



Deadly Sins and Virtues

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the fl@ubert duck series





Prelude



Oh! for the *'inner - sins'* of yesterday!
And pleasures of a wayward life ill-spent!
But those Seven Deadly ways a soul might stray
Nowadays seem quite irrelevant.

In famous inquisitions of the past
Lord Torquemada favoured *'telling'* ways
Devising ploys to make his tortures last,
And earning thus a paean of Heaven's praise!

Obsessively expunging mortal sin
Inducing all reluctant hearts confess
He turned his deaf ear to all pleas maudlin
While racking up the fruits of each excess.



But now those mortal sins of past are justly scorned
Our psychologues defuse them, call their bluff
More fulsome versions have their role suborned.
We are enured to much more heady stuff.

For modern vice when backed up by the dollar
Hails new frontiers of sin, defective life.
And old malfeasance only seems much smaller
As we ratchet up the scope of evils rife.

Progressive these usurpers have now morphed,
Iniquities are credited to gene.
The old incumbents, languishing, are dwarfed
And new ones now command our interest keen.





Virtues



Tragedy befalls the goody good,
Endowed with truth or beauty 'gainst the odds.
Those paragons who charm the neighbourhood
Are prone to draw the enmity of gods.

The ancient myths a downside oft revealed
Good breeding, fortitude, best portents natal
The hero, quashed by jealous gods must yield
For virtue, just like Vice, proves quite as fatal.

Modern Virtues play a newer game
The old team erstwhile banished off to side
Their passé forms of goodness now seem lame
A motley group, abandoned, left to bide.



Pride



Pride was once a family affair
Relying on both pedigree and flare.
Countless souls succumbed to this mistake.
O! Haughty Pride of many a fool does make!

But new 'Superbia' assumes a curious form
And family tree no longer vaunted norm.
It focusses on fashion not on gene
Not who you are but how you make "The Scene".

Once this vice would cultivate his Vanity
But now he probes new nadirs of inanity
That gilded life devolves upon themselves -
Deep into slight celebrity he delves.

He mirrors peccadilloes of the rich
Imaginings reach such a fevered pitch
Mere voyeur now sequestered in his cell.
His obsessions in such arid landscapes dwell.

And so Pride struts with nose aloft in air
Projecting trendy aspect debonair.
'Embracing Now' where lesser might not dare it.
Midst toadies, groupies, those of doubtful merit.

Through smoky blinkers, stylish, wrapped around
The tawdry world is rendered quite profound
O hapless soul! embarked on fatal course
Of Fashion's dictates slavishly endorsed.

But in murky landscapes plunged in pools of gloom
Treachery and malfeasance may loom.
Insouciance pursues a fashion trend
When nose in air he struts off the runway's end.

Relentless is the dreaded scythe of time
And fashions morph without reason or rhyme
Eradicating fads of yesteryear
And makes what's past ridiculous appear.



That pundit prophet Ecc-les-i-as-tes
Paid zero heed to those he ought to please.
His fashion sense when all was said and done
Found nothing very new beneath the sun.

Humility

O! that paragon of effacement named Humility
She can't abide self-vaunting up-mobility.
She counters Pride in guise of humble nerd
And claims his vaunting hubris quite absurd.

Sequestered in a gloomy boffin's room
She whiles way her time in righteous gloom.
Disdaining glitzy, dazzling display
She spends her life massaging feet of clay.

A recluse who so rarely leaves the house,
She spends her day point-Clicking with her mouse.
She thus avoids exhausting hoi polloi
Whose foibles would her treasured peace alloy..

Reviling all that's boastful, o'er inflated.
Celebrities remain her most berated
Despising all the brazen who self-vaunt
She remains with modish currents 'non courant'.

Disdaining gaudy trappings of success,
Naturally recoils from all excess.
She knows she'll never need to take a punt.
Let Facebook page spin more fantastic front.



Attached like limpet, safe beneath her rock
Protected from both past and future shock,
Humility retires into her guarded self
And embraces tranquil life, upon the shelf.

Greed



Belied by daunting, pinched and green facade
Greed pursues a mingy life that's truly sad.
Where once he guarded dungeons heaped with gold,
The loot has changed but same warped tale is told.

Abstaining from indulgence and frivolity
Others dearth is his sole source of jollity.
His frugal heart is warmed by self-denials
Conspicuous consumption he reviles.

Contemptuous of pointless charity.
Heart-felt traits induce hilarity.
From his appraising eye none are exempt
Unstinting souls he holds in deep contempt.

He greets beseeching poor with vacant frown
Salves conscience by proclaiming 'trickle down'
Extolling moderation held in thrall.
Abstinence for him scores best of all.

On widows, orphans heaps he cruel invective
While 'holding bottom line' in firm perspective
'Prudent cutbacks, stanch the wasteful leaking.'
With passion thus of 'fiscal prudence' speaking.

He chooses those role models most austere
And revels in dire state of now and here
A litany of 'woe betides' holds sway.
E'er mindful of his treasures stashed away.

Alas! he fears he'll never have enough
And dreads that bitter day when smooth turns rough.
While spending sleepless nights with teeth a'gnash.
Obsessing o'er the safety of his stash.

He seeks salvation in a 'balanced budget'
And rails agaonst all those who to fudge it.
So, like that Bible's steward less than sound
He seeks to hide his talents underground.



Charity



Though Charity's implored to stay at home
And there perfect her skills before she roam,
She has good reason sticking to home sod -
To side-step havoc she would wreak abroad.

Many faiths do Charity commend
And seek to cash in on a generous friend
Their priests enjoin the flock with voices shrill
Thus Charity can prove a useful skill.

By night she dreams of projects for next day
Like collecting all those food stamps stashed away
To bestow on those of circumstance unsure.
Or knitting bobble hats for hapless poor.

With impatient zest she bounces out of bed
Benign the visions dancing through her head
To build a better world is her intent.
Engulfing souls that crave enlightenment!

But the quality of mercy *can* be strained
Despite your station, manner, how you're trained,
When more than gentle rain drops from above
It can submerge a world in soggy love.

For there are some who shun morning light
With difficulty suppress desire to bite.
Such hopeless ingrates try to slip the coop
When Charity storms in with chicken soup.

Some feel her heartfelt blessings 'o'er the top'
Imploring this compulsive gifting stop,
When pinioned quite so firmly in her clasp
Good-will engenders momentary lapse.



Neurotic goodness facing down disparity
Outdoing Faith and Hope, triumphant Charity.
A virtue which her sisters are without
Alas these plotting siblings boot her out.

Lust



Lust craves with wild abandonment to roister
Gulping life like some voluptuous oyster
On cyber-prowl he only seeks one thing
To court the pleasures lascivities might bring.

In squalid mind inured to thoughts profane
He desecrates all altars of acclaim.
And glides through websites writ in blackest book
Of names, dimensions worth another look.

With scanty joy is this persona savoured.
As brunt of dissipation so ill-favoured
And there's no convenient portrait tucked away
As scapegoat for his black soul's swift decay.

One so obsessed, a denizen of Net
In quest of amorous trysts, (what he can get.)
In Cyberworld, he amplifies his vision
In quest of playmate, exceeding all permission.

Dismissive of those things that hurt y'all.
Cavorting midst a sordid landscape virtual
At once a comely damsel burst through screen
And brought her ample talents to his scene.

And then she beckoned others from her realm
L'embarras de richesse began to overwhelm.
This Venus host soon crowded out his room
And let immodest talents spring to bloom.

They made themselves at home, 'twas quite a party
Libido shrunk and somewhat less than hearty.
Lust scurried to 'undo' his sad debauch
But just whipped up another wanton Nautch!

Exhausted, Lust then strove to send them back
By pulling plug, to rein in all the tack.
It may be noted ever since that night
His tastes are more cerebral, recondite.

But after this humiliating fall
He's erected a viagra stiff firewall.
And lest he waver, come again unstook,
He's torn apart his fateful wee black book.



Chastity



Chastity disdainig most things hearty.
Is rarely invited to join in the party
Disgust, aloofness all too often grate
When she pours scorn upon our natural state.

She's favoured by all blessed priests and popes
Who wield a heavy hand to throttle hopes.
Devising their rules for all hapless disconnects
To rein in those instincts corrupting their sects.

Chastity puts on an exemplary show.
Unblemished garments, with her cheeks aglow
But she's not unacquainted with all that's obscene.
Reserving her censure for each torrid scene.

With righteous back turned to the pungent press
Obsessed she sleuths out secrets we repress
She quite adept at winking out the rot -
All just to demonstrate what she is not.

To demonstrate she's not a frigid fossil
She bats her eyes at other passing morsel.
Her firewall filters out the tiresome tedia.
And highlights all the dross that might impede ya.

If momentary lapse of grace hap to occur
She can just rebuff it with suggestive slur
A quick 'cookie' edit, her virtue regained.
To be internet savvy helps relieve strain

With new resolve and wisdom after the fact
Through judicious editing virtue intact
Opprobrium deflected, no eyebrows raised.
She rounds on the follies of all others' ways.



Envy



A bitter bile is coursing through this soul
But his obsession wreaks a frightful toll.
His beady eye fixed on what others bless
Is e'er appraising, wishing more was less.

When God forbade his wayward flock to covet
 'Twas easy then that Moses rose above it
When object at that time was neighbour's ass.
 Now more alluring options come to pass.

When casting longing eyes on other's boon
 Sad Envy's expectations soon balloon
 Addressing fortune with a plaintive cry
'Oh why but by the grace of God go not there I?'

His lips purse tighter and claws knotted furled
 At any gifts that grace another's world.
 Others' dearth is Envy's sole hilarity.
 He revels in suggestion of disparity.

Though hemmed in on all sides with such excess
 There's always someone grander to impress .
 He never knows quite where to turn his eyes.
When someone else dares claim a greater prize.

He can't abide a winner's Fortuned mien
His neighbour's grass is always much too green.
He still resents the unencumbered poor.
All feckless, over-happy he's quite sure,

Resenting families, blessed with kids to spare,
As well as hermit tucked in lonely lair.
He's also wrenched by those with youth and health
Yet still begrudges old their hard-won wealth,

Just spying one man's castle, plane or boat
Designers clothes or paradise remote
Draws reverie of bout of Nemesis
Inducing 'Who's more worthy - them or us?'



But now he's learning to expand horizon
A wide-web-world crowds in to keep his eyes on.
He manufactures myths of his own state,
And he keeps imagined profile up-to-date.

Beneficence



While Charity's enjoined to start at home
And concentrate on loved ones close at hand
Beneficence strikes out and loves to roam
Bestowing her largesse with open hand.

When Beneficence takes you into her thrall
She makes horizons cosmic seem quite small
 She only highlights evident distress.
When she airlifts her surplus goods excess.

 Too often all these bounties overwhelm
 Yet world gives lip-serves to her at helm,
Who steers this course with self-assuréd grace
 Those tied to apron try to keep the pace.

Arranging premieres, galas, balls and shows
 Parties, fetes, regaling those she knows
Celebrities, her friends, will pack a wallop
 To compensate what Envy messes all up.

 Rewarding all who drop to bended knee,
She floods the market with her cool debris
 Wampum, missiles, works of modern art,
All help to pluck the harp strings of her heart.

She gifts abroad the surplus from her feast
Rewarded by good interest rates at least
To convert the heathen, moral standards raise.
She thrives on hearts and minds. All sing her praise!

Dividing up the world she takes a stand
Those on her side enjoy her open hand
While those against her soon have cause to squirm.
Her modus operandi 'fair and firm'

She insists of course she's only there to help
Though intransigents emit an anguished yelp
They regret their lapses living by her rules.
That why she's setting up so many schools.

Receiving bounties distant denizens
Hard pressed resist enticing benisons
Their countenances assume expression void,
Her motives seem not wholly unalloyed.

Info-Gluttony



In times long past the Glutton's sense of worth
Was oft reflected in expansive girth
His appetites would set him on a track
Which rendered him unable to cinch back.



The modern version of which the world is rife
Is in the Info-Glutton's joyless life
It's not the midriff but the brain that swells.
'Tis the media that holds him in its spells.

With beady eye the InfoGlut will muse
On scrumptious titbits posing as the news.
His sponge-like grey cells soon are fully stowed
Collecting snippets of a mother lode.

Logging on in comfort of his home,
All comes to him, he never needs to roam.
With sensitive receptors full deployed
He gloms each tasty nugget unalloyed.

He slips each bonbon 'twixt his moistened lips.
All latest gossip, speculation, tips.
He indulges urgent tastes for racy myth
For movie stars, whom they're consorting with.

Pleasing baubles catch a jaundiced eye
Like “Who...did What ... to Whom” but never “Why”
For “Why” is much too thorny to consume
Or weave into the fabric on his Loom.

He knows the stellar line ups for all acts.
And showers those around him with glib facts
Dismisses offhand all those feckless minions
Who rashly formulate their own opinions.

Though he loves to see his repute put about
The less-informed so rarely seek him out.
And those who might avail themselves of service
Find his appetites will make them slightly nervous.

Sobriety



The foil for Info-Glut, is grey Sobriety
Who's perched atop her Pillar of Society.
Her long drawn face presents the dreary aspect
Of timeless values meriting respect.



Lips pursed, she shuns a world that's rash and fiery,
And censors all in dreary daily diary,
She perambulates with her poodle on a string
Who, like her, disapproves of everything.

She despises raucous laughter fueled with wine
Ensures that others always toe her line.
Her thick-soled boots, tight-laced, overtly sensible
Stomp underfoot a world judged reprehensible.

She leafs through Vogue and Harpers, five years old
And excoriates all fashion safely cold
Not for her is worldly titillation
A sewing bee is plenty recreation.

She favours a red rose in her lapel
Her lighter side revealed, so all can tell.
She knows that Virtue will attend full measure
When Sin so clearly holds out zero Pleasure.

Wrath



Righteous Wrath whips up fractious indignance
With germs of hate-filled festering malignance
This frenzied soul so cursed with rancorous tumour
Unleashes on the world a hideous humour.

Wreaking havoc stirs such great elation.
With karate as his chosen recreation.
So amply with aggressive limbs provided
Encounters with him always prove one-sided.

Today dire Wrath takes on a trenchant form
A fury 'gainst the System heaped with scorn.
Irrational, immune to human kindness
Inchoate his fury lashes out in blindness.

Hysterical with hate he vents his mind
And rouses angry mob of halt and blind.
To inflame a situation, mayhem wreak
Nothing beats a flock of raging sheep.

For in fomenting frantic frictions fraught
Such total fury - no one knows at what,
Indignation poured on serpent sly dictators
Tends to confuse a host of couch potatoes.

Reviling all the foibles of the planet
His rage inflames, and Liberal views just fan it.
With high pitched shriek he launches his attack
Most prudent souls are rather taken back.

He hurls around objects, insults quite at random.
Hothead display, with spiralling abandon.
But young and rash admire such lethal venom
They claim jihad leads way to pearly heaven.



Through each long day he simmers until boiling
All calm restraint and peace of mind despoiling.
But in venting such aggression there's a catch
If frenzied Wrath should one day meet his match.

Patience



Ah Patience! rarest Virtue, paradigm
(And mistress of a clock with flexi-time)
Not for her the thrust of modern life
That pointless swirl and fruitless mental strife.

Elusive and sequestered in her home,
She's disinclined to venture out or roam
While fleeting fashions others might evince
She's quite content with nonsense free blue rinse.

She latches onto peace that's heaven sent
Just ironing socks is her day's big event.
Laborious, she sorts each labelled pile
(Well-ordered life can take you quite a while)

To Eastern realms take Patience fancies flight
As devotee of transcendental Light.
It's not as easy as some might suppose
To hold for hours a 'Mystic Mamba Pose'.

To meditate she finds a comfy quilt
Where mind can roam without those pangs of guilt.
So that to torpor she will not succumb
She flexes toes lest mind go tingling numb.

The Serv-A-Sloth



Recoiling from hard work, of duty loath
A frightful fate ensnares poor deadly Sloth
Whose sybaritic dreams of lazy bliss
Conjure an easy lifestyle quite amiss.

Today Sloth takes on somewhat altered mien
His soul inert but tips of fingers keen.
From easy chair he finds no need to stray
In semi-darkness whiling hours away.

Dependent on his Serv-A-Sloth machine,
He revels in ... technology quite clean.
To pander to all whims its sole intent
With push of button, pinkie languorous bent.

Dependance tends to sap all self-reliance
Of enthusiasts for benefits of science.
Sloth found himself alack a spineless prey
Of beguiling visions of the easy way,

Meanwhile his Serve-a-Sloth has turned tormentor
And proves the downfall of its sad inventor.
That wayward soul, alack quite unobservant
How master is reduced to serve the servant.

E'er driven, haggard, irritable and lined
"Creative Sloth" stays uppermost in mind.
Until collapsing in a hounded stupor
Adrift in sea data, none too super.

O hapless soul, he sadly passed away
With Serv-A-Sloth to guard him till Trump Day.
So Sloth provides example, plainly dire
An afflicted soul who sank in data-mire.



Feckfulness



Industry presents a noble face
A feckfull soul that's first to join the race.
With piercing gaze and eager furrowed brow
One well attuned to storm the here and now.

She, tosses down her gauntlet, enters fray
Exhuberance and verve will win the day.
Her battle cry, lets rip with 'What the Heck'
Her motto 'One Must Live Life with More Feck'.

She lauds the early bird and eager start
Satanic Mills warm enterprising heart
Enlisting idle children in their droves
Enchaining others to their hearths and stoves.

On mettled steed she charges round for fun
She champions what namby pamby shun
She bells the felines lesser mortals dread.
Gate crashing where all angels fear to tread.

She's prone to change her horses in midstream
For it's never what you are but what you dream.
She grabs her bulls quite firmly by the horns.
(Though horned dilemmas naturally she scorns.)

And facile with a jumbled metaphor
She wades in deep what others might abhor.
Those behind her cowering cry "Beware
This damsels flashing eyes and floating hair."

The white dux burden never loath to shoulder
Adversity will only make her bolder.
A sitting duck for every foregone fight.
In stepping forth demanding every right.



The wise may scan for others to enlist
Preferring backstage role as catalyst.
But Feckfulness, blessed with bravado rife
Enjoys a short but most eventful life.

Fl@ubert ponders which is worse
A Poxy Couplet or Free verse.
Though snobs proclaim trite rhymes a curse
And some are to his gifts averse

He's ne'er accused of being terse.



"hoist by his own canard"

