

# Cardinal Sins



volume 7, issue 6  
April 1988

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# Cardinal Sins

## all from the tree of knowledge

" ... and art had become a reality that day  
when my solar system stormed the earth  
with affection and fury.

All the museums dimmed their lights."

--George Gott

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Although Sue Ann Sadler's photo appeared in the center of last issue, it was not made clear that she won first prize in the photography contest, for which we apologize. Also, we finally have learned who submitted the poem which won second place, and so offer congratulations to its author, Angela Sophie Bernard.

## NOISES IN THE ATTIC

Old bodies are like old houses  
joints start creaking,  
hinges freeze with rust,  
foundations shift and crumble,  
All the windows are warped,  
sealed shut like memories.  
There is a wide path worn  
through the wool carpet.  
There are fuses blown  
in this gray steel box  
of a brain.  
The front porch steps are broken  
and no one can enter.  
The roof leaks at the slightest  
hint of rain.  
At night, there are  
noises in the attic,  
footsteps of the past-  
maybe lovers coming back

--Tonya Fletcher

## Keeping Watch

The clock ticks,  
Louder and louder.  
Still, my daughter,  
is not home.

The window by my chair,  
Faces the dark deserted street.  
I disguise time with a best seller,  
Clutching the cover,  
Seeing only words.  
A car's passing headlights,  
Develops a theme, more  
Captivating than the pages I turn.  
And, the clock ticks,  
Ticks, ticks.

At last,  
The front door opens,  
She's home.  
She tosses her coat recklessly,  
Upon my abandoned chair.  
She leaves her worn-out shoes,  
At the door.  
As I approach,  
Clenching my hands to my sides,  
She sees the furrow of my brow,  
She looks into my weary eyes.

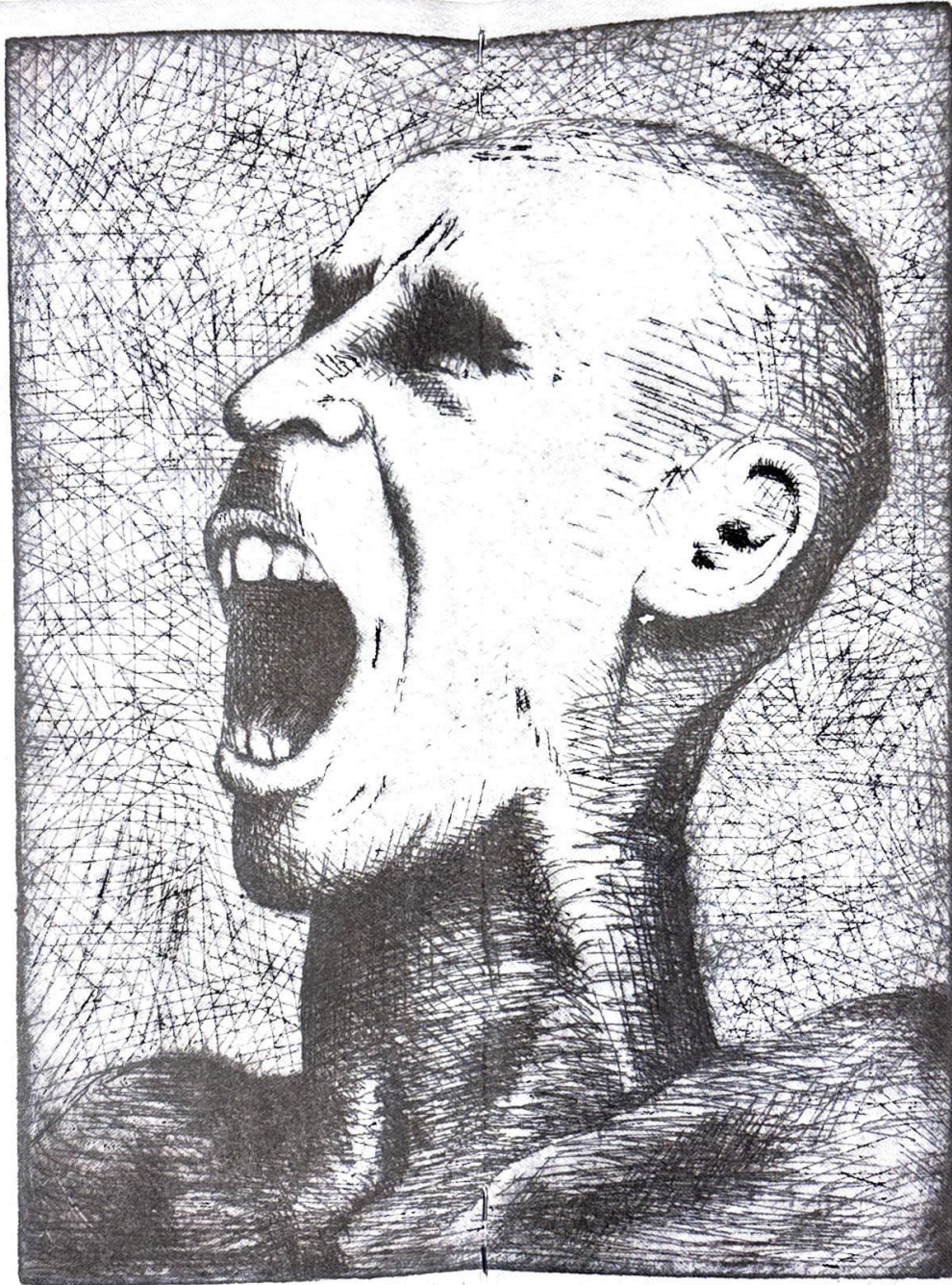
I see her youthful smile,  
And silky hair.  
Time between us,  
Retires with a good night hug.  
I turn out the lamp.  
And, the clock ticks,  
Silently.

--Kary Pogue

## SOMEWHERE ELSE

Stars shiver in a warm sky.  
The moon is shining like a steady unblinking beacon.  
Words slowly turn to honey and salt, dissolving in warm sheets.  
The night stills and opens, lying back like a desert flower overpowered by the heat of  
those countless midnight suns.

--Linda Haag-Hipel



*Coates of Hell*

1/4

*Matthew Leachman*

A LITTLE WISDOM  
FROM GRANDMA LOUISE

You live in the future.  
The past is nothing to you  
but to me, it's everything.  
Someday you'll understand  
what it's like to be old  
and useless.  
Your parents live in the present,  
their future scares them,  
and the past...  
well...  
they're still too close to it  
to see it clearly.  
When you get old  
the things  
you thought were important  
seem smaller somehow.  
Every day the future looks  
a little bit darker to me.  
But the past  
even the grimy parts  
just keep getting brighter  
and brighter  
You don't have a past yet  
but that's all I have left.

--Michael Gritter

Dream #7

The warm wind whipped the loose edges of his jacket against the railing as he stood there, looking down through miles of nothing upon water so perfectly still that it resembled more miles of nothing, only shiny. The clown was back again.

"Wanna see me juggle flaming basketballs?" the clown asked in his best TV-clown voice while doing a slappery soft-shoe on the moist deck with his size 112 goof-shoes.

He did his best Mr. Spock voice. "Captain, this cause of action would be inadvisable at the current juncture of the space-time continuum due to the following points: one; the delicate envelope of the dirigible, whose lowest point lies only three feet above your head, could have its integrity seriously breached by a flaming object, which would result in our rapid descent to the ocean below, and the probability of our surviving after destroying such a perfect and logical art form is quite low. Two; the temperature of a flaming basketball, in order to maintain itself, would be somewhere in the neighborhood of 440 degrees celsius if the ball was composed of standard materials. A temperature this great would surely do serious damage to your rubber nose."

The clown pouted for a second, then produced three basketballs, all brightly ablaze.

Juggling them without apparent harm, he spoke in the voice of Captain Kirk: "It's my ship, and I'm responsible for all those aboard ... " The dialogue was interrupted by the arrival of a new clown, who slid down a guywire and gave the first clown a tremendous thump with a fake fish. The Kirk clown gave up all attempts at juggling and fell down dramatically. One of the flaming basketballs went over the edge of the railing, narrowly missing the watching man. The two others passed downward through the deck, the one slowed somewhat by the passage through a clown foot. The Kirk clown now sported a rubber chicken, with which he attempted to stave in the rubber nose of the fish-clown. The man at the railing leaned far over the edge of the railing to watch the descent of the burning spheres. They continued toward the surface of the water until they were no longer visible, and although he continued to watch for several minutes, the water remained as smooth as ever.

--J. A. Gillman

silence

every thing is louder at night

the wind dancing  
with the leaves  
in the trees

crickets

footsteps in the hallway

the roar from a passing car

voices from somewhere else

the clock

as it bangs out each second

memories

but the quiet from

a half empty bed

drowns them all out

this silence is louder at night

--Michael Griffor

## Bedtime

Contained by warmed linen.

Rolling hills of silken flesh  
beneath a hand.

Heat from the skinscape  
synapses along to the brain.

Breath is caught quickly.

Cautiously taut, a turn  
and warm breath brushes an ear.

Gentleness moves forward  
into the night.

It is an old love.

Familiar and fresh.

Eyelids drop,  
as two sink in slumber's rhythm.

--Nadine Zazou

Just Looking  
*An Ode to Certain Male Faculty Members*

I wonder if you wonder  
what we do  
while you pace  
through the room  
and lecture--  
or drone.

Do you wonder  
what we do  
while we write  
every word that you say  
every word we must know  
for the rest of our life--  
or the test?

Do you wonder  
what ideas are designed  
in our mind  
as you make that last point--  
one last time?

Do you see *me* sitting here?

Do you wonder  
what *I* do  
as I sit in your room  
near the back of your class?  
I watch your ass.

--anonymous