



VARIATIONS
ON
SONNETS
OF
SHAKESPEARE

By

C. DEAN

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FRONT COVER FROM MARY NEVILLE, LADY DACRE

preface

*Ah those sublime Chopin Variations on
Mozart's 'Don Giovanni': those ecstatic Brahms
Variations on Caprice no 24 of Paganini oh to
luxuriate in variations on an Ode on Melancholy
by Keats to quiver o'er variations on shellys
Ozymandios ah to palpitate to gush to flush to
spurt forth paroxysm of bliss on variations on
sennets by Shakespeare*

DEDICATION

*to the many begetters of these
variation on sonnets e.s, d. r,
d.c, j.r, s.o, c.o, s.g c.m, k.s, h.d, k.m
all pleasure and delight promised by
this horny poet the well wishing
voyeur in giving forth*

g h

10 *For shame deny that thou do 'st fuck so many*

Who for thy self art so unprovident.

Grant if thou wilt, thou art fucked of any,

But that thou none swallow'st is most evident:

For thou art not so refined and not so chaste,

That 'gainst thy cunt my prick I do to conspire,

Seeking that beauteous hole to ruinate

Which to repair should be thy chief desire:

O change thy mind, that I may ream thy behind,

Shall cock be harder lodged than gentle love?

Be as thy presence is gracious and kind,

Or to thy self at least kind-hearted prove,

Make thy cunt wet for love of me,

That cock still may live in thine or thee

18 *Shall I compare thy cunt to a summer's day?*

It art more warm and not more temperate:

Rough lips do shake the darling lips I say,

And fucks pleasure hath all too short a date:

Sometime too hot the eye of cock shines,

And often is cocks pink complexion dimmed,

And every drip from cock sometime declines,

By chance, or fuckings changing course becomes dimmed:

But thy cunts glory shall not fade,

Never lose possession of that fair cunt thou ow'st,

And death shall not brag thou wand' rest in his shade,

When with wrinkled lines to time thou grow'st,

So long as men can breathe and cocks can heave,

Long lives thy cunt, and that gives life to me.

20 *A woman's hole with nature's own hand painted,
Maketh thou the master mistress of my passion,
A woman's soft arse but not tainted
With sagging change as 'ists a women's fashion,
A hole more tight than theirs, less wide in fucking:
Clutching the cock where upon it gripeth
A hole in hue all hues in thou controlling,
Which steals men's eyes and women's souls amazeth.
And for a man wert thou first created,
Till nature as she en-pricked thee fell a-doting,
And by pricking me of thee defeated,
By adding one thing to my purpose nothing.
But since she pricked thee for man's pleasure,
Mine be thy love and thy holes use their treasure.*

30 When to the sessions of sweet silent thought,

I summon up remembrance of things past,

I sigh the loss of so many fucks I sought,

And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste:

But then the cocks eye precum comes (unused to flow)

For lovely cunts hid in death's dateless night,

And oozes afresh o'er lust's long since cancelled woe,

And throbs tumescent at many a cunts vanished sight.

Then can I pull at cunts long gone,

And move from woe to happiness to tell o'er

The gay account of girls-bemcaned moan,

Which I now say as if not sayed before.

But if the while I think on thee (OLD friend)

All losses are returned, and sorrows have no end.

*40 Take all my fucks, my love, yea take them all,
What hast thou then more than thou hadst before?
No fuck, my love, that thou mayst true love call,
All mine was thine, before thou hadst this more:
Then if for my fuck, thou my fuck receivest,
I cannot blame thee, for my fuck thou usest,
But yet be blamed, if thou thy self deceivest
By wilful haste of my fuck refusest.
I do forgive thy fuckery gentle thief
Although thou fuck me into poverty:
And yet my fuck knows it is a greater grief
To have a dead fuck, than to bear the fuckless injury.
Lascivious fuck, in whom all pleasures well shows,
Fuck me with zest for we must not be foes*

42 *That thou fucked her it is not all my grief,
And yet it may be said I fucked her dearly,
That she sucketh thee is of my wailing chief,
A loss in lust that touches me more nearly.
Fucking her thus I will excuse ye,
Thou dost fucketh her, because thou know'st I fucketh her,
And for my sake even so doth she abuse me,
Sucking my friend for my sake to disapprove her.
If I lose thee, my loss is my love's gain,
And losing her, my friend hath found that loss,
Both fuck each other, and I lose both twain,
And both for my sake lay on me this cross,
But here's the joy, my friend and I fuck each other
Sweet flattery, then she loves but me for my friend and me are
but one another*

54 *O how much more doth beauteous cunt beauteous seem,*

By that sweet cockle which truth doth give!

The cunt looks pink, but pinker we it deem

For that sweet juice, which doth in it live:

The canker blooms have full as deep a dye,

As the perfumed tincture of the cunts

Drips neath alabaster thighs, and play us wantonly,

When tongues tip their clasped lips discloses:

But for their virtue only is their show,

If live unkissed, and unfucked they doth fade,

Curled into themselves. Sweet cunts do not so,

In their sweet lips, are sweetest odors made:

And so of you, beauteous cunt lovely of youth,

When thou shall bloom, my verse distills thy truth

66 Tired with all these for restful death I cry,

As to behold a strumpet a lady born,

And cunny lightly trimmed in jollity,

And hottest lust unhappily forsworn,

And condom sheath shamefully misplaced,

And maidens hole not strumpeted,

And buggery wrongfully disgraced,

And maiden with vapors sway disabled

And sodomy outlawed by authority,

And shrew (witch-like) controuling skill,

And simple fucking miscalled simplicity,

And fucking girls called a base ill.

Tired with all these, from these would I be gone,

But NO I love to fuck, so churlish death leave me alone.

95 How sweet and lovely dost thou make the shame,

Which like a canker in the fragrant rose,

Doth spot the beauty on thy cunts budding mane!

O what sweets dost thy cunt enclose!

The tongue that laps cunt sips all thru thy horny days,

(Making lascivious slurps on thy sport)

Cannot dispraise, but only thy cunt praise,

Naming thy name, blesses an ill report.

O what passion hast thy cunt got,

Which for its pleasure thou not chose out me,

Thy cunts hair doth cover every spot,

And all things so wet, that eyes can see!

Take heed (dear heart) of this large privilage,

The wettest cunt not used doth lose her edge.

130 My mistress' cunt is nothing like the sun,

Coral is far more red, than her cunt lips red,

If snow be white, why then her tits are dun:

If hairs be wires, black wires grow round her cunnys bed

I have seen roses damasked, red and white,

But no such roses see I in her peach arse cheeks,

And in some perfumes is there more delight,

Than in the odor that from her cunt reeks.

I love to hear her moan, yet well I know,

That music hath a far more pleasing sound:

I grant I never saw a goddess go,

Yet her cunt when she walks swells large and round.

And yet by heaven I think her cunts as rare,

As any cunt belied with false compare.

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