

Poetry Series

Shelley Buffitt

- poems -

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Shelley Buffitt()

Dance Of The Fool

Disjointed in rhythm
Swirling un-beat
Anchored in motion
stoned with defeat

A gaugmired reaction
though anxious to please
careens a facade
against precarious concrete

Savvy with essence
of deliberate jettison
Swayed by penance
from anguished lessons

Consequence plays
the final rune
masquarading respite
in the dance of the fool.

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Mirror Man

Who are you?
Who am I?
Closer look
I recognize
You in me
Me in you
Deeper seeds
increased by two

The better part
Of all that's us
Inside of me
Inside of you
Sharing thoughts
In point of view
Blending colour
of visual hue

Mirror Man
Do you see
You are all
that I can be
Mirror Man
I face the truth
Every time
I look at you
I now see
What you believe
You're the best
that's part of me

Compromised, Epitomized
Paralleled and Equalized,
Beauty lies
In duel abide

Yet time was loose
when spun to choose
I winked back

at opened books
like fickle stares in
longing looks

Suddenly
you appeared.
You said again
as you believed
Most of You
is most of Me.

So I concede
that what you said
I now believe.

Faded and glowing
Shaded and growing
Crying and smiling
Living and dying

Mirror Man
Do you see
You are all
that I can be
Mirror Man
I face the truth
Every time
I look at you

Now I see
What you believe..
You are the best
that's part of me.

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Shaky Lady

Sally Ann designs the clothes
That she models on the concrete,
Moving her backwards
Down a one way street.
Home Sweet Home
For the beggar gypsy
Is where she counts your money
in her Penthouse suite
Watch her tremble
as you pass her by
Reaching for your sympathy
in clever disguise.
Contradiction in perception
Is her specialty
What she isn't
is exactly
what she appears to be
Her pitiful illusion
will only rob you blind
As she drinks champagne

from her brown bag of lies

Watch her quiver

till she reaches the door

to the life of luxury

you're paying for

Shaky Lady

You're making me old

Shaky Lady

Are you really that cold?

What ever happened to your honesty?

What made your pride

Turn into greed?

Shaky Lady

Everybody knows

Your hands only want

What our pocket books hold.

You bank on our emotion

So you can wear gold

Shaky Lady

You're making me old.

Unpoetic Ramble

If I were bold
I'd give you a name
But the nature of my shyness
won't allow me to explain
I'm not the type
to step out in the spotlight
This ironic tangled psyche
is driving me insane

If I had time
I'd give you this moment
but my needs intensify my greed
I'm sure you could find a much better offer
for unrequited love with an unrepented lover.
A troubled mind prays to bring it peace

But guilt has spread its web in me
I let it catch all my insecurities
as it settles in the spirit of the darkness
of my dreams.
From my side of the shadow lies the mystery

where my unpoetic ramble makes sense
For the cost of conscience in a womans heart
is based on where her souls been spent
'Don't be afraid'
I say....
'I will never hurt you'

'Your the master of your pain'
'The many sides in you, play perfect harmony,
trilogy will let the chips fall where they may'
'The silver edge of silence, soon will tarnish,
caustic revelation will burn to the bone,
as the never ending cycle toward your future
twists' your fate on its own'

I'm Going down,
waiting for the cup to run over

Looking in,
for a way to come out
Feeling joy,
and cryin' 'bout the lack of moral
Sensing hope,
but afraid... to conquer the game.

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