

---

---

**Cardinal**  
ART & LITERARY MAGAZINE  
**SINS.**

Summer ■ 1994

---

---

**Cardinal**  
ART & LITERARY MAGAZINE  
**SINS.**

volume 13

Summer ■ 1994

issue 3

---

---

---

---

## all from the tree of knowledge

*"But all the story of the night told over,  
And all their minds transfigur'd so together  
More witnesseth than fancy's images  
And grows to something of great constancy;  
But, howsoever, strange and admirable."*

Hippolyta, from Shakespeare's *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, V.i. 23-27

volume 13, issue 3  
Summer 1994

Copyright 1994: MS, DJ, KS, JF, JM, EM, AZ, DB, MH, RS, DM, BK

### *Cardinal Sins*

editor-in-chief            Kelly S. Sams  
assistant editor        Bryan Konieczka  
editorial board        Stephanie Bowen, Eric Buschlen, Ann Garcia, Mary Kraus  
                                 Elizabeth Miklosovic, Penny Phelps, Sharri Shaw,  
                                 Karen Spem  
design alternations     Bryan Konieczka  
faculty advisor        Dr. Marianne Barnett, Assistant Professor of English

Printed in the United States of America  
by the good people at the SVSU Graphics Center.

*Cardinal Sins* is the student art and literary magazine of Saginaw Valley State University. All SVSU students, faculty, staff, and alumni are invited to submit poetry, short fiction, essays, reproducible artwork and photography for consideration. Submission requirements are available at the Office of Evening Services where submissions for the Fall 1994 issue of *Cardinal Sins* will be accepted until October 12, 1994 at 4:00 p.m.

SVSU does not discriminate based on race, religion, color, gender, sexual orientation, national origin, age, physical impairment, disability or Vietnam-era veteran status in the provision of education, employment and other services.

### Contents

<b>Ephemeral</b> , Poetry	Melissa Seitz	4
<b>Angel</b> , Photography	David McAuley	5
<b>Baby Sitters</b> , Poetry	Kelly S. Sams	6
<b>The Journey of the Loner and the Lover</b> , Poetry	David Beehr	7
<b>Stare Well</b> , Artwork	Bryan Konieczka	8
<b>Murder in Stereo</b> , Poetry	David Beehr	9
<b>Loneliness, A State of Mind</b> , Poetry	Derek Jones	10
<b>across the gap (b and c)</b> , Poetry	Matthew Hill	11
<b>To Have a Kitten</b> , Poetry	Rachel Suitor	12
<b>A Thousand Words</b> , Photography	Anonymous	13
<b>Soar</b> , Artwork	Alex G. Zarate	14
<b>scatter my ashes</b> , Poetry	Matthew Hill	15
<b>Flamingos</b> , Fiction	Melissa Seitz	16
<b>Inversion</b> , Artwork	Alex G. Zarate	21
<b>Lily</b> , Photography	Jeff Foxx	22
<b>Idę</b> , Poetry	Jennifer P. Majchrzak	23
<b>Pandora's Box</b> , Poetry	Elizabeth Miklosovic	24

---

---

**Ephemeral**

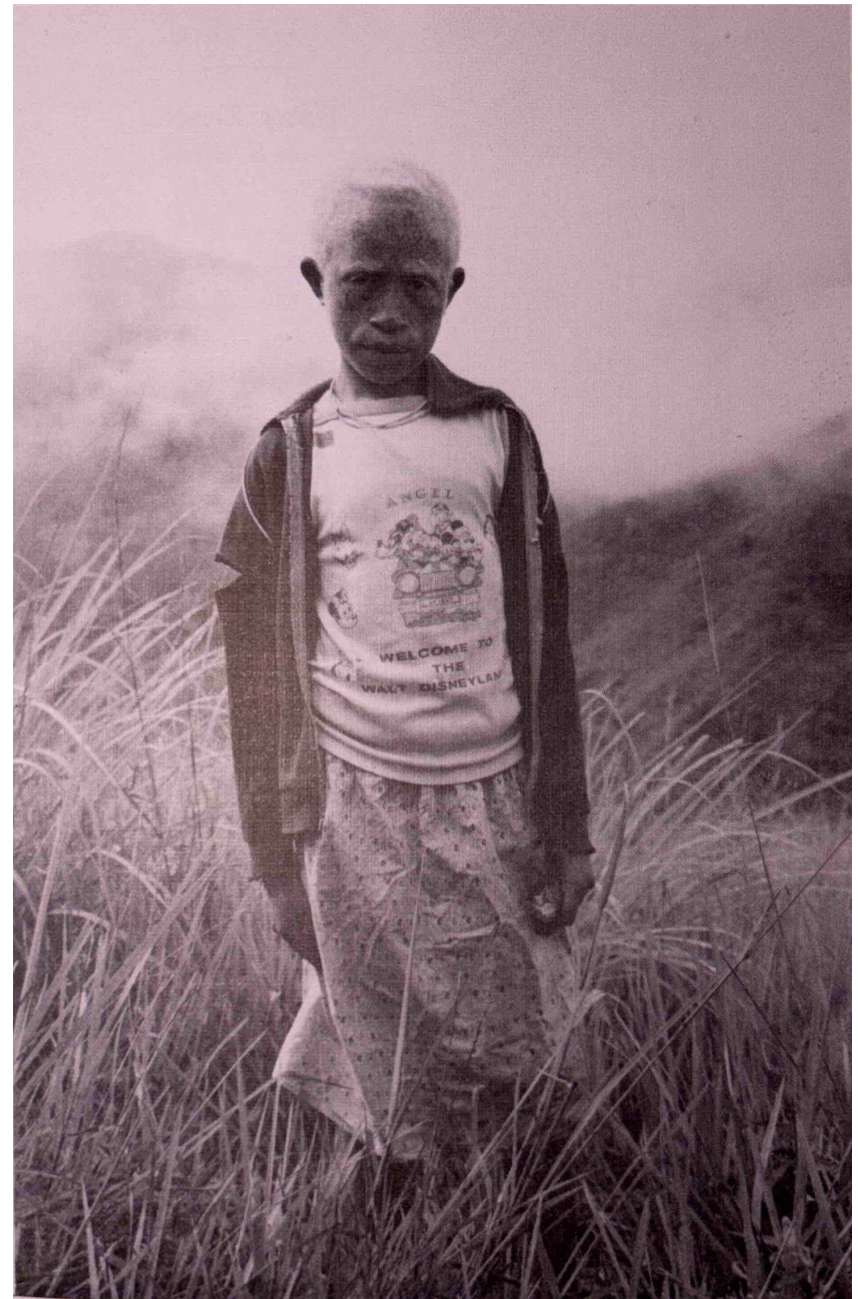
*Melissa Seitz*

She watches blackbirds  
    from her room  
where a dying pine tree  
    casts odd shadows  
after five

She gathers nightfall  
    into her room  
where a dimstore floor lamp  
    casts odd shadows  
after eight

She interprets moonlight  
    reinventing her room  
where the leg of a shadow  
    suggests Endymion's tale  
after three

    falling stars  
    skip the shadows  
She thinks about catching one  
She could slip it into her pocket  
like a bit of loose change



**Angel**

*David McAuley*

---

---

**Baby Sitters**

*Kelly S. Sams*

Some are like  
comfortable old coats  
    faithful blankets which leave you  
    warm and worry-free

Some are loving like family members  
yet possessive and demanding  
    they insist you do things  
    their way

Some are like benches  
bolted to the floor  
    they invite you to rest  
    temporarily

And there are some who  
are like leafless trees near a river's edge  
    you approach with caution  
    but slide your child into the wet branches

---

---

**The Journey of the Loner and the Lover**

*David Beehr*

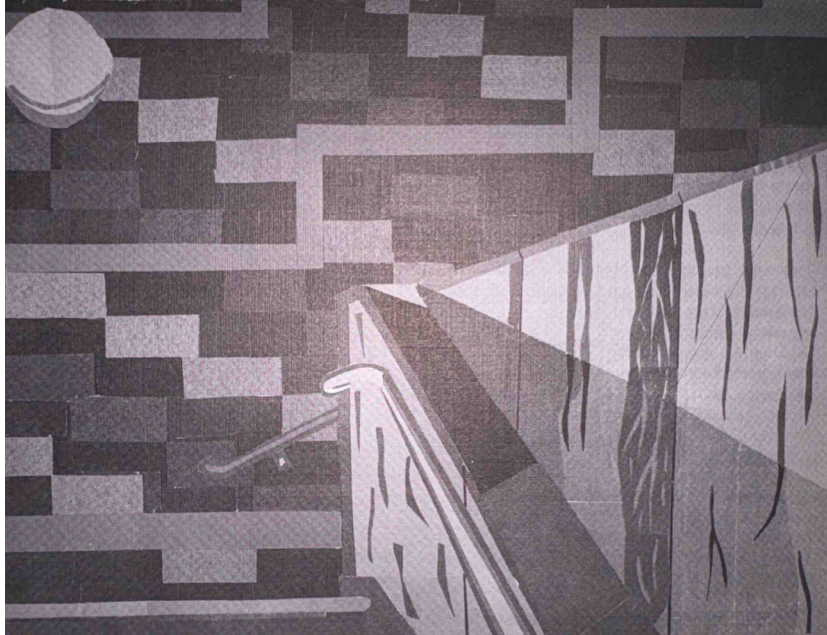
There was a young man  
A quiet man  
Who came to the conclusion that nothing or nobody  
Could be believed  
So, having lost faith in society and in the world,  
He looked inside himself  
Merging from a blood-red lane  
Into a sky-blue vein  
Seeing that most of the "harmless, lovable little fuzzballs"  
Were just full of...

The quiet, young man loves rock and roll  
But doesn't have a woman to rock and roll with  
(At least he's got rock and roll)  
He never went to the prom  
High school and junior high  
Were sort of his Vietnam  
Packed all those lunches  
And kept Jesus in his life.

He doesn't believe Jesus really minds  
That he loves rock and roll  
He believes Elvis is in Heaven  
Rockin' and rollin'  
Rockin' and rollin'

He has drive in the fast blood-red lane  
Spirits flowing through his sky-blue vein  
From a cup of peer group game-playing  
And bittersweet crushes on shallow girls --

He has grazed the shadow-sharp edges  
Of duress and death  
And lived on  
Only to drop out  
From a false rebellion  
Of substance dependency  
Without substance...



**Stare Well**  
*Color Aid Composition, 11x14*

*Bryan Konieczka*

---

---

**Murder In Stereo**

*David Beehr*

I don't live in the inner city.  
Never have.  
I'm not streetwise.  
I'm never actually seen someone get murdered.  
I've been living in a cave all my life.  
But I've had TV.  
No cave is complete without an idiot box.  
It lights up the immediate darkness.  
Like gunfire.  
Closed captions, "BANG! BANG!"  
Stereophonic, for the full effect.

---

---

**Loneliness, A State of Mind**

*Derek Jones*

Loneliness-  
is an enemy to love, to compassion and friendship.  
It makes friends with misery. It calls tragedy companion.  
I know of loneliness.  
I have mistaken many pleasant smiles for silent acceptance.  
I have taken misplaced stares-  
as looks of wanton companionship.  
To be denied, used, abused, made a fool of.  
To be left lonely one again.  
I've made love in the darkness,  
and the darkness laughs at me, it whispers in my ear.  
"Another one?"  
as she lay beside me,  
only to leave when the sun set,  
to go back to her workaholic husband.  
She leaves on the nightstand her usual token of affection.  
"Tomorrow?" I ask. "I love you," she replies.  
After she is gone I count the bills she has left, making  
sure she didn't cheat me.

---

---

**across the gap (b and c)**

*Matthew Hill*

across the gap  
from b and c  
neurons fire across the chasm-  
flashbacks made  
of graham-cracker nightmares-  
and yellow books  
with lions named sam-

across the gap  
from b and c  
fatty cells hold their breath  
blood pumps faster  
to clear the disaster  
of an officer of the law  
saying z to a

across the gap  
from b to c  
electrons- pulsars  
quasar life blood  
the larynx pops  
the consonant sound  
and everyone applauds your preschool fame

---

---

**To Have a Kitten**

*Rachel Suitor*

To have a kitten would be fun.  
She would get into my mittens  
And pull on the strings.  
She would be soft and fluffy;  
Her name would be Spot.

To have a kitten would be work.  
I would change her litterbox.  
It could be messy.  
I would feed her everyday.  
She would need water too.

To have a kitten is my wish.  
I think about it sometimes.  
I asked Mom and Dad,  
But they said.....no.

She would be very pretty.  
To have a kitten..... maybe someday?

---

*Rachel is the eight year old  
daughter of Nancy Suitor and  
SVSU Alumnus, Rick Suitor.*



**A Thousand Words**

*Anonymous*



**Soar**  
*Ink*

*Alex G. Zarate*

**scatter my ashes**  
*Matthew Hill*

spread me out  
spread my ashes  
on their tables  
in their glasses  
let me fall  
unto their pot roast  
let me sprinkle  
on their wheat toast  
let me live in  
purple jellies  
let me ride  
into their bellies  
throw me down  
upon their feet  
let me stick  
between their teeth  
ashes sailing  
through the air  
i want to burrow  
in their hair  
on their lettuce  
pumpkin pies  
i want to land  
into their eyes  
let them taste  
my salty taste  
please scatter me  
upon their plates  
and in their yams  
and on their hams  
let them feel me  
with their hands  
spread my ashes  
set me free  
so everyone may  
eat of me

---

---

## Flamingos

Melissa Seitz

“Bad day?” Rick asks. I throw a black high heel at him barely missing his head. It lands with a thud on the cactus by the bedroom window.

“Why do you ask?” I answer as he throws the shoe back at me.

“You rearranged the flamingos again,” he says with a half-grin.

I sigh and start tugging off my panty hose. Damn, another pair ruined. Four bucks down the drain. I throw them at the plant.

“Jake picked out new outfits for us to wear at the club. We start wearing them next week.”

Rick pulls off his tie and starts unbuttoning his dress shirt. I watch him and forget what we are talking about. He pulls off his shirt and tosses it towards the closet.

“What kind of new outfits?” he asks.

“Modern. More with it. More naked. Jake’s exact words.”

“More naked than short pink skirts and white tank tops?” Rick asks as he joins me on the bed. He starts rubbing my feet.

“Jake thinks that waitresses in a sports bar should have that athletic look.”

“Sweat pants and sweat shirts?” Rick asks.

“Catsuits. Tight black unitards. A tank top with legs. I can’t believe it. Can you imagine the comments I’ll get now?” I start pouting.

Rick starts wrestling me until we fall off the bed onto the floor. I pick up my other black shoe and throw it towards the cactus.

“At least the high heels are out. Jake is doing us a huge favor. We get to wear black tennis shoes.”

“What a nice guy.”

“Jake is an asshole.” I hold up my high heel in front of Rick’s face. “You know something? You would look good in high heels. You’ve got great calves.”

“Is that a compliment?”

“Sure. Just think if you had to wear these stupid shoes all day.”

“I have to wear a suit and tie every day.”

“Doesn’t make your feet hurt, does it?”

“No.”

---

---

“What would you think if Mr. Jones told all of his young hotel executives that they had to wear little matching outfits to work every day that revealed as much skin as possible?” I ask him. I picture Rick wearing my short pink skirt.

“I’d tell him to shove it,” he answers.

“Do you think I should tell Jake to shove it?”

“What do you want to do?”

“Actually I was thinking that if all the waitresses told him to stuff it at the same time that we might be able to talk some sense into him.”

“Do you know what you want to wear instead?”

“I like the tennis shoes. That’s an improvement. How about knee-length shorts and a T-shirt.”

“Sounds good to me. Try it.”

I start rubbing Rick’s feet. “I had an interesting conversation with Jake’s father today.”

“Is he still hanging out at the bar every day?” Rick asks.

“Every day at four o’clock he walks through the door. ‘Scotch and water Nicky.’ Then he tells me how mean his wife is. He rakes his wife over the coals, then he gets nostalgic about the club. It used to mean a lot to him when he owned it.”

“Ah yes. The good old Lamplighter.”

“According to him, they made the best chicken fried steak and plate of fries in the entire state when he ran the place. I always get hungry when he talks to me.”

Rick pulls me back up on the bed and wraps his arms around me. “So what story did he tell you today?”

“About twenty five years ago, Pete had a waitress by the name of Fern Lasater working the day shift. Well Fern’s husband was a few bricks shy of a full load and didn’t like his wife working. He showed one morning and drove by the club real slow in his old Caddy. While he was driving by, he shot all the windows with a .22 rifle.”

“Anybody hurt?”

“No. This guy, Russell, honked before he started shooting so everyone had time to duck.”

“Thoughtful of him. What happened?”

“Russell ended up spending the rest of his days in a mental institution. Seems he was a little unbalanced.”

---

---

*Ribbons. Bows. Lace.  
It looks like something  
Barbie would wear*

---

---

“Speaking of getting unbalanced, want a beer?”

“Sure. Meet me on the couch.”

“Music?”

“I don’t know. What are you in the mood for?”

“What am I always in the mood for?” he asks.

“Ha ha. I meant music.”

“Neil Young?” Rick starts singing, “She used to work in a diner. Never saw a woman look finer.”

“You sound just like Mr. Young. I think I’ll change my clothes. My bra is killing me.”

“But you look kind of sexy like that.”

“Too bad. This bra has had it for the day.”

Rick laughs and heads for the kitchen. I open my lingerie drawer expecting to find something worth putting on. Seems like I should have something sexy to wear. White cotton jockey underwear? No. Oh there. The beige pushed-up bra my sister gave me. The witch. She gets the big breasts and I get wire bras. I put it on. It hurts. I take it off. I dig deeper.

“You coming out?” Rick yells from the living room. “Unknown Legend” blasts from the stereo. I’m sure my beer is getting warm.

“In a minute,” I yell back. A teddy. That should work. I pull out the blue teddy. Ribbons. Bows. Lace. It looks like something Barbie would wear. I pull it on. It makes my breast look even smaller and my rear end wider if that’s possible. I pull it off. I grab my robe. I pout as I walk into the living room. I grab my beer and take a swig.

“What took you so long?” Rick asks.

“I couldn’t decide what to wear,” I answer.

“Your robe is a good choice,” he laughs.

I walk over to the front window. The flamingos stand in a circle nose to nose in the middle of the lawn. I turn off the porch light.

“What’s the matter?”

“The flamingos look sad.”

“You look sad.”

“I deserve to be the manager at the club, not Jake. He’s an office man.”

“Why don’t you ask him?”

“So he can laugh in my face?”

---

---

“He might think it’s a good idea. Tell some of your regulars to mention it to him.”

“I know he’s tired of being out on the floor. He isn’t in to telling stories like his father used to. Jake just waits for the money to roll in. Pete works the crowd. He knew something about everyone.”

“You probably do too.”

“People tell me things. I’m like cheap therapy. Cheap booze and cheap advice. Did you know that Ed Martin can’t stand his daughters?”

“What do you mean?” he asks.

“He comes in regular everyday too. Five o’clock from the bank. Starts witching about his daughters. One is sleeping with her boyfriend. One pierced her nose. One wants to be a policewoman.”

“What’s wrong with that?”

“Too dangerous.”

“I think he should worry about the one sleeping with her boyfriend,” Rick says.

I start laughing. “Want another beer?”

“Sure. What’s funny?”

“I was just imagining Big Ed trying to talk about S-E-X with his daughters. ‘Now daughter dearest--nice girls don’t do it before marriage.’”

“One of the best myths of mankind,” Rick says.

“You know it’s still true. Everyone wants a virgin. You should hear men talk in the bar during the beer commercials on the big screen. They hate the new one where the girl pulls up in the convertible and tosses out her boyfriend’s stuff in the front of the bar. ‘Take a load off fanny. Yeah. Take a load for free.’ Oh yes. That one does not go over big.”

“I should hang out at the bar more often.”

“Maybe I should get a job at the hotel.”

“It wouldn’t be as much fun for you. We only get to see people when they check in, when they check out, or if they need to complain.”

“I’d like to handle the complainers,” I tell him. I’ve always loved complainers. Whiners. Whine. Whine. Whine. Yes. That is what I enjoy. I must be sick. I let out a long sigh.

“What’s wrong?” he asks.

“Want to go to bed?”

“Are you tired?”  
“Not really. Let’s go rearrange the flamingos and then jump into bed.”  
“What’s wrong with the flamingos?”  
“I hate it when I do that to them. They look so pissed off when they’re nose-to-nose.”  
“Aren’t you pissed off anymore?”  
“Not really. Let’s line them up along the sidewalk.”  
“Alright. By the way,” he says as he gets up off the couch, “what do you have on under your robe?”  
“Nothing,” I answer.  
“I’ll race you to the flamingos.”



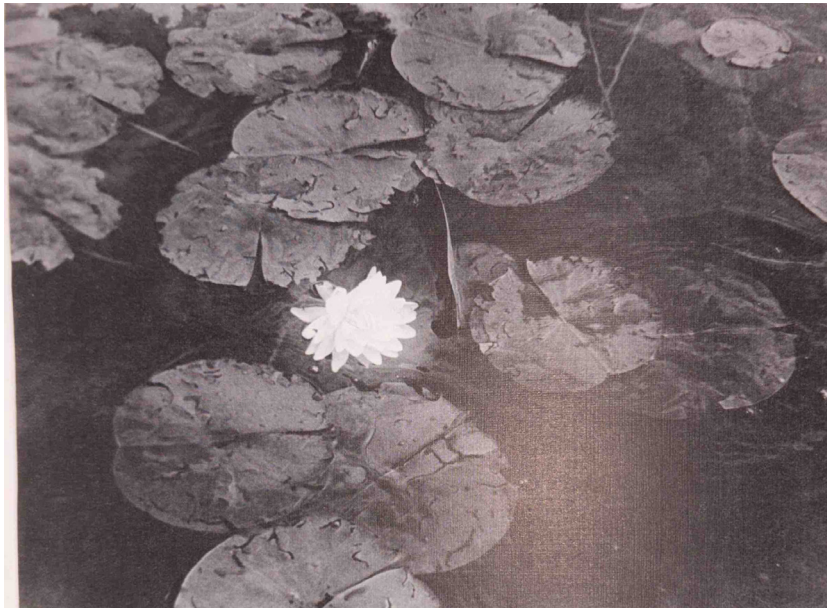
*Melissa Seitz has been an exceptional contributor and editor (1993-94). She graduated summa cum laude in May from the Honors Program. Her thesis presentation was a collection of short stories called “Flamingos in Chaos.” She has won a number of awards including the Tyner Award for nonfiction.*

*Melissa will be pursuing her master’s degree in Literature/Creative Writing at Michigan State University in the fall. We wish her continued success and thank her for her leadership and inspiration at SVSU.*



**Inversion**

*Alex G. Zarate*



Lily

Jeff Foxx

---

---

**Idę**

*Jennifer P. Majchrzak*

Ja idę ulicą  
idę polem,  
idę doliną,  
idę górą,  
Polska jest piękna!  
Znajdowam ludzi,  
miasta,  
z powodu miłości do Bogu  
w katedrze. Ja widziałam  
mój kościół w kraju.  
Ludzie są ludzie!  
My jemy razem  
przy ołtarzu naszego świata.

Translation from Polish:

**Through**

I go through the streets,  
through the fields,  
through the valleys,  
through the mountains,  
Poland is beautiful!  
I find people,  
cities,  
with love for God  
in a cathedral. I saw  
reflections of the same faith as in my home's Church.  
People are people!  
We are nourished together at  
the altar of our world.

---

---

**Pandora's Box**

*Elizabeth Miklosovic*

You, little libertine, are a reflection  
trapped inside the cold dark glass  
of agnostic *tristesse*,  
clinging to metaphysics when  
you've lost all hope of demise.  
That band on your hand  
simply signifies your appointment  
with the vampire,  
who's penetration goes  
no further than the skin's capacity.  
I want to take you down,  
tear away the gossamer,  
segregate your jumbled genitals,  
jar you out of the tourist trap,  
and endure the seven years bad luck.  
Sappho would understand my plight,  
she'd take you on a picnic,  
offer you garlic chicken,  
a black widow sandwich  
and invite you onto her island.  
I, however, can be no more  
than a mere ferryman, awaiting  
your cross over Styx;  
I will paddle the boat  
assured you will have your brass in hand.

We sit and smile  
with a house on our heads;  
when the fire's all gone  
there's no place like home.