

C a r d i n a l S i n s

V o l u m e 3 1 , I s s u e 2

The fine arts and literature magazine of
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**Congratulations to the winners in their respective categories.*

***Congratulations to the winner of the Winter 2012 Cardinal Sins Poetry Slam.*

Editor's Note

Life is like a book. I know, maybe you have heard people say that before, but hear me out. Life is like a book. It has chapters, and characters, and plots. It's one of those books that you just can't put down. Sometimes it's funny, and sometimes it's sad. It can be frustrating, and it can be disappointing.

The cool thing about it is that in everyone's own story, you are the protagonist. That story is about you. Trust me, if you aren't the main character in your own story, you are doing something wrong. Don't ever let someone else become the main character in your book.

In my story, I am coming to the end of a chapter. The end of Book One, even. I will be completing my education in just a short while, and there is cause for rejoicing. I don't have an omniscient narrator for my life, so I can't tell you what's next. Whatever it is, I know it is just a few pages away.

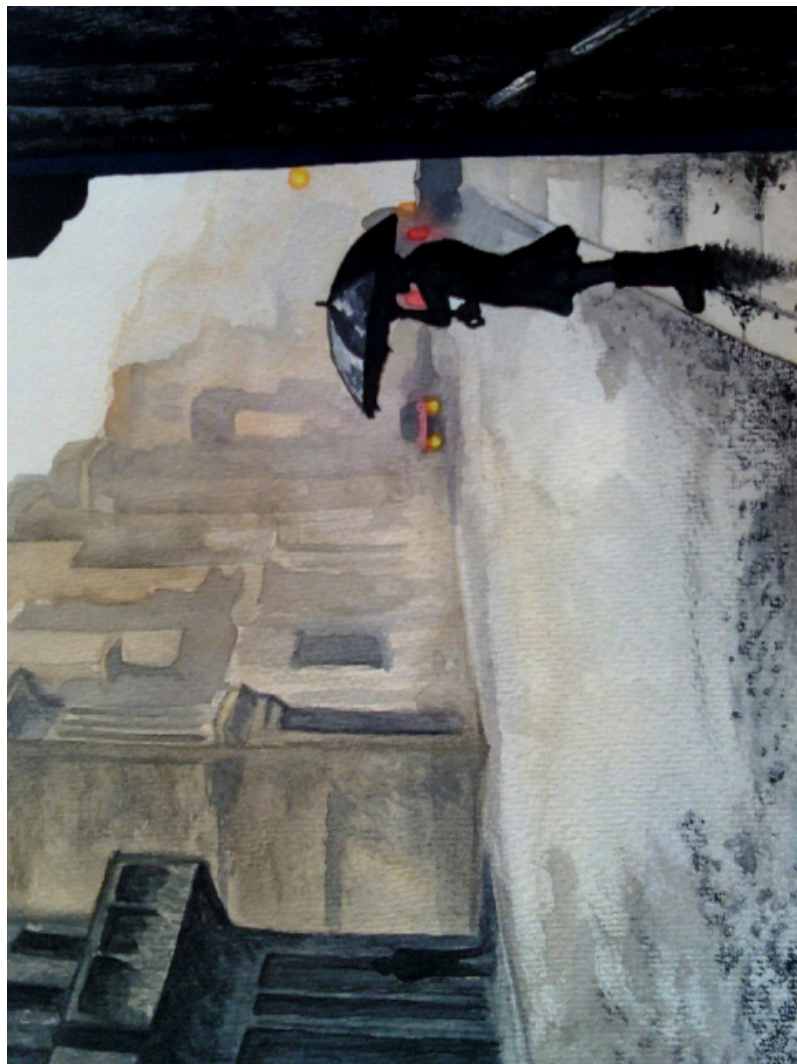
I think it's fitting to have a metaphor about a book in a book that I have worked so hard to put together. I hope that your own story is as interesting as you like your books to be, and that even when the next few pages look tough, you'll remember that there is always a resolution around the corner.

Happy reading,

Emily Krueger

Waiting for the Storm to Pass

by Melissa Bailey



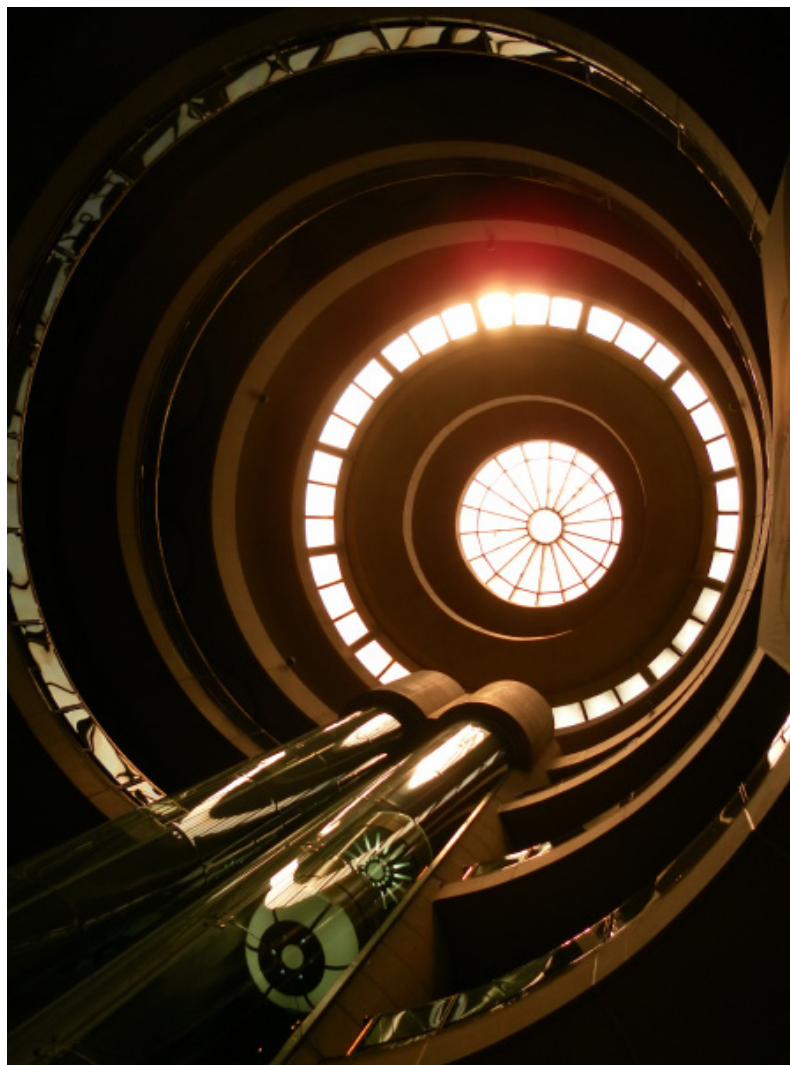
Watercolor

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Big Brother

by Timothy Bauer



Color Photography

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Aztec Pyramids

by Justin J. Brouckaert

Sam swung the hammer repeatedly. Low swings, busting up bricks at knee-level, clearing a half foot of concrete each time the hammer head made contact. Steady, rhythmic blows. Sam's muscled arms absorbed the reverberations with a dull resistance. He let the hammerhead carry through to the dust and debris and then pulled it back up to his shoulder. His boots shifted with each blow, slipping in the gravel bits. He adjusted his stance and swung again. Again.

The blocks scattered in jagged chunks, sharp projectiles that formed modest concrete letters. The bricks fell differently each time, sometimes splitting in half, sometimes shattering like human bones.

Sam swung sideways, his chest heaved toward the concrete wall, a long border that extended far across the empty lot into the mid-morning sun. His eyes followed the hammer through each blow.

He was a large, rough man, standing well over six feet tall. His arms stretched the fabric of a white T-shirt that was already soaked through with sweat, and the cords in his neck pulsed and stretched like electric wires. The T-shirt was tucked into carpenter jeans dyed white-grey from the concrete dust, torn and paint-stained at the knees. He showed no signs of wearing down; it was early in the day.

Sam worked with two other men: one taller, well-proportioned and comparable in size, worked ahead of him; he took higher swings at the five-foot wall, knocking off the top layers first and working down. He would break the bricks down by rows, leaving the jagged bottoms for Sam.

The third man worked at the rear, busting up the large chunks of concrete left behind. He was a short, stumpy boy of nineteen, and he worked with a youthful vigor that made the other two men look like swinging pendulums on a grandfather clock. He raced among the rubble, reducing baseball-sized bits of rock to shards and dust, smiling in disbelief at his co-workers when they left a large block behind. He would place a boot on top of the blocks and take a dumb swing at the chunky remainders. The bricks exploded beneath him, and he stumbled after each blow, still shaking his head at the sloppy work of his silent elders.

The men worked in lengthy shifts. They would swing at the wall until they could swing no more, and then they would rest. They would then carry their hammers to where their canteens were lying in the rubble of the empty lot, twenty feet from the wall. The third man, forever scrambling in their wake, would shake his head and follow suit.

The three men stood in a semi-circle, dripping with quiet exhaustion; Sam leaned on his sledgehammer as he took a long drink of water. It was early in the day, but all three men were drenched, still panting from their labor. Sam stared out to the west; there was nothing but rubble in the empty lot from the men to the sunlight.

In the distance behind them, three red trucks were parked in a line, the yellow lights on top of their hoods stood dormant and menacing. Sam squinted in the sun and saw the figures of men waiting in the drivers' seats.

The trucks circled around the work area every hour, their shadowy drivers monitoring the three allotted breaks the men were allowed.

The taller man took off his hard hat and sat on it, his medium-length brown hair matted and slick from sweat. He ran his calloused hands through the mop of hair and shook his head.

"Helluva day for bustin' bricks."

The younger man kept his hat on, but lowered himself to sit. He turned the flat end of a concrete block over and made a seat, giving the taller man a toothy grin.

"This ain't bad."

"Like hell it's not," the taller man said.

The shorter man smiled back and took a drink from his canteen. He was the only one who wore protective glasses on his eyes and pads on his knees and elbows; the other men relied on denim and luck.

"This ain't bad," he repeated. "My pa, he did some work in Mexico when I was a kid, had tuh been twelve years old."

He paused and squinted through his plastic eyeglasses.

"Busting bricks down there in Mexico. Old man said it was damn near 120 degrees. Hot enough to melt the clothes right into your skin. Now that's hot."

"Hell, that's nothin'. You weren't the one bustin' bricks in Mexico."

The short man shook his head.

"No, but my pa would tell me stories. Said it was damn hard work. But them brown-skinned Aztecs, they thought nothin' of it."

"Whaddaya mean, Aztecs? Ain't no Aztecs in Mexico anymore."

"Sure as hell is," the younger man grinned. "Brown-skinned Aztecs, brown from the sun y'see. Pa said they'd just hammer away in that sun like they was back to the stone ages, buildin' Aztec pyramids."

"Helluva difference between building a pyramid and busting up bricks," the taller man said.

Sam leaned against his hammer nearby, turning to look at the men. The boy had a smiling, toady face; his teeth and nose were uneven, and straw-like blonde hairs sprouted sporadically through his pale complexion. The taller man met Sam's eyes smugly.

"Ain't much different for the Aztecs," Sam grunted.

The men stood silently, their eyes meeting briefly for a moment and then shifting to the red trucks in the distance.

"Well, it's just a helluva day to be bustin' bricks," the taller man countered.

"It's just a helluva day," Sam said.

The three men shifted in silent agreement. The taller man took a drink of water while the short man grinned and picked up a piece of concrete from the ground. He let his sledgehammer drop beside him and played with the brick, twirling it in his chunky fingers. His face was streaked with sweat that

dripped trails through the dusty film.

"Well, what's wrong with bustin' bricks, anyway? No matter the weather."

"Shit," the taller man grinned. "Ain't much right with it."

The short man tossed the stone into the rubble.

"Nothin' wrong with it, if you ask me. It's a job, good as any other."

"Like hell," the taller man said. "Whadda they need this wall down for, anyway? Seems to me this wall's good as any other. We'd be better off buildin' pyramids."

The sun beat down on the men. Each of their faces was dyed a rusty brown. Each man's face was dark and strong. Each man's face was scarred by brick and gravel.

The two men squinted into the morning sun, but Sam stared straight at the ground, eyes open with a dull resignation. In the distance, the lead red truck fired up its engine, kicking up dust and gravel as it spun into gear and began its rounds.

"It's a job," Sam said simply. He tossed his canteen into the rubble, shouldered his hammer and turned back toward the wall. "It's our job."

*

The men busted blocks through the late morning, working their way down the wall into the early afternoon. The sound of their hammers echoed through the empty rubble lot. The wall fell in bits, slowly and obstinately, but the three men could still trace their day's work in less than twenty strides.

They had no deadlines to meet, no goals for each day's work. It was only expected that they show up in the morning and work all day. The three trucks made their last rounds long after sunset.

The men worked through to a late lunch, when they brought the scattered half-circle to order; once again, the taller man sat on his hat and the

toady man squatted on a flat brick. Sam laid his hammer down and sat cross-legged on a bed of small rocks. He pulled two sandwiches from a tin lunchbox and began to carefully unwrap the wax paper covering the first sandwich.

The taller man chewed thoughtfully on a half-eaten roll, crossing his arms on his knees. He had a long, horse-like face, and his narrow teeth gnashed at the bread, ripping it off in bits and tearing at it in a circular churning motion.

"Sam, how long you been out here?"

Sam kept his head down, still unwrapping the first sandwich.

"Long time," he said slowly. "Started far back." He motioned vaguely with his left hand, flicking it toward the crumbled trail of finished work they had followed.

The short man was licking crumbs off his fingers. He stopped to suck the crusting sauce off his pinky before turning to Sam.

"Bet this wall was a helluva lot longer then, huh?" he asked.

Sam shrugged and began to eat his first sandwich. The short man watched him, his smile drooping into a dumb frown. He wiped his hands on his jeans.

"Why're they knocking this wall down, anyway?"

The taller man watched Sam as he took a sizeable bite out of the sandwich.

"They're building," Sam said, nodding toward the trucks.

"Building?"

"Building."

The short man frowned.

"Why ain't they started building then?"

Sam crumpled the wax paper into a ball and placed it back in the tin box. He lifted the second sandwich out—tiny in his meaty hands—and began to unfold the wax covering.

“Need the wall down first.”

The short man looked at Sam dumbly and then turned to look at the wall. The top of it stuck up in uneven broken edges. Handiwork of their predecessors, the men who had busted up the taller part of the wall.

The short man shook his head, smiling.

“Well, shit. I oughtta be a builder.”

“Can’t.”

“Why not? I can build things good as any builder. When I was a kid, my old man taught me some construction stuff he had learned from his old man, and—”

“Builders do the building,” Sam said. He took another bite of his sandwich.

The short man stared at Sam, watching him work through the sandwich. He stared, but Sam kept his eyes down, consuming the sandwich in equal bites.

“An’ how do I get to be a builder?”

The tall man slapped his knees and grinned.

“Looks like you got to knock this wall down first, kid,” he said, breaking into a nasally laugh.

Sam shook his head, “Ain’t our job to worry ‘bout building,” he said with a mouth half-full of food.

The short man frowned and rubbed his hands together. He stopped and, after seeing the dust on his fingers, wiped his hands again across his jeans.

“Who worries ‘bout buildin’?”

"Builders worry 'bout buildin,'" Sam said. "We just bust bricks. And we don't even get to worry 'bout that."

He nodded toward the red trucks.

The short man stood up and walked toward the wall. The taller man watched him put a hand on the concrete, tracing a broken edge with his thumb. He turned and followed the length of the wall with his eyes; there was no end to it. Rubble to the right and left, and a five-foot wall that seemed to stretch right into the clouds. He heard bricks busting in the distance.

The short man stayed near the wall and rubbed his hands together before he started walking back toward his co-workers. The taller man watched him with a long, solemn gaze, and their eyes met briefly when the short man returned.

He picked his canteen up from the rubble and took a swig. Popped the cap back on and turned to Sam.

"I guess it's a helluva job, ain't it?"

Sam put the last of his sandwich in his mouth and rolled the wax paper into a ball. Placed it back inside the tin box and closed the latch.

He stood up, pulled the hammer from the rubble and shouldered it with a grunt.

"It's just a helluva day."

Who Writes Poetry?

by Josh Crummer

Readers of the nation, passerbys piqued by the page,
I am here because I can't grasp this thing called Poetry.
This poem, for instance, is like every other poem before
and after it, ground pestle-word processing into
something easily digested, printable. I believe all technology,
even Twitters and Facebooks, leads toward simplicity
of community, everyone aware of everything at once.
Omniscience is a replacement word for all-knowing;
knowledge is power in disguise, a web dependent on
The Web. I'd better stop before SOPA stops me.
You can live every day in fear of misinterpretation, dreading
miscommunication at work, home, with lovers. So here I am,
hiding where trenchcoat eyes hide, penning the next revolution
under dim lights and barstools. It's a lie if I said
I didn't wallflower dark bars with poetry anthologies,
each book shaping a Roman god out of a dirty white boy.
The barkeep has much to say about the way we live. When I
tell strangers I'm a poet, I can sense their skepticism
even when they smile and nod. Our veiled contempt is the bear
crashing leaves full-speed in the wild. But we're human;
if not for skins, fruit and meat, we wouldn't exist,
so how Poetry survives in dog-eat-dog budgets and deadlines
I don't know. Sometimes when I write in public, I view paranoia
from eyes hardened by cars and SARS and babies and war,
and they blink and disappear. That's Poetry. I might see these
people again; chance is Poetry too. Even concerned employees
asking if they can help me, that's just nosiness. But still Poetry.
I wish I could speak prose to neighbors the way Shakespeare
wrote sonnets, the way rap artists spit their game at bitches in
haunted discotheques, the way Pinsky delivered Gulf Music from the
South to Saginaw, Michigan. I want to speak in tongues lost
to linguists roaming African plains, desperate to resuscitate
and I can't. I want to be the man in commercials who oozes sexy
just for bringing a twelve-pack of tacos to a house party,
and I can't. All I can ever be is the meld of man and woman,
the fruit of the opposite's prayers. Ask a skinhead what it's like
to feel pretty. Offer Satanists a truce with God. Vote White politics
in a land of Red and Blue. Burn the forest to build a ship.
Sometimes, to cross streams, your only bridge is paper and ink.

Moon Balloon

by Erin Case



Mixed Media

Winter 2012

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Row

by Sara Farver



Color Photography

Fuschia Rabbit's Foot

by Maria Franz

In March, we'd brace ourselves against painful snow to visit the rabbits and their new additions upon new additions. Dad and I would name them as if they were house pets. He explained why, each month, he had to move them to a bigger cage. I liked watching. Hopping, pesky, busy. That spring, we sold them to the local pet shop to pay for canned goods and a blanket for my baby brother.

I liked these times alone with my dad. When he was surrounded by people he didn't want to talk to me. His friend Roger came over often and made fun of him for having such a soft spot toward our rabbits.

"Those would make good meals, Pete! She wouldn't notice if you cooked up one rabbit."

I never called them rabbits, though. I called them bunnies.

Dad came home one day and walked in on Roger with my mom. His rifle told him to say goodbye to us, or so the diary of my ninth year states. My aunt raised me after that.

"Sweetie, he was just fed up with selling rabbits to make ends meet."

Nine years later, I gave birth to an illegitimate baby.

I couldn't pay utilities in my cramped apartment above La Fontaine's Pub, so I'd take from each new fling in exchange for false intimacies. That's how I made ends meet for myself, my daughter, and a cat she called Monkey. That cat loved her like she was its mother. My daughter didn't care about the source of my income. She'd take pride in me as long as I cooked her favorite meal once or twice a week and put on a puppet show before bed on weekends.

My baby girl always wanted a fuchsia rabbit's foot.

St. Patrick's Day seemed like the time to show her I still had faith in myself. I spent the afternoon in her bedroom; hanging green three-leaved clovers from the ceiling. And all I could find was a vibrant, ghastly chartreuse paw as her gift. The ugly lemon-lime trinket sat

perfectly on her pillow, waiting. I kept checking the time, feeling more excited as three o'clock approached. Her face would display all the happiness she felt, and I needed to see that desperately.

Then I heard noises coming from the bed.

*

Three o'clock arrived.

I sat painting my fingernails fuchsia when I heard the door slam. Bunny girl came in and gleamed at the sight of the matching fuchsia foot.

Smiling at me, smiling at the dangling little lucky lie, then puzzled.

"Mom, where's Monkey?"

Self Portrait

by Liz Bartle



Black & White Photography

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Between Towns

by Brandy Abraham

The last time I saw him he was red. It was his arms and the Michigan sun. It beat rather than burned him. We stood on the wood-stepped porch and thought about a cool wind, as if it would come that day. It wouldn't, but we wanted it. Desperately, we stuck our feet and hands in the cold, metal tubs we once filled with white paint, and that once he washed clothes in with my mother.

Only Fools Rush In

by Katrina Robinson



Color Photography

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Mountain Spoon

by Erin Case



Mixed Media

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Cracked

by Shiloh Sanchez

My belly is a cracked egg,
pressed
like a tortilla between Abuelita's tired hands;
lard caked between strong fingers.

Crisp, oily, cracked.

The chick is in the cradle,
cries hard,
though ever so soft.

I've heard of palm readers,
but could God please read my belly?
Where do I go?

I am a brown egg,
a farmer's egg,
the healthiest egg,
though you prefer white in stores.

You cannot crush me in one hand,
cracked though I may be.

Though you still do not believe me,
I still hold a little life.
Not all of it ran down between my legs.

Release Me

by Christine Janowiak



Linoleum Print

Bye Bye Bird

by Caroline Goetze

Cast of Characters

Papa (Arthur Grimes) *A newly widowed farmer*

MAMA (BERTHA "BIRD" GRIMES) *his deceased wife*

Lawrence, *his oldest son, aged 17*

Arnold, *his middle son, aged 15*

Oliver, *his youngest son, aged 13*

Margaret, *his adopted daughter, aged 10*

The action takes place at the Grimes' homestead, somewhere in Michigan, during the Great Depression.

Act I

Scene One

[The Grimes' kitchen is comfortable with plenty of natural light and cheerful colors. Bright, floral café-style curtains hang at the windows. The painted surfaces are worn, but well-scrubbed and clean. The floor is checkered linoleum tile. There is an oval oak table in the center of the room with six pressed-back oak chairs arranged around it. At left, a door and two windows open onto an enclosed side-porch, which serves as a mudroom where coats and hats hanging on metal hooks are visible. Beyond that, the outdoors can be seen through the porch windows. At right, a Hoosier cabinet lines the wall between a door upstage leading to a staircase and a door downstage leading to a large pantry lined with shelves full of pickles and preserves in jars. At the back of the room, a large, wood-fueled cook stove dominates the wall. There is a small, white-painted cabinet with an enamel top to its left and a white high-backed farm sink with a single basin and an attached drain board to its right. A cistern pump sits at the edge of the sink and there is a small window centered over it.]

Downstage, the kitchen opens to a sitting room. The wooden floor is partially covered with a floral-patterned carpet. A fancy Victorian-style light fixture hangs from the center of the ceiling. There are windows, hung with lace curtains, on the right and left walls. Heavy, plush, upholstered furniture has been pushed against the walls, leaving the center of the room empty. A mirror, covered with sheer black cloth, hangs above one sofa. Several other art prints hang on the walls, uncovered.

It is a late spring morning, a little before dinnertime; Arnold, wearing a frilly woman's apron over his work clothes, is busy at the stove, lifting pot lids and stoking the wood fire. He moves slowly and heavily, as if a great weight is resting on him. Margaret, carrying a wicker basket full of clean laundry, enters from the porch at left, letting the screen door slam behind her.]

ARNOLD: *[Jumping a little and turning angrily to face her].* Haven't you been told over and over not to slam that?

MARGARET: *[Stopping beside the table and looking at Arnold].* Will Lawrence and Oliver be back soon, do you think?

ARNOLD: *[Turning back to his work at the stove].* They left before you were even up and before Papa went out to do chores this morning. Unless the train was late, they should be back in time for dinner.

MARGARET: *[Raising the wicker basket a little].* Should I fold these in the front room or take them upstairs?

ARNOLD: *[Shrugging].* Who cares?

[Margaret sniffs and pouts a little, then turns toward the sitting room, but pauses when she hears Papa coming through the porch. His sweat-stained straw hat is still on his head and his work clothes are dirty. He is carrying two wooden sawhorses.]

PAPA: *[His voice harsh and ragged].* Margaret, take that basket upstairs and bring me the good linen tablecloth to drape these with.

[Margaret hurries through the door leading to the stairway. Papa passes into the sitting room without pausing to see if she has gone or speaking to Arnold and sets the sawhorses about six feet apart in the center of the room. He begins to fiddle with them, positioning and repositioning them to make sure they are "just so." Margaret enters from the stairway door with a pressed and folded bright white linen tablecloth and approaches Papa. Together, they unfold it and carefully place it so that it drapes evenly over the sawhorses. Meanwhile, in the kitchen behind them, Arnold is setting the table. The sound of an old truck engine comes through the open windows. Margaret runs to the screen door and looks out.]

MARGARET: *[Soberly]*. They're here.

[Papa removes his hat and begins to absently turn it around and around in his hands. He sinks slowly onto the sofa beneath the covered mirror, drops his hat on the floor and holds his head in his hands. The sound of boots clomping heavily can be heard. Margaret opens the screen door and Lawrence, stone-faced, enters back-first holding one end of a coffin. Oliver, red-eyed and sniffing, is carrying the other end and facing Lawrence. They continue into the sitting room and carefully place the coffin on the sawhorses. Margaret follows and stands to one side, away from Papa, watching them pull at the cloth to make it hang evenly. Papa looks up at them as they finish and nods, but makes no move to comfort them. His face is bleak.]

ARNOLD: *[Who has ignored all of this and quietly gone on setting the table and placing food in its center]*. Dinner's ready.

[The rest of them look toward him with varying levels of surprise on their faces. No one has been thinking of food. Slowly, like sleepwalkers, they move from their places and take seats at the table; Papa upstage at the head, the two older boys on the left, the two younger children at the right. The seat at the foot of the table is empty, but Arnold has accidentally set a place there.]

PAPA: *[Pretending he hasn't noticed this and sounding as if he is choking]*. Lawrence, say Grace please.

[All but Arnold bow their heads. He continues to stare at his mother's empty chair.]

hunt and peck

by Justin J. Brouckaert

breaking news: time, day, date.

upright support for a drifting head, fingers

working, rattling off hot-press poems—barebones

narratives and admission fees—in a stiff

dance: right hand, hunt and peck; left hand, fingers splayed

and reaching, wrapped around the dancing

lead, her warm satin waist. a flash of poetry

and you, sixteen and six feet

tall, hunt and peck. *Just don't look down*

my dress. backspace through filler while media men

in the next-door conference room shift their ties,

bottom button never buttoned, never

tab for new lines, shifts strung

through with piecemeal poetry, reflective

noun-phrase reveries,

prosaic cut and paste:

They're taped together.

Frozen Underneath

by Alison M. Bur



Color Photography

Winter 2012

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Family Nouveau

by Corey Gilbert



Oil on Canvas

The Lights

by Kirsten McIlvenna

The red, velvety curtain lifted, and the energy rose in the congregation like bubbles in the bottom of a boiling pot. The piano man began to pound out the beat as the stage revealed forty people, all in black and yellow like a swarm of bees. They buzzed out the words of praise as the blues and purples flashed, whirling around them to the tune. Thousands of people danced, jumped, threw their hands in the air. The pastor came on stage, and the audience cheered as he held out his hands. "I know," he said as he put his paw to his chest. "But you don't." With a wave of his hand, grown men toppled backwards, falling like wooden soldiers in a line. "Uh bubububububu" and "amen!" spurted the voices in the crowd. A woman convulsed in her seat. Her legs were spread, and her arms were in the air. "Praise Jesus," she yelled as she threw back her head. "Come to me Jesus," she cried. "Come Jesus, come Jesus!" she quivered and moaned. Louder, she yelled, "Come Jesus!" until she mumbled, moaned, and fainted in her chair.

My friend nudged me with small pecks of her sharp elbow and pointed to the stage where the pastor yelled, "I wish I could hear some shoutin'! Praise the Lord!" My friend screamed and lifted her hands in praise. The choir sang louder, danced harder. Video cameras scanned the audience. Dancers, singers, and praisers made cameos on the projection screen. I counted the number of sweat beads dripping from the pastor's forehead.

The lights synchronized to the thrashing voices in the crowd, the worship team raising their hands, open-faced, all at the right moment. I was just another dot in the crowd, just like the dots spanning the insides of my eyelids. My friend looked over as I raised my hand up, and my eyes watered. She beamed and said, "I knew you'd love it," gave me a small pinch on the arm, and turned her attention back forward again. I wiped away the tears; I had a headache, and the lights of the scene were burning my eyes.

Balloons

by Patricia McDonald



Ink

What the Modernists Gave Us²

by Marlin M Jenkins

Disclaimer: This poem may or may not make sense.¹

I.

My guess of 7,428 M&M's in the jar was close, but not close enough.
Timmy³ guessed 6,000, and he was closer. The real number was
5,999.

II.

Nature intended that we eat bananas
from the side that is not the stem.^b

III.

If you disagree
with the initial statement of footnote #2,
you will be glad to know
that section I-b is a reflection
of the author's love for
The Price is Right.⁴

IV.

The big picture is shown
through allusions and fra—⁵

V.

Obscure Biblical reference:
Leviticus 23:23.⁶

VI.

Have you ever wondered if Venus
is just a cheap knock-off
of Aphrodite? Also, why
are there not planets in the Milky Way
called Juno, Vesta, or Vulcan?⁷

I-b. One dollar, Bob ... errr ... Drew.*

1. If it does, you have found the hidden meaning(s).^{hf} More importantly, do not try to figure out what's going on exactly; rather, search for themes and motifs, etc. Feel free to apply Bakhtinian theory.
2. There is no context for this poem. The fact that it is written about Modernism is not important to a close reading of this piece. Unless, of course, you are not a New Critic. Then it does.
3. Timmy is not a real person. His existence is contained within this poem. He is a flat character. He is not archetypal.
4. For more information on *The Price is Right*, please consult wikipedia.org.
5. I will break for a moment from my obscure Modernist self to make sure you are aware; the unfinished word is *fragmentation*. See what I did there?
6. I am not going to include a footnote for this section. Really; I want you to look up the verse. King James Version, please, though other versions are acceptable, and, truthfully, not much different in this case.
7. Feel free to disagree with this statement, but only if you are a Trekkie.
- b. For verification, please refer to YouTube video "monkey eating a banana."
- hf. "Persons attempting to find a motive in this narrative will be prosecuted; persons attempting to find a moral in it will be banished; persons attempting to find a plot in it will be shot."^a
- a. [Insert MLA citation for *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn* here]
- * It's just not the same.

We Are Beautiful

by Jenne L. Shores



Colored Pencil

Winter 2012

Cardinal Sins 39

Glamour

by Amanda Abraham



Color Photography

40 *Cardinal Sins*

Winter 2012

Numbers

by Heather Young-Nichols

Wide awake, squirming and jumping; so careful not to wake her sister as she waits for the first sugar check of the day. 240—not where she should be in the morning. That's .6 units for correction. She eats cereal, 23 grams, and a quarter cup of milk, 3 grams. She doesn't eat a lot first thing. Her food totals 26 grams, this means another 1.3 units along with the .6.

1.9 rounds up to 2 units of insulin to keep her alive.

Her arm is hard to pinch up, she's just too skinny. Counting to three, she squeezes her eyes shut, waiting for the sharp edge to do its job. She doesn't cry. She's used to it.

Lunch was a bigger meal. A peanut butter sandwich—two slices of bread, 20 grams of carbs minus 6 for fiber equals 14, but she didn't eat the crust so that's 10? A half cup of chocolate pudding, 24 grams but she only ate $\frac{3}{4}$ so that's 18. One banana which, thankfully, she ate all of is 15. That's 10 plus 18 plus 15 equals 43 grams for lunch. Her blood sugar was 230 with a correction of 1 unit for every 150 over 150. That's a half unit. Lunch ratio is 1 unit for every 20 grams. 49 divided by 20 is 2.15, round down to 2 units, plus the half for correction and that's a total of 2.5 units for lunch.

She's off to play with her sister.

After running around like a normal four year old for a couple of hours, she's crying, acting out of character and not wanting to cooperate.

A quick check shows her blood sugar is 89. Not technically low but she needs a 15 gram juice box to level her off. She sucks it down and is back to playing.

Dinner is roast beef with carrots and a half cup of mashed potatoes. Meat has no carbs and carrot content is negligible, she'd have to eat a mountain of them to make a difference. Mashed potatoes are 16 grams with the fiber subtracted. She ate half, so that's 8 grams. She drinks a half cup of milk with it and that's 6 grams for a total of 14. Her blood sugar was 175. She needs .2 units for correction and .6

for food totaling. Syringes are by half units so round up or down? Because of exercise, round down.

Bedtime snack, her blood sugar is decent. 130. A Gogurt with 13 grams and 8 crackers with 2 grams each give her a snack of 29. 1.45, or rather, 1.5 units and she's off to bed.

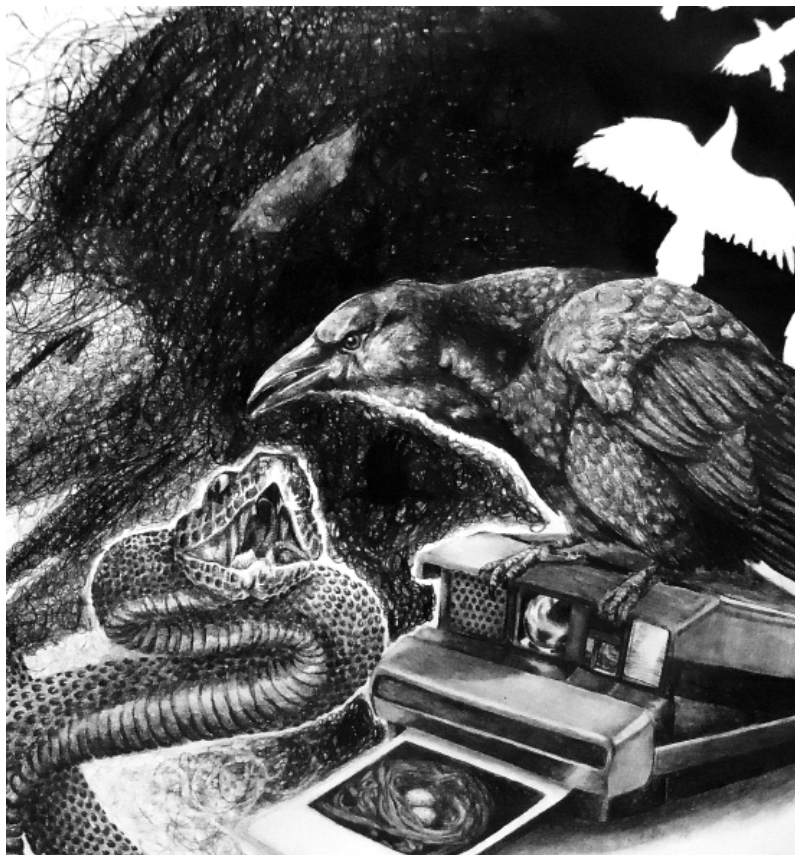
At midnight, her blood sugar is 90; too low. She drinks a juice box in her sleep without taking a breath. Recheck after fifteen minutes and she's 85. It went down? Another juice box and it's up to 100, but that's still too low. One more juice box and she's at 150. Finally high enough, but a three a.m. check is in order.

Halfway through the night, a finger poke shows her blood sugar to be 170. She's good until morning. A wet bed is almost guaranteed. She's little and so is her bladder. A wet bed is better than a trip to the E.R.

Three solid hours of sleep. It all starts again.

We Who Protect the Lost

by Jenne L. Shores



Pencil

Winter 2012

Cardinal Sins 43

Health Concerns

by Raymond Deeren

To bring this up once
again—whatever it is we're hiding—
won't hurt our furnished souls
your failed conceit
or my pride.

Just take that deep
breath to begin.

The sweet-earth-smelling sugar
beets boil candy to my nose
which tries snuffing
—or is it sniffing—out
country-fried poetry.

The burn of it clots in
woven mittens and crocheted scarves.
And you try telling me
our downtown smells
like shit?

Oh, you're smilin' now
as this others-proclaimed "hick"
rambles on
about Podunk-nowhere

which this 151-over-89 heart
still calls home.

And they tell me it's my arteries
that are hardening merely days
after I left some
soft little something
still humming under the sheets
just to steal some time

to myself.

—You understand—

—To recharge—

In a salt-stained Sable
Big Chief and Pioneer
helped pay for.

Here we make it
to the point
“Your head won’t rest here, tonight”
we hear
as this century no longer
tangled-up in blue
finds itself hardly on its feet.

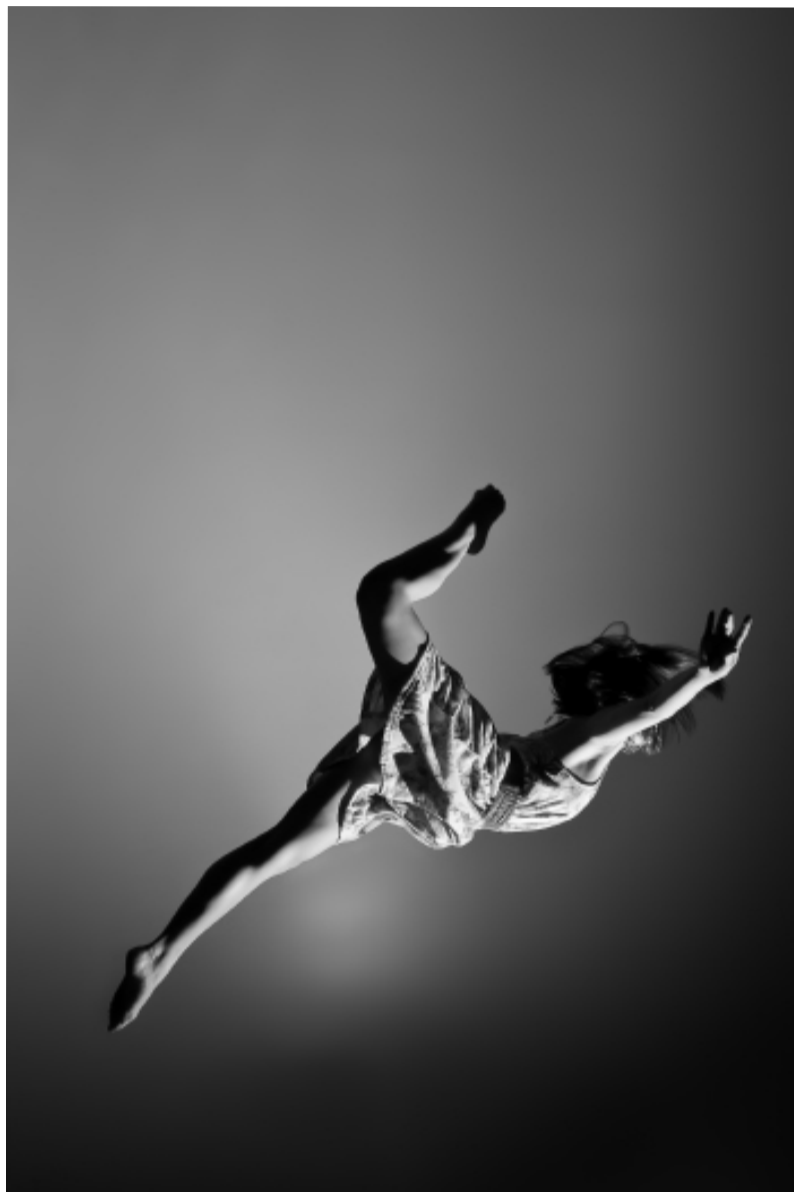
But we think, methinks, that
we’re strong enough
to lack compassion
as long as we hold onto
some shred of
THE AVANT-GARDE COSMOPOLITAN

so abundant here in Mid-Michigan

when all we want
—more than distance
from some Thumb frustrations—
is that five minutes alone in the dark
as the staticky radio tries
to replace Prufrock with classic rock
and we wonder
if now is the time we should start smoking.

Dancer

by Adam Baudoux



Black & White Photography

The Weight of It

by Lindsey Baker

Anna laid in her own dead-body chalk outline and thought about the progression of events that led her to this point: She remembered opening her nightly Hershey's bar. She separated each rectangle of chocolate before using them to scoop dollops of Jif from a half-empty jar. She watched a rerun of *Law and Order* on her laptop. It was an episode about a dead hooker, or maybe the judge's daughter, or was the judge's daughter a dead hooker? Anna remembered not remembering her dreams from the previous night, and this remembrance bothered her. She remembered standing in front of her mirror, eyes closed, as she pushed buttons through all the empty holes in her uniform. She remembered the constant pressure of the pebble in her shoe. She remembered shouldering her leather satchel, its weight reassuring against her hip, before leaving for work.

A moment passed before her brain registered the chalk outline stretched across the driveway of her duplex. Anna thought: there's been a murder. She looked, but couldn't find any yellow tape or flashing squad cars. Her attention returned to the outline. It was the outline of an ample-framed woman with a bulge at her hip. Anna knelt to the pavement, her bag pressed tightly to her side, and laid down. She took time to properly arrange her limbs. If Anna could've seen herself from above, she'd have seen her body was a perfect fit. Then she remembered she was late for work and got up.

Anna knew if she didn't leave at 5:47 a.m. she wouldn't make the bus at 6:04. She had taken the bus every day since she started working at the tolls. The bus driver, Charlie, who was a large man, joked that she should pay his toll fee for driving her all the way to the border. She guessed he was flirting with her. A dry and staged attempt. He was diabetic. She knew because he wouldn't take the cookies she made one Christmas.

Anna came to the bus stop at 6:02 a.m. and was the last one on. Charlie waved to her and asked if she had had a good Thanksgiving. He looked at her belly and told her to lay off the sweets. She poked at her hips and found her seat, but it was taken by a middle-aged woman and her

child. The boy had snot dripping down his nose, and the mother held his tissue. Anna stood and held the grip bar. She looked at Charlie in the mirror above his head. He had gauged his ears. Round and large. One was bigger than the other. Anna wondered if they were that wide last week. She didn't know. She thought about Charlie's chalk outline. She wondered if it would outline his ears, if it would have circles where the holes were. She didn't know.

"Five? That's outlandish for a state toll." Suspicious eyes bore through Anna. She noticed his starched collar and tight belt, which made her shift in her seat, feeling the leftover ring of sweat pooled under her collar from the heat of the bus.

"Sir, I don't set the rates."

"I'll give you three."

"I don't set the rates." She jabbed her toe against the pebble. *Jab.*

"I'd like to speak to a supervisor." His words were crisp, like his shirt.

Anna shut her window and pressed the yellow button, the damn yellow button with uneven backing. She opened her cashbox and tossed in a crumpled five from a hidden stash at her knee, preserved remnants of a string of pay-it-forwards. Those were the oddities, the karma devotees and the church moms, the types that visit New York City and get hit by taxis.

The yellow rail rattled open. She waited until it closed before shifting her eyes from the neat stacks of cash.

A station wagon stopped by her window and Anna saw nothing but withered hands atop the wheel, veins blue and knobbed. Craning her neck to search for a face—and more aware by the minute of the soft

flesh overriding her belt—the old man craned his in unison. Anna opened her window.

“Hi. Three seventy-five,” she said. The man wore a “World War II Veteran” baseball cap and his sweatshirt looked dusty. He lifted clear blue eyes to hers, beamed. His teeth were small and spaced. Anna flicked her eyes to her computer screen. She always felt that the older crowd expected her blonde curls and lipstick to mean a bubbly demeanor.

“Mornin’, miss,” he said. “Let me just see right here.” His hands fumbled with a leather wallet. “You know my daughter had her baby yesterday. Gotta take the drive up and see her. It’s a little boy, named him Aiden. I don’t know about all these new names. I told her John would be fine.” He continued placidly, removing bills and counting change, ignoring Anna’s unresponsiveness. He extended a bony arm to her and handed her the money. His hands were warm; she could feel the contrast. She tried to smile a little wider.

“You have a nice day, now,” said the man. She saw him wipe his palm down his thigh. The gate opened and, with a bit of effort, he shifted into drive and was gone.

“Thank you,” she said to the empty envelope of space. Palms still cold, she envied his station wagon, his warmth, his errand.

“Hey.” *Smack*. “Hey, Anna!” *Smack*.

Startled, Anna twisted her head to see a hooded figure rapping his scythe against the glass of her booth. The sight was far from unsettling; a curiosity. Refocusing, the image of her supervisor, Ted, snapping his pen on the glass superimposed itself over that of the Reaper.

“Anna, I’m watching on the monitors and it looks like you’re nodding off. What’s up?”

"Nothing, sorry. I'll get some coffee."

Ted slid Anna's door open and made a notation on his notepad.

"You look like death. Go home. Come back tomorrow, rested."

"You sure?"

"Sure as shit. Punch out. Traffic isn't coming like I thought it would today. We'll shut her down to four lanes."

Anna found herself back at the bus stop. She clutched her satchel and stepped onto the 320, a bus she'd never ridden before. In Charlie's place was a skinny black man whose grip on the wheel looked absolute. She found a seat in the near-empty bus and let her attention drift back out to the streets. Anna couldn't remember the last time she had had an afternoon to herself. Her plan was that she had no plan.

Before the bus left, a young woman, Anna guessed late teens or early twenties, got on and immediately met Anna's eyes. The girl wore tight jeans and a T-shirt that read: "I Love Boobies." With easily over twenty empty seats, Anna was surprised the girl chose to sit down next to her.

"Hi," the girl said.

"Hi." *Jab.*

"Don't freak out, Lord knows I almost did, but a guy on the street just gave me a hundred dollar bill and told me to get on this bus and read you, the woman with the blonde curls, this note."

The girl held a folded piece of white paper.

"You better read the note, then."

"Who was that guy? He your boyfriend or something?"

"Not a chance. Read the note."

"Total creeper. Okay." The girl unfolded the scrap of paper. "It says: A Hershey's bar never hurt anyone. I know about the pebble in your shoe. And I know about the pebbles in your pockets. The ones in your leather bag."

Anna froze. She reached down and felt that her pockets were indeed bulging. It was enough weight to drag her to the bottom of a lake. She got up and began to empty her pockets. Tiny stones fell to the floor of the bus. Anna looked to her satchel and tipped it over. Thousands of pebbles crashed from her bag and scattered over the floor in all directions. As the bus turned and swayed the stones rolled accordingly.

The girl next to Anna asked, "What the fuck?"

The scene swam before Anna's eyes. The bus driver slammed to a stop at a red light and pebbles propelled to the front, mounding around the ankles of the only other passenger present—a middle-aged man wearing headphones and eating a doughnut. The stones buried his feet and he looked down in surprise, first at the piles then at Anna. The girl next to her still hadn't removed her gaze.

"But really, what the fuck," said the girl again.

"I don't know," Anna replied. In actuality she knew three things: She knew the blood rushing to her face wouldn't color her cheeks. She knew the only pebble that mattered was the one still pressing against her toe. And she knew the upcoming crossroads—Connors and Wilde, where graffiti and murals splashed over brick walls. Her ex-husband lived on Connors. He used to say the stretches of color breathed life into the city. Anna appreciated the art less when she discovered the pictures were advertisements, decals and plaster fitted over the brick.

The bus stopped.

"You should get off here," Anna said to the girl.

"Why?"

"Just do it. This wasn't your bus."

The girl surveyed the aisle, now an obstacle course. "Alright," she said. The girl rose, maneuvered through the pebble sea, exited. The driver shut the doors without a second glance to Anna, to the girl, to the still-rolling rocks. As the bus moved, Anna watched the murals—children on a playground, a tube of toothpaste, a shark with bits of dolphin between its teeth, chalked silhouettes of a strolling fat man and a pony-tailed girl on her toes.

She saw a chalk outline of a pregnant woman, she guessed, as they passed an older building with leaves in its gutters.

The man with the doughnut looked at Anna, but she didn't see him do it.

They passed a high school that was only an up-step from the curb. Anna noticed the chalk square one of the girls was drawing. The little girl placed her foot in its middle before the bus went through the yellow light. Her foot overflowed it.

Anna thought it was like Illinois. She remembered when her father made snow angels and she'd lie down after him. It was always too big and his arms outreached her. The imprint had two legs. It was never like her and never like her father.

The bus stopped for a boy pointing at a store with the fire alarm going off. His father dragged him away. She thought she saw a small outline of the boy on the road, chalk, but she waved her head and it disappeared.

The fire alarm kept ringing.

Jab.

The driver licked his lip.

And so did the man eating the doughnut.

Jab.

She looked at the note.

She felt her bag against her hip.

Something poked her from inside.

Anna, removing the pebble from her shoe, saw it all.

Guidance

by Amanda Pavlicek



Black & White Photography

Mid - Afternoon

by Tyler Beyett



Color Photography

Winter 2012

Cardinal Sins 55

Peacock

by Shelby Wright



Stained Glass

Lessons My Mother Taught Me

by Justin J. Brouckaert

Steady walking, she said. Her guard-rail hands hovering behind me.

It has been years since I gnawed through the knotted roots of family with beaver teeth, tossing them aside to curl up and burn in the sun. I move like waving branches, mocking the kernel seeds that find spots to settle and grow inward, burrowing tunnels into the cold soil.

Small bites, she said. Breaking the pieces of meat into miniscule chunks of white, the chewy shredded scraps.

I have opened my mouth and swallowed the earth whole with a gluttonous passion that makes me shiver to think of. I've picked branches from my teeth and belched cumulus clouds, spitting people out whole, leaving them dripping wet and stained of me on front porches and gravel roadsides.

Watch out for strangers, she said. Biting her nails like pretzel nips, wringing her hands.

I look for strange women every chance I get. I welcome them into my home, taking orders for breakfast at midnight, making friends with the nameless men at bars who will scream and yell and throw their arms around me in the brotherly bond of inebriation, grasping my shoulder hard on the sidewalk before catching a cab to the other side of town forever.

Always wash your hands, she said. Hers sparkling like the Virgin Mary.

I grimace thinking of the things I've scrubbed off me in the dirty, dim-lit mornings and cringe at what I can't remember. I wake with life caked under my fingernails; it is dark, bunched and waxy. I prick the tender parts and it all squirms out like excrement.

What would your father say? she asked. Her lips pursed, her worried hands indignant on her hips.

My father was a saint; his fall was quick and violent, snapping marital bones and leaving promises behind him like cold exhaust.

His flannel shirts always smelled of motor oil, and he walked with a slow, shuffling gait that gave him more than enough time to plan an escape.

You never call your mother, she says. Her crochet needles must be moving so methodically now, with no men to slow them down.

I never call my mother. She leaves me messages every day; they pop up like awful cartoon reminders, blinking at my every move.

I have done, I have seen, I have been—but those lonely bubbles sit and wait, guilting me into prose.

Mother knows best, she said.

Don Quixote

by Emily Sovey



Linocut

Winter 2012

Cardinal Sins 59

#Guide to Occupy Wall Street

by Josh Crummer

And if you are the 99%, count your blessings and protest.

If you protest, consider the cost of keeping silent.

If you are silent, endure accusations of sitting on a fence,

or worse, endorsing remainders of that percentage.

If you are a percentage, receive a sweet front-page spread in *The New York Times*.

If you are sweet, sip champagne, receive billion-dollar bailouts.

If you are bailing out—brother, I pray for peaceful transit during these riots.

If you are a riot, then I've seen you on the evening news,

blood soaking your brow, missing teeth trampled underfoot—

If you protest, consider the cost of keeping silent.

If you are silent, endure accusations of sitting on a fence,

or worse, miss zealous friends making sweet love in Zucotti park.

If you base camp in parks, let me take you down to Strawberry Fields.

If nothing is real, surely there's nothing to get hung about.

If you hang about, consider even public parks have limits on visitation.

If you visit, remain a tourist; each march crushes local business to its knees.

If you are local, new friends can be made; comrades-in-arms.

If you are armed, dangerous perceptions will be placed on you,

for how quickly can a protest transform into running riots?

If you are a riot, I've seen your face on the news,

stoic trooper blue, plastic shield safety from angry mobs.

If you seek mobs, first exit the city extending its hydra arms from suburbs and freeways, radio fingers wrapping every broadcast nationwide.

If you are alone in the nation, join hands with a stranger and protest.

If you protest, consider the cost of keeping silent.

If you are silent, endure accusations of sitting on a fence,

or worse, watching intentions derail by unity and self-interest,

reasons for revolution lost in a conglomerate crowd.

If you are crowding, consider clearing space to speak.

If you speak, declare yourself belonging to no party: no

Right, Left, Commie, Capitalist, Dadaist, Fascist, Anarchofeminist—

As you see, I see value in repetition,

ebb and flow of money, power, tales older than time itself, older than

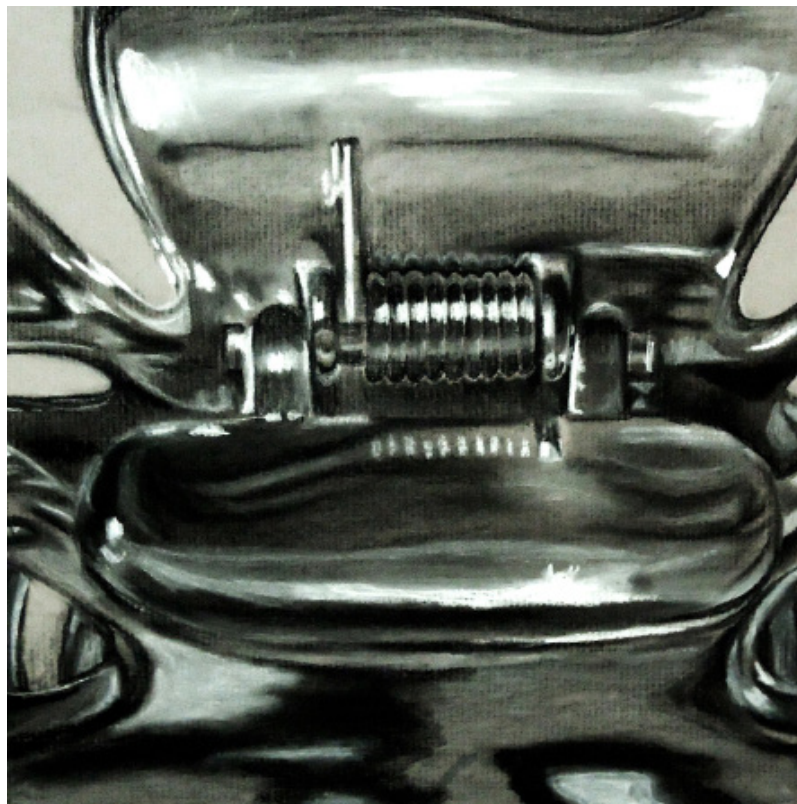
karmic wheels spinning protest, revolution, historic rhymes, repeat.

If you protest, consider the cost of keeping silent.

If you are silent, endure accusations of sitting on a fence,
or worse, read the ramblings of this poet—
And I'm not even significantly close to 1%.

Hairclip

by Jenne L. Shores



Charcoal Pencil

The Black Dahlia

by Danielle Rohac

It was the type of story that gave young women goose bumps and put them on guard when traveling far from home or talking to strange men. The story in the papers spoke of the brutal death of a young woman named Elizabeth (Beth) Short. Beth was aspiring to be a movie star and went to Los Angeles, California, where stars were made. She disappeared in January; her body was later found in a park. It was a brutal murder; Beth was found nude, beaten, sliced in half, washed, drained of blood, and posed with her mouth cut into the Glasgow grin, from ear to ear. There were rumors that she met a man and was seen leaving her hotel with him earlier the evening she was reported missing.

All this is speculation. The various websites about the Black Dahlia speculate on everything from her name, to her mental condition, to what brought her to the area. Some of the reports claimed she was mentally unbalanced; some say she moved to live with her father. Over fifty people confessed to her murder, and almost no reports state the real murderer was ever apprehended.

January in California is mild, not hot, even for a girl who came from the Midwest where January is frozen over until the end of April. Beth had flown into Los Angeles two days before, but had spent the first day in the hotel. She'd convinced herself it was because of jetlag, but in reality she was scared. It was Los Angeles and it was big. Her stomach dove towards the tips of her feet every time she thought about venturing outside the doors of her hotel. She had worked for a year and a half straight, during the day as a secretary in the factory of her town and nights waitressing at one of the finer establishments on the outskirts of town. The money allowed her to get a room in the nicer part of Los Angeles, and gave her about a month to find a job and get an apartment. Beth had waited for the last three years to move out of the house she shared with her mom and her mom's creepy boyfriend who looked at her wrong and turned the walls of the house yellow with his chain-smoking. They had laughed at her the day she moved out and caught the bus to the airport with only a large suitcase full of things Beth didn't really claim as hers, planning on abandoning them

as soon as possible. They thought, and Beth agreed deep down, that she would be back in a month.

She hadn't even ventured out of the hotel for food, ordering room service with her precious supply of money. There was a little boutique right next door to the hotel. Beth put on a slim black dress and pumps to venture out. As she put on her red lipstick, she looked her reflection right in the eyes. "Walk out there like you're already a star," she told herself. With a quick grin and wink she left the room. As she stepped out from the glass doors in front of the hotel, the sun had come out from around the clouds. Beth swung her blazer around her shoulders and walked into the boutique next door. She had them cut her hair to shoulder length with a nice smooth wave in her black, thick hair. When Beth came out of the boutique, she could still feel her stomach a little, but it felt a little lighter. She spotted a café across the street and decided to make it even lighter.

Beth crossed the street, and she could feel eyes on her this time. People noticed her now, which was a good start. This new feeling covered the unease she would have felt over a certain pair of eyes that had followed her very intently since she left the hotel entrance thirty minutes before. These eyes were set under a pair of dark eyebrows in the face of a tall man with blonde hair. His stare was the only outwardly unnatural thing about him. He was taller than average, but not in an awkward way. He wore a light blue collared shirt and dark blue dress pants. He watched Beth enter the café across the street from his post at the newspaper stand. He paid for his paper and followed her in. He spotted her near the front of the shop, sipping on something in a white and tan paper cup and staring out the window onto the street. He bought a black coffee and chose a seat near the door as well, but strategically across from Beth. He saw her look up at him as he passed toward the seat. He kept his attention focused on dumping four packets of sugar into his coffee, feeling her eyes examining him. He kept the inward smile off his face. He stirred his coffee several times and glanced up to meet her gaze, just as he knew he would. He looked her right in her dark eyes and smiled. She was startled and looked away, blushing but with a small smile on her face. For the next five minutes, they played the game of looking and looking away. He knew it was time to move in.

The man placed his paper under his arm and grabbed his coffee. He approached her table slowly, with the same innocent smile. "Excuse me, I couldn't help noticing you were enjoying that coffee alone. Would you mind some company?" He could tell she was very pleased.

"Yes, please sit down."

"Thank you. I'm Ben by the way," he said, using a name he hadn't for eight years.

"Beth. It's nice to meet you."

"Beth, is that short for something?"

"Elizabeth, actually." Ben set his paper down sideways on the tabletop; entertainment section facing up with the strategically written notes. He saw Beth glance down at it.

"Do you normally write on your papers so much?" she asked jokingly.

He glanced down at the paper and laughed.

"Only the entertainment section. I write reviews for *The Los Angeles Examiner*." She gave him a questioning look because the paper in front of them was not the Examiner. "Research. I pick up other local papers in order to get ideas of what some of the other papers are doing. We like to follow what's popular, but also give our readers a sense of different things they can do outside of the normal."

"That's a good idea. So is there anything good in this one?" she asked pointing to his scribbles. He unfolded the paper so she could see his mark-ups.

"There are some new shows coming out this week, some restaurant openings, a few concerts in the park. This new night club opened up on South Hill Street, and their grand opening is tonight so I will be attending to review that for tomorrow morning's paper."

"Wow, that sounds really exciting," she said timidly.

"So, Beth, what do you do?" This was the purpose of the paper, to start the conversation about himself, divulge enough about his personal life to make her feel comfortable talking about hers.

Ben could tell she hesitated just a little, thinking about the fact that he was a stranger, but rested on the fact that he had told her about himself.

"Well, I'm an actress, just sort of starting out."

"Have you been in anything I may have seen?" He asked, waving the paper a little to indicate he meant in the area.

She laughed, flattered. "Oh, no, I'm new to this area..." He proceeded to charm her over the next half hour. He learned she was from out of town and had just come to the city. She was an aspiring actress and she didn't know anyone. This was her first venture out of her hotel. Poor, stupid girl. Obviously, no one had told her not to tell all your secrets to someone you didn't know. But this was Ben's specialty: trust. He had an innocent face. It was time to lay the foundation.

Ben looked down at his watch as if he had some place to be. "Well, Elizabeth, it was nice meeting you. I'm overdue for a meeting." He rose with his paper in hand.

"Thank you, Ben. It has been so nice talking with you. Good luck with your review tonight."

Ben appeared to hesitate, half-turned toward the door. "Elizabeth, I know you don't really know me so I won't be offended if you disregard this offer. But I get to invite some friends to the club tonight, and since you are new to the area, I'm inviting you to join us. We're meeting there around ten o'clock, and here is the number you can reach me at if you're interested." Her grin spread from ear to ear as he wrote his number down on a napkin and slid it toward her.

"Thank you, I'll keep it in mind."

"I hope I hear from you. If not, good luck with everything." With that he left her looking at the napkin.

Beth's mind was full as she crossed the street toward her hotel. So much had changed in such a short time this afternoon. Who would have thought she would meet such a charming man so soon? Beth didn't notice the man across the street in the alley between buildings, wearing a light blue shirt and watching her enter her hotel. Ben knew she would think about it, but she would eventually call. He had given her the number of the *Examiner* switchboard. They got thousands of calls every day, and wouldn't be able to trace it to him. He hurried back to his office to await her call.

After pacing around her room, glancing at the napkin sitting on her bedside table, Beth examined the contents of her suitcase three or four times and deciding nothing was exciting enough for a night out on the town. She would have to go find something, but first she dialed the number to reach Ben.

"You won't be sorry, Beth. We've heard lots of promising things about this place, it should be fun. So, do you want to meet us there at ten?"

She hesitated.

"Well, actually I was wondering if you wouldn't mind picking me up. I'm not really familiar with the area," she asked.

"Oh, of course. I'm sorry, I sort of forgot that. I will gladly pick you up and escort you to the club." She had walked right into his trap.

She sighed in relief. "Thank you, Ben. I really appreciate it. I'd hate to get lost in this big city at night."

"Not a problem. I'll be getting out of the office around 8. Would you want to stop for a bite to eat on our way to the club? I'm usually starving when I get out of work."

"Sure, that'd be great."

"I know this great place on the way, I reviewed it a couple of months ago. I'll be outside your hotel at eight thirty?" he asked.

"That'll be great. I'll see you then," she said, hanging up. Beth didn't

even notice she had never told Ben what hotel she was staying at.

She ventured back out onto the street in search of something to fit the new Elizabeth. She had decided that afternoon as Ben called her that to make it her stage name; it sounded more sophisticated. A few blocks down the street she found a gorgeous black silk dress with a V-back with a velvet blazer to go over it. She splurged buying it.

The butterflies were back at a quarter after eight, but in a good way this time. She gave herself a final look over in the long bathroom mirror and gave a little excited noise. The elevator seemed to take too long to reach the lobby and she stumbled slightly getting off. She stopped and gave herself a moment to steady before walking to the front door.

"Excuse me, Ms. Short?" she heard over her shoulder. Beth turned toward the receptionist desk. The manager was looking at her expectantly.

"Yes?" she asked, walking over.

"You asked me to remind you the night before you are scheduled to check out, so you could pay for another week at the hotel."

"Oh yes, thank you. What time is check-out tomorrow morning?"

"Eleven o'clock a.m., Miss."

"I will be down in the morning to sign up for another week. Is it possible for me to keep the same room?" The manager looked through some forms.

"Yes, that should be possible."

"Great. I will be down at nine thirty tomorrow morning then. Should I ask for you?"

"Yes, Mr. Landers, General Manager."

"I'll see you then."

"Have a good evening, Miss."

Beth could see Ben out front, standing under the lights. They bounced off his blonde hair and made him look even more handsome. He was wearing all black, too. She smiled as she stepped out onto the breezy street.

"Elizabeth!" He said with a happy tone to his voice. He leaned in and kissed her on the cheek, which surprised but pleased her. There were bristles on his cheek that made her stomach flop a little. "You look fantastic."

"Thank you." She blushed and looked down at her silk dress gleaming in the light. He grabbed her hand and held on tightly.

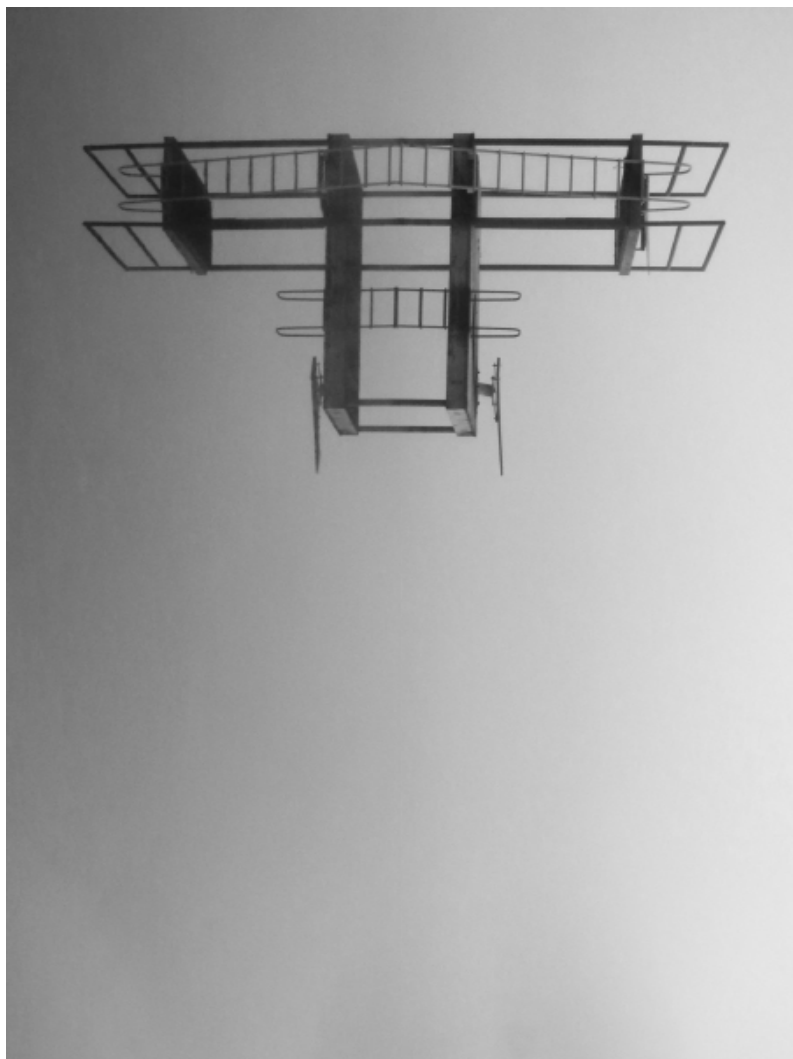
"Ready to go?"

"Yes, I am. Where are we going?"

"Real nice place, further in the city. My car is around the corner." With that they walked hand in hand from under the lights and into the black night.

Into the Unknown

by Jesse Place



Black & White Photography

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Winter 2012

The Start of It

by Brandy Abraham

we pulled on the rain boots like we pulled on our heavy wool beanies
Joey's has a tear on the side, so the arch of his ear protrudes
and so for him the water-sopped parade is much, much louder
we march, toes first in the rubber black boots
that morph
into the ground
into the asphalt
Sarah Lee and Joey poke each other ahead
and their laugh is somber and quiet and bounces off the swings
making them nearly flip over
the top
I watched it happen and it did happen
~~she kissed Joey and not me~~

Button Face

by Amanda Abraham



Black & White Photography

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Winter 2012

Biographies

Amanda Abraham is a photography major graduating with a B.F.A. Her focus is on dramatic imagery that gives a strong emotional response to the viewer, as well as whimsical notes in her photography. She lives in Royal Oak, MI and is recognized with a camera attached to her face.

Brandy Abraham believes that a house is not a home, so instead you will carry home with you and live. She would like to thank the love of her life, Adam Haenlein, for giving her moments to appreciate.

Melissa Bailey is a dreamer with plans of going up, up, and away. Carpe Diem.

Lindsey Baker enjoys spending summers with her father (Mr. Baker) in Bolivia (pop. 10,118,683), where he is in political exile awaiting trial. The third most interesting thing Lindsey did this year was a handstand on the Eiffel Tower. She stands in the middle of a room, whirling and whirling and cannot stop.

Timothy Bauer would prefer not to.

Peter Brian Barry is hardly getting over it.

Liz Bartle is just a happy girl with a camera! She's very enthusiastic about every part of photography, from the shoot to the final product. Liz Bartle will be graduating from SVSU with her bachelor's degree in graphic design and minor in marketing. Upon graduation, she plans to take her photography to the next level and pursue a career in photography.

Tyler Beyett possesses the holy hand grenade and a shrubbery, both of which are key to the survival of anyone, but seems to have lost his coconuts...

Tyler Bradley is studying graphic design and Spanish. He would like to encourage others to keep their heads up, be productive, and make a difference in others' lives. He would also like to thank all those who have supported him in his college endeavors. This is for you.

Alison M. Bur is a first-year art student at SVSU. She enjoys taking photos and believes that it is her true passion in life. Her belief and style revolve around the idea that the simplest things are the most beautiful, and she hopes that you see that when you experience her work.

Justin J. Brouckaert is a fiction writer who is learning on the fly. He values brevity, versatility, humor, and honesty—both in writing and in people.

Erin Case is the ever-clutch. <http://society6.com/ErinCase>.

Josh Crummer is filmed in front of a live studio audience. He is beginning work on his first chapbook/thesis for his M.A., and his poetry has recently found homes in *See Spot Run*, *Perceptions Literary Magazine*, *Central Review*, and *Emerge Literary Journal*.

Raymond Deeren is fact.

Sean Dudley is a sophomore fine arts major. He likes stuff. He enjoys doing stuff. On his free time, stuff is involved. Stuff.

Alyssa Ellison is a junior from Gaylord. She is majoring in secondary education English with a minor in history. She hopes to someday take a full tour of Europe and visit Romania and Vlad Dracula's castle. Writing is like breathing to her, and reading a second passion. Her dream is to have at least one of her writings/series published.

Beth Erbacher lives her life one day at a time.

Noah Essenmacher is the columnist of the *Valley Vanguard*, a Writing Center mentor, and a Roberts Fellow. He enjoys the tradition of storytelling and encourages others to find the stories worth telling in their own lives.

Sara Farver will be graduating in May with a B.A. in art and graphic design. She believes art is a way for her to show people God's creation in a new perspective. She thanks God, her family, and her friends for the encouragement and inspiration for her artwork.

Maria Franz thanks Rorschach the kitten (a.k.a. "Flea," "Rawr Rawr," and "Crevice") for this particular and rare instance of inspiration.

Katelyn Heins is a third-year graphic design student with a love for art, photography, and life. In her free time, she likes keeping active, hanging out with friends, and doing freelance work.

Christine Janowiak plans to build a sailboat out of duct tape and use it to go on a grand adventure. Until that time arrives, she plans on eventually graduating from SVSU with a B.F.A. and making comic books.

Marlin M Jenkins is a poet and flash fiction writer. He, like Mary Oliver, "[has] talked with the faint clouds in the sky when they/ are afraid of being left behind" and, in the words of John Ashbery, believes that "God's...scalpel redeems us/even as the blip in His narrative makes us whole again."

Emily Krueger doesn't know when. She doesn't know how, but she knows something's starting right now. Watch and you'll see.

Patricia McDonald is an art major at SVSU with plans to graduate with a bachelor of fine arts degree concentrating in sculpture.

Kirsten McIlvenna will still follow you into the dark.

Amanda Pavlicek has an inner child, as portrayed by her frequent, glossy-eyed outbursts induced by undeniably adorable objects, her tendency to climb on structures taller than her, and her unlimited curiosity of the world around her. This child requires mint Oreos to be in their own separate food group.

Jesse Place does not like the cone of shame.

Jared Quist is currently pursuing his bachelor's degree in communication at SVSU.

Kelly Reilly is a sophomore who will forever live by the phrase "hakuna matata."

Danielle Rohac likes to look at the world through rose-colored glasses. She also used to think she could only write poetry until her fiction started stealing the spotlight.

Shiloh Sanchez is a single Mexican mother who values life and magical realism.

Jenne L. Shores: Cats. All the cats.

Tim Windy—half-man, half-mountain goat ghosts float, recite to me every night conversations between Venus and her consorts—we once bathed in flame together, she & I. There was something else.

Shelby Wright is never wrong when it comes to art. She feels that is the best part about it; you can express your creativity however you want, leaving the end result up for interpretation. She is a graphic design major with a double minor in art and communication.

Heather Young-Nichols thinks that writing words about herself is hard.

Acknowledgments

I would like to thank all of the people who make *Cardinal Sins* possible: Toni Boger and *The Valley Vanguard*; Kimberly Brandimore Horton, Trish Gohm, and the Student Life Office; Ted Goodman and the Student Association; the Residence Housing Association; J. J. Boehm and the PJPC; Perry Toyzan, Angela Bublitz, and the Graphics Center; Linda Farynk; Suzette Zimmerman, Emmie Busch, and Jane Anderson; SVSU's English and Art Departments; Nick Wigfield; President Eric Gilbertson and Cindy Gilbertson; Dr. Donald Bachand and Liana Bachand; Blake Johnson and Tim Canale for promoting our cover design contest; Katelyn Heins for designing the cover; Pat Latty and Sharon Opheim; Chris Giroux for his continuing support and dedication; Peter Brian Barry; our benefactors; our contributors; and, of course, the dedicated editorial staff.

Also, thank you to those who helped make the Winter 2012 poetry slam a smashing success: the staff of the Magic Bean Cafe, everyone who came out to compete, the judges of the slam, and everyone who came to watch.

Emily Krueger

Submission Guidelines

Entry Requirements

All submissions must

- be accompanied by a completed cover sheet (downloaded from www.svsu.edu/cardinalsins/submissions). Please title the document with your name and save as a .rtf or .doc.
- be submitted through email to cardinalsins@svsu.edu. Title the email "Fall 2012" followed by your name. Submissions and cover sheets should be sent as attachments.
- have titles. The file name must be the same as the title of the work.
- not contain any contact information within the entries. This information should only be on the cover sheet.

Text submissions should

- be in 12-pt. Times New Roman font, single spaced, with one-inch margins.
- include the title at the top of each page.
- be attached to email as a .rtf or .doc. Hard copies will not be accepted.
 - Poetry should be no longer than 70 lines.
 - Flash fiction should be between 200 and 1,000 words.
 - Fiction and creative nonfiction should be no longer than 2,500 words.

Artwork/Photography submissions should

- be 300 dpi or greater and have high contrast and sharp definition.
- be attached to email in either .gif or .jpeg format. Hard copies will not be accepted.
- N.B.: Photos that have been obviously manipulated with a computer program should be submitted as artwork, not photography.

Number of Entries

- Submit up to 5 poems, 3 flash fiction pieces, and 2 pieces of fiction or creative nonfiction.
- Submit up to 5 artwork and photography pieces.

Prizes and Judging

- Prizes are typically awarded in the following areas: poetry, fiction, flash fiction, creative nonfiction, black & white photography, color photography, black & white artwork, and color artwork.
- The winner in each category will receive \$100 and recognition within the publication.

- All submissions will be entered into the contest unless otherwise requested.
- Judging is done through blind, anonymous voting by the editorial staff.
- The staff reserves the right to withhold an award based on submission numbers and/or eligibility requirements (Members of the editorial staff are excluded from winning an award in any category).

Please visit www.svsu.edu/cardinalsins for deadline dates.

Thank you for submitting to *Cardinal Sins*, and good luck!

These guidelines are subject to change; please visit our website for the most current guidelines.

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