

## Preface

The theme of my anthology is the seven deadly sins. I chose this topic because the seven deadly sins have always been interesting to me. I didn't write on them so as to encourage the sins, but rather to highlight the tragedies that the people possessing the sins become. I started by researching the sins individually before I wrote the poems. I wanted to submerge myself in the sinners' faults and then write on them from a characters point of view. I chose specific fonts in order to convey the feeling I associated with the sin. Each time I wrote a poem I just wrote down the first thing that came to my mind. I took these base poems and then edited them to get rid of any interrupting lines and poor word choice. I actually found out a lot about myself while writing this anthology. I found that some of the poems were much easier to write than others. To me this meant that I possess some of these sins more frequently than the others. I want readers to really take these poems to heart. I want them to be read with the understanding that it's so easy to sin, but it's harder to accept the fact that one is sinning. Read this poetry with an open mind and an open heart. If you find yourself disgusted with these sinful characters then at least reflect on the reason for your disgust. Are you appalled because you see yourself in the character, or are you upset that this evil is being brought to your attention?

## Sloth

I' m feeling worn-out

And maybe a little sluggish

I have no motivation

So I guess I' ll stay here

My mind is idle

And my body is stiff

I' m disinclined to take action

I only gaze

Procrastination would be a problem

Except I have no goals

Every day I get heavier

My mind works slower

I sleep through the days

And think myself a disgrace

One day I' m destined to be

Too indifferent to live

As a teenager, it was really easy to write about the sin of sloth. This poem is meant to feel slow and lazy. At the end it gets more serious and self-loathing. The sin of sloth is very common but that doesn't make it any less evil.

Greed

I get money.

I want more.

I get attention.

I want more.

The more I get,

The more I want.

The more I see,

The more I want.

Give me a taste,

I'll want the whole meal.

Give me an inch,

I'll go a mile.

Give me more.

I must have more.

I had a hard time writing this poem. Something about this sin just would not resonate for me. I was going for a different style and a dash of rhythm. At the end, the poem takes a turn from want to need which is often how one descends into greed.

Anger

Blood boils beneath my skin  
And I can feel the pounding of my heart  
All she did was spill my drink  
But I want to hurt her

Suddenly I lose control  
My hand fumbles for her wrist  
My fingers feel her pulse  
I want to hurt her

Fear flashes in her eyes  
My emotions go berserk  
Wrath overcomes my senses  
I will hurt her

A fury like I've never felt  
Flows through my blood  
And controls my brain  
I will hurt her

I can't stop myself  
I'm fully submerged  
Hate fuels my movements  
I'm hurting her

The deed is done  
My anger remains  
Punishment will not suffice  
I hurt her

Anger can be triggered by the simplest of actions, and I wanted to convey that in this poem. The character gets infuriated over the smallest mistake and he does something barbaric to try to feel better. In the end he just feels worse, and that is the main message I wanted to convey. I wanted to end the poem in a shocking way that made the reader think. I know I often let my anger get the best of me, but I also know that lashing out on someone won't make me feel any better. Acting on a sin will not make one feel better; it will only make a person feel guilty.

Lust

*Paint me in shadows  
Color me outside the lines  
Show me passion  
And show me grace*

*Let your mind drift  
And your hands wander  
Because your touch burns me  
Depict me in fire*

*Capture me in the bright dawn  
Release me in the pitch black night  
Keep all your secrets to yourself  
Cover me in drawn out kisses*

*Build me in your dreams  
Mold me with your hatred  
Don't tell me your concerns  
Nothing matters in the dark*

*Dance around my faults  
Play with my emotions  
Show me your embrace  
But hide your feelings*

*Give me your body  
Take away my yearning  
Burn me with your desire  
Kill me with your touch*



Getting a start on this poem was a struggle. Writing on lust in a high school setting was a challenge and I had to debate with myself for a while before I became comfortable enough to put words on paper. I decided that there was no getting around the meaning of lust and I had to write about it in a sexual manner. The problem that arose was that I am only seventeen years old, how do I write on such a mature subject? I decided to relate the sin to something I was comfortable with, art. From there the words started flowing and my poem took on a rhythmic, song-like feeling. The last line is meant to show how deadly the sin can be. Lust can infect anyone, and lead them away from love.

Gluttony

I did it again

I thought it would be okay

I figured one more drink would do the trick

Then I went too far

So far that I'll never be able to go back

I need to go back

I needed to relax

I just wanted to forget it all

I wanted to bury the past

I thought I could drink away my problems

But I've only drowned out my conscious

I figured it would have to end

Now I'm sober

And I've lost everything to the bottle

When most people think of gluttony they immediately go to over eating. I wanted to write about the other part of gluttony which is over drinking, or drunkenness. Most people drink to become numb to reality or to relax. This character drank to forget and to relax. He thought that drinking would solve his problems but all it did was make things worse. I wanted to give the message that alcohol cannot solve a person's problems; it can only numb a person for a few hours.

Envy

I see a flash in the corner of my eye

I turn and see it

A gorgeous sapphire

Around the neck of a beautiful girl

She probably got it from her daddy

She doesn't even deserve it

Why should something so glorious

Be around the neck of someone so vile

I deserve to have rubies

I deserve to have pearls

I don't deserve this bitter taste in my mouth

And the sight of beautiful things around other people

Jealousy surges through my body

And I don't know what possess me

But I want to take it

I want what she has

Envy is the little green monster that lives inside of many in this world. I would love to meet a human who has never felt jealous of someone or something. Envy is a really hard sin to keep at bay and sometimes it is the very sin that ruins relationships. The character in this poem is jealous of another girl's shiny possession. The necklace is a representation of any object or person someone strives for. Girls, in particular, love jewelry. The poem is supposed to be relatable. I wanted the story and the character to come out more in this poem than in any other because envy is human to its core.

Pride

I can fly

I can soar

I can reach the sun

I can jump

I can leap

I can clear a mountain

I can learn

I can read

I can tell you everything

I can hum

I can sing

I can serenade you with a melody

I can hope

I can dream

I can be anything I want to be

Pride can often be mistaken as confidence, but confidence is a good thing where as pride is not. Pride is the notion that a person can do anything. A person who is overly prideful can be thought of as brave or courageous. The downfall of a prideful person is when they think they can do anything, and meet their end by doing something they couldn't.