

The Flesh Is Weak

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Pride had Faith on the road, then they walked for awhile
'Til they sussed Hope and Lust, who winked at Faith and smiled
Though Lust Faith had always hated, Pride held Hope and soon was sated
So Gluttony and Sloth were born of Faith and Hope's desire
In the froth of Pride their sire
The barbarity is Charity is wet nurse to both
In prosperity a verity loathed
As we search and search, but do not find
Some kind of heaven, seven
When the seventh surgeon kissed her and enhanced her
Then my well-missed sister was burgeoning with cancer
The transcendentalist had shown her the answer
You're never alone when you're a topless dancer
As inside we fight what we hide from sight
All is equable in God's own eyes
Seven wrong and seven right
Wrath came upon Fortitude in the flowers
Prudence spied from the path, while Fortitude coaxed and mewed
for hours
Then to Temperance his wife's dismay
Wrath quaffed Greed and Envy's cunning offering of a cocktail tray
Now Wrath subdued Envy with Greed raped Fortitude
'Til Justice descended her tower and spoke
She Wrath awoke and held Wrath's coat while Wrath slit both their throats
Seven sisters smoking marijuana, mexicana
In their Duenna's absence, listening to Madonna
With their pasha distant, subsistent on bananas
Ever glister in their visitless zenana
Seven days and seven nights, seven brothers, seven kites
Flown on seven testing flights, seven days the sun shone bright
Seven nights by candlelight
Seven brothers seven kites, flown into the seventh night