

# Cardinal Sins

you have written this poem  
with your eyes--  
if you close them,  
it will die.

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Special thanks to the graphics center for all of their help.

# Cardinal Sins

## all from the tree of knowledge

“But wait, what do I see...”  
--Roy Orbison

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An apology to the author of “If I Ever” whose name is not present in this issue. We ask that the missing author reveal his/her identity to be given credit in the following issue. Thank-you.

The Editors

Sigmund Freud Takes the Train, 1924  
(a found poem)

I was sitting alone  
in a compartment  
of a sleeping car  
when a violent jolt  
opened the door  
of the adjoining washroom  
and an aging man,  
wearing a dressing gown  
and a cap  
entered my compartment.  
I supposed that he  
had mistaken  
has direction  
when leaving the washroom,  
which was situated  
between the two compartments.  
I arose to inform him,  
when I was stupefied  
by the recognition  
that the intruder  
was myself  
reflected by the mirror  
in the washroom door.

--Michael Griffor

## If I Ever

If I ever write something good  
I will rush to the nearest Meijer's and shove  
my poetry into the shopper's faces shouting  
READ ME

I'll cram my words into their eye sockets  
until they carry  
my deepest thoughts in their shopping carts  
right along with the toilet paper and cigarettes

and the check-out clerk will tear off her clothes  
thrust them into the slots designated for twenties,  
fives, and ones

even the cash register will take on a mind of its own  
printing my words on the cash register receipts that  
are reeling and curling  
about the floor of the store  
like a poetry python

A fat, disheveled woman in her pink sponge  
rollers and K-mart sneakers will throw up her food  
stamps  
and dance with me through the generic mushrooms  
and cat food

her snotty-nosed brat  
with his chubby little legs woven into the bread  
basket  
will sprout wings and soar  
around our heads eating Oreos

No one will think this strange because my poetry  
will have charmed them all into my dream

## Disney vs. Russia

In reading the paper today  
can you believe what caught my eye  
Four Disney cartoon classics  
to be released in Russia  
Do you think its citizens  
will be able to handle  
America's fantasy

Or is it that we're not taken seriously  
after viewing FANTASIA, BAMBI, 101 DALMATIONS  
will they be able to handle  
SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS  
What will they think of our household system  
one woman and seven men  
Interesting numbers for them to wonder  
"What's really going on over there?"

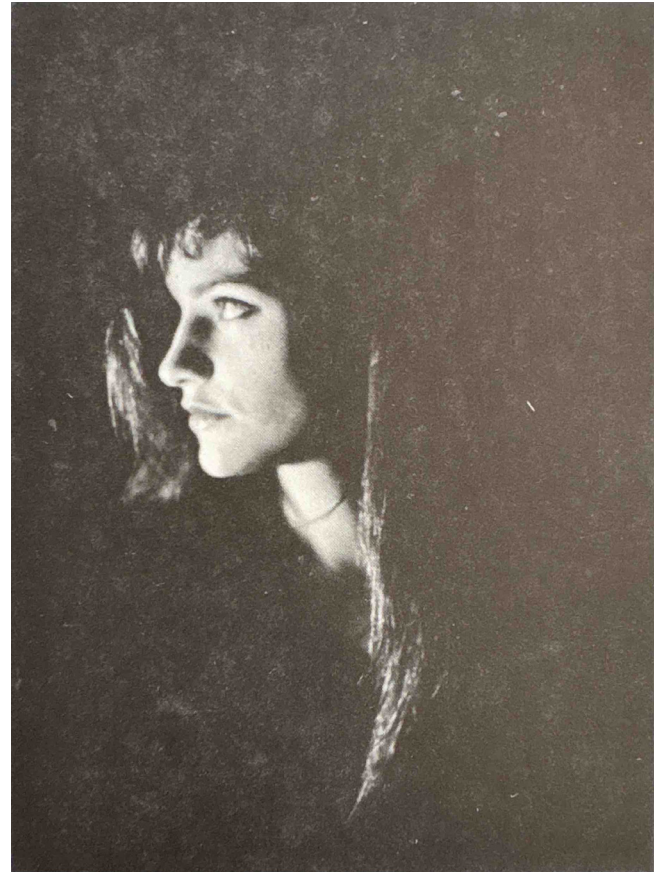
So on to Moscow, Leningrad, and Tallinn  
Special viewing beginning in October  
such propaganda to be seen  
We've sent our forces  
Mickey, Bambi, and Snow White  
We're going after the Russians in Technicolor

--Cheryl Jasman

## The Proposal

It would benefit the both of us  
a union of our resources  
Two incomes coming together  
A life long contract  
witnessed by our associates  
We could be a committee of two  
three, four, or more  
With our love and the contract that binds  
No one could overtake us  
obstacles in our path  
will be jointly taken care of  
If only you would consent  
to this merger

--Cheryl Jasman

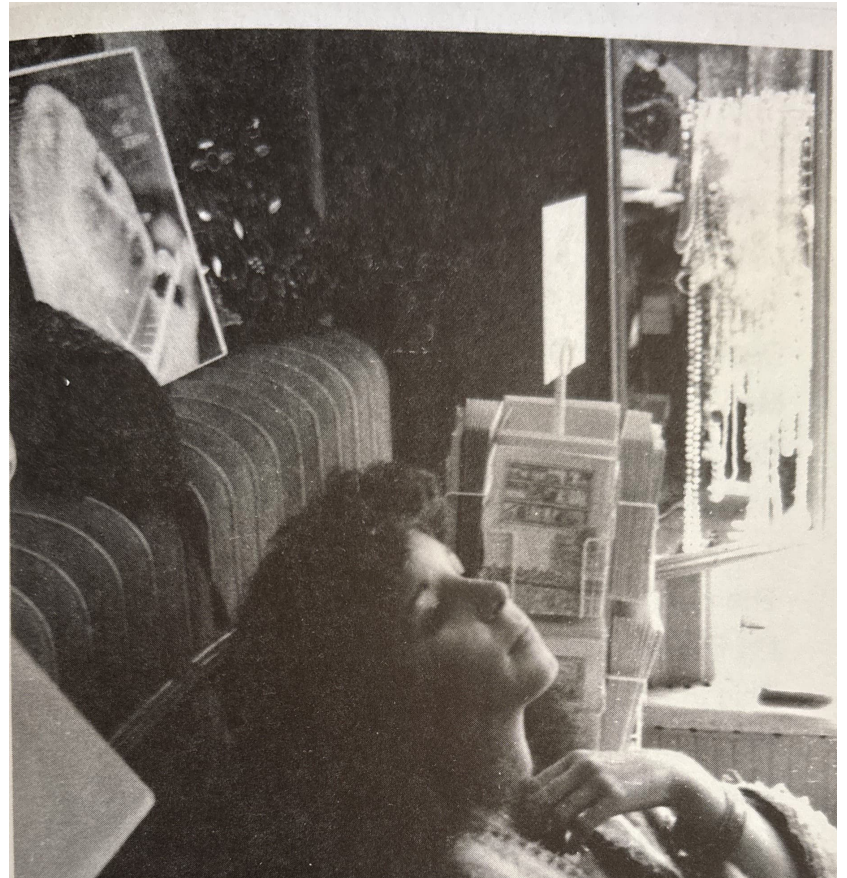


So Much More

In the widowed walkway  
I watch the reflection's reflection  
of the woman  
speaking with the lyrical,  
vulnerable accent  
who counts small change  
as she relates her day.

Speaking of her uncle  
and the bills that must be paid,  
she reveals,  
in small subtle doses,  
the reality of a life so foreign  
that it is delicious  
in its simplicity.

--Marc Beaudin



## My Husband's Burial

The flag drapes the casket  
Like a shroud, it conceals,  
The bold bright colors try to mask,  
Death still overpowers dignity,  
Men with no faces fold in articulation  
Revealing Doug, my husband, my lover,  
His body still inside the now naked box.

The earth, dark, hollow, consuming, demanding,  
My fingers claw at the stripes for relief  
This triangle of cloth does not console,  
Hurry up! Do what you must, just end it!  
This tortuous pain, the swollen eyes gawking  
Do not touch me, choke on your kind sympathies,  
This is my pain, my devastation.

With flag clutched to my aching chest, I depart,  
The ground can have what is left, because I need more.

## Movements

The bare tree branches  
Struggle quietly upward  
Holding up the storm

Clouds pass each other  
White against the darker blue  
Racing across heaven

Sifting through ancient boxes  
I find a picture  
Of someone I knew once

Scattering tracks  
Through the accumulated  
dust of years

Footprints in the snow  
A lone traveler passed by  
They won't last the night

--Michael Griffor

## Movie Star Marriages

When I was  
very young  
we used to  
fight  
over which of the  
adored male movie stars  
would be our  
husbands of the day.

I remembered that the biggest  
push pull  
was over who would get  
John Payne.  
There would be cries of  
“Well! Lucy, you KNOW  
I get to have him  
today  
because YOU had him  
yesterday!

Once John’s fate was decided  
Gene Autry  
was acceptable, as was  
Alan Ludd.

All summer  
we played make-believe  
day after day  
never tiring  
of clomping around in cast off  
high heels and dresses.

Fall came quickly,  
so did school.  
The props for the  
movie star marriages  
were thrown into  
a box

The important things became  
lessons and books  
No one cared  
anymore  
who got  
John Pane.

--Jeanine Link