

# REVIVAL

by Chanelle Sauvee

c. 2010



Forest of Beech Trees Gustav Klimt



## Clinical Chaise

Cruising along on a high-rental ride

Easing into overdrive

The seat switching gears as the power subsides

The object to make the source revive

The best feel is the custom kind

That floors the shifter to speed control

And presses the limits from free to bind

In a grid that allows for shock and soul

The earth fades out in a cryptic space

And reinflates in a thorough time

Watch it all with your own face

From your perch on your own dime

Knock out your walls and sit alone

And let the new age hit you back

You'll lose your place in parts well known

But you'll shake your past a whack to black





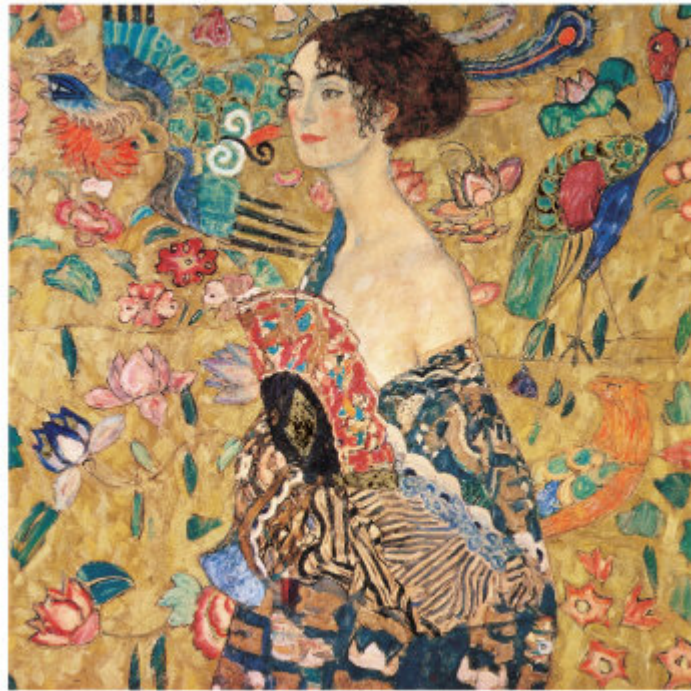








The Manhattan Bridge  
by J.M.W. Turner





## Rapt Karma

Reality sputters its daily grease  
From the pan of revelation  
Above the filthy burning fleece  
That passed the bar of predilection  
The bonfire affords heat and beauty  
For sustenance comforting and tasty  
Supports in its feints, crusty husk or juicy  
and turns back cooked toast and pasty  
How often must the grey impart  
Light and bedazzlement without suggesting  
That the best road to thwart  
The rise of resistance is ill arresting  
Rather the common in soul and mood  
Have levered the odds in their favour  
Commissioned their allies and brought up their brood  
And harboured a thirst for grist and savour













Gustav Klimt  
*Aqua mosaica*



## Afternoon Shower

The grey sky freckles in merging shades  
Average clouds field the range of spades  
Cheer creeps gradually from the flint scope  
Floats from a filmy quilt of taupe  
Suddenly the silence breaks  
A brutal breeze budes and shakes  
A running garden hose chokes  
While the neighbours putter around all that ground soaks  
A chill collects on clapboard porches  
The first drop levels the songbirds' perches  
The shower chortles on its way  
Finishes the job that the neighbours splay  
And before a storm ensues  
The shower packs up its cues  
Blue sky pours through around the quilt  
The dream evaporates like guilt

