Distressed Rose

by Chanelle Sauvee

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Raw Metal

Beyond the knell, where the poised constant should be
Systematic sentinel who routed many's the enemy

He can tonight be found prostrate, brought down this last time
The aegis has collapsed, has succumbed to common crime.
——Caught by surprise, the champion wove
——Away from obvious strength
——Descended to a cutting love
——That betrayed his self at length.
The perpetrator had sized with a telescopic lens
His chance of overcoming his obstacle,
Had unsheathed his weapon and hidden behind the fence
And aimed ’til the trigger wore his target’s follicle.
——No friend to relate his sad separation
——No kind ear to catch reassurances
——What’s done is what he bequeathes the duration
——And what he leaves failing remembrances.

Glamour Belle

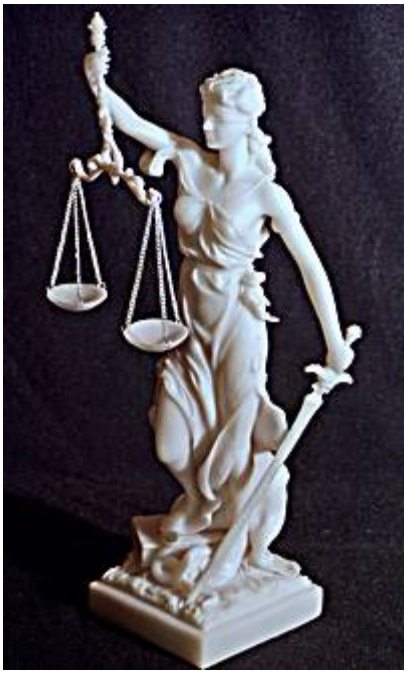
Who told you you were hot stuff?
You better believe it, you raving Venus.

Who told you were ripe enough?
It doesn’t take a formal genius.
They believe every word of it;
They eat it up like their men try to eat them up.
They build themselves a survival kit
With a salad plate and a plastic cup.
Somehow these beauties simply know
That they belong parading the studio and stage:
They shut down if there isn’t a show
And label real-life strange.
“Risk” is a four-letter word;
These goddesses prefer “picture-perfect”.
Their plan is to make it , free as a bird
And to have the support of their Lancelot-elect.
The moral of the lesson goes:
That only a diva can pull this off,
A girl who is lost in a voluptuous rose
Who constructs her footing on the accounted cough.

Diana's Pageant

A brilliant age ago

Before time was repeated
A bold committee
Raized the brunt of existence
And held office in renown.
Of all the divines
The truest and the finest
Ran dream Diana
The special darling of night
And peerless soul evermore.
When chaste Diana
Holds beyond her element
She challenges raw
Bluff powers of her rivals
And blithely claims earth's green grounds.
Parts outreached Midas
For when moon packet holds shape
It respects in rest
The place whence figures arise
Original busts of myth

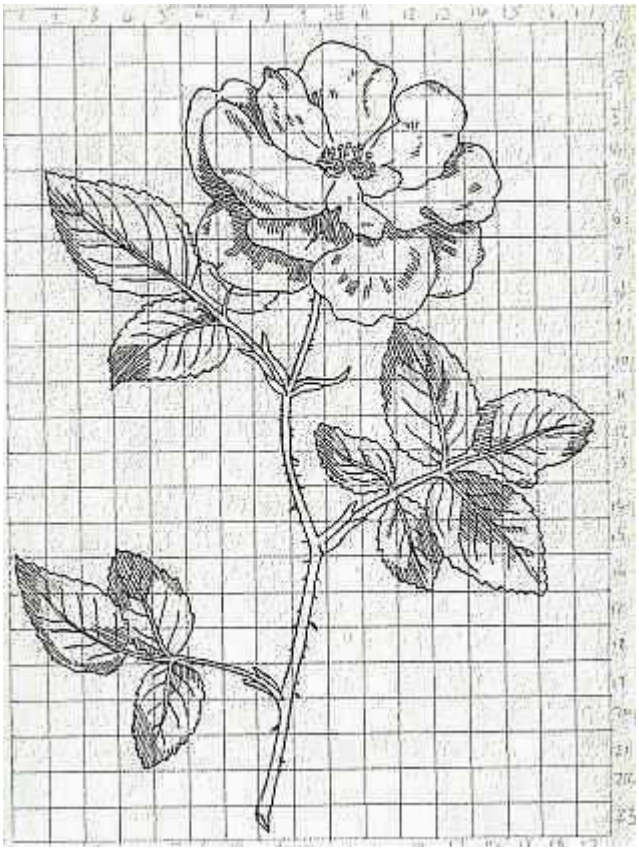


Wedding Glare

Faith breathes his soul unevenly
And smokes in the prying dawn
His angel opts to disagree
On the future hea has drawn
The sun battles with the aching sky
As morning clears its throat
Even an honest stand-up guy
Can sink a vellum quote
When a true creator perceives and weds
A woman, split and serious
Fatalistic he'll stand by choosing treads
Or warning of the oblivious
Fate reflects the spinning union
Of severe bent and grand design
Like cosmic sections of a wilting onion
Where the foreskin sheds and equivocal fruit shines

False Pride

False pride burns the beating breast
And reduces the fragile heart.
Vanity cares solely to be dressed
Even when the world is ripped apart.
Arrogance holds up its head
Contemplating the nose as rule.
Satisfaction is never dead
It's too far above notice and too cool.
Self-esteem looks after itself
Intentionally or not.
Smugness sits upon the shelf
Where it is available to its sly slot.
Not to confuse spirit with egoism,
But how are they distinct?
When you're considering heroism
You call from within, a cry succinct.



Heroic Status

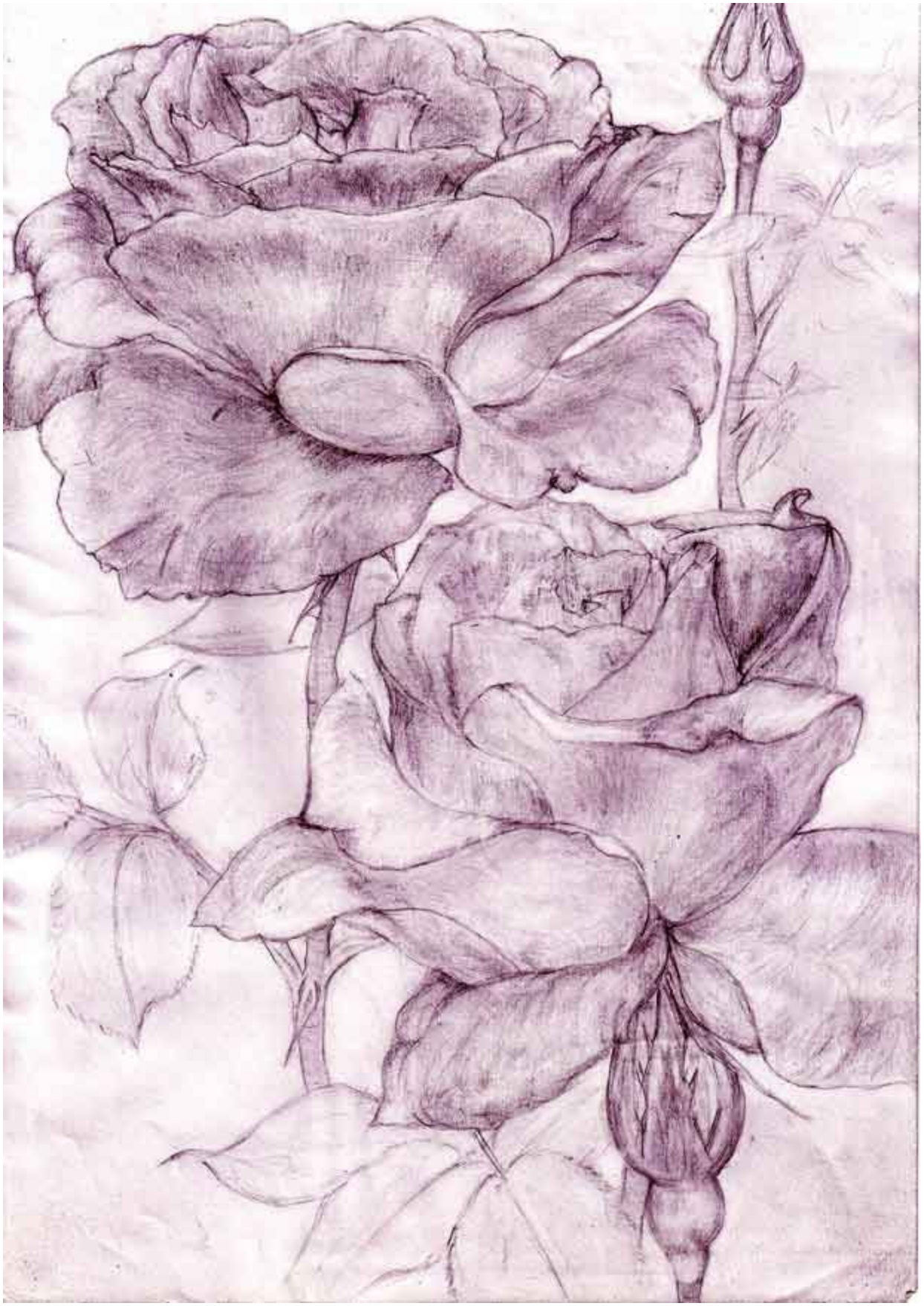
Debts to societies
Filled in demitasse,
Owing to satiety's
Being beyond the pass.
In a class all its own
A rumour makes its start;
Becomes a tribute when it's grown,
Then staggers off the chart.
A statement has its day
Until an unrelated story
Occurs to have it say
Without a *By-your-leave* or *Sorry.*
But then a miracle
Goes without saying,
A Roman Empire's oracle,
Rape of fate without the fraying.
So inclined, we fit the bill;
We measure up to our merits,
Or we just sib back and chill
And consider the dangling carrots.

Song to Fame

Banter to song and song to fame
Somewhere along we plot a claim
We may have done it all for charm
But we want our cut jjust the same
Molly, a street surprise, was warm
When she rose a sensational alarm
To follow a Hollywood megastar
When tragically he came to harm
The street culture held a vigil from afar
And sent a manifesto in their car
A month later the tabloids slated
The star was fighting Molly's war
Publicity may be overrated
To some but not to the sadly fated
So the street swallowed all the blame
But the bone to pick was elevated

Heavenly Boast

From the rooftops, from the turrets
From the billboards, scream the merits
Of the worthy, of the true
Of the regal who look just like you
Reconnect the forgotten message
Identify *right now* with its presage
Isolate the misinterpretation
Describe in answers the connotation
Beware the stubborn violators
They have need of regulators
To trip up their false delusions
And set straight their grand confusions
The might of light will conquer blame
And decide the human game
Love would never desert the players
Or alienate the faithful's prayers



Live Report

Force the consolation issue
To sweeten the rhetorical pot
Attract the sport and moisten the tissue
And package the news that time has brought
Sirens are a part of life
In the media's retrieval game
The pall of chatter is like a knife
As it exposes an angled slump down to the name
The press attention is ravenous
Primitive coverage on their part
Since their background in the ominous
When pamphlets society would thwart
Neighbour relations owe their lifeblood to the telecast
Small talk is framed around the latest scoop
The average family expects to be left aghast
By the headlines that target the uninformed group
Sure distinction is the end of solicitation
But in the highspeed flash of cataclysm
The tangled web of over-impression
Swings in the wind of fatalism

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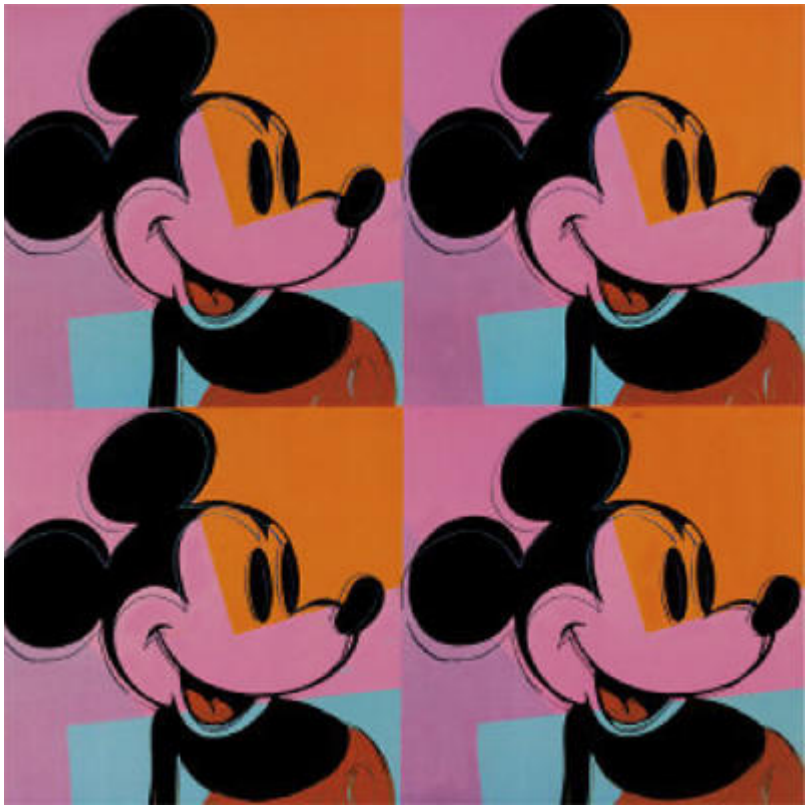
Old Boys' Rap

Subject to investigation
In these corrupt times,
Falsifying allegations
Doesn't seem a crime.
The new order, it appears
Is alias or rank;
Just commit to game over some beers
To avoid the tank.
Heavy hitters hit where it counts,
Delivering a message.
Minor players swing small amounts
That guarantee them passage.
The last place you want to be
Is opposite the system -
You'll end up the warrantee
And you'll sink if you list 'em.



Rainbowl

Busy as a river bed
That carpets the magical formation
Of fluid silk and colours bled
And thronging life at bleak elevation
A mirror to every visit
Shedding experience to the stillness
There to be assumed as we acquiesce it
And be swallowed up in to our shrillness
Life can never recollect
The exact picture of how it saw the river last
Though the soul is more circumspect
And drinks up the isolated image cast
A vessel to collect detail
The soul refers its every view
To the part where win or fail
The worthwhile heart in prayer it drew
For rivers are the hand of fate
They stimulate the busy and submit the lonely
They entertain the innocent and welcome the late
And reflect each date in its glory only

Distressed Rose

Lip like a quiver,
Quiver of lipstick capsules;
Pointing to woman
In appreciation, full
The proper application.
Colour is perfect,
Never but perfectly matched;
Impressive outlook,
Like a beauty queen crying
Down the side of her fresh face.
Open to the light
Reflecting shadow without:
Found only in line;
Favouring the definition
Of perfumes, pollens and pinks.
The ultimate gift,
Consider a distressed rose -
Razzledazzle lift,
Complimentary to the nose,
And amenable to pose.