

Filtered Fallacy

by Chanelle Sauvee

c. 2010



Trick of the Eye

The shutters droop
Lower than the horizon.

The outside stoop
Becomes mesmerizing.

The shadows play
In comraderie.

The lights decay
And fade and tarry

As memories
That blot the eye
And dim queries
That force a sigh.



Flash of Insight

Guilty moment rushes on
The back of recognition's worst
On the tide of hope bygone
As the bubbles play and grope and
burst.

A gleam of light is enshrouded in
Grey mists of teeming shadows
fey

That coat the sheen with layers
thin

Of pigments tuned and turned
opaque.

Hints forgotten bring to mind

The tumult of a fleeting thought
That interrupts the floating wind
Of rough flourishes, jilted and
sought.



Copping a Favour

The rainy season has begun
In times that last and places
outcast.

The pocketbook run is done,
The room for worry is closing
fast.

Agitation reaps its source
In the crux of quarreling limbo,
Cynicism runs its course
And foresight shrinks in its all-
inclusive glow.

Never is the word forthcoming
When a debt of honour booms,

As the void of decency drumming
At the doors of moral rooms.



Fallacy

just call me
amenable to success



Coffee Grind

Skin, the definition of opaque,
Set in eyes warm as the vetting
sun

That glow in the brilliance they
make

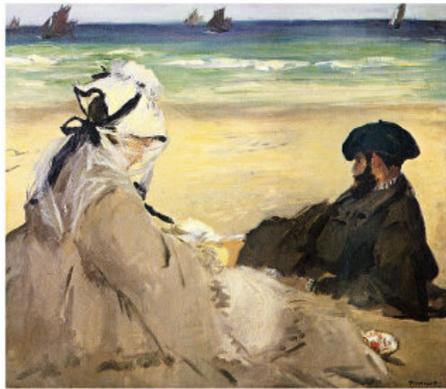
And draw a figure, if solemn, one.

A feature of historic chronicle
Abandoned to a foreign constraint
In all things legal and rhetorical,
Mottle-striped with an
uncomplimentary paint,
Shipped to a familiar clime,
Plight seasoned in an experienced

plot

Biding in a coffee crime

To gold return and topics rot.



Settled Conclusion

You can't live
In an idyllic wasteland,
You can't give
Into a selfless demand.

The archetypal millwheel turns
In heaven's lot
Sluiced, spilling froth churns
Into wverwrought thought
And creates
A developed ideal
That solely equates
The ambivalence that you feel

In the chrism of the moment
Of the time that times quote
Precluding inclement torment
In a slightly blessing-soaked
gloat.



Tempting Fate

A cloud bursts like the imparting
dawn

Opens the sky in shades of shocks
The shower dallies where the sun
would have shone

And welcomes the waters flailing
from sultry blocks

The morning appears in steaming
damp

And compromises the biding orb
Uncertain whether a deluge will
pitch its camp

Or whether the air will some

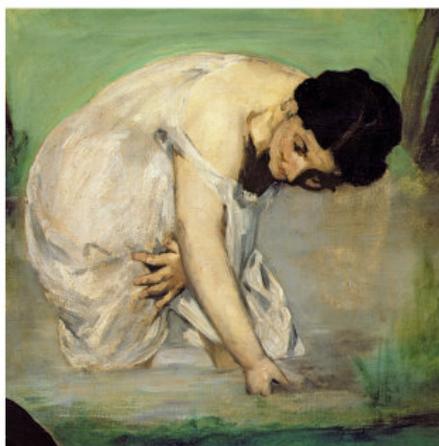
grime absorb

The afternoon billows in kind

Wind and drizzle and rainbow
mesh

Staggering unsteadily in maudlin
rind

Fulfilling the prophecy of root
made flesh



Dream Drive

Your aimless angel eyes
Hit me brittly like puffy blown
glass.

Your sensitive, searching, soulful
sighs

Bring me back to peppered
autumn grass.

I shake the mystery to its core,
Yield the meaning to its law
And free it in a ripping roar:
Into rubble diamonds rubbed
unraw.

A puzzle of fate, a mission of face

A ppeals to the way I find in taupe
That mutters at me in its intrepid
place
Or it flatters me like a clinging
hope.



Modern Affairs

The chosen excuse for a formal
lay

In synchronization with a teenage
stray

Has glossed his bedroom in a
subtle shade

Not to alarm his prodigy before
the moments fade.

A reminder of another time,
Steeped in former time after time,
For the guy who make his way
Around the clock to another day,
And the teenage girl's determined

wait

Steals her soul and fills her plate
To leave her like a broken doll
Ready for a token fall.



Hollow Victory

Is there really
such a thing
between friends?



Opinion

I digress
in my affluence
when it comes to you



Swallowed in Victory

Ringling against the familiar walls
Striking notes of wine and cheese
Staging a course of bootie calls
With a telling ring of keys
Practicing poses of denial
To present in a midnight crisis
Encased in metals of rose-limbed
guile
Drawn in a primitive legend of
Osiris
The victim in the static washes
The tears of the earnest champion

In a moment that the pair then
stashes

One as a rose-filled trellis, one, a
chameleon



Anomaly

In crisp totes of ballast
Rising from the red
Evading slips of solace
Jutted as they sped.
A point of visible space
Flourished like a rose
With spread of individual base
That posed a poetic close.
To what had almost been
A thread of elitist fate
Cut in its unprotected sheen
On a mortally ordained date.

