



Dominic C Nagle

2022

Capstone - Graphic Design

Department of Art and Art History

Artist Statement:

Process is my favorite part of designing. Even though the final product is the most important and is what really matters, my hands-on technique keeps me obsessed with my work. Drawing, cutting and scanning are my main tools to create gripping designs. Vintage compositions such as old punk posters, signs on the streets and graphic t-shirts are heavy inspirations and keep me constantly constructing new ideas. In the end I just create designs that can provoke visual impressions from the viewer which I believe graphic design is all about.

Title	Original Format
Figure 1: Repair Don't Replace	Illustrator, 11 in x 17 in
Figure 2: Rodeo Clown Brewery	
Figure 3: Poetry Book	Illustrator, 8.5 x 11 in
Figure 4:	
Figure 5:	
Figure 6:	
Figure 7:	
Figure 8:	
Figure 9:	
Figure 10:	



Figure 1: Repair Don't Replace Poster





Figure 2: Rodeo Clown Brewery

the **RED** Wheelbarrow

by **William Carlos Williams**

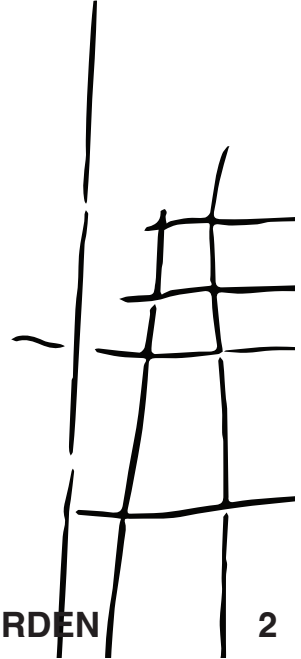


so much depends
upon

a red wheel
barrow

glazed with rain
water

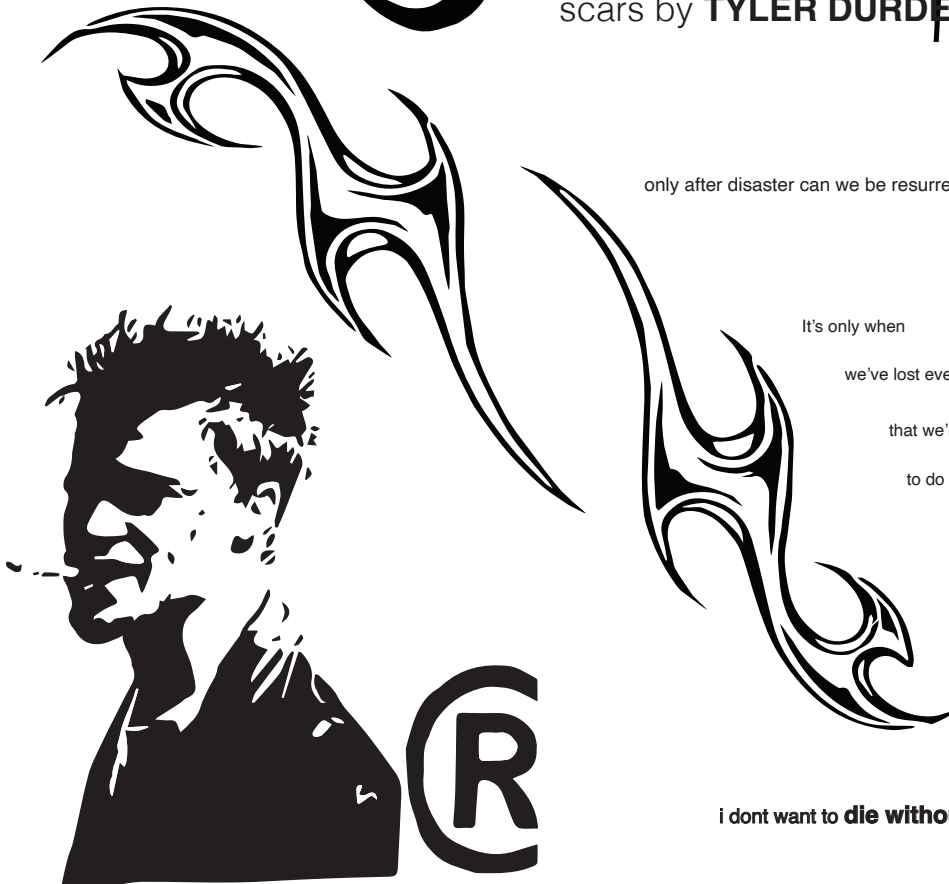
beside the white
chickens



1

scars by **TYLER DURDEN**

2



only after disaster can we be resurrected.

It's only when

we've lost everything

that we're free

to do anything.

i dont want to die without any scars

donna è mobile
 la piuma al vento,
 l'accento — e di pensier.
 sempre un amabile,
 il gladio viso,
 il diavolo in viso, — è menzognero.
 sempre misero
 se a lei s'affida,
 se lei le confida — mal cauto il cuore!
 or mai non s'arrisi
 felice appieno

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I HAD A DREAM ABOUT YOU

Richard Siken

All the cows were falling out of the **sky** and landing in the mud.
 You were drinking sangria and I was throwing oranges at you,
 but it **didn't matter**.
 I said my arms are very long and your head's on fire.
 I said **kiss me** here and here and here
 and you did.
 Then you wanted pasta,
 so we trampled out into the tomatoes and rolled around to make
 the sauce.
 You were very **beautiful**.

We were in the Safeway parking lot. I couldn't find my **cigarettes**
 You said Hurry up! but I was worried there would be a holdup
 and we would be stuck in a hostage situation, hiding behind
 the frozen meats, with nothing to smoke for hours.
 You said Don't be silly,
 so I followed you into the store.
 We were thumping the melons when I heard somebody say
Nobody move!
 I leaned over and whispered in your ear I **told you SO**.

6

The Road Not Taken

by Robert Frost

Two roads diverged in a yellow wood,
 And sorry I could not travel both
 And be one traveler, long I stood
 And looked down one as far as I could
 To where it bent in the undergrowth;

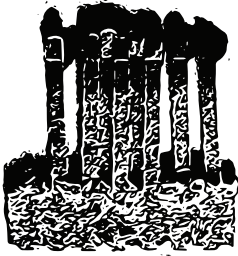
Then took the other, as just as fair,
 And having perhaps the better claim,
 Because it was grassy and wanted wear;
 Though as far that the passing there
 Had worn them really about the same,

And both that morning equally lay
 In leaves no step had trodden black.
 Oh, I kept the first for another day!
 Yet knowing how way leads on to way,
 I doubted if I should ever come back.

I shall be telling this with a sigh
 Somewhere ages and ages hence:
 Two roads diverged in a wood, and I—
 I took the one less traveled by,
 And that has made all the difference.

7

8



Constellations

duster

Reoccurring
Constellations
Put it to rest

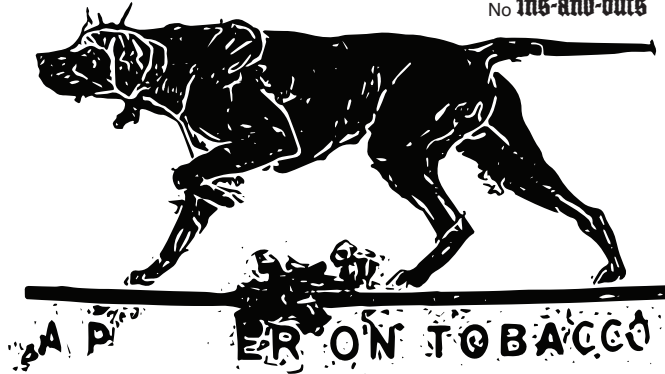
Terror again

Horror in town

No sleep 'til then

Turn down the lights
Don't fuck around

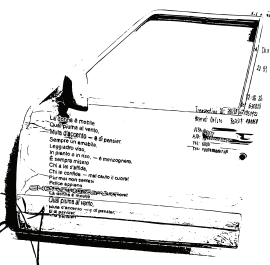
No **ins-and-outs**



shower

by Abigail Paige
Abigail Paige

i thought of you, while in the shower
and i thought of how nice it'd be
to have your things among my things
along the bathtub's edge
and i imagined myself running out of soap
and using yours
and wearing you to work, and the grocery store
and i imagined that night, laying down beside you
and smelling your neck
and finding out where all my soap had gone.



The Applicant

by Sylvia Plath

Fever 103*

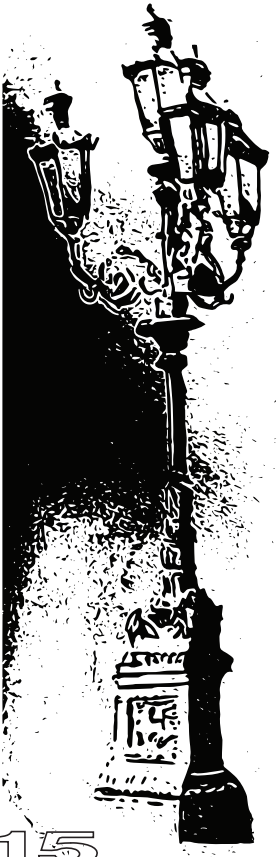
Sylvia Plath

Pure? What does it mean?
 The tongues of hell
 Are dull, dull as the triple
 Tongues of dull, fat Cerberus
 Who wheezes at the gate. Incapable
 Do you wear
 Or licking clean
 A glass eye, false teeth
 The agile tendon, the sin, the sin.
 Rubber breasts or a
 The indelible smell
 Of a snuffed candle
 Stitches to show
 Love, love, the low smokes roll
 How can we
 Stop
 From the like Isadora's scarves, I'm in a fright
 One scarf will catch and anchor in the wheel,
 Open your hand
 Empty? Empty, the
 Make their own element. They will not rise,
 But trundle round the globe
 To fill it and will
 Cooking the aged and the meek,
 To bring teacups and
 And do whatever you tell
 Will you marry it?
 It is guaranteed
 Hanging its hanging garden in the air,
 Devilish leopard!
 To thumb shut your
 Radiation turned it white
 And dissolved of
 And killed it in an hour.
 We make new
 I notice you are
 Like Hiroshima ash and eating in.
 How about this suit—
 The sin. The sin.
 Darling, all night
 Black and stiff, but
 Have been flickering, off, on, off, on.
 Will you marry
 It is waterproof, she
 The sheets grow heavy as a lecher's kiss.
 Against fire and bombs
 Believe me, the
 Lament water
 I am too pure for you or anyone.
 Now your head, excuse me, is empty
 Your body
 I have the ticket for that
 Hurts me as the world hurts God. I am a lantern—
 Come here, breathe, my head a moon
 Well, what do you think of that?
 Naked as, made to star
 Of Japanese paper, my gold beaten skin
 Infinitely delicate and infinitely expensive.
 Does not my heat astound you! And my light!
 But in twenty
 All by myself I am a huge camellia
 In fifty gold
 Glowing and coming and going, flush on flush.
 A living doll, everywh
 I think I am going up—
 It can sew, it can cook
 I think I may rise—
 It can talk, talk
 The beads of hot metal fly, and I love, I
 Am a pure acetylene
 It works, there is nothing wrong with it.
 You have a hole, it's a
 Adorned by roses,
 You have an eye, it's
 By kisses, by cherubim,
 My boy, it's
 My what of these pink things mean!
 Will you marry it, marry
 Not you, for him
 Nor him, nor him
 (My selves dissolving, old whore petticoats)—
 To Paradise.



17

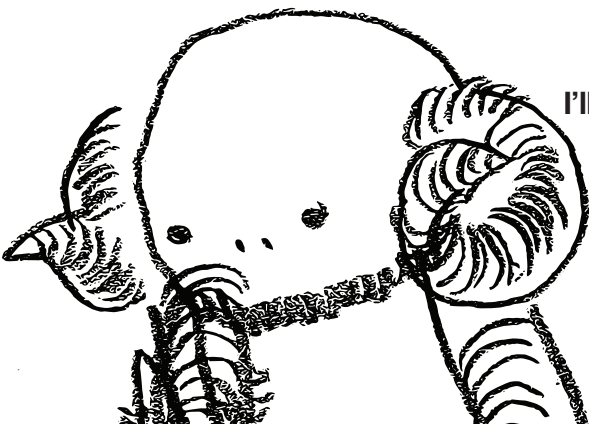
Thirteen



po-em
 /'pōem.pōm/
 a piece of writing that partakes of the nature of both
 speech and song that is nearly always rhythmic,
 usually metaphorical, and often exhibits such formal
 elements as meter, rhyme, and stanzaic structure.

Out Beyond - Rumi

Out beyond ideas of wrongdoing and rightdoing there is a feild.



I'll meet you there.

15

16

AT THE SUN
IN THE SKYE

THE SUN IS
THE SKYE

THE SUN IS
THE SK.

SUN IS IN THE ~~SKY~~ SKYE

SUN IS IN THE SKYE

SUN IS IN THE SKYE

IN IS



three lakes
retrograde
but the sun is in the sky
three little birds
scary movie
night



Figure 3: Poetry book pages