Cardinal Sins

Winter 2003

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Volume 22, Issue 2
Winter 2003

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Table of Contents

Editor's Notes....4
Diablo, Judith Kerman....5
This is the End, Adrienne Dyane Lewis....6
Everyday Things, Jose Manuel Enciso....7
The Picture I Didn't Take, Adrienne Dyane Lewis....8
Learning to Fly, Ann Garcia*....9
Northwest Drive, Adrienne Dyane Lewis....11
Silence, Erin Bissonnette*....12
Jealously, Danyelle Freeman....13
Rainfall:, Erin Ledy....14
Pond at Kentuck Knob, Sarah Holdwick*....15
Apostasy, Adrienne Dyane Lewis....16
Reach, Laine Bitterman....17
The Backseat, Jennie Easlick*....18
Dirty Shame, Kelly Kandal....22
The Insole Affair, Nick Cassidy....23
disillusion, Kristen R. Garcia....24
Mother and Daughter, Judith Kerman....25
Traducir la Isla, Judith Kerman*....26
Translating the Island, Judith Kerman*....27
Will You Help Me?, Krista Kilbourn....28
Rio Bravo Del Norte, Kristen R. Garcia....29
Una Leccion de Tambora, Judith Kerman....30
Calle, Judith Kerman....31
Hard Time Stopping, Adrienne Dyane Lewis....32
Cracked, Pamela Venema....35
Northridge, California 1994, Adrienne Dyane Lewis....36
Northern Flicker, Highway 2 (Colaptes auratus), Marc Beaudin....37
Lighthouse at Manistee, Marc Beaudin....38
I Declare it Spring, Marc Beaudin....39
Pensy Trail, Sarah Holdwick....40
That Moment, Again, Marc Beaudin....41
Southeast of Red Shirt, Marc Beaudin....42
Never Saw It Coming, Adrienne Dyane Lewis....43
Rustic Radiation, Kelly Kandal....45
My Perfect Ending, Lesley Stanley....46
The Devil and Jesus at Carnival, Judith Kerman....47
Contributor Notes....48

*Congratulations to Ann Garcia, Erin Bissonnette, Sarah Holdwick, Jennie Easlick, and Judith Kerman, winners of the flash fiction, artwork, photography, short fiction, and poetry awards respectively.

Editor's Note

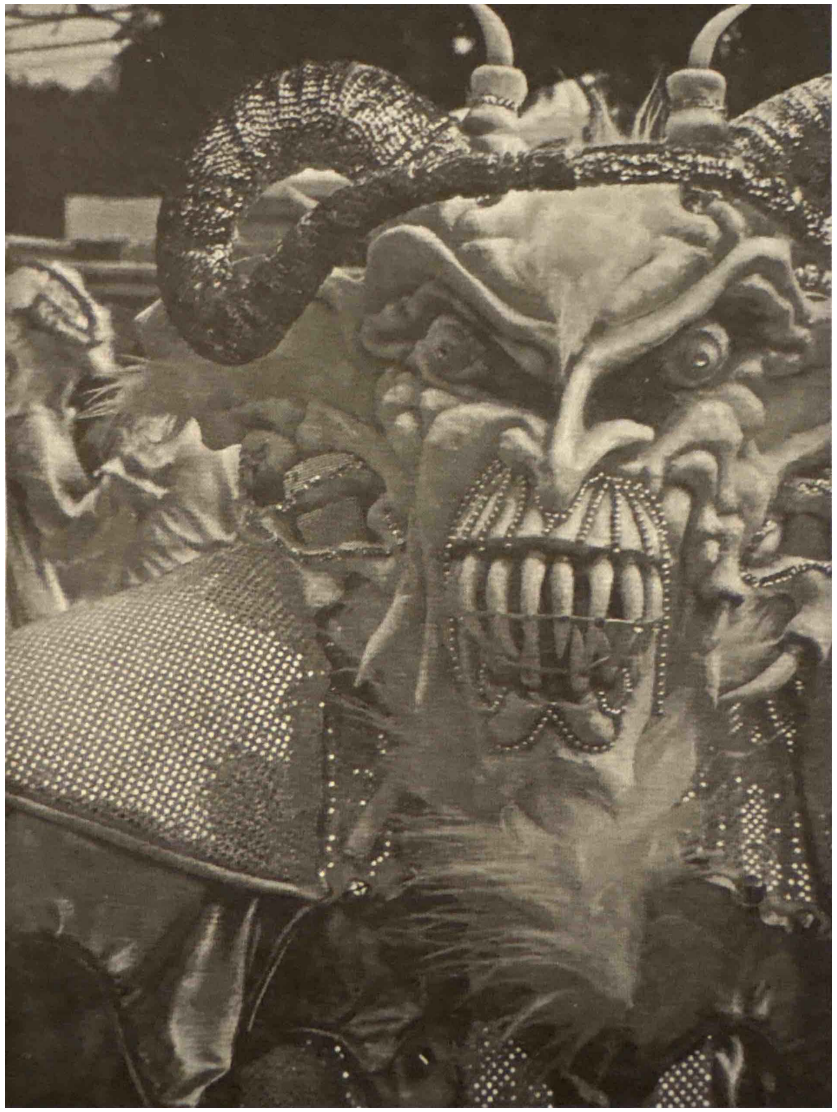
"When the young man dozes, the young woman rises and goes to the window to see the bird that sings in the garden. The bird is hidden in a tree covered with red blossoms. The young woman cannot find the bird, but through the branches she sees the palace..."
—Keith Taylor, *Life Science and Other Stories*

Putting together each new issue of Cardinal Sins is something that can be compared to bird watching. While bird watching, a birder tries to find a rare species among a limited range of view within the thick dogwoods and oaks of a forest, yet there are so many other sounds, movements, and other wildlife to distract her in the quest to observe the bird. This is not unlike an editorial staff choosing pieces for a literary magazine in that we have ten times as many beautiful poems, stories, and photographs that we can possibly publish. This was a very daunting task to all of those who were involved in the selection of the materials publishing in this issue of *Cardinal Sins*. Together, we have done a wonderful job. We have found the rare birds among a myriad of other species. Thank you. I am very grateful for all of your hard work, time, and consideration.

But most of all, I would like to thank my fiance Jack Laurin who is a United States Marine serving our country in Iraq. In the four semesters I have worked on *Cardinal Sins*, the first two as the creative writing editor, the last two as the Editor-in-Chief, Jack has always been there to put up with me and to help me out when the going got rough. I know he would be here for the release of this issue if he could be.

This issue of Cardinal Sins is for Jack and all the other United States military serving in the Middle East.

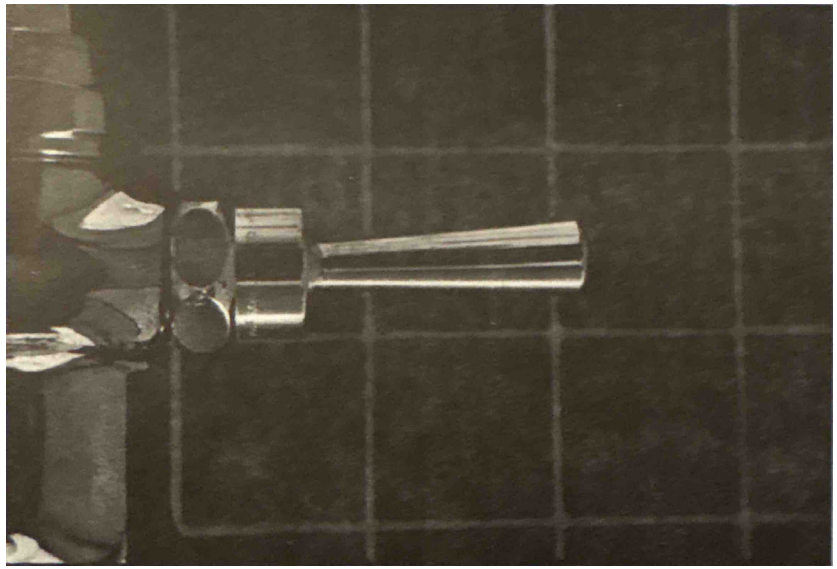
Darcy A. Czarnik, *Editor-in-Chief*



Diablo
Judith Kerman

This is the End *Adrienne Dyane Lewis*

This is the end of the toilet paper roll
hanging next to my knees in the bathroom
of a house we recently purchased, and furnished
with Master Bedrooms and crosses
stitched on linen, over two threads. The plies
did not separate, leaving me
with even one sheer square,
to wipe away the remains
of our last supper in an apartment
I will never see again, the emptiness
that comes with starting over. A new roll
is just a cupboard away, but it feels right to sit,
think about what may have been thrown away.



Everyday Things
Jose Manuel Enciso

The Picture I Didn't Take

Adrienne Dyane Lewis

There are two girls standing in navy
swimsuits in the picture I didn't take. No
more than thirteen years ago, they're posed,
with arms wide, greeting
the lens of someone else's camera—whose,
I don't know. The shorter of the two
reminds me of my sister when she danced:
Her leotard brimming
with sequins. She defeated
gravity, spinning her body
on the tips of toes. This girl wears her smile.
The other, taller girl is hiding
behind her friend; Or maybe it is her sister.
Peeking around her frame
are the first signs of puberty:
a swelling in the hips and chest.

Learning to Fly

Ann Garcia

My mother smelt of cedar and soap.

In her bedroom is a large closet without doors, closed instead with heavy damask drapes hanging from brass rods on brass hinges. Inside it a large cedar chest nearly fills the entire space. Inside it are yellowed paper, cracked leather volumes, golden earrings, a rougepot which still smells faintly of roses, a velvet box. And inside is a long braid of hair wrapped in layers of tissue. I learn all these things are precious to her and thus, I think, to me.

My mother often empties the chest, holding each item close to my body and away from me so I cannot touch anything. I don't know the contents of the leather books, the weight of the gold, the shade of rouge, the feel of the velvet. I am somehow the bank official at her depository. I am permitted only to stand at a distance and observe. Each item has a little story. The braid as yet has none. I know it is hers by the way she unwraps it. When she looks at it, her forehead shows deep lines like birds in a child's drawing. They disappear, fly away, when she folds the tissue back in the box and returns it to the chest. Everything goes in exactly as it was before. I remember best what is not in the cheest because I always ask.

"My wedding dress was very simple," she says. "heavy satin—not what you find today—embroidered with silk thread it was. Here," she says grasping her left wrist then her right.

"And here," she says, placing her hands above the swell of her breasts, fingers spreading upward to touch her shoulders.

"The veil. The veil was special. Orange blossoms framed my face and there were yards and yards and yards of illusion," she says. Her eyes close. Her fingers describe in air, construct the thing, carry it. Her arms rise to suggest the flow of fabric, of wings. I think she will fly away.

She and my father lived together for many years in real time as happily as ever after. The gown and veil was packed away in the cedar chest. Then one day a beautiful and well-loved child in their town died of influenza. A lovely child from a poor but well-respected family my mother says. My mother cut apart her dress and fashioned a burial gown in a devastating fit of generosity. Then, my mother wound her veil like a halo around the little girl inside her coffin.

Townspeople placed the wooden box in the ground, placed her in the ground. This child carried a bouquet of my mother's silk orange blossoms to heaven. I lean my mother buried her illusion in charity. Sometimes at night I close my eyes and picture the unfortunate girl in my mother's clothes.

My mother tucks me into my bed every night. Her hair falls across my face as she arranges my sheets. It tickles when she bends to kiss me, and I rub my face against the sheets. Her smell embraces: soap and starch and cedar. *Shh*. I hear the rustle of her clothes as she puts everything away and lays out the next day for me.

I do not remember her leaving.

Northwest Drive

Adrienne Dyane Lewis

A tattered fence ran
down the length of our backyard
at the first house I can remember
living in. It pleats
were pliable, green and white
plastic like horizontal blinds on house windows
in the better parts of town. Our duplex
had curtains. Heavy cream
fabric stretched across windows
kept the prying sunlight out, hid
my mother darning socks
during the evening news. Carter was busy
bartering oil for lives. We watched hostages blindfolded
on our nine inch black and white, hands atop their heads,
paraded into daylight by dark-haired men
we learned to hate, the sound of guns
as another President was shot. Outside
I peered through slits in the fence,
fit my fingers in their creases and pretended
I too needed rescuing.



Silence
Erin Bissonnette

Jealously
Danyelle Freeman

You come home from a weekend with your Dad
Bathed in the scent of that other woman.
I can smell her stroking your hair—
Divining the fissures where your skull
Once folded upon itself
To ease the passage of your body from mine.

You sit beside me in secretive insolence
Not needing my caress.
Wrapped in the sweater she gave you,
Your heart encased in knotted wool—
I cannot reach you. Until tonight
When the shadows of your dreams
Creep upon you in the dark
And you cry out—afraid
Needing Mommy to close your closet door.

Rainfall:
Erin Ledy

The tenebrous sky

hanging

in pregnant expectancy—
the weight of the world's
tears suspended in

a precarious balance

Or is it joy?

—God's grace, uncontainable
goodness
coming spilling flooding

down

permeating the soul—
the inexplicable lifting
of filthy trammels and angst

—Peace of today; the exam of life
merely a blink

a swallow

a thought so fleeting its presence is doubted—
the time taken for liquid

sunshine to fall at 9.8 m/s² and
shatter

on the dusty earth.



Pond At Kentuck Knob
Sarah Holdwick

Apostasy
Adrienne Dyane Lewis

We watched a new life begin
huddled together in the crowded pew,
What God has gathered together, let no man put asunder.
There is never a good time
to talk about it. It is too hard
to form the woods, let them slip
from between your lips and kiss
the cheek of the person you've promised
to be faithful to. Judas
must have known this feeling. At the last supper,
he must have stuffed himself with bread
to keep from spilling wine
and his secret: I don't believe in this anymore.

Reach
Laine Bitterman

until praise runs solid
through my veins.
Sliding out in a frozen bead,
I'm bleeding,
cigarette still dangling from
deadened fingers.
Smoke lazily drifts to the
ceiling steeped in stains, while
my eyes track its duibious progress.
There's no air left in the small room,
It feels like an oven and I can't even
breathe.
Warmth fades
until blood hardens into
jagged crystals and it hurts
too bad to care.
and then, with an accidental step,
I'm burning again.
Soft, pliable.
No longer prone to shatter.
What did you do? I ask softly, scared.
I'm no good at in-between.

The Backseat
Jennie Easlick

I'll always remember the cold leather on my back. It wasn't really leather, probably nylon or something like it. Black was the color, with neat little white stitches running in and out of the fabric, suturing it to the cushion beneath. As a child I, wondered about those tiny white stitches. They appeared to be so perfect. The thought that a machine did them never occurred to me then. When I was five, Aunt Mary told me a story about elves that made shoes for an old man. She described the miniature stitches and so later on I assumed that elves had upholstered my daddy's Camaro.

A cigarette burn from Uncle Jack made a shriveled gray hole in the upper right corner of the back seat. I remembered when that had happened. I was sitting between Uncle Jake and Aunt Mary. Up front Daddy was driving and Momma was fixing her lipstick. We were just about home when Mr. Howard's mangy old hound dog ran out in the road chasing Mrs. Robbins' fluffy white cat. Daddy hit the brakes, cussing up a storm, and huffing like he was going to have a heart attack. Momma's favorite Avon lipstick broke in half, which made her screech almost as loud as Aunt Mary who chipped her tooth on the bottle of Cherry Coke she was drinking. Uncle Jake's hand that was holding the ever-present unfiltered Marlboro flew backwards, creating that little hole.

In the summer the sweat from my naked thighs collected in a pool that created suction from my legs to the seat. The summer we sold the Camaro I had bought my first two-piece swim suit from the Sears and Roebuck catalog. Momma said that I was old enough to have it. That's

the summer that Robby used to take my Daddy's car to the beach every Saturday. After Robby quit his summer job at the hardware store he paid my Daddy three hundred dollars and an old Chevy truck for the Camaro.

The faint uncomfortable feelings caused by the cold leather digging into the warmth of my back brought my attention to the present. I could feel it through my silky white camisole that was a birthday present from Mamaw last year. The white cotton bikini briefs lying across the top of the passenger's side seat when I turned my head made me blink incredulously as if I didn't know what was going on. I knew my body was warm but the arctic was in my veins. As I stared at the white panties, I pictured pure, crisp snow. The fresh zing of winter air in the early morning rang in my subconscious. I breathed out carefully, taking some small joy in seeing the white steam that resulted. It was proof that I was still concrete.

My hand brushed the gnarled, dirty carpet between the two seats on the floor of the Camaro. Closing my eyes. the original color of the carpet—an off white—came to mind. When Daddy first bought the car, I was seven years old. The month after Momma was taking me home from the drug store and had boughe me a chocolate milk shake. It spilled when she went around the corner to our block and Daddy never let her drive the car again. Whenever she complained, he muttered something about women drivers. Momma told me that I shouldn't mind what Daddy said about women drivers. I was going to learn to drive if it killed her.

When Robby finished, he sat up and tossed the

filled Trojan out of the car window. I brushed my bangs away from my face and reached for my panties. He lolled his head back onto the carpeted shelf between the back window and the seat. The moon shone between the fogged patches on the windows, making my panties glisten like my cheap rhinestone tiara from the county fair. I located my rumpled shirt, stuck between the crevice of the seat cushions and started to button it up.

Robby moved to take me home and I climbed over the seats to the passenger side. With my fingers I righted my hair and my lipstick. Smoothing my rumpled shirt, I pulled my sweater tight and bit my lip. He started the old engine and revved it like high school boys are won't to do. Shooting out of the driveway of the parking lot and down the road to my block, I felt the rush of blood between my legs. I knew I would have to clean myself up when I got home. The towel on the backseat would not be enough. Bobbi Sue had not said there would be so much blood.

Robby cut off the headlights on the Camaro and rolled carefully onto our gravel driveway. The stones made soft crunching noises as they lodged in the tread of his tires. My hand immediately went for the door. Robby put his hand on my knee and turned to face me. He said something about how I was his girl and then tried to kiss me. His breath smelled like the $2.25 special down at Lulu's. Quickly, my lips brushed his cheek, grating against the stubble from yesterday's shave. I opened the door and stumbled to my bedroom window.

Once I was at the window I heard Robby pull away as quietly as possible. I took a deep breath and felt a tear make its path down my face. The cool air slid around my legs, dancing upwards and giving me goose flesh on my arms. Noiselessly, I climbed in and landed safely on my bed.

Later, as I cleaned myself up in the bathroom and disposed of my clothing, I knew for certain that Mamaw was right. Fast girls go to hell. It isn't the kind of hell they talk about in church on Sunday. It's the eternal shame that she'll feel when she walks around the next day, certain that everyone knows exactly what and whom she was doing last night. It's the kind of hell that's endured in the back seat of a car on a cold night.



Dirty Shame
Kelly Kandal

The Insole Affair
Nick Cassidy

She vigorously removed the white garments
Exposing his sun-starved flesh.
Seductively kneeling before him,
She thrust the denim away from his member.

He twitched with anticipation
Biding for her soothing touch.
Impatiently waiting for commencement,
His thoughts arousing erogenous desire.

She grasped the appendage
Tractably caressing with a gentle firmness.
His head and eyes rolled back
In response to her gratuitous deed.

Intently monitoring his reactions
She explored the curves and crevices,
Listening to his breaths and moans,
Curiously identifying points of pleasure.

One hand gripping the calcaneus,
The other scouring the lunate arch,
Simultaneously thumbing his ball—
His metatarsals craving heed.

His mind stirring of conundrumm,
Parts adoring the pretend podiatrist,
Part loathing the lack of permanence.
Yet, the symmetrical twin awaits the wanted touch.

disillusion
Kristin R. Garcia

musing former lives,
        time I spent at the edge of the water
tasting moments,
lemon sugar at my teeth
filling voids that gouge my memory
depending on the gash to widen, the root to deaden, the nerve to twitch
        and now, when time feels like lemonade
I take off my shoes and socks,
ignore the prick of dry grass at my feet
the sinking needle in skin,
with a dissipated sense of relaxation
sipping sugar water, mixed with gall
in tune with the bloody tap of my toe on the grass



Mother and Daughter
Judith Kerman

Traducir la Isla

Judith Kerman

nada es más pleno que este bolso vacío
Carmen Sanchez

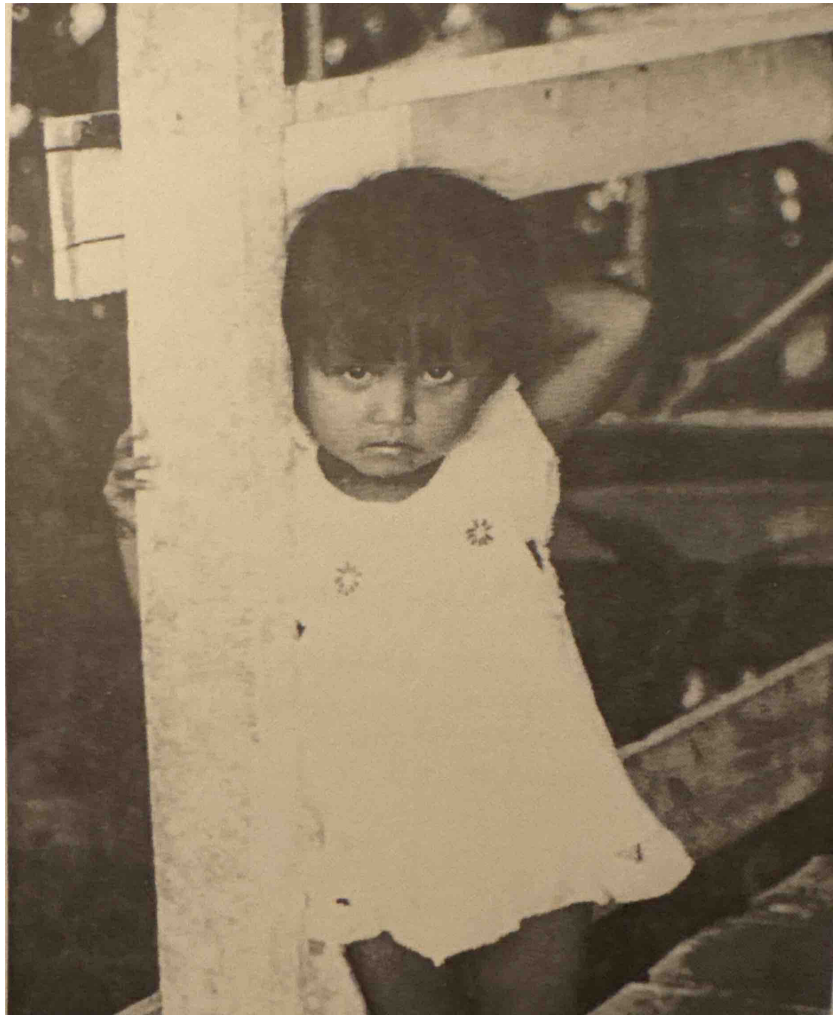
Tanto en estas voces
la abstracción de las estrellas y los mares
mientras corre la sangre en la memoria
poemas de amor
llenos de la humedad del anhelo.
Las calles llenas de bolsas plásticas
sopladas por el viento, atrapadas en los dedos de los árboles.
Mejor eso que cadáveres.
Las mujeres se esconden mientras sus memorias
golpean las puertas
sin orden de arresto.
Todas tenemos años suficientes para recordar
el silencio de oidos tapados
el silencio de las manos cerrando la boca
el silencio al caminar por la calle
oyendo el paso detrás
el silencio de las puertas encadenadas.

Translating the Island

Judith Kerman

nada es más pleno que este bolso vacío
Carmen Sanchez

So much in these voices
the abstraction of stars and oceans
while blood runs in the memory
love poems
full of the dampness of yearning.
The streets are full of plastic bags
blowing, caught in the fingers of trees.
Better that than corpses.
The women hide while their memories
bang on the doors
without a warrant.
All of us are old enough to remember
the silence of stuffed ears
the silence of hands clapped over the mouth
the silence of walking down the street
hearing the footstep behind you
the silence of locked doors.



Will You Help Me?
Krista Kilbourn

Rio Bravo Del Norte
Kristin R. Garcia

twisting hair
        braiding black strands
recuerdos that have root in my mind
I glance out the window,
dust settles on the road
dirty as the braid now resting on my chest
and I breathe in
        the aroma of *Ciudad Juarez*
arroz con pollo on my stove
and the thought of *hijos*
chasing *Osito*
        little bear-dog
through the back yard and side yard
where my laundry line
droops low enough to catch my neck

Una Lección de Tambora
Judith Kerman

Sitting on a concrete bench
in the shade of the Museo's
towering concrete wall
DA-ga-taa!
with Muñeco
whose name means "Doll-Baby"
and they've got that right
expresso skin and white smile,
sonrisa como sunrise en la noche y
his fast hands
DA-ga-taa!
el calor del sol
moves slowly toward us
la luz y la sombra
and a gardener is watering
a faint smell of sewage
de la tierra mojada
y los niños escolares
walk by in their matching blue blouses
to visit the Taino Indian exhibits
stop, fascinados
by the big Americana, vieja
como mi abuela
a pañuelo round her head
keeping sweat
from her eyes
drumming
DA-ga-taa!

Calle
Judith Kerman

Tanta basura
styrofoam cups
and palm leaves
todas mescladas
heaps of empty orange skins
where the juice man parks his
bicicleta
on the corner near the comedor
where the gutter is always full
of sewage-tainted water
the scent of naranjas
insinuates itself en la luz de la mañana
with exhaust from mistuned motos
and that faint reek
people line up
at the Palacio de la Policia
to get their cédulas
en la esquina, a guy
takes pictures in a plywood kiosk
this is where I tripped
me caí en la calle
uneven sidewalk
and not paying attention

Hard Time Stopping

Adrienne Dyane Lewis

The remains of last night's frivolity lay crumpled at the foot of her bed. Bravely, she opened one eye to survey the scene and caught her disheveled reflection staring back. I really need to move that mirror, she thought to herself. Every muscle in her body twinged with pain as she turned over to stare at the ceiling instead. The familiar cracks in the plaster gazed at her this morning with a knowing glare; they had seen her come in last night and they knew how she had gotten home, even if she couldn't remember.

This was happening far too often as of late. She wasn't sure why. She had been sitting at the bar sipping something made with sour mix. It had been the fifth or sixth drink of the evening, that much she remembered. She had tired of the taste of Tom Collins and had requested something else, something like a Tom Collins and yet not. Whatever the bartender handed her must have been good. She must have ordered a lot more of them.

Or maybe that guy sitting next to her had bought her a few. He had been trying to make small talk all night. She would've gotten up and checked her wallet to test this hypothesis, but she wasn't sure she could sit upright on the edge of the bed let alone make it to wherever her purse had been thrown when she came in. Lying on her side she could just barely make out the frayed edges of her jean bottoms. She wondered if her cell phone was still clipped to her side. She couldn't afford to buy another replacement right now.

She had talked to someone on the phone last night. A shadowy memory of it floated in her mind. Who could it have been? She remembered speaking into the flip-top device, but didn't remember dialing, or answering, or whose voice had responded to her surely slurred speech. Maybe she had called a cab. Flattening herself against the cool sheets once again, she peered into the rifts on her ceiling knowing that wasn't the answer.

Her eyelids felt heavy. Maybe she could sleep for a while longer. Her mouth tasted like rubbing alcohol though and she knew that if she didn't get up soon for a drink of water she'd regret it; nothing makes you throw up faster than that morning-after flavor. She rolled over again, this time determined to rise into a sitting position. Raising herself on one arm, she caught sight of a series of bruises across her bicep. Small and round, she fit her own fingers onto each of them; someone had definitely helped her home last night.

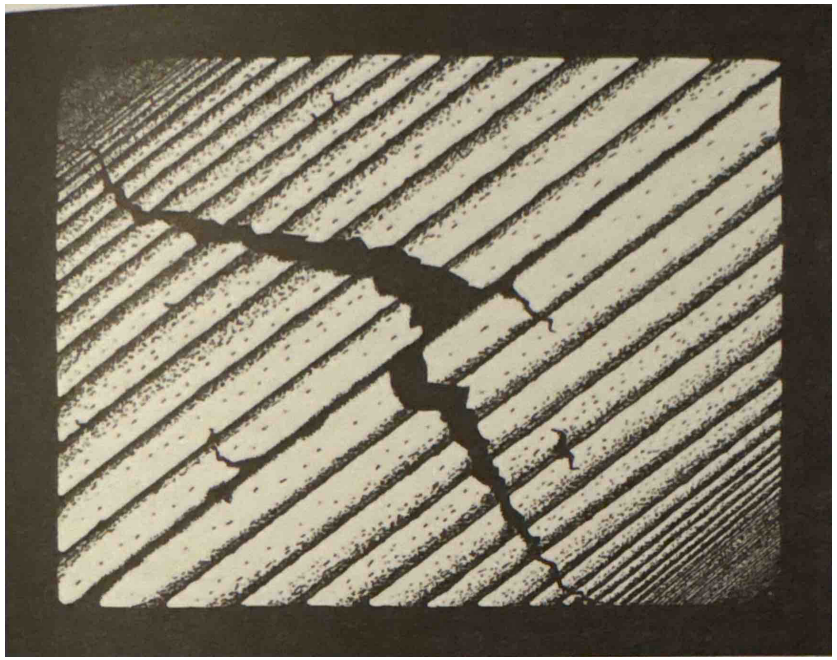
She'd have to think more about that later. Right now she needed to maneuver her way across to the kitchen. Luckily, her studio apartment made the feat easier to achieve than it might have been for a person in her condition, but as she sat with her feet dangling off the side of the bed the short walk looked more like a twenty-six mile marathon. The sight of her purse on the kitchen counter encouraged her to give verticalness a chance though. Gingerly putting her weight on the balls of both her feet, she crept toward the sink as if tiptoeing would make the room stop spinning or cause the splitting pain in her temples to wane.

Turning the faucet to cold, she lowered her mouth down to the water and stood there for a few minutes with it running over face and her tongue. She wasn't an alcoholic. She didn't feel the urge to drink that she knew accompanied that illness. It was just that she had a hard time stopping once she got started. That was due, in part, to the alcohol itself though; damn those judgment-impairing concoctions.

Her hair fell across her eyes as she stood leaning against the sink and the smell of cigarette smoke washed over her. When she had too much to drink, she often smoked too. It usually depended on what bad influence she was with though.

Her tongue felt thick and heavily coated in them. Why did bars let people pollute and permeate everyone's lungs, clothes, and bodies with those noxious vapors?

It was all their fault she felt like this today. That bartender, couldn't he see she was ripe for the plucking? Ready to be taken home by the first guy that coiled himself around her? Why didn't he cut her off? Put out her cigarette? She'd have to go in there tonight and give him a piece of her mind.



Cracked
Pamela Venema

Northridge, California 1994

Adrienne Dyane Lewis

Scarring the roadways, crevices
split surfaces on television. My hand is
pulling bristles through rain-bred tangles
and the marks just beneath my wrist are following
me with her red, abrasive centers.
I brush past their swelling
meaning and cause, watching curls
come undone, loosen
their grip. I can't arrange them
into a pleasing pattern like the scientist's
seismic graphs waving
their colorful tresses, predicting aftershocks.

Northern Flicker, Highway 2 (Colaptes auratus)

Marc Beaudin

You hold the yellow of sunlight
in wings and tail,
fill the pines with your manic laughter

My first glimpse of you:
a flash of gold
changing a simple forest
into a place of magic
where anything could happen
and sunlight flowed from the darkness of the wood

Your eye is the black of the raven
Your feet write incomprehensible haiku in the mud
Your beak is a blade of obsidian
Your tongue is a long, sharp thorn
Your blood

is so alarmingly red
and I'm sorry I didn't hit my brakes
quite hard enough.

Lighthouse at Manistee

Marc Beaudin

Walking the breaker
that juts defiantly
into the April fury of Lake Michigan
wind tearing at my clothes
and with each wave
shattering on the great limestone boulders:
a spray of ice water
blasting across the slippery walkway
holding a momentary rainbow
in its grip

I have ignored the warning signs,
forgotten common sense,
am aware of the pain and death
that wait if I am swept
off the promontory
down to the chiseled rocks,
and the only reward for the journey:
a few moments in the wind-shadow
of the lighthouse-watching gulls
ride the daggers of air
and scanning the horizon for a story—
before having to make my return

Yet I continue, undaunted,
into the blue, streaked with sudden rainbows,
step after perilous step
and all the time, plastered
to my cold, wet face:
a ridiculous, madman's smile.

I Declare it Spring

Marc Beaudin

I declare it Spring
and the calendar be damned
for the red-wing blackbird
is flashing his epaulets
and the female alights
on last year's cattail
shaking a flurry of downy seeds
into the warm breeze of the marsh

The robin hunts his worm
and throws wild music into the trees
like fistfuls of gemstones and glass.
I open my coat and drink sunlight;
follow, with my eyes, a rabbit track
into the willows and dogwood
and even the devoured worm
sings his song.



Pensy Trail
Sarah Holdwick

That Moment, Again
Marc Beaudin

An autumn mist
and the stench of carnations
the humming echoes
after the bells have fallen silent,
independent of their iron,
free to drift like lazy insects
across the courtyard

coming to rest
in the bark of trees,
in the red brick walls,
in the hollow at the base of my neck

The light grows brighter
for a moment—
and for a moment
I can see her rising
in the mist
looking like a telephone ringing
in the night
that you almost answer

Then a student throws a football,
a power saw can be heard,
a gull descends upon a bit of trash
and she, and that moment, are gone.

Southeast of Red Shirt

Marc Beaudin

Walking at night
down the pale scar
of an unpaved two-track
in this remote corner
of the Pine Ridge Reservation

A dusty blanket of stars
is pulled overhead
and the unforgiving prairie
stretches
to a vast, circular horizon

Coyote's songs rings in my ear
like the afterglow
of a lightning flash.
To the east,
the ancient skeleton of the Badlands
dances
unseen and silent

Then I hear
three gunshots to the north
and the temperature drops
a good ten degrees
and now that I know
that I am not alone in this world,
suddenly,
I am lonely.

Never Saw It Coming

Adrienne Dyane Lewis

Any minute a house may fall on me.

I've felt that way all week. Driving through eerie, green Michigan summer haze, the danger of it happening seems imminent though.

The Wicked Witch of the West never saw it coming, but I do. I have the guy, the kid, and the place (though it really isn't ours yet). I even have the dog. Life only stays perfect for a little while and like some country song whining on a car radio before a wreck, I can hear the catastrophic melody in each drop of horizontal rain that hits my windshield.

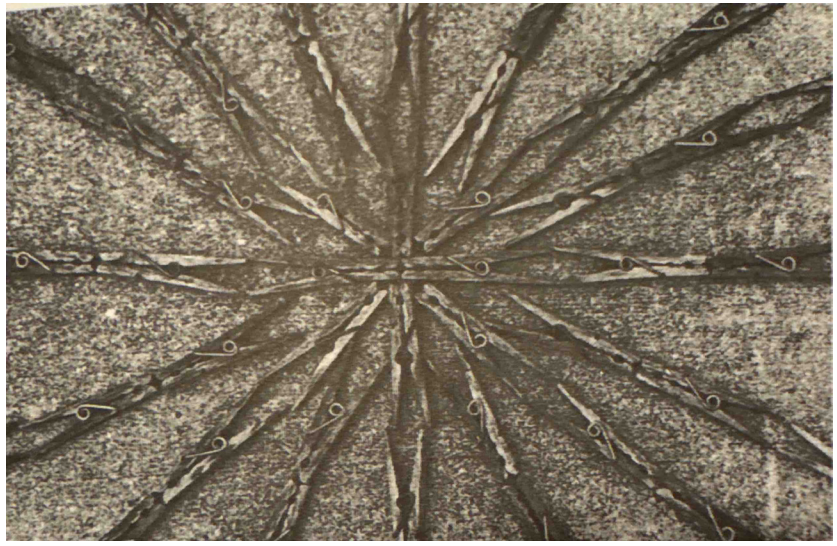
When I was little, I loved Dorothy Gale. Before my sister was old enough to join us, I can remember lying on my parents' bed with my mother and watching the movie on our 9-inch black and white TV. It was years later that I found out the movie had scenes in color. We watched until it seemed to be very late at night and my father came in to tell us that the news was coming on or that he needed another drink made. The only time during the movie that I thought of running to the living room to crawl in his lap was when the flying monkeys attacked.

Now I'm the mother and I've made sure my son has his own copy of the film. My husband only sits down to watch it with us on family nights when the decision isn't his to make. I can tell he likes the monkeys: their ugly audacity in bringing the group the broomstick just an hour after their merciless dismantling of the scarecrow.

He doesn't know that I feel this way: Scared all the time. Lying in bed at night, I tell him it's the heat that keeps me awake. "Close my eyes," he says, "Go to sleep." I try, but the truth is that I'm thinking about all the things that could go

wrong in my life until they begin to swirl above me, weightless. I open one eye and then another to see him lying next to me breathing in sweet rhythms. He looks wonderful.

This isn't Kansas. Those aren't wonderful wizards stopped alongside I-75. And no one is handing out brains, hearts, and courage today. It's the drive at five. And everyone else is pulling off the road because for them this is the first time they've felt the peril of becoming her, thought about watching their ruby slippers disappear under the footing of a stray house.



Rustic Radiation
Kelly Kandal

My Perfect Ending
Leslie Stanley

No rose petals
champagne bottle
kisses or
cuddles in the sheets

Not a carriage
glass slipper or
castle in the sky

I do not like aimless gowns
a long staircase to grace down
or a weighted ring

I do not want
rain pouring
clouds parting
Then sun shining

Just this boy
Absolute sure
dark hair
blue eyes confessing
Over coffee
love
With no words



Contributor Notes

Robert Bastek is nineteen and lives in Caro, Michigan. He is attending his second semester here at SVSU and is going to be majoring in Professional Technical Writing and minoring in Graphic Design.

Marc Beaudin has published three chapbooks of poetry: "When God Was a Child," "The Lost Writings of Miscellaneous Jones," and "Saginaw Songs" with fellow poet Al Hellus. His first novel, *A Handful of Dust*, was published in 2002. His work has been chosen for inclusion in an anthology of contemporary American poetry in Turkish translation to be published in Ankara, Turkey. Information on his work can be found at: *http://healthearth.tripod.com*.

Laine Bitterman is nineteen years old and currently a sophomore at Saginaw Valley State University studying Computer Sciene. She writes as a method of very inexpensive therapy and is happy to have her work published in *Cardinal Sins*.

Nick Cassidy is an Elementary Education major with minors in Social Studies and English. He is finishing his student teaching and will be graduating from Saginaw Valley State University in May 2003. He is an avid fisherman and outdoorsman. He loves to write about life experiences, especially ones that make people laugh or create a strong reaction.

Jennie Easlick is majoring in English with a Professional and Technical concentration. Her minors are Political Sciene, Spanish, and Gender Studies. She would eventually like to go into either print journalism or the publishing business in New York City. She has her own scrapbooking business and is very active in her hometown church, Kingston Wesleyan. Her family heritage has much influence on her writing. Her mother's side is full-blown Sicilian, and her father's side is very Irish.

Jose Manuel Enciso was born in Mexico. He obtained an undergraduate degree in Science of Communication and Information from Universidad de Monterrey where he graduated Cum Laude and was a candidate for Summa Cum Laude. Jose is currently working on a Master of Communication and Multimedia at Saginaw Valley State University. His background includes radio, television, video and film production in Rome, Italy, work on the Latin MTV Campus Invasion as a cameraman, and video projects for Panacea Films and other companies and universities in Mexico. Jose has also done two video projects at Saginaw Valley State University and has done animation coordinated by SVSU faculty Dr. Judith Kerman for the Museo del Hombre Dominicano in the Dominican Republic.

Danyelle Freeman is the Student Technology Center Coordinator and a graduate student in Communications and Multimedia. She is a published poet who also enjoys writing creative non-fiction. Her other artistic endeavors include singing and playing her French horn. She especially enjoys spending time with her husband and two children.

Ann Garcia is an alumna of Saginaw Valley State University where she learned to think in a straight line. She works in the Evening Services office where she observes many strange and wondrous things and others not so.

Kristen R. Garcia is a senior from Auburn. She will graduate in May 2003 with a Bachelor of Arts in English, Creative Writing, and plans to attend Central Michigan University for a Master of Arts in English Language and Literature with a Creative Writing Concentration.

Sarah Holdwick spent a semester abroad in France and has not been the same since. She misses the bread, the people, and the Mediterranean Sea, but not the dog crap in the streets. In her free time she enjoys doing absolutely nothing, taking afternoon naps, and lamenting about the state of things.

Kelly Kandal is a Saginaw Valley State University student in the Elementary Education Program. She will be graduating in May 2004 with an Early Childhood Endorsement. She currently waitresses at Hereford & Hops and substitute teaches in the Bay Arenac area. She enjoys doing crafts, shopping, and photography.

Judith Kerman was a Fulbright Senior Scholar in the Dominican Republic in 2002. Her most recent books are *Plane Services/Plano de Incidencia,* a

bilingual selection of poems with Domingo, and *Dulce Maria Loynaz: A Woman in Her Garden*, translations of the translations by Johnny Duran, published in Santo Domingo, and *Dulce Maria Loynaz: A Woman in Her Garden*, translations of the Cervantes-prize winning Cuban poet, published by White Pine Press. She teaches English and coordinates and teaches in the Masters program in Communication and Multimedia at Saginaw Valley State University.

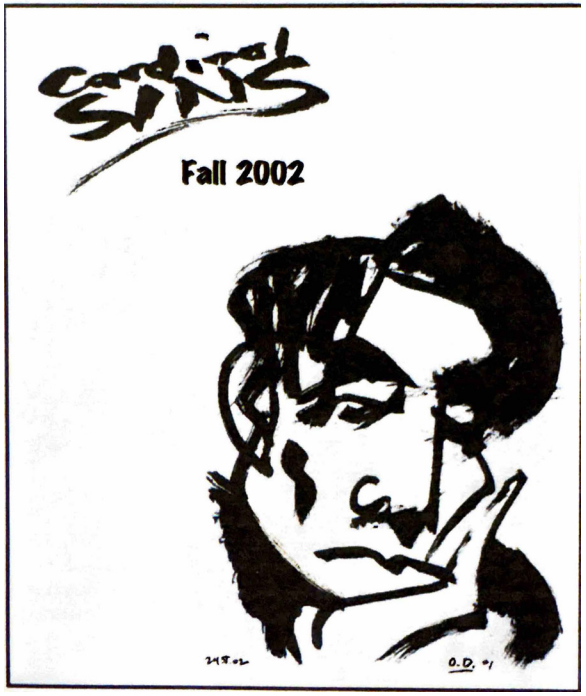
Erin Ledy is a sophomore majoring in Education with minors in Math and English.

Adrienne Dyane Lewis is Co-Editor of the Paradidomi Review, a new forum of Mid-Michigan creative writers. Her work has appeared in *Fusion*, *Controlled Burn*, and the *White Pine Review*. A professional grant writer, she lives in Saginaw with her husband and son. Her first chapbook is forthcoming from Mayapple Press.

Lesley Stanley is a twenty-one-year-old Pinconning resident majoring in Creative Writing with a minor in Communication. In her spare time, she enjoys listening to music, traveling, and being with friends and family. After graduation, she intends to relocate to a warmer climate where she will pursue her passion for writing.

Pamela Venema has always had an artistic thread running through her family. She has relatives who paint and create homecrafts. Her father had a small art studio in his basement and would dabble with a brush. For herself, she would rather "paint" with words, but she is learning, as a graphic arts minor, to "see" the world around her and within her, and express it in creative visual fonts.

Cardinal Sins is now online!



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Acknowledgments

I would like to extend my sincere gratitude to all who are an integral part of the success of this magazine. *Cardinal Sins* would not continue to grow without all of the dedication and hard work of people like you.

Thank you, Melissa Seitz, for being such a great advisor, friend, and leader; *Cardinal Sins* class and staff for all of your hard work; Dean Bachand; Dean Thompson; Dr. Frank Dane and Saun Strobel for copyright assistance; Rob Bastek for designing the cover; Dr. Judith Kerman and Ann Garcia for proofreading the Spanish language and translation; Jason Wenglikowski for inserting the Fall 2002 issue into the *Cardinal Sins* website; Danyelle Freeman for technical training with *Microsoft Publishe*r and assistance with the *Cardinal Sins* webpage; Casey Williams and Ann Garcia's class: Josh Adams, John Arnold, Lacy Bateson, Brett Borchart, Matthew Buchanan, Krycynthia Clemons, Erin Cochran, Amber Daniels, Rebecca Demsich, Jeffery Dietlein, Megan Flack, Ashley Frost, Alayna Gentner, Megan Graham, Jessica Jaques, Chelsey Kearney, Ashlee Laubon, Jessica Nortley, Ryan Robinson, Kelly M. Stoltz, Cassie Swinson, and Theresa Worley for reading and voting on submissions; Perry Toyzan for all of his wonderful guidance and assistance with the layout; Perry Toyzan's staff for all the hard work in the physical assembly of the magazine; and finally, a huge thanks to all of the contributors over the years because there would not be a magazine without all of the talented and dedicated artists, poets, and writers that are part of the SVSU community.