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
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 mes­caline streets at dusk summertime. Hanging around head shops admiring perfect bongs 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 semi­consciousness with the smell of Kool cigarettes and the pungent aroma of Maui Waui... 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 praily 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
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 bitingly 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, all the 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 can we keep it can we keep it??’ 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
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
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
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, Marge?’ 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 refiled the day... under ‘sundries’.

J.D. Greb

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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 occupancy, 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
‘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 piece 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.
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

Jimmy John says, Hello Sister
Jimmy John says, got da time Sister?
Waitin’ 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.
    Have your lip, baby,
    Have 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
Blue Chevrolet
Ugly; inanimate
Twelve hundred dollars
Lifeless, homeless
physical touch
fire; rusty
square form
computer detailed
rusty doors
dirty windows
time driven
country driven
‘blue bomber’
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
cueless

and liquid

daren robert gray
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-muscled chest and ponderous beer belly.
Shirt sleeves 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 sundaes 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
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 light
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

she turns the page again

tasting to the tired paper crinkle
and wonder if it said anything new.

Lie Vehz

bete 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
shriek 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 SHOULDERS 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
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 drum-skins. 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 WW II. 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 Missouri. 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 goodbyes. 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 offered 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. 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 filled 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 pitch where I was going and sprained my ankle. Not badly, but it would not 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 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 broes. 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 rugged 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 think. I wanted to leave. Soon.

I went back to work.

Lundwell asked me to step into his workshop. His workbench had a small 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 socks. 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 it 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
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 i 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
Signatures '87

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