floor apartment.

The place looked nice and I said so. She explained she wasn't there a whole lot because she worked six days a week and twelve hours a day. Though proud of it, she tried to apologize for making so much money, but then I wasn't the type who took offense to people proud of making money.

She went into the kitchen and I heard her call Lundwell. I tried not to listen, but heard a short argument. She hung up loudly and then opened the shutters to the kitchen.

She watched me. I was searching for my place. I settled on the overstuffed couch but felt uncomfortable. I would have been uncomfortable anywhere except a wet campsite.

I imagine the coffee's aroma drifted pleasantly about the apartment. She kept watching me. I hoped I didn't smell as bad as I imagined I did. I tried to check, but my nose had stopped up with what might have been an impending cold.

It tasted as good as it probably smelled. I missed a campfire and my own coffee drunk in solitude. She poured and curled up next to me with the cup clenched in whitening hands. She was unsure. I could tell. But then again, so was I.

I gave in.

I woke with her the next morning and we both made our way to work.

I spent the early morning sweeping up the scraped off paint chips. When I finished, Lundwell herded me out the door and down the street to the Hardware Store for supplies.

There were three doors in the alcove, I picked the Hardware Store's acquired-and-always-kept-locked door and had to one-eighty to get the right door. Lundwell was watching me. He seemed to want to see some reaction with the Other door. I didn't let him have the satisfaction.

We went in. Lundwell picked the paint. I chose my weapons. He talked with the owner while I examined the merchandise.

The cook, with another cigarette dangling from his lips, came in. He collected a large five gallon stew pot, and left without speaking or looking at me. To the owner. 'Bill me later. Charlie.'

I spent the rest of the day painting the store. Slow, careful strokes. I wanted to do a good job.

Lundwell didn't sell shoes. People came in with worn out shoes, and left with new ones of the same style. He fitted the new shoes and then accepted payment. He never sold shoes.

Around seven, he got tired of watching me work and asked me if I would be staying with him. He didn't press, he just needed to know.

'I don't know. What's the weather gonna be like?' I asked.

'Won't get much less 'n forty, forty-five. Probably rain though.'

'I'll chance it,' I said and asked for directions to the grocery store and a place to camp outside of town.

I went to the grocery store and picked out some fruits and vegetables. I considered some ground beef, but couldn't stand the sight of it. I still wasn't sure of the source of my queasiness the night before. I was headed for the register and ran into Diane.

She signaled me to wait and finished giving instructions to the grocer for a diner delivery the next morning.

Looking over the contents of my bag, she said, 'That'll never do.'

We walked about the small store while she picked out additional components for a 'proper' meal and I trailed her home.

She refused my help, but insisted I grab a shower. When I came out, I walked to my back pack next to the door and pulled out my shaving kit. I started back to the bathroom.

'No, sit in the kitchen,' Diane said.

I sat. She had an area all prepared, newspaper, brush, comb, and scissors. She divided herself between the cooking and cutting my hair.

She turned the heat down on the boiling potatoes and began untangling and cutting my still wet hair.

'You don't talk a whole lot, do you?'

'Not much. It's not worth the trouble, usually.' I didn't know what I was doing. I'm only competent with engineering.

She was very careful with the scissors. She reached over and stirred something.

'What else do you do?'

'Think about reading.'

'I don't understand. Don't you just sit down and read?'

'Used to, but it was just making me hard to understand.'

'What do you mean?' she asked as she tilted my head forward to cut my nape.

'Started to live in my reading, it was more real. Easy out.'

'So you gave it up?'

'Maybe.'

She told me to sit still and went to check on the food. I sat there with my eyes closed.

I must have drifted off because she was gently putting heated shaving cream on my face when I woke. I didn't know what to say, so I said nothing.

I didn't notice that she had finished until she showed me in a hand held mirror. I was left with a moustache which made me look like



the Ukies from which I'm descended. I'm very proud of that development. I've had that moustache ever since. I also had medium length hair which made me look fifteen again. That was too much so I asked her to cut it shorter.

When she finished, I cleaned my hair off the floor while she portioned out the food. We sat down and began eating.

'This is very good, Diane.'

She smiled thankfully/hopefully.

I helped with the dishes and cleaned some of my own utensils and hardware recovered from my pack. She chose some music and a wine.

I finished in the kitchen and turned out the lights as I left and entered the also darkened living room. She was already curled up on the couch and offered me a glass of wine. I sat down and she adjusted to be closer.

'Thank you,' I said, accepting the wine.

We necked on the couch and I began to enjoy the warmth of the moment. In fact, everything was perfect. I held onto her. It may have been what I had been searching for.

I looked down at her. She snuggled closer.

'I have to go now.' I said.

'Why?'

'I need some sleep.'

'Sleep here, where it's warm.'

'Sorry.'

I retrieved my pack and stepped out of the apartment quickly. The light from the apartment followed me down the stairs.

Never hike at night in the mountains, it gets too dark. I found my way to a campsite by starlight. It was next to a small pond which was stocked with fish. I heard them splashing in the almost total darkness. I looked forward to a good breakfast.

I didn't sleep much. I caught an immense trout at dawn and finished at six-thirty or so. On my way to Lundwell's, I was too preoccupied to watch where I was going and sprained my ankle. Not badly, but it would hurt for a couple of weeks. It wouldn't have happened if I had my boots.

Entering town, I limped into the shoe store and began finishing up the stock room. I worked steadily and took care that I didn't place too much weight on my ankle. Lundwell left me alone and only came in for shoes. I thought about the night before and was glad that the job was finished.

Around twelve, Lundwell asked if I would join him for lunch at the diner. I begged off, saying that I had some groceries left in my pack. He shrugged and left me reclining in his easy chair on the sales floor.

I concentrated on the carrot and the street outside. I didn't want to drink. I wanted to leave. Soon.

I went back to work.

Lundwell asked me to step into his workshop. His workbench had a tall pile of freeze-dried food packages, socks, an Ace Bandage, and in the center, my boots. I removed the sneakers and my own socks and bandaged my ankle and replaced my socks. A minute later, I had my

boots laced up and was stalking the store room for forgotten tools and missed spots. I had a twinge or two of pain, but ignored it in my eagerness to move on.

'Owe you anything?' I said.

'No, I figure we're square,' Lundwell said.

I wished he hadn't said that.

'Leaving today?' he asked.

'Tomorrow's soon enough. I think I'll go back up to that pond you suggested yesterday and do some more fishin'.'

I made another circuit of the store and storeroom. I began to pack the socks and food into my pack. Lundwell made a call I couldn't help overhearing, 'Diane, he's leaving.' I stopped listening and hurried the packing.

I fumbled with my back pack. Lundwell came back and watched me close it up and sling in onto my back. It seemed light. I thanked him for everything and made my way to the door. He didn't stop me and wished me good fishing.

'I hope so,' I said and left for the pond.

The fishing was good and I decided to cook both fish right away so I could get an early start the next day.

I was sure they would taste as good as they smelled. I turned them over to assure even cooking and looked up to find Diane opposite me.

'Smells good,' she said.

'Have a seat, I owe you a meal or two.'

Diane walked to the other side of the fire and sat down. I stirred the potatoes in the skillet and checked the fish.

'You weren't going to say good-bye?'

'I didn't know if I could.'

'What would have been so bad about staying?'

'I don't want to lose that job.'

I portioned out some fish and potatoes into a plate, handed it to her, and ate the remainder from the skillet. We watched each other through the flames. I looked over at my newly soled boots to avoid her eyes. I could have gotten lost in them. She was hypnotic in the firelight.

I thought of how Diane kissed. I liked the way she held me. I loved what happened between us. Although we hadn't spent much time together I knew I could get to like this. Wanted to be in love again.

I left on a new pair of feet, a full belly and heavy pack. I hated to leave Diane, but I needed to get to California by next month. If I didn't hustle, I'd have to hitch. She offered to drive, but I wanted to walk.

John G. Roman



HILLARY HELLER

'Flying from Boston to Rochester'

It was a little cold in Boston's Logan Airport,  
some ice was on the runway, pretty slick.  
The snow had finally stopped after falling a day,  
and it was time for me to leave Boston.

The sky was blue and grey and white  
and speckled with the drifting white stuff.  
The wings were clean, no ice or frost,  
so I guess it was relatively safe to fly.

The flight attendants were late and looked a bit tired,  
one saying she last got in at 5 a.m.  
Beautiful day to fly, beautiful girls to fly with.  
One was brunette, with long, thin hair tied back,  
a trace of lipstick and rouge, but didn't need any.  
The other was blonde, trying to hide how tired she was,  
with too much makeup on, and a forced smile,  
tall, thin, with a run in her stocking,  
my future ex-wife.

I wish the trip was over though,  
I was in Boston trying to get a job.  
I'm seriously exhausted, all that geek talk with techs,  
I need some real sleep now,  
Sleeping in Rochester is all that I want.

Armen Chakmakjian

disappear behind the river of  
innocent thoughts  
being alone in  
an endless scream  
stretching your hand across  
the naked sounds you  
heard when  
you were young  
and listen it is still there  
the door you keep  
knocking down  
is what you left behind  
it is a blue square  
hanging there  
the one you could not see through

christian l elgvin 1987

THE SEA NYMPH

SHE SEES HIM,  
AN IMAGE  
OF LOVES PERFECTION.

SHE WAITS  
FOR HIM, TO ALIGHT  
LIKE A BLOWN KISS.

THE TIPS OF HIS TOES  
IMPRINT IN THE SAND  
AS HE KNEELS,  
AND FLOWS AGAINST HER  
LIKE THE SEA.

BUT ALAS,  
AS THOUGH  
THE PASSION WERE TOO MUCH,

HE MELTS  
IN THE HEAT  
OF HER EMBRACE,

AND  
THE TIDE  
CREEPS IN,

AND  
ON A BED  
OF FOAM,

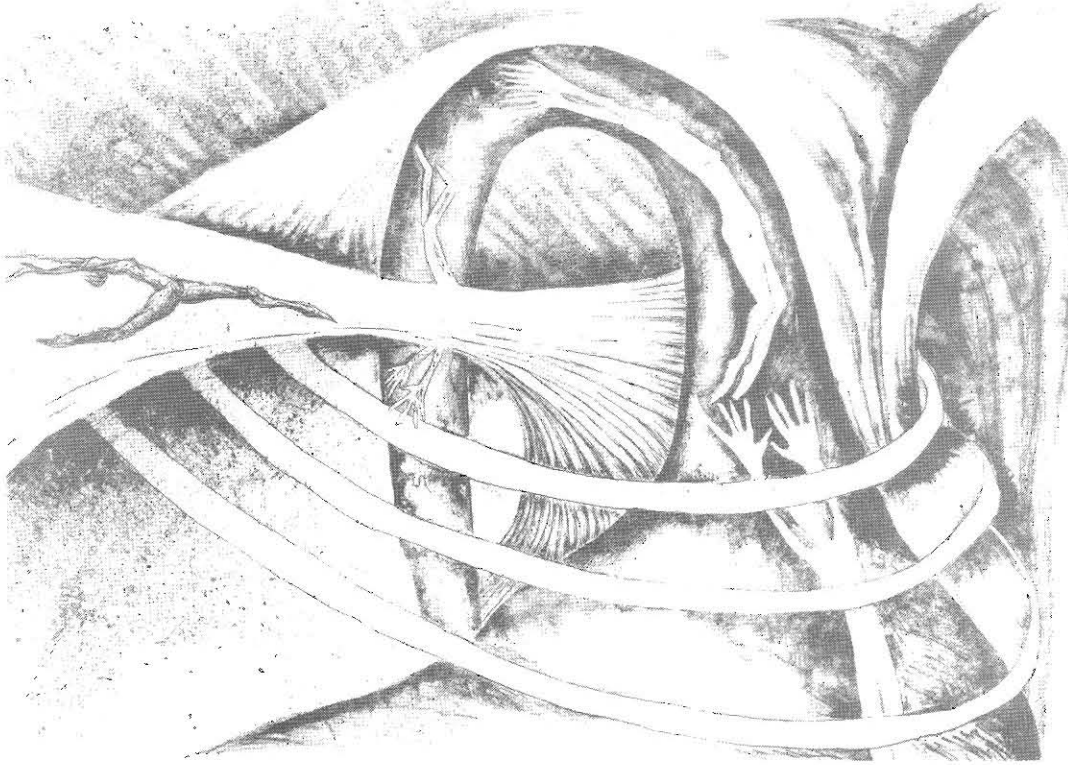
HIS IMAGE  
FLOWS AWAY  
FOREVER.....

SONYA

rainy days

a reflection in the window  
plays against the talking drops  
i see days gone by  
people of the yesterday  
reflections in the reflection  
i remember you

Bill Wynkoop



HILARY HELLER

## Signatures '87

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