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Poured Sin

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Poured Sin // Isabella Thomas

I poured sin in my cup

I'd thought pride would cut me off when I'd had enough

And I saw as wrath got stuck on the rim of my glass

Waiting for its turn to turn my tongue in anger

Lust made the drink go down quicker, smoother

and I wondered why it was easy to let my humanity rot

Festering from the marrow in my bones to my flesh

Greed begged me on his knees to keep going

And I figured that my worth had already been lacerated

cut too thinly to be pieced back together that I obliged him

I was made and unmade by Sloth,

numb like there were pennies dropped on my eyes

lids too weighted to be keep open

swallowing felt like fear tunneling down my throat

I felt gluttony as he dripped off my mouth

and I didn't want to lick the corners of my lips to soak up the drops

my pit of mistakes yawned wide in my belly

I felt congealed, as if I were separate from my body

Drinking... humanity

Made unmade

Cocooned metamorphosis

Lacerated worth

Are we trapped into the lives we're born into

Cocooned by everything we can't control