



THE ONE THOUSAND AND FOURTH
NIGHT

ALIAL-KUS AND THE TEN
ROSE-LIKE CUNTS OF
BAGHDAD

TRANSLATED
BY

INTA SHAZ

POEM BY

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PREFACE

*That rose-like cunt reddish in its
lustfulness glow*

*A priceless gem a jewel-like pouch neath
twixts tucked away caressed by buttock
cheeks*

*Rich hued gem sparkling dew-like
glittering light the rose-like cunt
enchancing sight
sweet lips leaf-like claspt bud-like the
jewel within
of such a gem none compare
a beauteous rose bud exquisite and rare*

*And Shahrazad perceived the dawn of day and ceased
saying her permitted say*

When it was the one thousand and fourth night

*Shahrazad did say "listen Oh benevolent king to my lay
till the dawning of the day it hath reached me in many a
myriad way a delightful tale a tantalizing memoir an
exquisite romance an enchanting anecdote a bewitching
recital full of teasing Mujun¹ from a Mahdath² Kohl'in
al-Deen playful and gay listen Oh benevolent king to the
lay"*

ALI AL-KUS AND THE TEN ROSE-LIKE CUNTS OF BAGHDAD

*Ali al-kus with other nudama³ well versed in adab⁴
banqueted in a magnificent garden like those inspired by
the Sassanids or the paradise gardens of the Umayyad's The
garden whole a giant labyrinthine maze within which*

¹ Mujun Arab poetic genre : profane, libertine or dissolute poetry

² "Modern" a term used to describe Arab poets of the mid eighth century on

³ A cultured man a cup-companion of the Caliph or princes who entertained them with wit and stories
poetry

⁴ The literary conversational culture and intellectual repertoire of a gentleman or nudama-a cultured man

gazelle did graze quail dear peacocks and tame game did
 laze. It's walls were banks of shrubs with multi colors
 spread round spelling out verses from the ibahi⁵ poets Umar
 ibn Abi Rabi'a Abu usama Waliba ibn al-Hubab al-
 Asadi and Abu Numas Around bubbling fountains colored
 flowers planted within and without traced out verses from
 the Qur'an The tulip did lace surah 1 while the dainty
 narcissus did trace surah 103 with vivid hue did the rose
 curve out surah 112 as with in and without the hyacinth
 laced out surah 107. In mirrored pools reflected trees
 glittering with gold and silver leaves as around them
 glistened gem-studded metals of copper bronze and gold.
 Bridges and pavilions of red wood aloe-wood teak
 mahogany and sandal wood sent sweet scents wafting o'er
 the grounds. Ponds were of pewter from which channels
 spread out of pewter more dazzling than polished silver
 through which limpid cool water crystal clear bubbled
 along. O'er the emerald grass lay carpets from Samarkand
 Cathy and Hind rich yellow silks sapphire and ruby
 colored threads lacing out Arabesques Around the grass lay
 pebbles in the colors and patterns of the carpets Near each
 nudama sat a vase of agate jasper lapis lazuli amethyst
 emerald into each a different wine did fill. Fruit trees
 arrayed their brilliant fruits sultani peaches colored like

⁵ Sensual and erotic love poetry

bowls of shimmering jewels pears from al-Tur Aleppo and Rum soft as a virgins inner cunt lips oranges brilliant balls like the glowing sun kabbad citrons like polished gold lemons like birds eggs almonds like the eyes of gazelles damani apples sweet like dew pomegranates with seeds like red rubies. Flew around or walked the ground doves quail young pigeons peacocks and bulbuls sang with sweet sound. As the scents did tease the nose from spikenard jasmynes henna blossoms roses myrtle and lotus blooms. Beside each nudama stood a black Nubian eunuch in a gold brocaded velvet skirt with gold damasked silver belts and covered in full sleeved gold embroidered silken robes with glittering gems along the hems and each a different color for each nudama red orange yellow pink blue contrasting with the darkly hue. Each eunuch held a different precious metallled tray upon which a different dish lay stuffed pigeon broiled quail baked sheep fried sand grouse and grilled salmon the flesh pink and frail. They reclined on blue velvet cushions stuffed with ostrich down as they caroused and drank the wine down. All smoked from a six foot high hookah gold and silver banded bejeweled gilded tipped. As the time progressed their turbans and robes did around lay while merriment and cajoling to the gardens sounds. Discussions and debates all in together Then in unified voice they did proclaim "Oh Ali

al-kus entertain us with a ribald lay tell us a tale of thy sordid life to rise our pricks we do say”

Ah fellow nudama tis a bawdy lay I will say. To the womens hammam⁶ I did slink one hot bright day. Like a serpent in search of its prey I did creep in unobserved to a hidden niche where the perverts do hidden keep. There with my ear to the wall I do recall ten slave girls did gossip about their mistresses virgins all. Such gossip I will share with you all such gossip which made my prick hard and tall. The nudama did say oh Ali al-kus tell us thy tale ribald spin us a lay to make us horny all. Hold back naught tell us all Ah akiya⁷ be marvel us with a tale like from the “kutub al-bah”⁸ “Alflayla wa-layla”⁹;

⁶ A bath house ie Turkish bath. The hamam, like its early precursors, Roman (at least pre-Christian) thermae, is not exclusive to men. Similar to its Roman predecessors, a typical hamam consists of three basic, interconnected rooms: the *sıcaklık* (or *hararet* -caldarium), which is the hot room; the warm room (tepidarium), which is the intermediate room; and the *soğukluk*, which is the cool room (frigidarium).

The sıcaklık usually has a large dome decorated with small glass windows that create a half-light; it also contains a large marble stone called *göbek taşı* (tummy stone) at the center that the customers lie on, and niches with fountains in the corners. This room is for soaking up steam and getting scrub massages. The warm room is used for washing up with soap and water and the soğukluk is to relax, dress up, have a refreshing drink, sometimes tea, and, where available, a nap in a private cubicle after the massage.

Hamam complexes usually contain separate quarters for men and women or, alternatively, they are admitted at separate times. Because they were social centers as well as baths, hamams became quite abundant during the time of in the Ottoman Empire and were built in almost every Ottoman city. Integrated into daily life, they were centers for social gatherings, populated on almost every occasion with traditional entertainment (e.g. dancing and food, especially in the women's quarters) and ceremonies, such as before weddings, high-holidays, celebrating newborns, beauty trips, etc.

⁷ Astoryteller his skill lay in imitating anything

⁸ Books dedicated to pornography ie sex manuals or collections of erotic tales ie like the “Perfumed garden”

⁹ “The Thousand and one nights”

“the Nuzhat al-Albab¹⁰ of Yusuf al-Tayfashi or the
 “Hikayat al-Ajiba wa'l-Akhar al-Ghariba” “
 Ali al-Kus did say “Such gossip I will share with you all
 such gossip which made our pricks hard and tall .”

The first slave girl did say her say
 Qouth she: My mistress Sawsan the most delightful cunt
 hath she

Her rose-like cunt a ruby bright
 Passions fires emitting brilliant light
 A tight shut bud
 All the world it ignites

Ali al-Kus did say his say
 Oh nudama at these words from my robes my prick I did
 remove and to it I did flog

As sayeth the poet Kohl'in al-Deen
 When knob doth throb
 Lust of thy senses doth rob
 Pull thy tool do not slack get to work and do the job
 Squeeze thy sharft till it doth burn and throb

¹⁰ “Delight of hearts” is an collection of poems tale on debauchery

¹¹ “Tales of the Marvellous and Information about the strange”

The second slave girl did say her say

Qouth she: My mistress Zahrah the most beautiful cunt
hath she

Carnelian like her rose-like cunt
The lips do clasp bold and tight
Little leaves surround a heart of gold
Gladdening eyes in their sight

Ali al-Kus did say his say
Oh nudama at these words my prick did ache and to it I
did flog as my balls did quake

As sayeth the poet Kohl'in al-Deen

Grab thy tool and flog it fast
Till the throb doth wane and the urge hast past
Pull thy tool make thy balls to dance
Pull thy tool till the ache doth last

The third slave girl did say her say

*Qouth she: My mistress Rayhanah the most exquisite
cunt hath she*

*Betwixt whitened buttock cheeks
Her rose-like cunt a jasper gem peaks
With precious scent perfumed
From the leaf-like lips nectar leaks*

Ali al-kus did say his say

*Oh nudama at these words my prick did prong turgid and
tall and to it I did flog with my all*

As sayeth the poet Kohl'in al-Deen

*Do not tarry boy with thy toy
But pull and enjoy
The cock was made for lusts employ
So do not tarry boy with thy toy*

The fourth slave girl did say her say

Qouth she: My mistress Azhaar the most ravishing cunt
hath she

A garnet set neath a myrtle field
Her rose-like cunt pleasures do yield
Rare of charms it doth contain
But dainty lips are but its shield

Ali al-Kus did say his say

Oh nudama at these words my prick did burn like fire
hot and to it I did flog with heated desire

As sayeth the poet Kohl'in al-Deen

When thy rod burns with fires hot
To quench it thou must pull it and not stop
Till oily cream doth out gush the fires to stop
And o'er thy thighs it lays sticky and hot

The fifth slave girl did say her say

Qouth she: My mistress Barika the most captivating
cunt hath she

The sweet t petalled of her rose-like cunt
Glimmer like cuprite nestled in front
Dew drips like tears from that languorous eye
The sweet syrup the bees hunt

Ali al-Kus did say his say

Oh nudama at these words my prick swollen formed like
cucumber hard and to it I did flog the mighty yard

As sayeth the poet Kohl'in al-Deen

To ease the ache in thy scrotum sack
To release the flood don't hold back
Grab thy prick and tug it quick
Till the goo doth spurt hot and thick

"Ah Ali-al-Kus" the nudama did say "thy lay is
 delightful we say thy lay doth cause our tools to burst
 forth swollen gorged throbbing and hot. Pause awhile while
 we our tools relieve and this ache to sooth" To which the
 nudama did on cushions lay and on their tools did play as
 bulbul sang their sweet songs and water bubbled through
 pewter channels like liquid silver. Jeweled emerald leaves
 fluttered in the scent fill air as up went a unison cry
 "AHHHH" as the nudama did spurt creamy white goo
 splattering plants like silver dew as from their pricks
 streamed hot liquid goo to be cooled as in the ponds it did
 drip. Satiated and calm "Ahh Ali al-Kus" they in unison
 did say "let us feast before the rest of thy lay". Gold
 bespeckled black haired kohl line black eyed Grecian
 slave girls skin like egg whites lips blood red bare breasted
 their nipples hard tipped grapes on a sea of carnelian
 bought in dishes in different colored porcelain bowls. Fillets
 of sheep cooked in saffron rice. Vine-leaves filled with rice
 seasoned with pepper and lemon. Roast birds and mutton.
 Sweet cheeses apples stuffed with cinnamon and sugar
 wrinkled figs and limes grapes citrons almonds and pears
 cakes with syrup and dates in rose-water. After feasting
 they did lay spraying the air with essences of rose ambergris
 and musk from silver bottled water sprays. "Ah Ali al-
 Kus" they all did say "continue thy licentious lay"

Ah my randy friends the gossip I will relay

The sixth slave girl did say her say

*Quoth she: My mistress Aini the most enthralling cunt
hath she*

*Her rose-like cunt vivid like vibrant sunstone
Tis a marvel none compare one alone
Bright like the sun on high
Enconced twixt thighs a sultana on her throne*

Leave off do not touch

Ali al-kus did say his say

*Oh nudama at these words my prick did weep sweet pre-
cum goo and to it I did flog and squeeze it too*

Keep thy hands away

*As sayeth the poet Kohl'in al-Deen
The tool doth drool when to passions fire it doth not cool
Take the turgid bar and of it flog
Till thy balls are drained and the drains are clogged*

The seventh slave girl did say her say

*Qouth she: My mistress Yasmin the most enticing cunt
hath she*

*Oh her rose-like cunt sard-like shines like the sun
A brilliant light to entice everyone
A gem bright to fulfill all desires
A velvet purse which done hath won*

Dont touch leave off

Ali al-Kus did say his say

*Oh nudama at these words the veins on my prick did pulse
and palipitate and my mouth salivate*

As sayeth the poet Kohl'in al-Deen

*Oh thy prick to the world brings joy
Grab it tight and don't be coy
Spurt thy goo to prodigious height
And wet juicy cunts it employ*

The eighth slave girl did say her say

Oh please no more of this

Qouth she: My mistress Warda the most sumptuous cunt
hath she

My mistress her rose-like cunt like a sunset glow
As brilliant as the spinels showy show
In all the world there is no greater display
When thou dost see it thou proclaims O#

I beg thee to leave off from mee

Ali al-Kus did say his say
Oh nudama at these words the goo did to my prick rush
and from its eye the goo did gush

As sayeth the poet Kohl'in al-Deen

Thy ball bag contineth the gooey seed
Come let the hot cunt it feed
Fill up the bottomless pit
Come pull thy prick with quick speed

The ninth slave girl did say her say

*Qouth she: My mistress Zuhur the most bequiling cunt
hath she*

Away thy hands do stay

*I compare her rose-like cunt to rubellite
Rich hues burning bright
Watered day and night
She doth piss topaz colored light*

*Ali al-Kus did say his say
Oh nudama at these words my prick did ...*

LEAVE OFF PUT DOWN MY ROBE
.... and to it I did flog and ...

**away away Shahriyar I do say let me
complete my lay put thy prick away till I have
said my say away away nay nay please
Shahriyar don't take me this way Oh thy
mouth is rough thy hands do hurt my flesh
NAY NAYYYYY NAYYYYYYYYY PLEASE....**

what

What is this

What

*Ali al-Kus has ceased his lay blank look he stares ahead
with nothing to say. The hookah bubbles here we sit
Ali-Al kus blank at midday.*

What

Why

Why doth he cease his say

*The trees ponds grass and shrubs begin to melt decay away
like some mirage the world as insubstantial as a phantasy*

What

Why

*What is happening the world ceases to be evaporating we
dissolve away*

*Ali al-Kus begin thy lay make us solid we do say bring the
world back with thy lat*

*Ahhh a quill pen pokes through the sky on the head of Ali
al-Kus it doth tap tap*

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