

seven deadly sins

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SEVEN DEADLY SINS

FRONTISPIECE

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prologue

If you're in the mood for sin,
Toujours lose and never win,
You're played like a violin,
Stop! Don't take it on the chin.
Brew a batch of bathtub gin,
Slip someone a Mickey Finn,
Lift your glass to toast herein,
Browse this book; you'll find within
Seven poems on deadly sin --
Based on rhymes devoid of sin
Now given a new Noir spin
(To parody they're akin).
Herein lies a sin love-in:
Poems with yang, but lots more yin.
Broads who'll get under your skin.
If a verse causes chagrin,
And the rhyme starts to wear thin,
Makes your ear sound full of tin,
Laugh, let go and start to grin.
Turn the leaf to a new sin.



pride was the original sin:
first a noir tale of pride we'll spin.

pride

I know that you will never see
An angel deadlier than me.

I sucker saps with treasure chests,
Milk them dry with my holstered breasts.

Dark angel in flight, night and day,
I shakedown saps, make muggs my prey.

Like murd'rous Medusa, I wear
A nest of vipers in my hair.

Once on my breast a dupe has lain,
He's hell-bound; over him I reign.

I make men fools. Bow down to me --
Satan's angelic apogee!



if your angel craves feasts at cafe eiffel tower,
you promise paris, but lure her to maine--to bangor,
roast up hot dogs and smores around a campfire,
then she'll devil your eggs on a funeral pyre



Lust

By the shores of old Manhattan
In the square that was called Union
Stood the Wigwam on 14th Street
Home to famous politicians
Tammany Hall at Union Square,
Led by big boss Hyman Buster
He supported Prohibition,
Fought the mob that met on Broadway
Uptown at the Hotel Claridge.
Their famed leader, Harry Chutzpah,
Smuggled bootleg beer and whisky,
Fiercely fought with Hyman Buster,
(‘Wet’ and ‘dry’ were their positions).
Harry sent for his grim gun moll,
Sally Strudel was her handle,
Fatale femme, all blonde and deadly,
Fed, seduced ‘em, then she’d shoot ‘em –
Yes, she was quite the killer queen.
Harry then explained the setup:
“Fourteenth day of February
At the Wigwam you’ll meet Hyman,
With a peaceful proposition:
If he lays off Prohibition
He’ll receive a massive payout,
Half the proceeds of the bootleg.
He can choose peace or payola,
And you’ll deliver all the dough,
Roll him, stuph him, then you’ll shoot him.
The Broadway mob will drown the ‘drys’.”

Bright the moon rose on the Fourteenth,
Sally saw hot Hymen Buster
Walk on the Wigwam’s balcony,
Starlight shining on his manhood,
-- Promise of great satisfaction.
Sally saw it; lusted for him,
Called out to him, “My Romeo!”
Then he greeted her most humbly,
“Miss, I think you got my name wrong.
Hymen Buster, at your service.”
Sally sashayed, ripe and ready,
“It’s a little late for that now,
But you can eat up all my dough.”
“I could use a little nosh now.”
“I can show you my jelly roll.”
“Come upstairs into my kitchen,
I’ll play baker with your sweet dough.”
Sally followed Hymen upstairs,
From the outside they went inside,
To his kitchen table topside,
Rolled the dough out upside downside

Kneaded babka, frontside, backside,
Put some chopped nuts onside each side.
Hymen shaped it right side, left side,
Then he pressed it, upside downside,
Flipped the far side o’er the near side,
Furled and filled it – joyous joyride!
Sally Strudel rolled with great pride,
Coiled and uncoiled by the wayside,
Added apples, fresh and sun-dried,
Said, “Sin-namon?” Hyman replied:
“With Eve, you are identified.”
Hyman cooked a cake for yuletide:
Poppy seeds placed the inside,
With smooth cream cheese on the outside.
“Let it flow slow” sweet Sally sighed,
“You’ll make me mohn, so satisfied.”
As they’d gotten into their stride,
Harry then appeared by their side.
“Sally, you took me for a ride,
Complied with his side, hurt my pride,
Rolled my dough on his tableside.
I’ll ice this bum. Just step aside.”
Sally stood up, pushed him aside,
“Go get lost! We’re both occupied.
Consider your request denied.
With you, I’m not this satisfied!
You never kneaded me – or tried.
Go ice yourself. You’re brushed aside!”
Hymen said, “Sally, don’t deride!
Harry’s suggestion’s bona fide:
Icing on the cake will provide
A soft and milky upper side,
So, down the cakehole it will slide.
Icing is what I can provide.”
“Smear it thick and sweet” Sally cried,
“An un-iced cake I can’t abide.”
“Neither can I!” Harry out-cried.
“Let’s all make peace and be allied.
You’ll bake the dough that I’ll provide;
Bread will drop down like a landslide.
Prime profits will be multiplied.
Your baked cakes will be glorified,
Miss Sally’s strudel will be prized
And Hyman Buster -- lionized.”
The Chutzpah plan was certified:
They opened a café, with pride,
Where cakes (and booze) were sold inside,
So patrons would be fortified.
Its fame and name soon spread worldwide:
‘Lust in the Crust.’ Come on inside!



the lowdown on this tale i'll share:
each one has a croissant to bear



envy

Don't shoot me dead, dear rival,
And sing a song of glee.
You'll get no bridal rose bouquet.
The shady schmuck wants "free."
He screwed, set up, grassed on me,
Broke the bank, went on the run.
We'll meet, shed tears, remember,
For envy is no fun.

Now he lies in the shadows,
We iced him in the rain.
He sang out like a canary:
His gelt eased our pain.
Pop! Tonight, we drink champagne:
Rob's rise and fall are done.
We met, murdered, dismembered.
Yes, envy can be fun.



in life and love there's no clear winner.
rivals unite--let's shoot the sinner!



gluttony

My body's your banquet; come in and dine
My grapes are red ripe; my tongue drips of wine.
I'll open my lips; come taste a sample.
My breasts are apples, bursting and ample.
Come caress my kiwi; kiss my kumquat,
Press on my button; you know just the spot.
Massage my melon; move it fast and slow.
(I lost my cherry a long time ago.)
Slow braise my brisket; spread sauce on my thigh;
Butter my loins. What a master chef guy!
We feasted all night; and then came the dawn.
You left without a word. Why have you gone?
Satisfyin' me is not all that tough.
I give you plenty. Don't you get enough?
Now are you saying that you want some more?
I'm always ready to have an encore.
I never care if we dine out or in:
Food truck, take-out, or 5-star Michelin.

You don't like my place; we'll change the venue.
Now your body can be on the menu.
I'll be the chef; the ingredients yours.
I'll settle your hash if you play me false!
I cook your thigh like a fat, round capon,
Sauté your shallots; then blanch your bacon,
Chop up your carrots, and add some good thyme;
Simmer them in the oven, till it's time.
I'll stir the gravy, mix it in the pan.
When you're baked, I'll sit down to coq au vin.
For dessert I'll cut your profiteroles
Off, fill and form them into jelly rolls.
I'll harvest your grapes, pluck them from your vine,
Peel, squeeze and ferment them into red wine.
I hunger and thirst for you; I can't wait.
You're like an angelic devil's food cake.
So, before you abandon me, lover,
We'll both banquet – one way or the other.



BEHOLD, MY LOVE, THOU ART FAIR.
DUMP ME AND YOU'RE DINNER FARE.



WRATH

He dwelt alone, lived by his gun,
A price upon his head.
“Public enemy number one
Wanted alive or dead.”

He moved around all over town
Hiding where none could spy.
He said, “They’ll never gun me down.
Catch me? Pie in the sky!”

He two-timed me – the gigolo.
Bang, bang! Al ceased to be.
I stashed him in a grave and oh,
He’s no big deal to me!



love is fleeting, so is fame.
life's short if you cross a dame.



GREED

Get a load of the joint gutsy Jack built!

The warm malt is placed in a Catskill kiln
Processed, then sold from Jack's sub-rosa mill.

Rat fink Ralph, his "pal", siphoned beer and ale,
Robbed the 'vintage' brews; put them up for sale
For hard cash only; left no paper trail.
"So, who'll be the wiser? Jack's joint won't fail."

Claire, one hot hellcat, stalked the rotter rat.
She snared and shot him with a gruesome gat
'Cause ratsy had hijacked many a vat
Of home brew from Jack's mountain habitat.
She was one heartless killer pussycat!

Carl, a cruel cur, dogged the feral feline,
Caught her and said, "Oh, my pussy divine,
Let's split Ralph rat's spoils and we'll both align
To spirit off all this stolen moonshine.
And toast Jack's joint's health in a hooch-filled stein."

Lynn, Jack's lover, was a horny old cow.
She confronted Carl and Claire, then mooed "Ciao,
You stiffed Ralph rat and dumped him in a slough,
Then double-crossed Jack. That's much too lowbrow.
If I call the cops, you're in the hoosegow.
I'll take that stolen liquor, here and now.
Loyalty to Jack's house I re-avow."

Marlene, one mean moll, was a gangsta's belle
She knew how to handle the old hard sell.
She milked the cow dry, then staged show-and-tell,
Sold the hot sauce to her own clientele.
Livid Lynn was outraged, and mad as hell
At the moll, cruel Carl, cut-throat Claire as well
Who for Ralph, rotten rat, tolled a death knell.
Lynn said, "Your thieving notions I dispel.
I'll reroute this rot-gut to Jack's hotel."

Mike, Marlene's gunsel, looked shabby and worn.
He'd fought with a punk who'd showed his gal porn.
The 'noive' of that bum just could not be borne.
He joined Marlene, lustful Lynn to suborn,
So they could send the stolen stash seaborne.
Lynn said: "Against such treachery I warn."
So she tossed the two thieving thugs airborne,
With Carl and Claire, who had treated with scorn
And ravished Ralph rat, who'd ransacked the corn.
Jack's place was beginning to look shopworn.

Pietro, 'the priest', a mighty mob kingpin,
'Wed' Mike and Marlene, to keep them from sin,
Serenaded them with his mandolin.
They stomped to the sound of a violin,
And waltzed to a soft, whispering woodwind.
Liscentious Lynn joined them and charged right in.
Capering Carl was doing a tailspin,
Prancing with Claire cat, who wanted to skin
Wretched Ralph, who was just a has-been.
Their feast was awash with Jack's bathtub gin,
Which someone had laced with a mickey finn.
Poor Jack's household looked like a looney bin!

They greeted dawn with Chanticleer the cock
As they sang, danced, and rocked around the clock,
And celebrated the couple's wedlock,
Till they collapsed in a heap, chock-a-block.
The 'priest' fell asleep, missed Mass. What a shock!
Bride and groom engaged in a hammerlock
And frolicked to a fugue by Johann Bach.
Lithesome Lynn shimmied and lifted her frock,
Hootchie-kootchied with Carl, gave him a shock,
While catty Claire cha-chaed with them en bloc.
Ralph rat writhed in tempo: Oh, he could squawk!
He tried to escape and flee to Bangkok.
Jack's domicile became a laughingstock.

Jack's edifice had a weak foundation.
The malt first began the fermentation.
Ralph rat then essayed appropriation
Of all the intoxicant production,
Foiled by Claire hellcat's swift interruption,
And covetous Carl's callous corruption,
And horny Lynn's firm, bovine devotion.
Moll Marlene sure milked the situation
With Mike, started a sting operation.
Vicar held liquor in adoration,
(He much preferred it to fornication).
Chanticleer cock crowed in exultation!
Farmer Jack hoped for fast exculpation
Of his illegal bootleg transaction,
But lost a long, drawn-out litigation.
Court costs caused his financial ruination,
Led to the loss of his reputation.
His speakeasy's closed -- no dispensation.
Jack got ripped off -- what a usurpation!
Greed cost Jack his joint and reputation,
Led him to lose his estate's erection.
Thus, ends Jack's joint's tale's versification.

alas, jack set off a chain reaction.
every mugg grabbed a piece of the action.



sloth

This gun moll's not a busy bee.
My handle's "mellow Myrtle".
When I engage in a crime spree
I take off like a turtle.

How carefully I planned a heist
In a souped-up Jaguar!
The gang came close to getting iced:
I didn't gas the car!

I was a hit-gal for the mob,
But they gave me the boot,
For when I showed up on the job
No one was left to shoot!

If I'm late for the final race
And miss the starting bell,
My myrtle crown will grace last place
In heaven or in hell.



if your cohorts fly the coop
you could BEE-come turtle soup.



envoi

Now you're in a sinning mood!
Have a pleasant interlude:
Score some sins in plenitude,
Act with moral turpitude;
Leave no room for rectitude.
Don't let moralists delude
Or drink up the draft they've brewed.
Keep your cool; don't get unglued.
Just say "Beat it. I'm no prude!
Shove your morals in a snood."
Drink a toast, but don't get stewed,
With pals or in solitude,
Duded-up or in the nude,
(Don't name names or you'll get sued).
Keep a sinful attitude,
Try each sin, vulgar and lewd,
Embrace each with gratitude,
With resolve and fortitude.
All the seven sins include
In order of magnitude,
Each a dulcet interlude
In a satanic étude.
Go forth in a devilish mood,
With resolve you'll be imbued.
So be scheming, sly and shrewd,
Make sure that you don't get screwed.
Sinner: Breed a lively brood!

LITERARY CREDITS AND APPRECIATION

PROLOGUE. Prologue to “The Miller’s Tale” (60-75). Written c. 1380s-90s.
Geoffrey Chaucer (c.1343-1400).

PRIDE. “Trees” published 1913. Joyce Kilmer. (1886-1918).

ENVY. “Song [When I am dead, my dearest]” written 1848, published 1862.
Christina Rossetti (1830-1894).

WRATH. “She Dwelt among the Untrodden Ways” written 1798, published 1800.
William Wordsworth (1770-1850).

Parody: “Wordsworth Unvisited” published 1869. Hartley Coleridge (1796-1879).

SLOTH. “How Doth the Little Busy Bee” published in 1715 under the title
“Against Idleness and Mischief.” Isaac Watts (1674-1748).

Parody: “How Doth the Little Crocodile” published 1865, *Alice’s Adventures in Wonderland*,
chapter 2. Lewis Carroll (1832-1898).

GREED. “This is the House that Jack Built.” Published in *Nurse Truelove’s
New-Year’s-Gift, or the Book of Books for Children*, in 1753. Author not identified.
The phrase is often used as a derisory term in describing a badly constructed building!

Parody: “The Domicile Erected by John” published in *The Vulgate of Madame Goose*.
Alexander Pope (1688-1744).

GLUTTONY. *The Song of Songs*. Author not identified. 10th to the 2nd centuries BCE,
with the language supporting a date around the 3rd century.

American Dirty Blues music of the 1920s-1950s delighted in *double entendre* and sexual innuendo.

PRIDE. “The Song of Hiawatha” published November 10, 1855.
Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (1807-1882).

Parody: The Song of Milkanwatha: Translated from the Original Feeje”. 1856.
IV. Hiawatha and Mudjekeewis, 16-25. Marc Antony Henderson (Rev. George A. Strong)
1832–1912).

ENVOI. “Troilus and Criseyde” (V.1786-92). Written probably mid-1380s.
Geoffrey Chaucer (c.1343-1400).

colophon

seven deadly sins: noir iv

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(Number I: Noir Lithographs)

(Number II: Noir Etchings)

(Number III: Femmes Fatales)



dedicated to the memory of martin west.