

Cardinal Sins



volume 7, issue 6
April 1988

copyright 1988 a, TF, JAG, MG, LHH, ML, KP, NZ

editor-in-chief
editors

Beth Medley
Greg Armstead, Carolyn Baird, Marc Beaudin,
Ann Garcia, Michael Griffor, Kat Sterchele, Chris Taylor,
Karen Totten, Andrea Wood

business manager
faculty advisor

Michael Beller
Diane Sautter

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

cover	The Seamstress	Matthew Leachman
2	Noises in the Attic	Tonya Fletcher
3	Keeping Watch	Kary Pogue
4	Somewhere Else	Linda Haag-Hipel
5	Gates of Hell	Matthew Leachman
7	A Little Wisdom from Grandma Louise	Michael Griffor
8	Dream #7	J. A. Gillman
9	silence	Michael Griffor
10	Bedtime.	Nadine Zazou
11	Just Looking	anonymous

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

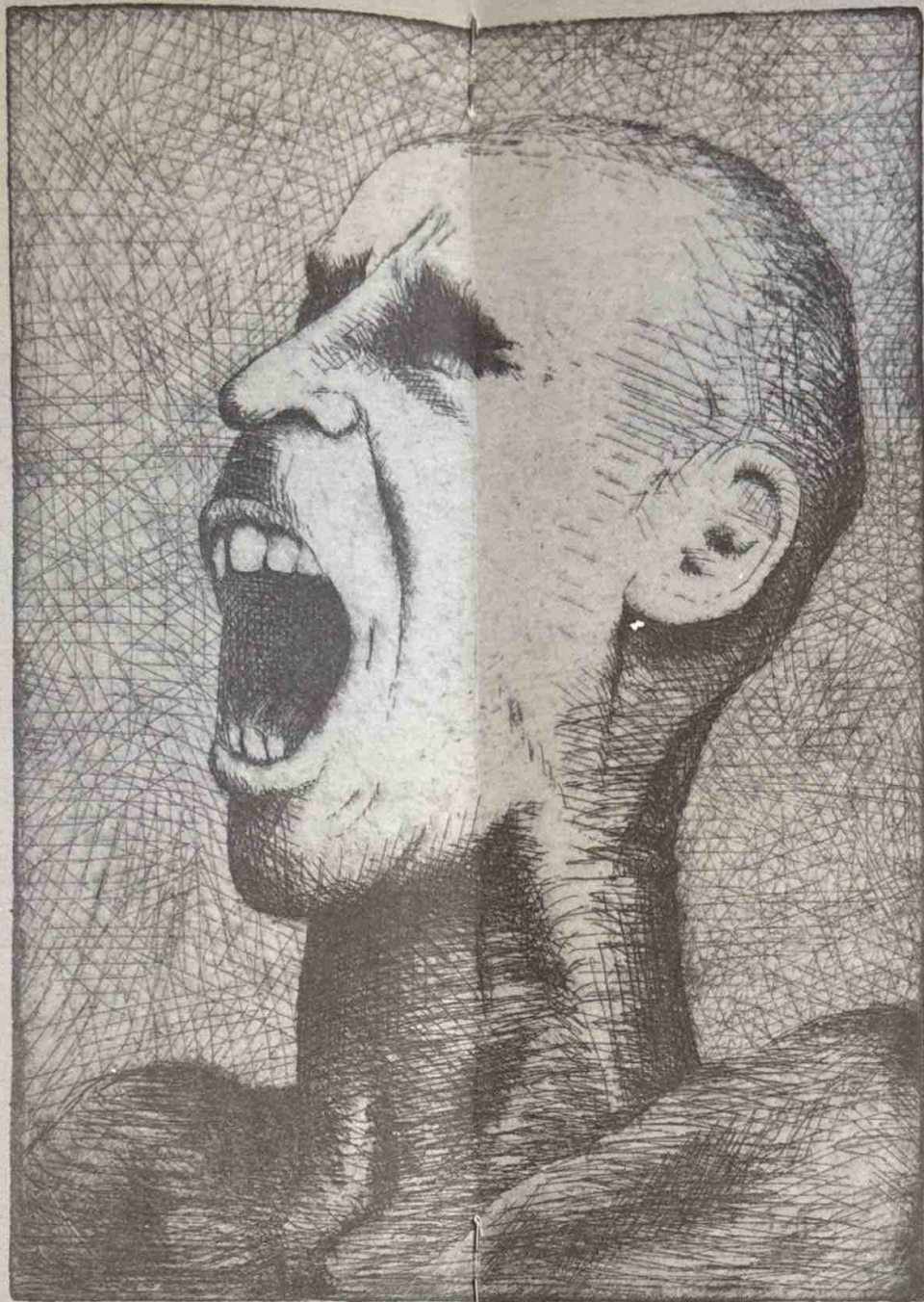
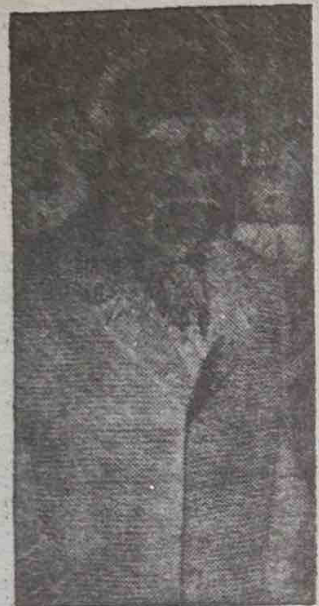
Stars shiver in a warm sky.

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



Gates 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