What is it You See?

Michael Anthony Savard

A collection of Poems and Essays
11-11-12
I've been writing poems, my thoughts and stories for some time now. In my younger years it was a way to cope with feelings of uncertainty and fear. I write what comes to mind, unconcerned with proper grammar and my language is simple, so most would understand.

In recent years I've written many poems, essays and stories with no real thought of attempting publication, until now. I put together this small collection of poems and essays to exemplify the power of simplicity. I am sure these simple writings will give you much to think about and I look forward to hearing your comments. I thank you for taking the time to read my chapbook.

Send your comments via E-mail michael.savard70 at yahoo.com and/or write Michael A. Savard, HW-3956, 301 Morea Road, Frackville, PA 17932. I've also submitted to some magazines, so look me up on facebook. I will get the messages.

Thank You

Copyright 2012 Michael Savard
All rights reserved. No part of this chapbook may be used in any manner without written permission.

For information write:

Michael A. Savard, HW-3956
301 Morea Road
Frackville, PA 17932
or
June Savard c/o Michael Savard
9023 Chesham Dr.
Charlotte, N.C. 28227

Cover art by Michael A. Savard
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>The Power Of Simplicity</td>
<td>1–2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>What Is It You See</td>
<td>3–4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Alive</td>
<td>5–6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My Ghost</td>
<td>7–8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My Haunted House</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ambivalence</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Resentment</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Days Before</td>
<td>12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Friday Cries</td>
<td>13–14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Some Things To Think About</td>
<td>15–18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Who’s Driving</td>
<td>19–21</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
THE POWER OF SIMPLICITY

I don't know you, yet I can touch you.
Caress your mind, breathe life into memories
of years gone by.
Family, friends, mother and father.
Childhood, carefree full of wonder.
A crush on the girl or boy next door.
The sweaty palms holding hands
and the thrill of that first kiss,
sweet, sweet passion.
The scent of the one you love,
feeling their touch, as you lie in bed.
Visualize, perceive, close your eyes
and see your sweet memories.
Do you remember? Can you recall?
Death in the family, gone lost forever.
A childhood robbed, taken away.
Treacherous endeavors
of the one you love.
Their sweaty palms and deceitful words
wrapped around your throat.
Suffocate, silence the cries.
Burning desire decimated, love lies.
Black hearted thoughts
Eradicate the memory
and burns the bed where they sleep.
Fears, betrayal, painful memories,

Michael A. Savard
or the horror and screams
found in your darkest dreams.
Simple words play in the mind
like an exquisite violin.
Splendid memories of love, joy and compassion
bring you a flower on a snowy day.
Or a horribly out of tune harpsichord,
awakening demons that give birth
to villainous thoughts and wicked fears.
These words written
with no concern in keeping time.
Either acceptable or unpleasantly declined,
sure to have in some way touched your mind.
This, The Power Of Simplicity,
To awaken the memory
with these simple words of mine.
I sit before a blank page
    wanting to write.
I take pen in hand hoping
    that which I try to convey
You would understand.

Writing for years in secret all alone;
    my dreams, my feelings—often in tears;
The words I write always my own.
Never to share my poems or stories
    due to my own fears.
Today the least of my worries,
    now after twenty plus years.

To put my heart on the table
    or to let others know
my true feelings,
    never was I able.
Yet today, naked is my soul.

A way to cope is to write.
    (The beast within be gone.)
As I pray day and night
    that my words would live on.

Doing my best to keep time,
    syllables, meters, feet—do take care.
At times unconcerned with rhyme,
    it’s the rhythm, can you hear?

A ballad, rime royal, english verse,
    free, blank or a quatrain.
Punctuation is my curse,
    comma, colon or dash I ask in vain.

It all seems a nuisance,
    as I write, as I create.
Is it not about substance?
    Not counting lines 3, 4, 7 or 8.

I wrote a poem
    about ghosts that live in my head.
Simple words my idiom,
    that you may feel the horror and dread.

Beautiful memories
    of love and devotion,
or treacherous endeavors—my worries—
    affecting every vile emotion.
To write a story:
    Characters and story line;
embellish the memory
    both poet and liar—sublime.

We become one and the same
    the characters I create,
feeling their joy, pleasures and pain,
    as I write their story, their fate.

A profound intensity
    well beyond my sight;
seems to come over me,
    as I write late in to the night.

Beauty, horror, joy and pain,
    or a story gruesome and grim
May awaken feelings of shame,
    or cause you to grin.

To write is to live.
A great writer I may never become;
    just look past mistakes and forgive,
as you ponder these words.
    When you are done
look in the mirror,
    what is it you see,
a mask of terror,
    or silent beauty?

Michael A. Savard
Right now, I don't know what to do, 
for people I love think I lost my mind. 
Although, I haven't, it may seem to be true, 
because of what I write all the time. 
I write about ghosts that live in my head. 
The ghosts and visions seen when I dream 
not the ghosts you think; those ghosts are dead. 
I will do my best to explain what I mean. 

I've never felt so alive, 
inspired by what I see. 
Imagination in overdrive, 
as I embellish the memory. 
I write poems and stories too. 
I wrote a story about a serial killer: 
It was said to affect one's emotions 
and may offend you. 
This is what to expect 
from a twisted thriller. 
If it were written by any other, 
she wouldn't care—ya my mother. 

With so many books and stories out there, 
some about the evil deeds people do; 
Vampires, werewolves all kinds of monsters too. 
Some more disturbing then others, so do beware. 

I read a story: 
A man animated the dead 
for a vivacious beauty 
that left her husband in bed. 
She entered the graveyard 
and laid on the ground 
to be pleased by the dead 
that were abound. 
I'm sure many enjoyed that story 
written about the dead. 
It's imagination, so please, Mom, don't worry, 
it's not cause the writer 
is sick in the head. 

My passion is to write 
my heart and soul 
on the page day and night, 
will anyone ever know?
A great writer I never claimed to be.
I would never waste your time
    by claiming anothers writing as mine,
for these words I write come only from me.

There are times I try to rest,
    like right now, it's late at night,
but it's when the ideas are the very best
    and sure to be here still
to see the light.

I will continue to write
    of the beauty and pain,
hoping to be remembered
    for my poems and stories,
not for my sin and moral maladies.
    My motives not at all in vain.

So, long after I'm gone
    I can survive and my soul will rest
knowing my words are still alive.
MY GHOST

Do you believe in ghosts? "I do."
Not like the ghosts in the house on the hill,
or haunting the mansion up the road.
Unlike the ghost in the town of Amityville,
or those in all the stories told.
Nothing like a ghost of urban legend,
or the ghost of Sleepy Hollow.
Far from the ghosts in Savannah
that have been mentioned,
And definitely unlike the ones
visiting the Scrooge; "Do you follow?"
Well, how about that ghost of
the girl dressed in blue.
She loves the theatre
and may sit next to you.
The ghost I speak of
comes in many forms
that only I see.
My ghost can be demonic,
or an angel who warns
Forever haunting me.
She hands me a flower,
so beautiful, claiming loving devotions.
My innocence she will devour,
as he cuts me annihilating my emotions.

Michael A. Savard
My ghost does not haunt
    the mansion up the road;
Is nothing like the ghosts
    in the house on the hill,
or from that town,
    what's it called, "Amityville."
Nor is my ghost from any
    story ever told.
My ghost is no part of any legend
and is unlike all those
    that had been mentioned.
I wish I knew my ghost,
    like the girl dressed in blue.
I hear she's beautiful and you
    can call her by name
while in the theatre,
    and she may sit with you,
But my ghost is by no means the same.
My ghost is not from the
    past, present or future.
Nor is my ghost missing its head.
    My Ghost comes
whenever and wherever I go to bed.
    Forever waking me up screaming!
I open my eyes and I realize;
    I had only been dreaming.
MY HAUNTED HOUSE

There's a place he visits every night.
A sinister dwelling with no light.
Each and every grotesque face
and bloodcurdling sounds he hears,
as he walks around this place.
These horrible images seen within,
awakens all his fears
and appalling thoughts of sin.

Often he would sit and cry,
just wanting the hell out.
Terrified, wishing to die
he begins to scream and shout.
He has to get out of there,
but how and where?

Groping around searching for a door.
Losing his mind it's all surreal,
when he finds something on the floor;
a cold and hard piece of steel.
He thinks, what wrong have I done?
For what he finds, is a gun.

He continues to grope around
not knowing how long he has been there.
So, so tired he falls to the ground,
Paralyzed by the insufferable cold and fear.

He can take this no more!
To hell with finding a door.
Heart pounding, he's all alone
tormented by his thoughts of sin.
His thoughts, most would not condone,
as he points the gun under his chin.

He don't know what to do,
please forgive him, he begs of you.
Squeezing the trigger,
as he begins to scream,
"Holy Shit!" it's all so real,
but only a dream.
That was the scariest one yet,
My Haunted House
I will never forget.
AMBIVALENCE

Wishing to be strong
Holding back the love within
Isolates us all

Wanting to do right
Yet all that is ever seen
Sinful and corrupt

A deep enigma
Which to follow, heart or mind
We all cry alone

The battle within
A unique constellation
Of remorse and pain

Image on the wall
A frightening beatitude
Two sides, one image

Look on the surface
See the vile attributes
That keep you away

Judge not what is seen
See the true beauty within
You may see their heart

Choices must be made
Ambivalence confusion
One face yet two minds

As I look at you
Conflicting thoughts of one mind
Behold—the mirror.
"RESENTMENT"

Every moment of every day
  a fire burns within;
  blinded by another's sin,
As benevolence fades away.
  Anger fuels the fire,
  revenge your desire.

The beast rattles one's cage.
  All the beautiful memories
  replaced with horrid worries.
Filled with a snarling rage
  behind a mask of happiness
  the pain is relentless.

The Judas kiss---Treachery.
  Venomous lies told
  faithful no more---so cold.
Passion, affection---Animosity.
  Thoughts of vengeance
  a life of utter decadence.

In darkness the heart cries,
  yet no tears
  concealing the fears,
as altruism dies.
  The beast will retaliate,
  acts of vengeance, feelings of hate.

Fueling the fire; the beast
  awakens melancholy memories,
  evil wishes and suicidal tendencies.
Your heart and soul his feast.
  Self torture the hellish pain;
  visit upon another you wish the same.

In the darkness all alone
  with thoughts so despicable,
  infamous and shameful;
never to return home.
  Suffocate and smother the fire,
  forgiveness your true desire.

No longer sense the presence
  of the beast within,
  for silent are the thoughts of sin.
Filled with a Heavenly essence,
  released from a life of painful torment.
  Forgive the other, the beast of resentment.
THE DAYS BEFORE

Yesterdays heart felt compassion,
    my emotions hide.
Love, lust a foolish passion
    despicable, as she lied.

Every minute that passes by,
    takes me further away
from the beauty and lie
    of a regretful, yet cherished yesterday.

No pictures to hold.
    Faces begin to melt away.
Feelings grow cold,
    holding on to yesterday.

Erasing the memory,
    visions seem to fade away.
Did she ever really love me?
    The agonizing doubt of yesterday.

No colors to be seen.
    The skies are gray.
Yesterday comes when I dream,
    out of reach, farther away.

Absent—faces I use to see.
    I sleep and dream alone.
Yesterday is the enemy,
    oh, how I yearn for home.

Yesterday seems to be endless.
    All the joy taken away.
The pain and horror relentless
    until, we let go—of yesterday.
FRIDAY CRIES

After I first saw you,
I would wait anxiously
for Friday to arrive.
Rush to where you were,
I hide in the shadows
to watch you dance.
Such beauty, such grace.
I feel your passion,
your love, your joy, your pain;
alive today in my dreams,
calling to mind—Friday.

Mesmerized by your song.
Your voice, an amorous fire
and your eyes—oh, your eyes
look through me and you smile,
for you know, you know my dreams.
Fridays arousing desire.

Loving thoughts invade my mind,
as I would wait
to watch you move,
to hear your voice,
to feel your song.
And then—we danced.
Wishing I could sing
you sang for me and to me,
wanting to know, my heart, my soul.
Dreams of Friday hurt me so.
I'd been told,
our love was wrong.
Love is love,
can love be sinful,
reprehensible or cold?
Did I deserve happiness?
Doubt and fear took hold.
My mind drowns in doubt.
The fear in my heart
would hurt you, push you away.
It was then, I let go.
Friday weeps; heavyhearted sorrow.

I know you, your touch,
your kiss, your love.
Tears of loss—the memories,
unpleasant or warm
A burden, so heavy—Friday cries,
"Was my love wrong?"

Self condemnation, pangs of guilt,
for I will never know you again,
as my lover, as my friend.
   I no longer dance,
   nor do I sing.
I pick up the pen
   to write the best I can.
My passion, my voice.

Wiser today, yet sad,
as I wonder, what could've been?
   Friday cries eternally,
   "I love you."
SOME THINGS TO THINK ABOUT

I write this not as a journalist, or one with political ambitions, but only to give readers something to think about. I will open with quoting, Benjamin Franklin. These are his words when he addressed, George Washington, in Independence Hall on June 17th, 1787...

In this situation of this Assembly, groping, as it were, in the dark, to find political truth, and scarce able to distinguish it when it is presented to us, how has it happened, Sir, that we have not hitheto once thought of humbly applying to the father of lights to illuminate our understandings? I have lived, Sir, a long time, and the longer I live the more convincing proof I see of this truth; that God governs in the affairs of men! And if a sparrow cannot fall to the ground without His notice, is it probable than an empire can rise without His aid? We have been assured, Sir, in the Sacred Writings, that, 'except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it.' I firmly believe this, and I also believe, that without His concurring aid, we shall succeed in this political building no better than the building of Babel: We shall be divided by our little partial local interests, our projects will be confounded, and we ourselves shall become a reproach and a byword down the future ages. And, what is worse, mankind may hereafter, from this unfortunate instance, despair of establishing government by human wisdom, and leave it to chance, war and conquest. I therefore beg leave to move, that henceforth prayers, imploring the assistance of Heaven and its blessing on our deliberations, be held in this Assembly every morning before we proceed to business...end quote.
We in America were given the greatest free government the world has ever known. The Constitution of the United States of America was drafted by our forefathers, and they did this seeking guidance from God. I believe Religion (Christianity) and morality are indispensable to the American way of life. However, most people today say this...Religion and morality, oh, there nice, but not necessary for the well being of our Nation...And, as I said in opening, I write this to give people some things to think about, leaving it up to the individual to come to their own conclusion. I will simply state facts, quote past leaders and interject opinions of my own.

Our Constitution was created to protect we the people and our freedom. However, it is being altered dramatically every day, changes the layman is unaware of, which affects our freedom and way of life. This abuse of the Constitution will in time, take away the liberty afforded to us all.

George Washington said this, "The foundations of National policy will be laid in the pure and immutable principles of private morality." Now, I will quote John Adams... "Statesmen may plan and speculate for liberty, but it is religion...(Christianity)...and morality alone which freedom can securely stand." well, as I see it, the degeneration of religion and our own morality jeopardizes the American way of life. Religion and morality are rooted in divine law, which keep's us from doing what is unjust or immoral. Another quote from George Washington's Farewell speech, "Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports." Look at our government today, everyone is shouting about their own agendas, but no one is listening; didn't Benjamin Franklin say this, "We shall be divided by our little partial interest?" What happened to the United in the United States of America?
SAVARD

Let's now, talk a little about money. I begin by quoting, Thomas Jefferson...If the American people ever allow private banks to control the issue of their money, first by inflation, then by deflation, the banks, and the corporations that will grow up around...(the banks)...will deprive the people of their property until their children will wake up homeless on the continent their fathers conquered.... Well, then let's see, in 1910 the federal debt was one billion dollars until the creation of The Federal Reserve, in 1913. (The Federal Reserve is a private bank.) Just seven years after its creation the debt jumped to 24 billion dollars in 1920, 284 billion in 1960, passing one trillion in 1981 and has soared ever since. Thomas Jefferson knew the dangers of this way back then, so why is it, our government refuses to learn from its own past?

Just some side notes: Andrew Jackson was the only President to pay off federal debt. The Constitution states, "Congress shall have the power to coin money and regulate the value thereof." This is easier said than done. However, I believe our government can do this while protecting the value and integrity of our dollar; we have some of the most brilliant minds in our country. I also want to mention two great Presidents, Abraham Lincoln and J.F.K. Did you know, Lincoln ordered Congress to print greenbacks, (interest free notes), as did J.F.K. have interest free notes printed; some still in circulation today. And I believe J.F.K. wanted to do away with the Federal Reserve, well, we know what happened to both Presidents—Murdered!

Imagine being able to borrow money from the government, for a one time fee. Why then is it we are not given any other choice, but to borrow from banks to buy a home, car or to pay for education, and made to pay outrageous interest? Like I said earlier, this is more difficult than it sounds, but it can happen, we have the best minds in the world. There is no reason for anyone in this country to be homeless, hungry or broke. Who runs this country, those we elect, or the banks?

Michael A. Savard
SAVARD

Side note: Billions of your tax dollars have been sent to Egypt to aid their military. Since, Egypt has reconciled with Iran and has disregarded a peace treaty with Israel, which has been held up for over 30 years. And why is it we borrow from China, to give to others when it's needed right here.

Government works for you, this does not mean we all get a free ride. We need to take responsibility for ourselves and stop the abuse of Social Services everywhere in this country, therefore, it will be there for all when needed. They being the government, are all public servants, yet all we see are party servants only concerned with the issues concerning their special interests, while we the people sit back and wait. You are as much of a constituent, as the millionaire or big business. We--are the people. We can stop this manipulation by coming together, united in the belief that we can create a truly free world for our children's children and that no one be denied a home, food, education and their right to pursue happiness.

I eat three meals a day, see a doctor when needed and have a roof over my head; you see, I am in prison. I ask this, why then are there elderly and children living on our streets cold, hungry and sick? They didn't break the law, they can't afford the interest! This is the greatest country in the world if you weren't born here. Let's create a better future for all of America.
WHO'S DRIVING

I sit knowing what I want to say, but not sure how to say it. Words escape me, so I'll write this my way. I'll simply write my thoughts as they come. I put pen to paper and hope it makes sense when it's done.

I look at the world today a little different from my younger days. When I was younger, we didn't have cell phones or the internet. But I went through the same growing pains as young people today. I wanted to go play with my friends; just to belong. Then dealing with peer pressure, girl friends, and being a rebel. Then we just wanted to finish school. Some went to college, some to work. It was all much the same. However, I went through these things with friends, not behind a keyboard on line.

Today the games are better and everyone has a cell phone. Most homes have a computer and are connected to the internet. This is great when used the right way and in moderation. I see so many held hostage by their computers, talking with people they will never meet, or talking to their friend up the road.

We all need human contact. I believe the very things that bring us closer together actually push us apart. When I was young, the neighborhood was the block you lived on. The World was your town, county and state. Today the neighborhoods have grown and the World is at our fingertips. We are so busy talking to people we will never meet in Germany, Japan, or just about anywhere. We often neglect the people and things right there in front of us. This, the internet, is good when used responsibly. I don't wish to debate the pros and cons of technology. I'm all for advancement. I'm not saying get rid of cell phones or computers, just use them in moderation. These are things of the world we live in. We don't need to be part of the chaos that tears us apart. So come out from behind that keyboard. Step out into life and say "hello!"

Michael A. Savard
I remember something I read, written by a girl of fifteen. Like most girls her age, she liked boys, wrote of her first kiss, collected pictures of movie stars. This is an entry in her diary, "I still believe, in spite of everything, that people are truly good at heart. It's utterly impossible for me to build my life on a foundation of chaos, suffering and death. I see the world being slowly transformed into a wilderness. I hear the approaching thunder. I feel the suffering of millions. And yet when I look up at the sky I somehow feel that this cruelty will end and that peace and tranquillity will return." Anne Frank wrote this just a few weeks before being found and brought to one of Hitler's death camps where she died March of 1945. She was only fifteen years old. For twenty-five months this girl lived in hiding with her family and 4 others. They woke up everyday in fear of being found out, but this girl's spirit was never broken. Her courage and her faith in God is seen in what she writes. Despite her situation, she had dreams and thought of the future. She wrote, "To become a journalist—that's what I want! I know I can write. I want to go on living even after my death! And that's why I am so grateful to God for having given me this gift which I can use to express all that's in me." She thanks God for her gift and has hope for a future. I hope one day to be half as brave as she.

I received an education; however, at times words escape me and my grammar is not at all desired. I do have things to say. I dream dreams. So I write them down in rhyme. My style of writing is simple. People tell me they like what they read of mine. Anne's dream came true. Millions have read her diary. I too thank God for my gift and maybe just maybe someone will be reading a poem I wrote long after I'm gone.

Everytime I want to complain about my life, I think of Anne; the things she wrote, and what the end must of been like for her. Life is like a shadow when darkness falls. The shadow is no more. Life is short. If life doesn't seem fair or things just seem out of place, your enemy may very well be you! I am the problem, not the Boss, Wife, kids or anyone; it's me. So try something new...let somebody else drive. I hope you get my meaning.

Michael A. Savard
I am not judging anyone. Believe me, for I write this in jail behind my cell door. I just want you to think, see and know life could be so much better or worse, depending on how you look at things. I mention a few different things, yet they all come together. Now read between the lines. I hope you get the message.
Writers Note

I see the world we live in today and I've seem to of fallen in love with the sadness. Not only that found in my life, but that found throughout the world. We see and hear about it everywhere we look: Television, news, movies and radio. So I wrote to help me to cope with my own feelings, whatever they may be, good or bad.

I've always seem to feel things deeply and was easily moved. Although, I hid this from others in my younger days I had always wrote things down. Today at the age of 42 I embrace the act and idea of writing. I hope someone will relate to something and realize they are not the only one feeling the way they feel, and they wait pull that trigger.

The Angel on the previous page is the main character in many stories I've written. These stories deal with many issues young people deal with today and I see these stories as graphic novellas or comics. I do plan on cleaning up her image, so not to look so suggestive, and I hope to pick up a literary agent or publisher to bring this to fruition. I believe my style of writing and my character would be greatly accepted by a younger audience. There are also story lines written around this character for an older audience.
If you have an idea for a more conservative Angel, send your drawing and your contact information to us (mailing information on the first page). All drawings will be sent back and you will be contacted via E-mail, Facebook or my power of Attorney.

Thank You
Sincerely
Michael Anthony

P.S.
The message lies in the best selling book of all time. Look for the only written numbers found in the poem that shares its name with the title. Use these numbers in many different ways and find the message in "Nēsē Diathēkē."

Let me know what you find.