

In Seven

In the untamed wilds of old, as the solstice chilled the days,
Each living thing knew hardship and adapted in their ways.
The boar would forage foremost, and the snow faced unafraid;
But man had thought himself better, and a glutton he was made.

And likewise was endowed in all the creatures of the earth,
The drive to hold tenaciously to life begun at birth.
Thus creatures took to hoarding, when foreseeing times of need,
But man's instinct was perverted, and expressed the sin of greed.

In randy spring, in verdant days, another instinct grew,
As blossoms sprang their pollen forth and mingled in the dew.
The vixen called out loudly for the fox's eager thrust,
But man had thought himself better and invented the sin of lust.

In burning heat of summer, though the seasons knew no halt,
The lion lay reclined against the blazing sun's assault.
For waste of time and energy the regal one was loath;
But man had thought himself better, and invented the sin of sloth.

Then creatures came together and began to live in bands,
And fought as one to thus preserve their hard-won hunting lands.
A wolf would show no mercy to a stranger on his path;
But man had thought himself better, and invented the sin of wrath.

Some creatures, then, became ornate, extravagant and bright,
The peacock for his splendor sacrificed the joy of flight.
His plumage iridescent would his progeny decide;
But man had thought himself better, and invented the sin of pride.

And thus from every creature man exalted all his kin,
Assured in his dominion of the land and beasts therein.
One stain had man yet unabsolved by hoary-headed priests;
Man's unique sin was envy toward the freedom of the beasts.