

# SEVEN DEVILS

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## WRATH

We are all sinners. It is the human condition, to fall from glory and grace, to be unworthy of any semblance of love. Tell me, who are we but loathsome creatures cast from cracked and black skies? We are both disturbed. We are clawing, we are desperate, we are angry. We spill blood for the shadowed second of hope that we remain in power. Who are you to judge me? Would you judge god? Are you afraid of the Lord? I'm cut from the same twisted cloth as you, as her, as *him*. We are all touched by the red letters of murder. You dare sit here and act as if your hands are clean and I scream to you that I will tear their skin away myself. Which of us is the wrathful lion? Who will win this game?

## GLUTTONY

This sweet, sweet delicious game. A tug of war with my conscience but I *have* to have it. Dripping and sticky on my tongue, wrapping itself around my throat and spiraling me into a scrumptious abyss. I'm in love with the high, the texture. The sheer aroma tortures me until I have to have it, consume it, be consumed *by* it. It taunts me. Tantalizes every bud of taste with its exquisite flavors, and my jaw becomes a one way street, a highway of delicacies, waiting with open arms to receive this morsel. I love it and it loves me too. I need more. There *needs* to be *more*. I know you've felt this way before. You're no better than the rest of us. We see your cheeks and your waist bulging the same as everyone else's. Don't judge me, just bring me more.

## EVNY

More I want more. I want her hair, and her eyes. I want her laugh and her smile. Why is she so special? Don't they know that I crave to be wanted? I could be like her! Tall, elegant. Thin. In fact...she's too thin. I never even liked her hair and her eyes, her laugh or her smile anyway! The darkness always creeps in and makes me think the blackest of thoughts, the most unimaginable things. Jealousy? Sickening! It is a fear belonging to delusion, a paranoia borne of possession. Okay, it's all lies. Cursed, wretched lies that my breath calls forth from my chest to force me to believe that I'm not good enough. I do want her hair and her eyes and her laugh and smile. I want to be her. I want you all to crave me the way you crave her.

## VANITY

You crave me. I know you can see just how beautiful I am. I see how you watch each velvet step I softly walk. My lovely form stuns my eyes. I feel my soul grow tender with the site of me. I have no recompense for the vanity I've exposed. I hold nothing in my heart that could be held up against my scars and left for remorse to claim. For I am the lion! I am the sword; and I am the rose. One day, you will all bow.

## LUST

I bow to him, my tempter of the night. I'm always one glance too close to being destroyed by him. By his eyes, his scent, His... fingertips. I can feel my lust for him rocketing through my chest like a sizzling bullet exploding before my eyes. His smile, his laugh, the rise and fall of his chest, the crest of his hips, his fingertips. I am wasted by him. I am useless, I am... shattered. Oh god, such an ecstasy, boiling in my veins... Tell *that* to your god. Like so much water into wine, he turns my blood to fire.

## SLOTH

I... am not filled...with a fire for life. Sometimes... it's as if... a thousand pounds... sits on... my chest. My soul...strapped to my shoes...strapped to the floor. If I never... dream for more... what could I want... that is so... out of reach? There is nothing better... than this bed...than this shirt...than this fine layer of disgust... I surround myself in. Forward movement? Progression? I'm too lazy...so I...lay still.

## GREED

Lay still why I rip this crown from your head. Glory, money, valor, patience, the very ground you walk upon, belongs to me. share? Have you gone insane? To even think of the notion is ridiculous. That I would ever forfeit my right to control you, to tame you and twist you into the form that fits perfectly into *my* life. Don't kid yourself, you obnoxious fool. There is nothing here that I am willing to give up to any of you. It is mine, it is *all* mine.

## SEVEN DEVILS

Seven devils? Oh, to think of it. Are you tortured by yours? Do they drive you to the brink? Why spend your life mumbling recompense and pressing at the wounds which will NEVER heal, because we are all... imperfect. I said it. I'll let you in on the secret. We are all imperfect. Let them bleed. In fact... Join me.