

Pride H.A.V.E. [Hate, Anger, Vanity, Envy.]

Pride is a house with four rooms.

We do not have to build it.

We simply inherit it,

then move from room to room

like tenants who forgot about the lease.

Hate is the first room,

the one with the mirror by the door.

We practice with our neighbor's face in it

until the glass learns to sneer.

"Anyone who hates a neighbor is a murderer" —

the verse sits on the nightstand, unread,

while we rehearse the wound instead.

Anger is the kitchen.

Everything boils over.

We slam the drawer where the knives live

and call it righteousness.

"Do not let the sun go down on our wrath" —

but the sun keeps setting,

and we keep setting the table for two:

Our ego and the ghost of whoever taught us

that heat was the same as truth.

Vanity is the bathroom.

We scrub the reflection until it bleeds light.

"All is vanity" —

the Preacher knew,

but we keep buying mirrors

and calling them windows.

Envy is the closet.

We keep other people's lives in there,
folded neat, smelling of cedar and possibility.

"Envy is rottenness to the bones" —
so we wear the rot like cologne
and call it ambition.

"Pride goes before destruction" —
not as punishment,
but as architecture.

The house was always going to fall.

The way out is not a door.

It is a lowering.

"Humble ourselves before the Lord" —
which means:

put down the mirror.

turn off the stove.

close the closet.

stop scrubbing the glass.

Walk out into the weather

where the sun rises on the evil

and the good alike,

and learn to be small

in a world that is, mercifully,

not about us alone.