

The Seven Deadly Sins

In August '22 cwg published a warning about just how easy it is to break all the codes of moral conduct upheld by civilised society. At the time we received an enormous postbag from SELu3a members concerned about their own behaviours and shocked to find that they were breaking the rules on a regular basis. We feel that a timely reminder is due, to be on one's guard against the temptations of the Devil and we humbly offer you, in poetic form, a little cautionary tale to ponder.

In my best calculations I reckon
I'm not a bad person at all.
Of course I'm not always quite perfect
But I don't have a 'virtue shortfall'.
Were I given a mark for these virtues
I'd probably emerge as a winner,
You can therefore conclude
Complete rectitude,
I'm more sinned against than a sinner.

And I now have a list, I remember,
From medieval theology at school.
This list is displayed in my kitchen.
Marked, 'Avoid!' 'Soul in Peril!', 'Golden Rule'.

There's **Anger** and also there's **Avarice**
And you can add to these **Pride** and then **Sloth**.
I haven't committed either of these,
Not one on its own or indeed both.
Not sure quite what constitutes **Gluttony**
And I'm not guilty of **Envy** or **Lust**,
So I'm one of the Heavenly angels
In whom you can put complete trust.

But we can all have a Bad day, can't we?
When seemingly all things go wrong.
Yesterday was one of those Bad days,
Temptation, Allure, Siren Song.

Woke up at seven. But got up at eleven,
Oops! **Sloth**, paving the pathway to Hell.
Had slices of toast, a whole loaf almost
Until I was feeling unwell.
Not very nice, OK.....second vice-
Gluttony, a bit of a pain
And then thought I'd risk it
with one chocolate biscuit
And so, Oops, I've just sinned again!
Then weighed up my ex's behaviour,
Ended up incandescent with rage.

Exploded with insults and **Anger**
Oops! Another big X on the page.
And I **Envy** my best friend Miranda
Whose boyfriend is really spot on,
But I'm hoping he might soon just chuck her,
Oops! There's another sin coming along....
And I do fancy him myself something rotten
And I'm consumed with desire and **Lust**.
Don't care what I've said, just want him in bed.
Oops! A fourth virtue biting the dust.
Of course a Jag and a house in the Cotswolds,
And Winters spent mostly in Spain
On a whacking great boat in a Versace coat
Would make me feel better again.
Oops! Yes, I heard you, 'There goes another',
And it's **Avarice** you're sensing this time,
We all know avarice when we see it,
Though it's a difficult word to make rhyme.

Now I can hear what you're all out there saying,
'That's six down and one more to go,'
But I refuse to acknowledge my failures.
Don't see why you all have to know.
I don't like admitting to defects.
Errors are something to hide.
Your mistakes and your flaws-
Best kept behind doors.
Oops! That's the last one and that one's called **Pride**.

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