

The Revelation



of Eve

by Chanelle Sauvee

The Passionate and the Perfect

The graduate wrote the words to the Stygian ode,
The minstrel propped up his ballad.
The scholar teased on the minstrel's code,
The trend pressed the outline pallid.
The point of fiction or point of fact
Suffuses in the rafters
And concentrates on lode of tact
The separate paradigm of laughter.
Beauty exposed in real release,
In structure hale or intense,
Possesses the meaning of love in its crease
And harbors no recompense,
For creton to creature to caviat be:
The heart will be no hostage,
No patron of a savage fee,
Only a candidate for rummage;
The refuge for the hunter dries
In the shelter of misplaced trust,
And languishes in the parry's cries
Until their ruse is scrambled in dust.

Preconception

Which is more real,
perfection or the ideal?

Indelible as a ghost

Mark me a river
Where my troubles subside,
Where my chills group and shiver
And my tears collide.

Drive me a lover
Who pursues my desire,
Who insists that he hover
Beside my fire.

Save me a sliver
Of the affair that I'd chide
When I thought that plight's quiver
Would make me a bride.

Dry me the clover
Dragged from the mire
So that I'll recover
When the labors require.

Playmate

In life's scheme
men support the fat
and women support the muscle.

Subtext

She was an illusion
The love of my life
The apple of my eye
My reciprocal wife
She lived in confusion
My only solace
My every sigh
My sweet young Alice
Lost in collusion
She fled the scene
To shift the lie
And win the screen
Tossed in profusion
She tore my heart
And wore it nigh
Like a bandied tart
Crossed in delusion
The last of her line
The least to pry
The lesser to shine

My Department

Strength, acknowledgment and dignity
Support my decorum,
Pettiness and vanity
Satellite my forum;
My platform stars
 Singlehood
 And fancy cars
 And Ballywood,
My indiscriminate
 Fortitude
 Is commensurate
To fate's pulchritude
Where all the lives
 And all the loves
 And all the dives
 And all the doves
 Hold their own
 In destiny
In charts unknown
In district jeopardy.

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False in appeal
But desperate in force
She breathes her reveal
Before the devil's remorse
Deaf to the gasps
Of stunning ill faith
Now the calendar rasps
And the fit foul weigheth
Gone is the pillar
Of shackle in stone
That fated the killer
And reckoned the crone
Love is the answer
That pleads in the field
And dreams of the dancer
That emblazoned creation's shield
Never more to tarry
With the strong and the sweet
Or wilfully carry
The Olympian fleet

Ill Repute

the wit
we commit
to twit
the chit

Languid Outpost

Unexpected
But well maintained
The product
Of diplomacy
And contemporary design
Entertaining
Current standards
And popular repairs
To qualify as comfortable
By negotiable criteria
The song of Mozart
The gift of Monaco

Architectural Garden

Party of angels
Savaged in flight,
Breaking through the limelight,
Cleaving their sandals -
Reserved for the real sedge
Encumbered in labor
Supporting coupéd neighbors,
Withdrawing a wedge
To secure an arena
Of blessings and fellows
Compensated in yellows,
With night anathema,
Down the street from the suburb
With scared-up spare time,
Above the grime
And no response from the curbs,
For the cachet of seraphs
Resists the blight
Of judgment or plight
Preferring spirited carafes.

A Man in Uniform

A man in uniform
Looks like the first officer
 In profile
And like the captain
 From the front.
He bears his weapon
 With vigilance,
 But eludes
 His confidence
 In the field,
To find the rhythm
 Of automatic
 Reaction
 In his arsenal,
And in his access
 To camouflaged
Single-guage actions.

Pandora's Needle in the Haystack

At twilight

The straw wisps rest
And address the night
In its rugged quest.

For a timely fee
They'll reveal their folly
If the stars will free
Their thoughtless volley
Of the prone cherished country virgin
Into the nether reaches;
Count unseemly claims that burgeon
No matter how she low beseeches.
The fatal needle lies no threat
While the night bargains in vain
And the haystack monitors the bet,
The parties bearing strong disdain,
For hay will harbour torrid news
Lucky charms and snubbed reviews,
Even tales bidding a ruse
And like as not tramps tamp the fuse.

Gait of the Young

Every now and then
An image distorts
The message of pen
And general torts
The language today
Directs the naive
Be compromised as prey
And then cheerfully leave
The action of choice
Is to point out the obvious
And cancel small voice
In the favour of frivolous.
The urchin of little means
Achieves sundry glory
When he sullen deems
Or vies unrequited story
The meaning of love
Reverts to the common
And towers above
The lectures of Solomon
Engaging the knowledge
Of meagre empire

With dated adage
Of eventual nuance retire
The brazen repeats
Of recent peals
The secret secretes
Of imminent deals
The lesson is lost
Among the cards
The line is crossed
And past in shards

Drape of Honour

Mercenary torn request
Appealing to a greater hour
On every arbitrary chest
That Fortune leads to Aurora's power
Affection for a fellow ploy
Supported by poised cavalier
Mannered in settle and mettle coy
Summoning bounded selfs and queer
Open opportunity's home
With the key of model reality
And retreats the horizon of steel and chrome
To broaden the scope of humanity
Situation hoists the future landscape
In seasons managed and form eclipsed
To draw legend and form shape
For those who press fixed ideals glimpsed

Mount Olympus

The path that the Titans bode
When Cronus drank immortal wine
And settled his dispatched abode
Astride the oxen and the vine
Aloft the sweetness opened up
The senses of apprenticed gods
And the summit rained down honeyed cup
To willing youths of doting nods
A train of hopefuls made their way
Atop the bustle of the mount
Where eagles live and peacocks play
Away from where the snakes abound
And there they settled for the age
Glorying above their father's home
With feats of range and singing page
And wisp of deep and shallow doom

Concept

The greatest test a word can take
And sustain a blind approach -
Redeem a comment lapsed and slake
The meaning that the clung encroach.

Chosen Heart

Perfection
Is the heart
Of the frustrated matter.

Tense of Humour

The song of rumour
Echoing in reputation
Rides the humour
Of jaded consolation
In cliques exclusive
In fields uncensored
In roosts elusive
And in freights measured
Reckoning
In tallies consecutive
The snippets beckoning
The imagining executive
Until the masses
Concur in their approval
Satisfying the classes
And berating their removal

Impetuous Ingenue

My life as an impetuous ingenue
Has been one of non-pareil
My future entertainment revue
Will feature my signature designer beret
I've worked all my life
To get where I am
No man's wife
But unforgettable fatale femme
I'll continue on in my days
To shape the truth
To suit what pays
And pay what sooth
With the vague loser
Who's soaked in luck
And the ominous bruiser
Taken down a tuck
So if you see me in the spotlight
Breaking up a union
Don't judge me in my merging right
To peel my own onion

