

## **Copeland**

### **"The Flesh Is Weak"**

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Pride had Faith on the road, then they walked for  
awhile  
'Til they sussed Hope and Lust, who winked at Faith  
and smiled  
Though Lust Faith had always hated, Pride held Hope  
and soon was sated  
So Gluttony and Sloth were born of Faith and Hope's  
desire  
In the froth of Pride their sire  
The barbarity is Charity is wet nurse to both  
In prosperity a verity loathed  
As we search and search, but do not find  
Some kind of heaven, seven  
When the seventh surgeon kissed her and enhanced  
her  
Then my well-missed sister was burgeoning with  
cancer  
The transcendentalist had shown her the answer  
You're never alone when you're a topless dancer  
As inside we fight what we hide from sight  
All is equable in God's own eyes  
Seven wrong and seven right  
Wrath came upon Fortitude in the flowers  
Prudence spied from the path, while Fortitude coaxed  
and mewed for hours  
Then to Temperance his wife's dismay  
Wrath quaffed Greed and Envy's cunning offering of a  
cocktail tray  
Now Wrath subdued Envy with Greed raped Fortitude  
'Til Justice descended her tower and spoke  
She Wrath awoke and held Wrath's coat while Wrath slit  
both their throats  
Seven sisters smoking marijuana, mexicana  
In their Duenna's absence, listening to Madonna  
With their pasha distant, subsistent on bananas  
Ever glisten in their visitless zenana  
Seven days and seven nights, seven brothers, seven  
kites  
Flown on seven testing flights, seven days the sun  
shone bright  
Seven nights by candlelight

Seven brothers seven kites, flown into the seventh  
night

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