

## Wilderness House Literary Review 5/1

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### **envy**

envy penetrates the soul and corrupts the intellect. envy exposes the rampant necessity, a craving for fame, any kind of attention; by small increments the person who envies becomes a gross imitation of himself, all his actions evolve around trying to control what others may think; the stink of decay, cowardice prevails.

when one encounters the god of envy, one encounters a smile, a handshake, people on the way up the ladder, people stuck on the first rung. envy coexists with admiration. one is not always sincere in their compliments, often the compliment means, 'I want to tell you about me', or I have no interest in you other than what you can do for me and as I said, envy presents itself as kind, caring and concern, that is, if you have something they think, you have, such as, talent.

after a poetry reading, people may come up and speak to me about how they enjoyed listening to my poetry. envy comes to me with the same response only it doesn't stop there. envy talks and talks until envy is able to tell me about their own projects or their process of writing and how they are working on something or they have a friend who is doing extraordinary work and all the accolades that person is getting. I realize they just want me to know they are jealous and think I'm not as good as I pertain to be, when indeed, I never said I was as good as they said I was. envy only asks questions in order to further their own need to justify their own want to be where they think I am at that particular moment. it is a strain on me to continue the façade; the pretense envy perpetrates, as an interest in me. most of the time there are no questions from envy, because envy does not care about the envied person's accomplishments.

sometimes the person who is envious will not speak at all, to the envied, or they may contradict whatever the envied person is saying. ignorance is very recognizable and one can see through the stubborn wall of rejection. the stance one takes against their own jealousy or envy is sheer madness, madness in that there is no recognition of their own behavior, the envier justifies their loose tongue, their passive aggressive stance. it feels like a retardation of sorts that one seems not to be able to overcome.

when one is successful, in whatever field of their choosing, then there is no need to be anything but kind; success often means an understanding of one's creative abilities after long years disciplining their creative urges, by doing the work, not just talking about it and success is not necessarily about financial gain or recognition but they often go together. at some point when recognition does not appear imminent then the artist must except their own talent as a gift and impart that gift in any way they can, whether people recognize it as such, it is in the giving that the artist finds their own gratification to do what they do when no one is looking. envy is squashed by its own transparency, jealousy interrupts, belittles, and is sarcastic. envy wears a mask of spiritual acceptance, when in essence, envy is deceptive. there is no creative message imparted by such attitudes, it rots where it resides.