

Author commentary on the poems “Pride” and “Covetousness”:

The seven cardinal virtues and seven deadly sins are basic rules, made to intimidate and inspire. In this form they have little give, little elasticity. But as suggestions of personality rather than rules – sketches of how we often act, or cannot help but act – they become richer subjects.

We usually define ourselves by some central set of moral tenants. What fascinates me is not what is required in a particular set, but what is allowed. Rules can seem so strict that we always feel we are falling short. Striving for goodness, for adherence, for relationship entails more failure than success. The lapses are where these poems pry. Is there a moment of contact or clarity that is accessible only through failure?