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volume 8, issue 1
October 14, 1988

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Thanks very much to Perry Toyzan and the Graphics Center staff for their patience and help.

Cardinal Sins is the student literary magazine of Saginaw Valley State University. All SVSU students, faculty, staff and alumni are invited to submit poetry, short fiction, essays, 2D art, and black and white photography for consideration at our office in the Pioneer Annex or in Evening Services on second floor Zahnnow.

Cardinal Sins

all from the tree of knowledge

I have just finished reading Ezra Pound
and I am convinced that he is Apollo
God of knowledge - - What a dude
-Marc Beaudin

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The Windward Leg

Out of port, as diesel fumes rise, this fiberglass hell motors
past white crafts lined by number at east and west, masted
clones, as staples in a box, lie
silently collecting dust and years
and rot

the bay opens to a gray expanse
of chilling waters,
wind slapping the sails,
crack, crack of the Jesus whip,
scrape of the wind on already dried cheeks,

waves throw a pulsing rhythm on side of boat,
Largo on a metronome, 6 knotts
in the wave force 33 feet to a
rollercoasters top to fall
to an icy crash, sheets of glass spraying

as the winds on the sails snap, snap
stomach nears my throat
is it time to tack? to turn back?
no time for that.
Hoist the jib! Then take the helm! but

never give the chance to a dame or be found a famous wreck,
two thousand years of barnacles stuck to your
face. Call me Percy, dramamine druggie,
puke out of port, draw me a tub, chablis on crushed
ice

the man's sport, moving back and forth, pounding drone
crashing of sails
slamming metal on hollow steel mast, first tilt to one side
then to the next, wind ripping flesh,
one solitary boat sailing alone in mid-ocean.

J.M. LaGruth



At the Train Station

Linger a moment longer
When a moment passes it's gone forever
May the future minutes, hours and days
Stay tucked away in a box untouched

But they burst over me like river drops
Yet all I feel is this moment
May it linger, may it never pass
And be gone unretrievable like all moments pass

Linger a moment longer
Why must every moment be just one moment long
Yet even in the wishing the moment has gone
Please linger just one moment longer

Elizabeth Gilbert

A Visit with Sylvia

Now, do it right
you'll be fine,
Sylvia said.
Too late at night
I read her work.
She's in my body
tempting with blood,
red rivers. Drift in,
come to momma
live as you should.
Sylvia Plath talks
to me like God
spoke to Joan of Arc.
Sylvia comes late
as I curl fetus-like
in the womb of my bed.
Do the right thing,
she says. I dream
cigarettes, liquor.
They're not quick enough,
she whispers breathless
anticipation shines in
Her voice. Do it the right way,
it is beautiful, easy
the ultimate orgasm.
She is virgin mother,
I am born immaculately,
the NYT blurb
on a book cover,
praising clarity, vision.
Ink for blood
black and shiny.
Sylvia smiles, reaches
out to me with a pale,
Anglo hand. That's right
you're o.k. she coos.
Her voice is too sweet.
The sugar seeps out
attracts hungry ants.
Marching legs recall
St. Patrick's parades.
Childhood floats,
tissue-paper decorated,
into minds eye
happy, soothing.
Sylvia's lips kiss
cooling cheeks,
she invites me in.
I'll never leave
just visit with Sylvia.

Earl Hawkley



Dances of Night

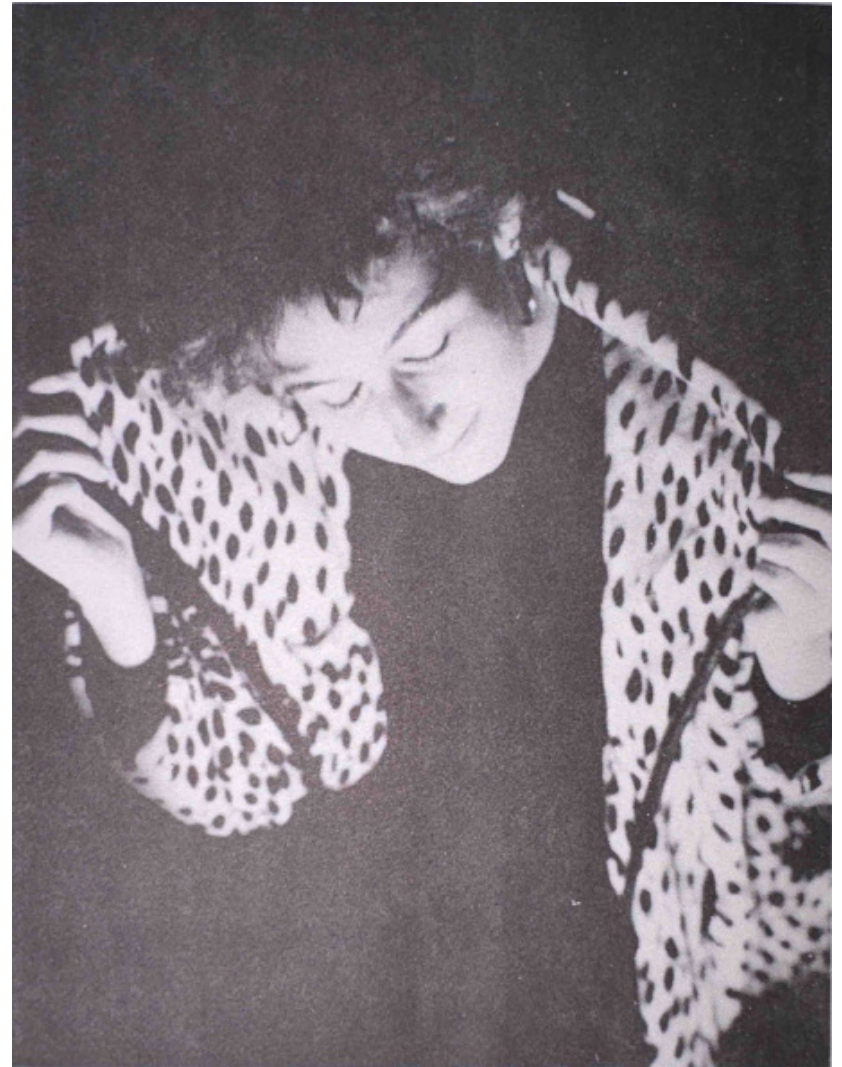
Stars waltz across
a celestial floor
illuminating
forests below,
leaves ripple
keeping time.

Wind twists
blues-laden
rebellion, raising
dust devils
from earth
to heaven.

Bats tango
over stubble fields
sensing signals,
unseen by mortals,
seeking heat
in the moment.

Sunlight reels
onto morning skys
dancers scatter,
dream
crowded floors,
night music.

Earl Hawkey



Actor-Man

I am in the audience

He stands behind the scrim.
I see the shadow,
But not the man.

In the dark hush -
Crying.
Screaming.
Laughing.

Whispers -
In silk and velvet.
Him -
In Victorian dress.
Me -

In my place.

Right and Left and Center
We hand out criticisms and
Rewards.

His touch,
Like a wisp of baby's breath
(and as fast)
Is a consolation.

Like the grapplers
From below the footlights,
I too crush to my breast
The dying roses
That are thrown down to me-

And then despise myself.

Robin McMurry



Auntie

Auntie smiled a lot
through warm brown eyes.
I never saw her
Angry, though
I'm sure she was
at times.

Her bosom was
Ample,
Larger than Gramma's
whose was plenty
large enough.

When she removed her bra
at night
it resembled, from my
averted eyes,
an earthmover
releasing its load.

Auntie told her daughters
that they were pretty,
even beautiful, sometimes.
I thought so too.
They were much older than I
and wore shiny satin
Brassieres
from their dime store.

Alone, in bed
at night,
I searched, with
increasing dismay,
my skinny
nine year old body
for any hint of
a bump or curve.
After I finally gave up,
womanhood snuck up on me
one day in the sandbox.

Jeanine Link

