

Envy

Wind blows undisturbed
No direction to follow
Freedom coveted

Lust

Blindly letting her body go
Craving to satisfy, loss of control
Rose colored glasses become crimson
No regards to the aftermath
Sweat lightly runs down her neck
Her hands caress the back of her lover
Names unmentioned
Faces forgotten
But there's passion as if familiar
Clarity flees as skin touches
Unwarranted lust taking over

Pride

I am my own hero
I achieve what I put my mind to
Steady Employee of the Month
4.0 GPA, graduated with a PhD
Gorgeous, admired spouse by my side
A+ parent to my pair of advanced children
I pat my own back for my accomplishments
I've finally made it
On my own and with no help
I put my time in
Hitting rock bottom couldn't stop me
I am my own mentor, teacher, and student
No one has the knowledge that I do
No one can do what I do
I am my own hero

Sloth

Lazy
No interest shown
Lack of motivation
While the world keeps moving along
He stays

Greed

Money, Power
Riches, and Fame
But generosity
Was never my strong suit
Mindset of
Who needs one
when you have can two
Who needs two
when you can have three
Various tags scatter the floor of my closet
Price tags dot the items around me
There's no need to stop
When there's more to be had
You can have anything you want
Just go get it

Gluttony

Grabbing food by the handfuls
Lips covered in sauce
Unusual need to eat
Tastes blending
Tongue overwhelmed
Overweight
No end in sight
You've become your own monster

Wrath

Brightly colored candy wrappers sprinkle the forest green rug guarding the front door
Mismatched shoes and socks litter the hallway
The TV blares from the living room with no audience
Widened hazel green oval shaped eyes peer from under the coffee table

Crusted dishes are stacked on the counter above the ajar dishwasher
Water trickles from the handheld sprayer laying at the bottom of the sink
Cabinet doors and sliding drawers rest open
A happy scream comes from the backyard

With the sliding glass door wide open, I step through
Multicolor silly string cobwebs scatter the grass
Our golden lab is now a hideous shade of cerulean
My husband sleeps unbothered in his woven hammock

Both young children freeze where they stood and slowly turn around to face me
They know what they've done

My face begins feeling hot, my hair begins to sweat
I feel smoke coming out of my ears as the temperature outside seems to rise
I squeeze my fists closed and my eyes begin to shut
I feel a loud rageful growl crawl up my throat and escaped through my clenched teeth
My eyes snap open and everything turns red

Nothing is worse
than the wrath
of a burnt out, frustrated, overwhelmed mother
who just came home to her newly cleaned house
Destroyed