

Anger

Sarah Ninan

Seven deadly sins lined up like a shopping list.
Which one should I grab today?
I grab the bright red bottle and pop the cap.
Veins filled with hate and eyes filled with torment.
Fists clench, ready to break.
Break anything and everything.
The fires of hell corrupt my soul.
Lashing and ripping.
Ripping and tearing.
Tearing the things I love.
Tear my very being.
I'm no longer myself.
The spirit of envy knocks on my door.
And I'm foolish enough to let them in...

