

The



Huntress

by Chanelle Sauvee

The Hunter

He chose his treks
Through woods and tides
He thwarted his checks
And outpaced his guides
The hunter won
His mortal soul
By defeating one
In a blasted knoll
He stole her heart
After the fight
And wrung it apart
Throughout the night
He played her name
Beside his own
And kept the flame
Of the glory flown
The hunter closed
His business down
With the fear he posed
Of family renown
His one true love
Waited on in vain

With the clouds above
And the trips they had feigned

The Huntress

The huntress smokes
She'll dizzy coax
Her willing concubines
She leaves her mark
Through light and dark
Where the Bird of Paradise pines
She finds her way
Day after day
To the winds of changing seasons
To release her cue
Of stallions few
That cross the jetty of reasons
She hides her prizes
Where the noble sun rises
And treasures their beauty beyond her
The impact lingers
In magic fingers
That close on grappling wonder

Flight of Pan

Flight of Pan
Lights through the leaves.
The tree sentries span
The god's pet peeves.
The fellows bow
In abject joy
And greet the now
With their precocious boy.
No hindrance stands
After his wake
Throughout the lands
That his lithe dreamshades make.
No point of trespass
Mars the running scape.
No hint of sass
Interrupts an unshadowed shape.
The piece-of-works collect
In their unfettered groups:
The timeless select -
Lords over their dupes.

Blank Slate

Blue in the face
Two in the hood
The matter of race
Flatters age as it would
Questions bode on
In the weapon of rumour
Before the price tag is gone
In the crime of willed humour

Gateway to Hell

Passion strikes -
Faultline hikes . . .

The devil's trade
Measures off its dykes.

The poison grades -
The curtain bades . . .

The silent jade
And the knowing fade.

Fashionography

Moot to the point

Sheer at the joint

Irrelevant

But drily adroit

The quest for stature

Puts out to pasture

Inherent

Modes in the bigger picture

The image locks

The mechanism balks

A recipient

Sans system talks

In codes and combos

And lots and labels

Inclement

Her waves and stumbles

The stage looks set

The fever stays kept

Radiant

As the first twinge of debt

The League of Pages

The words describe
The facts since ended
 In diatribe
And then compended.
 The chapters settle
 In regular tells,
 Stamped in mettles
Of heavens and hells,
 A decently obscene
 Face of the chaotic
 Set in the mean
And the sympathetic,
Illustrating in low-key
 Devices and outlines
 The plots that worry
and the eloquent theme that refines,
 Confining truth
Precluding common sense
 Sculpting ruth
And subscribing the tense.

The Works

Venus Anne
Rocked the house
In her glam
Stilletoes
Laced up tight
Her bustier sampled
Her skin so bright
In the light so addled
The symbiocity
Of midnight and deadline
Projected felicity
For Ice Princess and deadpan
As the temperature
Knocked up ten notches
Fueled by the venture
That would flaw as it dodges
The welfare
Of the bleak and ardent
Beyond compare
Come pleas or pardons

Thrust of the Situation

Tongues and hearts
Spill poison darts
With reasonable affectation.
They pave the path
To blow and laugh
With amenable persuasion.
Gone are the days
Of subtle ways
And unthinkable axioms.
They've made their mark
With reference dark
And pointed tediums.

Blue Light Special
the middle of limbo
breaking through
the layers
of brights and floodlights
and failsafes and waxy waifs
and trashy alternatives
that litter
the lather
of the incandescent
disco knight's
blut light special

Abstract Riches

Harness the heavens
in a pitch-proven advance
of dangling sunflowers
black-on-black
on cattail rushes
that measure the pleasures
of dapple-grey shadows
on hollowed reed stancheons
in the staging
phases of Daphne's twisted downfall.

Look for the Riches

Looks for the passion
That smoulders innately
In a clandestine fashion
And inveterately,
Looks to the pleasure
That crowns the blue moment
With incandescent treasure
And impetuous torment,
Looks at the profile
That jumps to the nexxus
And accents the virile
In their cosmetic sexes,
The lank and the lovely
Drawing sentiments close,
Running roughshod and lonely
In unraveling dose,
Scoring the saturation
In dream satisfaction
And mutual adoration
On the rusty myth of reaction.

Strictly Business

Cause and effect
Make their case
When the markets elect
The campaign of face,
To save the drip
That trusts to solid state,
And tailor the quip
That marks of late.
Contest the flaw
That the press creates,
Or that the touch-up saw,
Or the PR relates;
If you don't fling back
Jeer for smear
Folly will build your stunt shack
And erect its wear.

Silver

The quality beyond value
that dictates
new time
true magic
and wooed response
with the ashes of roses
that shed from their crystal stems
in their smoky gilt vase
- an auspicious bouquet -
defining
the pride before the wall
that comes with
a baited lip
and an aesthetic
of weighted fate

Youth

Youth all grown up,
A lesson in culture.

On a Romantic Note

I proved magic
is the fruit of wonder
and the release of constraint
and, on the other hand,
the animal of the indoctrinated,
when I found myself doing
what I swore I never would
for your wooing, my love.

The Clue of Gollum

The fateful imp weaves round the bend
Of singeing heat and rising damp
In his home where tidings tend
And where new prospectors have set up camp,
Looking for signs to increase their wares
To the level of cut and sheen
That only Gollum would be awares
With resigned experience of resin and scene,
Wading through the rancid gloom
Of tepid cave and forgotten chasm
A bitter, patient, hardened groom
Faded to a gown phantasm
Who spurns the expired and loves his trade;
For want of price he climbs his walls
To entertain the shade
And far into the depth he calls.
His pay resists the team that summoned
In their worn budget of blanket and vittle
Who cite the code of supply and demand
To merchant their samples with glance and spittle,
Until the Gollum makes up his mind
That the property is worth his while
And handles his rivals to pry in kind

While he leads them blindly down a naked mile.

The Bevy of Sirens

Approaching the prattle
Of shipmate and deck hand
 Esconcing the battle
 Of officer and brigand
The endowing mermaid
 Berates the fray
 Then ushers her trade
 Along the way
Exciting the travellers
 In a cyclical choir
Extolling wooed revellers
 Of the nautical shire
 Enticing consent
 With better judgment
Extracting dim torment
 In the misty inclement

