

Seven Silenced Sins

I'm not religious but

*I am a Sinner.*

I'm seen as an amazing person,

Yet I feel unknown, fake.

now, my life is at stake

This is my last chance, my last take.

And the 7 Deadly Sins decide *my fate*.

The first of the seven,

*Sloth.*

Extreme laziness,

A constant state of haziness.

My eyes slowly close as I lose the battle of exhaustion.

“Get up... GET UP!!”

My mind screams,

“If you *ever* rest you'll *never* achieve your dreams!”

the mind and body never work as a team.

My bodily needs are overlooked,

No time for rest,

Our schedule is already overbooked..

Sleep weighs heavy on my mind,

the universe is *so* unkind, being controlled by the blind.

They see happiness as money, which is *so* funny.

Because *my* happiness is getting through the day, and pray to feel okay for a minute of it.

Teachers preach, “get out of bed and cram mindless thoughts into your head”

While I just try to tread

Above water

I'm going to stop you there,

Let me make you aware of a girl with red hair who took the World's dare

To tell you about the bare truth of life.

So if you find one minute to spare, pull up a chair and I'll show you my life of nightmares.

The chair you sit at is a desk.

A teacher hands you back your test,

Every question marked red from being wrong,

You can't even look at the last page,

This is

*Rage.*

I feel both devils on my shoulder lift from a sigh of disappointment,

Another failed test, another night without rest,

How do I get into college if I can't even pass a *simple* math test?

I'm doing my best,

I promise I'm doing my best!

“I'm stupid” I whisper as I weep, oh god I need sleep.

The cost of passing surely isn't cheap.

Ideals of “Grades determine my worth”

begin to seep into the crevices of

Chewed down nails, stress bouncing legs

and a girl who begs, "Please give me an extra day, I'm so sorry for the delay. I needed time away 'cause my world turned gray, and I would have crumbled if I stayed."

Her health was valued at the size of a pea,  
compared to the sea of being valued as an A.

God forbid you're sick.

School systems are the magicians and we are the trick.

But there is no magic at getting sick at the sight of a C.

It's simply *tragic*.

With being filled with disgust,

I'm shown I must be careful with *myself*.

But a gust of vulnerability hit me,

And with that, I present

*Lust*.

I dip my toes into the pool of Connection.

It's *too* cold, *too* brutal and the deep end is unknown in depth.

Jumping in or staying dry is the debate,

But the thought of a "you up?" text weighs my thinking.

Given the choice of Truth or Dare,

I choose *truth*.

The truth is that I don't ever want to be *too* close, *too* attached, *too* vulnerable.

Because the moment that block button is pressed,

All these moments go away, the thought of "maybe he's different" sways to the realization that

He's no different.

Another little boy, playing another little game.

So here's to

A generation learning that

*Love* is just

*Pain.*

They try to gain your trust to gain your access

But all in the wrong way.

Our game plans are simply not the same.

So player,

Tell me all your plays.

Let me betray all your trust and

Put *all of* your insecurities on display.

Just so you can let the thought replay of

*“What did I do wrong?”*

It's too far gone, there's no going back now,

The Game is already underway.

It's *easy* to become insecure in situations like this,

Never being good enough to be committed

For longer than 2 weeks of bliss.

I simply can't resist,

Letting myself fall into the abyss of

*Self Hatred.*

And this is how *Gluttony* is created.

As a teen girl, ideals of having the perfect body are *never* absent..

**It is more present than *Christmas*.**

But the gift of being skinny is *always* out of stock, on back order, and nobody can afford her.

*The gift I got was an eating disorder.*

The gift that seemed okay, then  
became checking the size of my wrist.

What an unexpected twist.

Any meal missed was okay, and I went astray from eating three meals a day.

Suddenly eating bread was scary,  
and the difficulty levels of eating went from  
*easy to very.*

While I prayed and wished that it would go away,

It extended its stay till the rest of my days.

*It* was the predator and I was the prey.

The only thing it allowed to ***weigh heavy*** was  
the long lasting burden and dismay.

It should have never been this way.

Left to my thoughts, I had to fend

I wanted a friend.

Envy is Friendly,

But Envy is jealousy;

and make it deadly.

It's a medley of

*Hatred, Insecurity, and Pain.*

*Rooted much deeper than your veins.*

A combination of the *obsession* to be perfect  
and an *irrational* brain.

The picture doesn't fit the perfect frame.

Envy is rooted from the shame  
of *inner unrest*.

You become *overwhelmed* and *obsessed*,

With the feeling of *inadequacy in your Life*.

*Unhappiness* is the *spouse* and you are the *wife*,  
*a marriage filled with Strife*.

The line is never drawn,

You are a mere *pawn* in Life's game of chess.

What moves do you make?

All this started as "just a little hate", is this fate?

***Checkmate..***

With the sadness supplied,

The only healthy sin I have is my

***Pride***.

In a world full of hate,

the ideals of: *Self* love, *Self* appreciation, and *Self* care

*Deprecate*.

The paralyzing thoughts of judgment, being ugly or standing on a scale  
feel as if you're

Serving a *life sentence in Jail*.

So as I stand in the mirror,  
I see I am not red lipstick, heels, or pearls.  
But I am sure,  
*I am sure, I am a once in a lifetime girl!*  
Everything is there, from my smile to my stride.  
Yes.. YES this *is* my Pride!  
And I will *not* let it hide or be set aside,  
Until the worlds of *Love* and *Myself*  
*Collide.*

Collision!  
The *opposite* of division,  
But divide is everywhere.  
From our brothers and mothers,  
To the people of Society.  
Beginning with brutal fighting,  
And ending in *tongue biting.*  
Instead of finding peace and uniting.  
We argue for the last word,  
Using the power of false words to make them unsure.  
*We devour the feeling of being heard..*  
Doing anything to feel it again,  
Even if we bleed.  
This is the Intro to  
*Greed.*

The last of the Seven, Greed will make you feel like you're in heaven..

Only it will make you make you question

*Everything.*

It's the root of all evil,

The reason there's a society divide.

The cravings of power outweigh the need for everyone

to be treated *equal* and *fair*,

We lack the ability to *care*.

In this day and age, it's rare

to find a decent human being.

Power highs and Disguise of *true character*

Is the *Affair*.

The only thing everyone in Life *shares*

Is the feeling of despair.

Greed is not just for money,

Greed shows that "good people" are not all positive and sunny.

Eating up every last crumb of fraud and *deceit*,

Telling everyone how your life is *all* orderly and neat.

Just so you can be a part of the rich, *the elites*.

Yet when you get into bed and under your sheets,

You *still* feel like a phony, *a cheat*.

You're never satisfied,

Always asking people for the love and validation

That even you can't supply.



But Now it's time for *you* to decide.

Will you choose Sloth's need for Sleep?

The loneliness caused by Lust?

The Grim truth of Gluttony?

The Emptiness left by the Evil Envy?

Will you attend Prides *Pity Party*?

Or will you allow Greed to dig your grave?

Or maybe there is no choice.

Maybe,

***It already chose you.***