



*Evil
Flowers*

Poems

By

C. Dean





EVIL FLOWERS

POEMS

By

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PREFACE

In this day and age a sense of poetry is lacking. The world is anathematised. The pleasure principle has dulled peoples souls. They don't feel, they are not moved by any aesthetic feeling . There is no passion. The one area of most peoples lives, sex, lacks intensity lacks fire in other words lacks poetry. Life is a mechanical routine of ritualised habits and endless going over of old patterns- no spark no intensity. These evil flowers are meant to evoke feeling. If the feeling is that of revulsion or that of elation, of abhorrence or that of glee then these evil flowers have achieved thier result they have made you alive feel in other words they have made you human again.



THE GARDEN

On mid morn day as I lay
neath a mossy tree within a forest deep
as butterflies and bees flurried away
I wondered whether I should up or stay
when sweet savoury scents on the wind did creep
upon my nostrils and lull me back to sleep.

The bright moon hung high and poured forth a silvery light
as I awoke and my feet alight.
Fragrant smells did upon the wind drift by
and lure me from where I did lie.

Round gnarled roots and ancient trees
my path wound driven by the perfumed breeze.
In the cold pale light I spied neath the moon so bright
bejewelled walls alabaster white circling round and to a prodigious hight
from whence the odours wafted into the starry night.

Driven on by the perfumed scents
Fuzzy bees and multi coloured insects and I made the walls assent.
I gazed down into a garden with wild attitude
beneath my eyes lay strange solitude
strange plants basked in the white moonlight
from which yellow vapours entombed a magical sight.

Shrubs, trees dressed in vivid blooms
the moons rays gilded the dewdrops upon lustrous leaves within the gleaming
gloom.
Sweet vapours overhang a beauteous world
beneath flashing stars and descending moon.

Bright flowers flashed with lurid hue
yellows, reds, blues shimmered with pearly dew
with light and colour the flowers shed brilliance to my purview
as the gems the flying swarms were driven too
but among no flower did a stamen I view.

Wide gaping chasms with soft throbbing buds
oozed sweat nectar to the scurrying hordes
as they did glide and dance

round blossoming tress and bowers in the gardens soft radiance
Pink throated trumpets gaped in the cold light
black bearded mouths the insects fell upon with passionate delight
flower-odours drifted to the sky
to purple shrubs the swarms did fly.
Having sucked deep yellow bees did creep
from hairy yearning mouths glutted and half asleep.

But midst the lustrous sight among the flowers bright
mingled with odorous scents spread the heavy breath of death.
Neath yawning mouths in the saphire light
insects lay crumpled from the flowers noxious breaths
the sighs caught the wind with mournful tone
as on the scented breeze they gave up their groan.

Bees butterflies fell in heap upon heap
tears welled to my eyes as I began to weep.
The garden so fair but so cold and foul
heavenly beauty in hells deep bowel
oppressive and dank
the perfume so sweat and so rank.

I clambered down to see what could be found
in this heavenly cleft so foul and so fair.
Amongst the flowers sweet lips and ever growing mounds
the pollen and dew bespeckled my hair
as I wondered around this deadly lair.

NIGHT FLOWER

Oh dark beauty of the starless night,
Who's steel grey eyes flash with light,
Bend o'er me thy heaving chest
That I may suck from it's copper-tipped fruit
The henbane that is sweet milk to my breast.
Let it's poisons burn up my pulsing veins;
Such that my flesh doth crawl with pain.

Oh! dark flower of the starless night,
Night bloom who's kiss is a venomous bite,
Bend o'er me they panting chest
That I may hear it's dead heart beat,

It's icy rhythms do my body heat,
As quivers surg from head to feet.

Oh! dark lady of the starless night,
Dark bloom fragent to my sight,
Bend o'er me thy passionless breast
That I - Intangled in thy baneful black hair-
May breeth in it's sweet noxious air.

Ah! dark flower of the starless night,
Alluring black orchid with a musk-scented light,
Place o'er me thy voracious, black-bearded mouth,
Thy sweet dripping, pheromone-scented fount,
Enclose me in thy bloated blood red lips,
Crush me in thy libidinous embrace.
Oh! dark flower of the starless night,
Dissolve my soul in thy noxious musk,
Suck out my essence with all thy might,
Leave me an emptied, pallid lifeless husk
Oh! give me such bliss, oh such delight,
Oh! dark flower of the starless night.

YASMIN

Your mouth is as red as the buds of a vine.
Your arms are as fine as it's tendrils that Climb.
And the joyful bloom of your tremulous limbs,
Are like a mass of blossoms blowing in the wind.

Like luscious ivy, falls your succulent hair, Covering your face and hiding your eyes.
Toppling down, curling around it leaves sweat scent on the air.
A wild vine creeping over thy breasts soft sighs.

Entwine me in those arms so tight,
My neck, my arms, my thighs my pretty sprite.
Caress me with thy leaf-like hand,
With thy shoot-like fingers send me mad.
As a serpent doth clutch at it's helpless prey,
In thy tendril like arms devour me I pray.

Oh! my sweet-scented flower, crush me in thy bud-like breasts,
Suck from thy nectar dripping mouths my languishing breaths.
Oh! my sweet-scented vine while thou doth entwine
Let the fragrant thick floral juice from thy flower-like pores,
Wash over me and of my flesh absorbs.

TWIN SISTERS

Oh my two beauties,
Red, full and wet!
Twin sets of turgid lips,
Which do I love best.
Twin sisters beyond compare,
One midst a pale face white and fair,
The other nestled in luxuriant Raven-black hair.
How I long to kiss, lick, bite and stare,
Breath in your perfumed breathes,
Fondle and caress.
Oh my two beauties,
Bright, ripe and succulent,
Lush orchids that complement,
How I love your perfidities.

FRAGRANT FLOWER

Oh! Those pouting lips,
That honey running fount,
Bend o'er me thy perfumed hips
That I may suck from that scented mouth
That sweet nectar that is wine to my lips.
Black bearded beast, fragrant flower of the

night

sight,

but

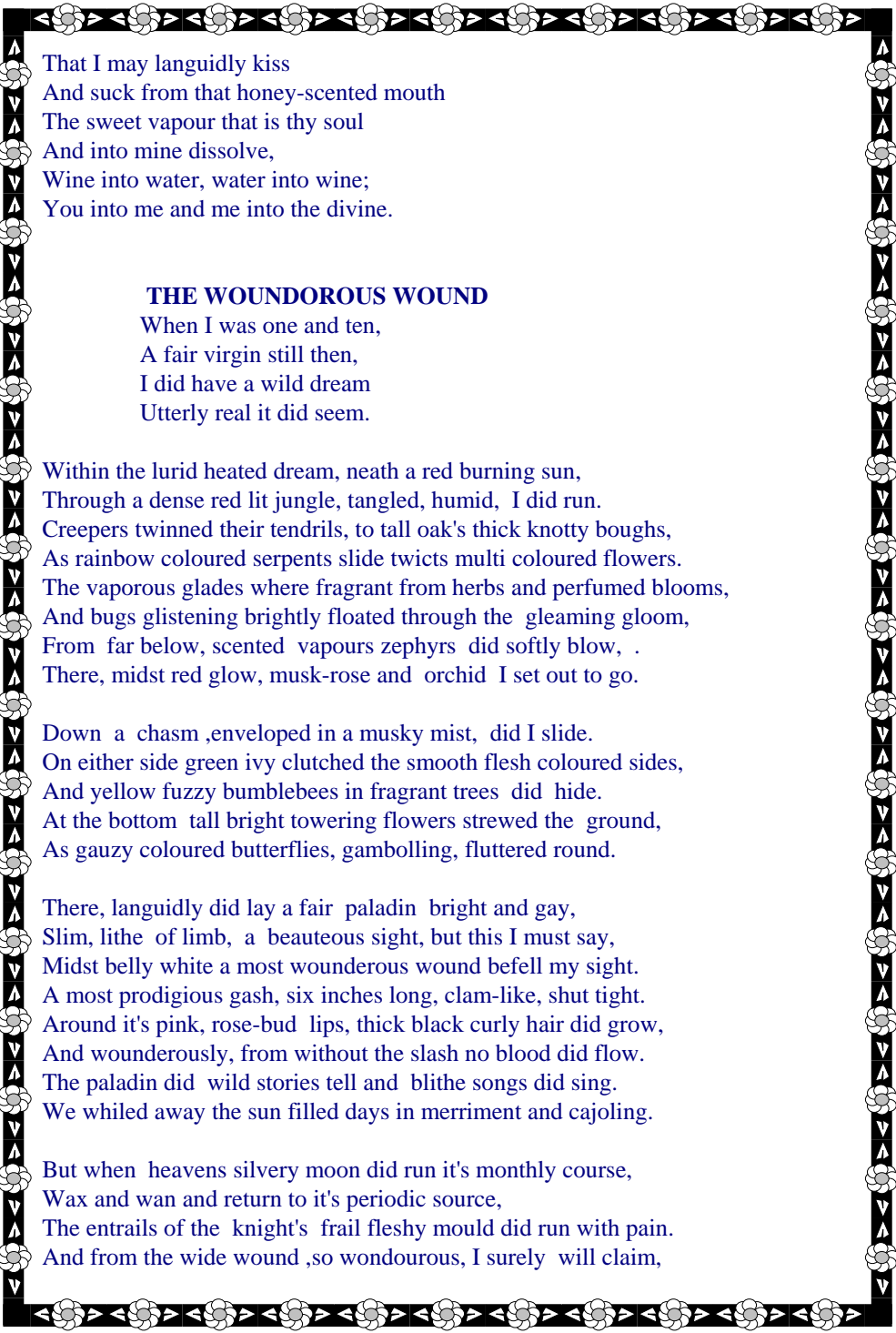
Spread well those turgid petals to my

Entwine me in those musky tendrils tight,

That I may cat-like lap that soft hooded bud.

THE KISS

Kiss me now this very hour
Do give me that rose-budded flower
glistening from dabbing in the lukewarm blood of men.
Oh give me such bliss.
Give me those red pouting lips,



That I may languidly kiss
And suck from that honey-scented mouth
The sweet vapour that is thy soul
And into mine dissolve,
Wine into water, water into wine;
You into me and me into the divine.

THE WOUNDOROUS WOUND

When I was one and ten,
A fair virgin still then,
I did have a wild dream
Utterly real it did seem.

Within the lurid heated dream, neath a red burning sun,
Through a dense red lit jungle, tangled, humid, I did run.
Creepers twinned their tendrils, to tall oak's thick knotty boughs,
As rainbow coloured serpents slide twicts multi coloured flowers.
The vaporous glades where fragrant from herbs and perfumed blooms,
And bugs glistening brightly floated through the gleaming gloom,
From far below, scented vapours zephyrs did softly blow, .
There, midst red glow, musk-rose and orchid I set out to go.

Down a chasm ,enveloped in a musky mist, did I slide.
On either side green ivy clutched the smooth flesh coloured sides,
And yellow fuzzy bumblebees in fragrant trees did hide.
At the bottom tall bright towering flowers strewed the ground,
As gauzy coloured butterflies, gambolling, fluttered round.

There, languidly did lay a fair paladin bright and gay,
Slim, lithe of limb, a beauteous sight, but this I must say,
Midst belly white a most wondrous wound befell my sight.
A most prodigious gash, six inches long, clam-like, shut tight.
Around it's pink, rose-bud lips, thick black curly hair did grow,
And wondrously, from without the slash no blood did flow.
The paladin did wild stories tell and blithe songs did sing.
We whiled away the sun filled days in merriment and cajoling.

But when heavens silvery moon did run it's monthly course,
Wax and wan and return to it's periodic source,
The entrails of the knight's frail fleshy mould did run with pain.
And from the wide wound ,so wondrous, I surely will claim,

The blood did freely flow, rank, vile and fetid to the nose
Staining lips like the perfumed petals of a black-red rose.

The piteous knight, fish-belly white, lay languid with soft moan
"Release me from this recurring blight" the pallid knight did groan,
"Day by day the whole nights long, for one perpetual week
Within my bowels fish-hooks do bite and the wound dost slowly weep"

I awoke with a fright
At the wounds ghastly sight.
My head a red heat,
And my heart did beat.
Out of bed I crawled.
My mother I called.
Then, what caught my sight,
midst the sheets so white,
Two red pearls so bright.

ENNUI

Oh my doe eyed sprite, light of my life
Come and I will sing thee a song of love this night;
Hearts soft echo to lull thou pounding heart
Ah! how I long to bite thy blood red lips
Hold tight and scourge thou rounded hips,
With slithering tongue lacerate thy red tipped breasts.
Clutch on thy mouth my mouth and glut my soul with thy bloody breaths.

Oh baneful flower, thou noxious weed
Heed my song, thy tears feed my need,
Thy pain- pleasures refrain- raphsonic hymn to a poets game
Stir passions, evaporates boredom's bane.
Cry on thy cry enchant thou eyes
As in my hand thy tears fall
Sweet rainbowed hued revivify my soul
As rain revives the parched marigold.

THE LEACH

OR

Femme Fatal

Lasclivous blood bloated red slug,
Soft slimy - like a foul smelling bug

Glistening bright in oozy black sludge.

Slither in my curly hair,
Latch onto my vulva fair
Midst honey dew and perfumed air.

Slip tween twin pouting lips,
Beneath that quivering tip,
O'er their mouth, thou slimy mouth do slip.

Send rippling through that wide chasm,
Rapturous wild pulsing spasms
Beyond the ken of men to fathom.

Clutch thy teeth on that pinky meat,
Slow languid lick, suck long and deep,
Absorb my noxious nectars scented heat.

Inflamed in voracious appetite
On my sappy sweet fannies sight.
What pleasures. Oh what delight!

Let my fluids honeyed-poisons through thee fly,
In searing pain retch out thy doleful cry.
May thou wither, putrefy, drop off and die.

**THE SNAG
OR HOMME FATAL**

Call me to thy musky dell,
Thy sweet faced femme fatal.
Intise me with thy smile,
Entrance me with thy guile.

At thy feet lay fawning sheep,
Adorning thy perfumed bower,



Withered flowers in a heap,
Play things for an idle hour.

I will sing, dance, do thy whim,
Strut, crawl, prance, or spin
For one look, for one glance,
Bleating " Oh! thou doth entrance.

But when sunbeams dance beneath the sun,
Caressing flowers to a golden fire,
Then I shall have my gleeful fun
Playing upon my blood-blooded lyre.

With red veined cock in hand
I will stretch thy blood gorged lips,
Rend thee with deep passions mad
Astride thy pulsating hips.

Beneath the suns blood red glow,
While we frantically fuck my dear-
One quivering sweaty pair-
Like tangled vines in the scented air,
I will pleasantly make my dear,
Midst muffled moans and soft sighs-
As thy sap rises, fluids drip, and
Heart doth thud-
Captive of thou soft pink throbbing
Bud.

Midst sweet pleasures sweet after
Glow,
While lolling languid in my lap,
When quivers are one ecstatic flow,
Ripperling wildly from below,
Then with pleasure I shall go.

Pleasure, pain, where is the fun?
Giving both and shunning none?
More pleasure had in the later one,
Than pleasures had twice heaven and sun.

Fare thee well my femme fatal
Ensnared in a randy hell,
Captive like thy bleating sheep,
Oh! Joy! Oh Joy what fun to tell.

BEAUTY

I love: a pale beauty languid and forlorn;
Red pouting lips, a rose midst snow freshly born;
An ashen white beauty- set with limpid black pools;
Darkly shining fiery, lurid jet pearls;
A pallid pale beauty framed in luxuriant black hair;
And tendrils falling wildly with frangipanni on the air.

PERTURBATIONS OF AN ANCHORITE

One look! thy fairy face divine
Is seared upon my mind.
A furtive look, or random glance,
T'is enough to entrance.
One deadly look, philosophy dissolved,
Lost, with loss of resolve.
No past future present,
One's life an empty desert.

Give me thy eyes, twin shimmering stars, thy mouth, honey-scented lips, thy brow,
alabaster white.
Let me absorb thy sight.
Look at me! a beacon in the dark
Stirring soul and warming heart.
Look at me! thy eyes, mouth, brow
Stir passions that must not be.
Release me, from this pain! Oh look at me!

TO-----

the,
see.

I love all things, cos all things I see in
From the heavens above to the deep blue

thee.

Thou art a poems melody. Oh! how I love

TO-----

IN THE MORNING LIGHT WITH HER EYES SO BRIGHT

In the dewy morn
In the morning light
As the suuny rays kissed her dreams away,
Her eyes- they shone so bright,
Pure pools of gold, mirrowing her soul,
Shimmering in the morning light.

FROM-----

My love doth bloom,
Like a rose in june.
My love doth bloom ,
With deep passions hue.
My love doth bloom in the morning dew
A bright red rose drinking in the sight of

you.

STARY NIGHT

I stood beneath a stary night,
My soul did long to sore
Amomgst the stars that shone so bright,
For ever ever more.
Oh!- I sighed-
And how I cried
What can it be that sirs in me,
And makes my breast run free,
When moonbeams prance and fairies dance,
Beneath the sylvan tress.

LOVE

Dost thou Dear Lesbia, decline
My thighs thou thighs to rap beneath,
Sweet lips to clutch, soft breasts to touch,
Withhold from me thy perfumed breath?

Dost thou sweet Lesbia dispise

The dung-pits my arm-pits are?
Dose rancid smell love annul.
Cause passions to retreat pell mall?

Dear Lesbia, my fair beauty,
All pretty things in thee I see ,
From the moon-lit sky, far above,
To the depths of the deep blue sea.
Oh! Lesbia how I do love thee

Sweet Lesbia, oh caress my hair.
I love thee such that I don't care
Thy menses flows like a melted rose
and it's fetid smell doth sting my nose.

Oh Lesbia do come to me.
Lets entwine like vines to a tree,
One pair, me in you and you in me,
Oh Lesbia how I do love thee!

well,

PASSION

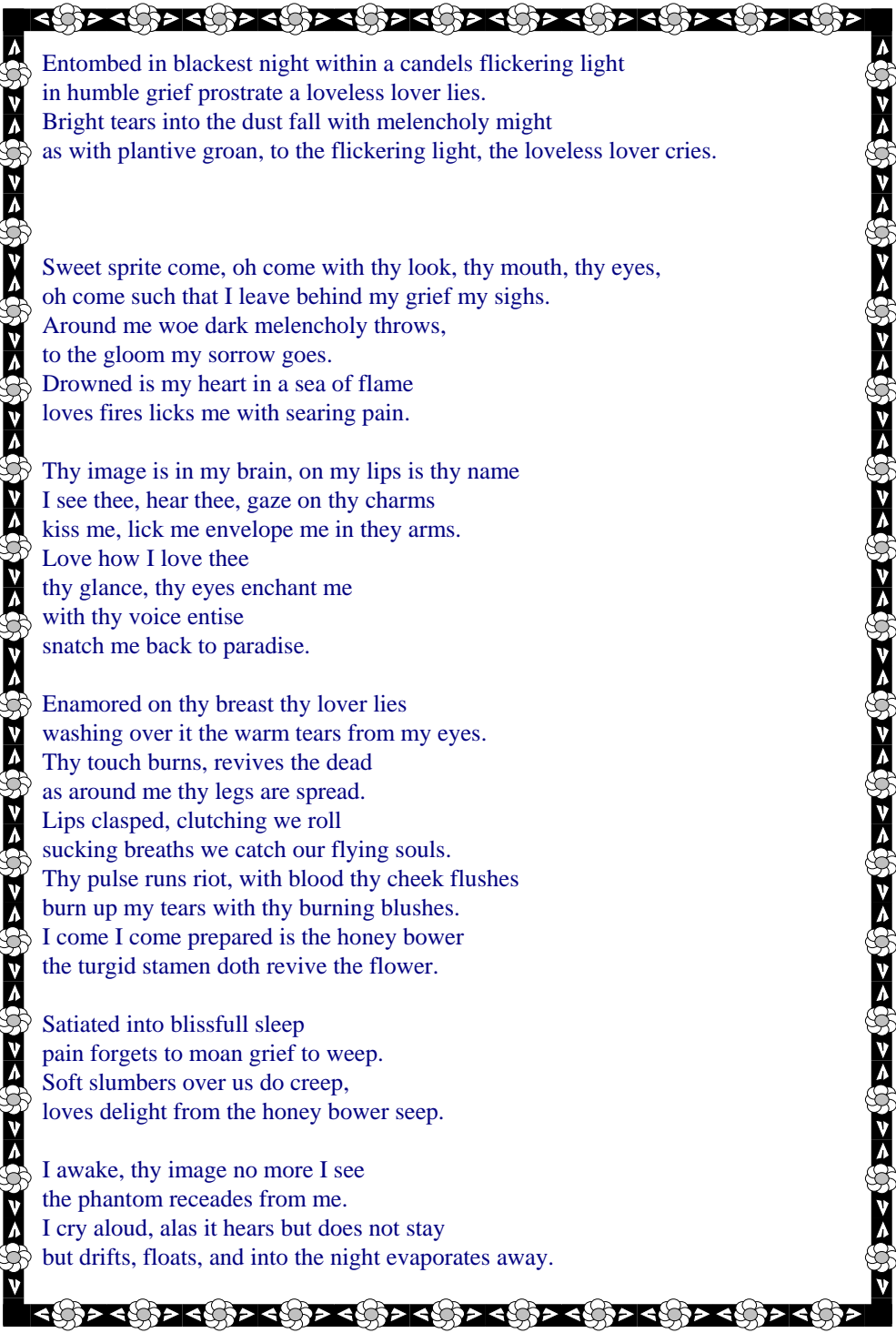
Beneath the moonbeams light
Lay lovers out of sight,
Emeshed, fondling in hidden climes.
Sap rises, juices flow.
Scented fluids drip like silver dew
In the fire-flies fairy glow.

PINEING

TO

Oh fare thee well
Oh fare thee well
Oh fare thee well my love.
Oh fare thee well I knew thee

I loved thee well my love.
I loved thee well so I'll tell,
With all my heart felt through,
That I did love but only you
With a deep passions hue.



Entombed in blackest night within a candels flickering light
in humble grief prostrate a loveless lover lies.
Bright tears into the dust fall with melencholy might
as with plantive groan, to the flickering light, the loveless lover cries.

Sweet sprite come, oh come with thy look, thy mouth, thy eyes,
oh come such that I leave behind my grief my sighs.
Around me woe dark melencholy throws,
to the gloom my sorrow goes.
Drowned is my heart in a sea of flame
loves fires licks me with searing pain.

Thy image is in my brain, on my lips is thy name
I see thee, hear thee, gaze on thy charms
kiss me, lick me envelope me in thy arms.
Love how I love thee
thy glance, thy eyes enchant me
with thy voice entise
snatch me back to paradise.

Enamored on thy breast thy lover lies
washing over it the warm tears from my eyes.
Thy touch burns, revives the dead
as around me thy legs are spread.
Lips clasped, clutching we roll
sucking breaths we catch our flying souls.
Thy pulse runs riot, with blood thy cheek flushes
burn up my tears with thy burning blushes.
I come I come prepared is the honey bower
the turgid stamen doth revive the flower.

Satiated into blissfull sleep
pain forgets to moan grief to weep.
Soft slumbers over us do creep,
loves delight from the honey bower seep.

I awake, thy image no more I see
the phantom receades from me.
I cry aloud, alas it hears but does not stay
but drifts, floats, and into the night evaporates away.

How quick such delight turns to blight
the suns golden light to darkest night.

Oh sprite remember me
the tears that fell and the pangs for thee.
The night is long to weep my woes
a life time long with no repose.
My tears do burn my cheeks
my sighs do parch my lips
my delight glides away, I awake to all my griefs.
The flame burns out the candles heart
unkind like thou, a tear drops in the dark.

MY GIRLFRIEND

I lay my head to rest
on my loves heaving breast
As loves delight oozed from her swollen cleft.
She languidly did sigh that she did love only I,
only I she cryed the most the best
no one before have I loved the more than thy.

Midst sweet blandishments and soft caress
my thoughts did fly with some duress
"Since thy cunt" I sighed "is well reamed it would seem
how oft hast thou declared thy love thy esteem?"

"How oft hast thou set out to hunt
some dolt with the sweat scent of thy panty drenching cunt?"

"How oft hast the cunt I fuck been gorged
by stiff-dick drunk, friend, or some dildo bored?"

"Hast the cunt I lick been filled with the oily sperm of half the town?"

"How oft hast the bed I share been soaked from the semen dripping down?"

"How oft hast thou upturned thy yearning cunt to the air?"

"Hast thou whinned like some dog- fucked bitch?"

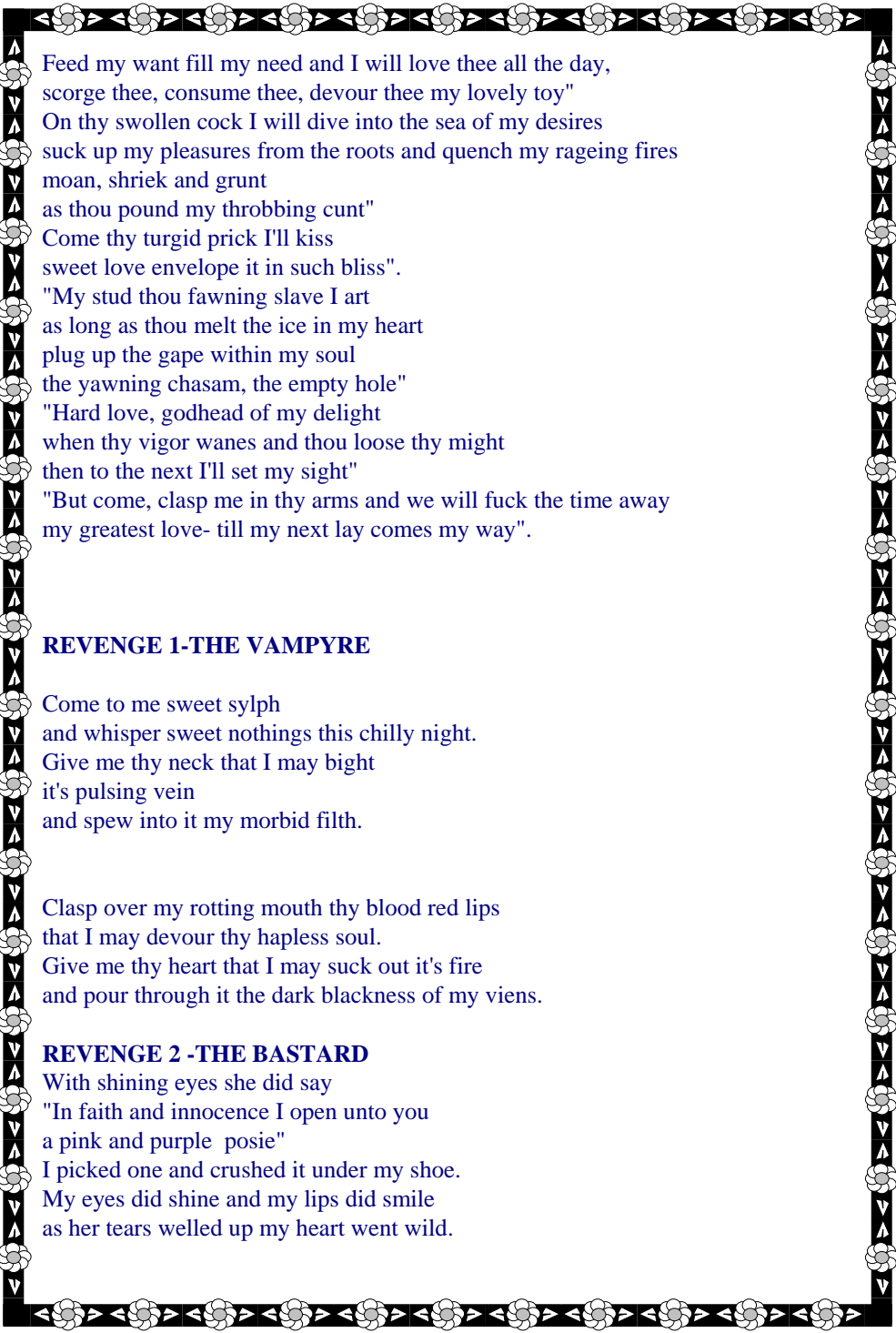
"How oft hast some arse busting cock thou arse did tear
till the gash between thy legs did cease to itch?"

"Whose dick hast kissed the mouth I kiss, the lips?"

"How oft has thou gaged on some semen spurting pricks
supped the frothy juice with lascivious licks?"

Lolling languidly my love did say.

"Oh my love Oh silly boy the hundreth love brings the greatest joy"



Feed my want fill my need and I will love thee all the day,
scorge thee, consume thee, devour thee my lovely toy"
On thy swollen cock I will dive into the sea of my desires
suck up my pleasures from the roots and quench my raging fires
moan, shriek and grunt
as thou pound my throbbing cunt"
Come thy turgid prick I'll kiss
sweet love envelope it in such bliss".
"My stud thou fawning slave I art
as long as thou melt the ice in my heart
plug up the gape within my soul
the yawning chasam, the empty hole"
"Hard love, godhead of my delight
when thy vigor wanes and thou loose thy might
then to the next I'll set my sight"
"But come, clasp me in thy arms and we will fuck the time away
my greatest love- till my next lay comes my way".

REVENGE 1-THE VAMPYRE

Come to me sweet sylph
and whisper sweet nothings this chilly night.
Give me thy neck that I may bight
it's pulsing vein
and spew into it my morbid filth.

Clasp over my rotting mouth thy blood red lips
that I may devour thy hapless soul.
Give me thy heart that I may suck out it's fire
and pour through it the dark blackness of my viens.

REVENGE 2 -THE BASTARD

With shining eyes she did say
"In faith and innocence I open unto you
a pink and purple posie"
I picked one and crushed it under my shoe.
My eyes did shine and my lips did smile
as her tears welled up my heart went wild.

HUNGER

Clutch me tight my cold eyed sprite,
Squeeze tight my neck with those thighs so white
Crush against me thy soft cleft
That I may deeply drink the divinity
Of thy luscious wet soggy pussy.
Let it's holy-oil drip upon my pouting lips
And wash my scorching flesh in it's sweetness.
Oh light of my life
I only love but thee
Deeper than the sea
Thy love is sweeter than the sting from the bee.

USERS

Spread well those downy thighs
That thy loves juice may flow with thy sighs.
Open well loves perfumed fount,
That I with my sweet syringe may sip,
The loves juices that from it drip,
And in my veins Gods holy water place.

Spread well those hairy thighs
That loves juice may gush with thy sighs.
Open well is loves perfumed fount-
The track mark twict my pink pouting mount-
That I with your turgid sweet syringe may slip,
And every drop that doth from it drip,
In my open vein Gods holy oil place.

Oh! that rush of peace as to my vein my beloved flows,
Soaking up into itself, my self doth go.
Absorbed in thou the spirit dies, dissolved in thy stinging ecstasy -
That quivering stillness neither time nor eternity.
A blissful death descends as self fades away and space and time doth end.
I art thou thou art I, deaths euphoric blend.

YIN

OR THE ELIXER OF IMMOTILITY

Spread wide thy great divide
That my tongue may slither through thy female fount of yin,
And lap assiduously the elixer within.
Spread wide thy great divide,
That from thy puffy pink lips loves necter doth drip
Beaneath thy parted thighs into my cup's wine filled lip.

The grape-juice doth burble and froth,
Silvery bubbles glissen and gleam
Pop and tumble and through the glassy cup beam
As musky yin drips in the magic broth.

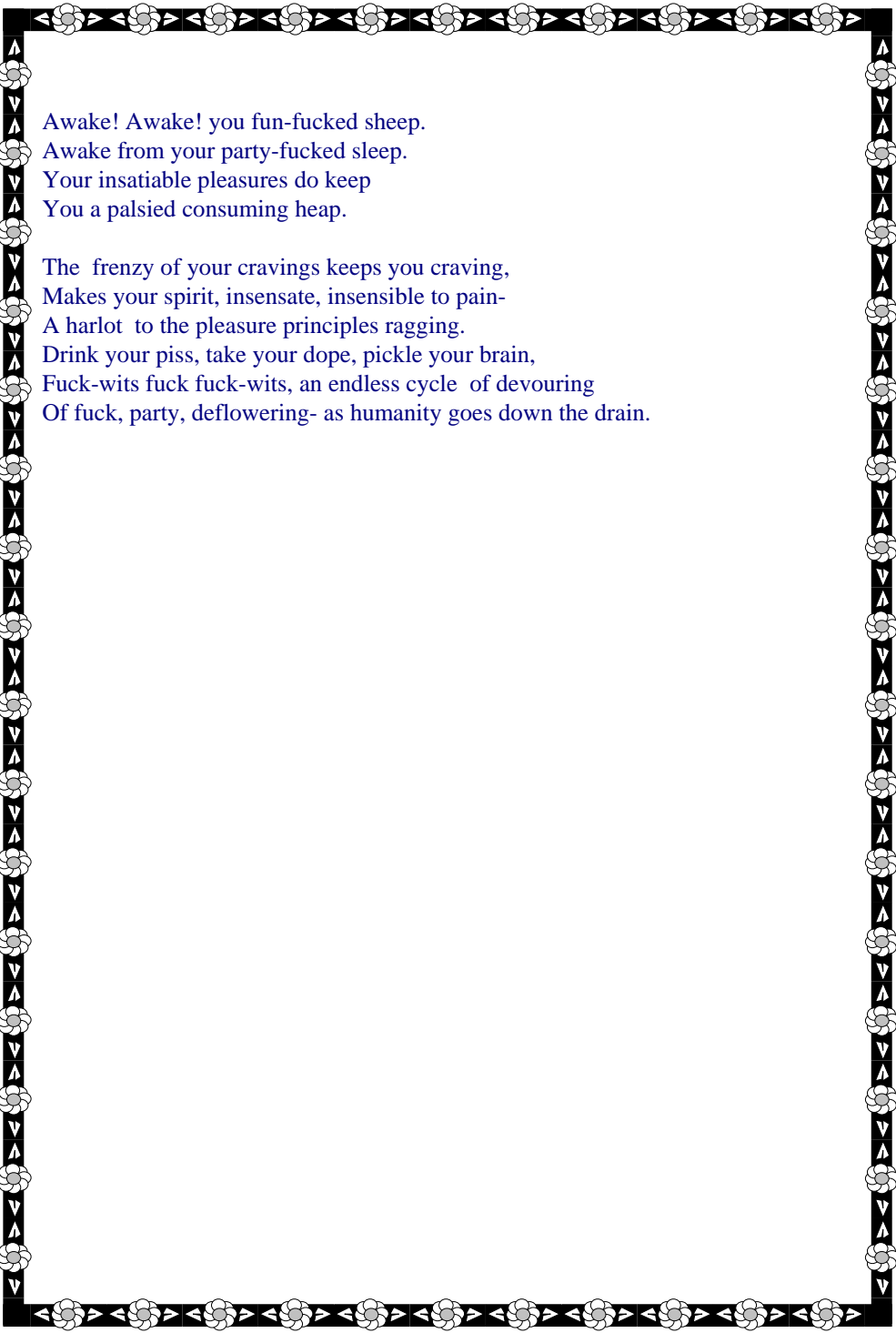
Through quivering lips I suck yin's potion,
Enchanting my veins into sublime emotion
My seething brain into dizzy rotation,
Oh! the ecstatic intoxication
As yins alchemy: remolds; transmutes; magically
Distributes divine bliss and immortality;
Catapultes into eternity.
Ah! the sweet tast of perpituity

YOU

Ablaze, afire with unquenchable desire,
Passions storm doth rage as up goes the wire
Imprisoning the swarm in it's passions fire;
As pleasures do their own sufferings inspire.

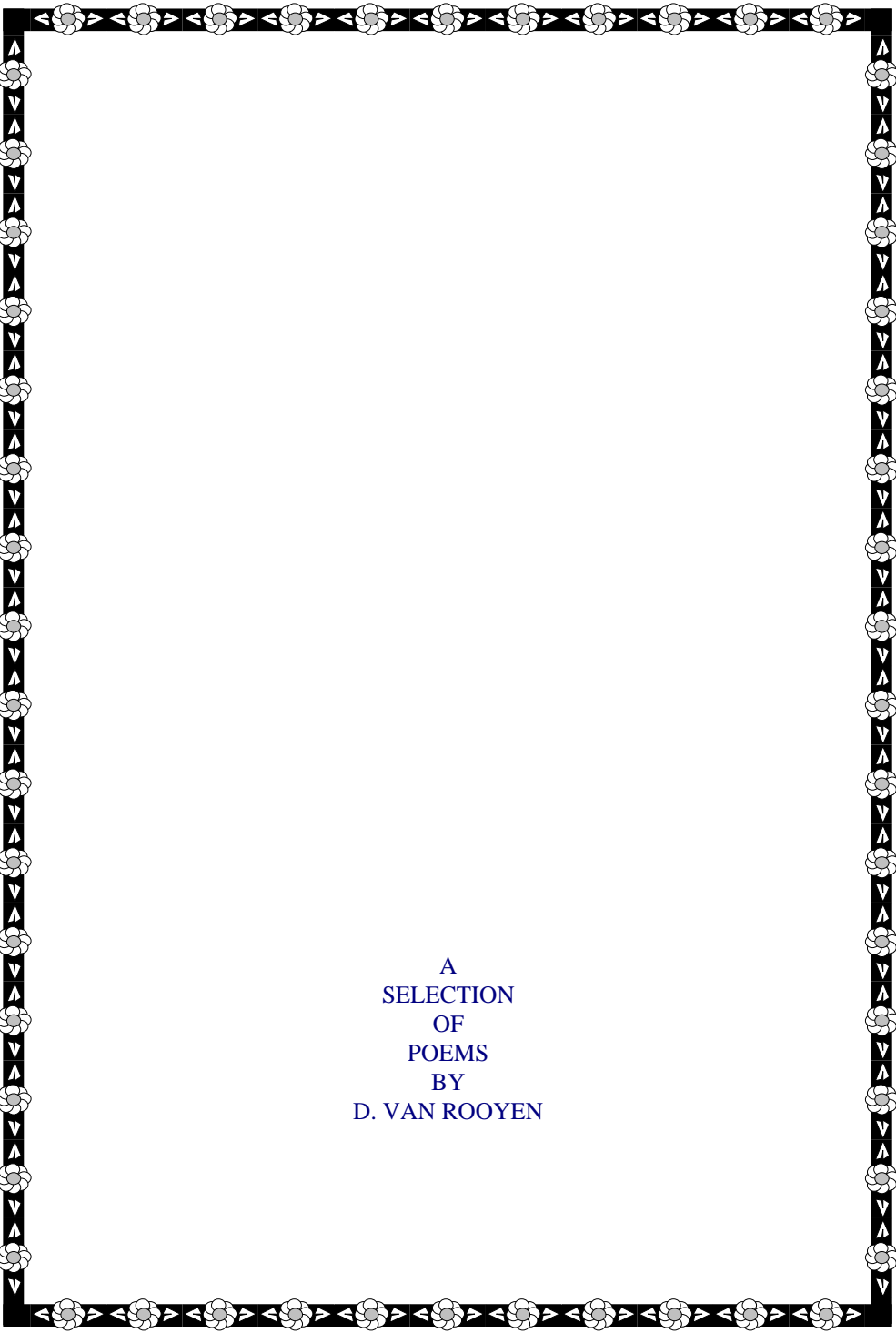
Awake! Awake! you fun-fucked sheep.
Awake from your party-fucked sleep.
Your insatiable pleasures do keep
You a palsied consuming heap.

The unfulfilled emptiness of your appetites
Makes you more hungry for ever varied delights.
Keeps you a prisoner, a pawn in society tight.
Stops you from thinking, from seeing society's blight.
As you consume so is consumed your human rights.



Awake! Awake! you fun-fucked sheep.
Awake from your party-fucked sleep.
Your insatiable pleasures do keep
You a palsied consuming heap.

The frenzy of your cravings keeps you craving,
Makes your spirit, insensate, insensible to pain-
A harlot to the pleasure principles ragging.
Drink your piss, take your dope, pickle your brain,
Fuck-wits fuck fuck-wits, an endless cycle of devouring
Of fuck, party, deflowering- as humanity goes down the drain.



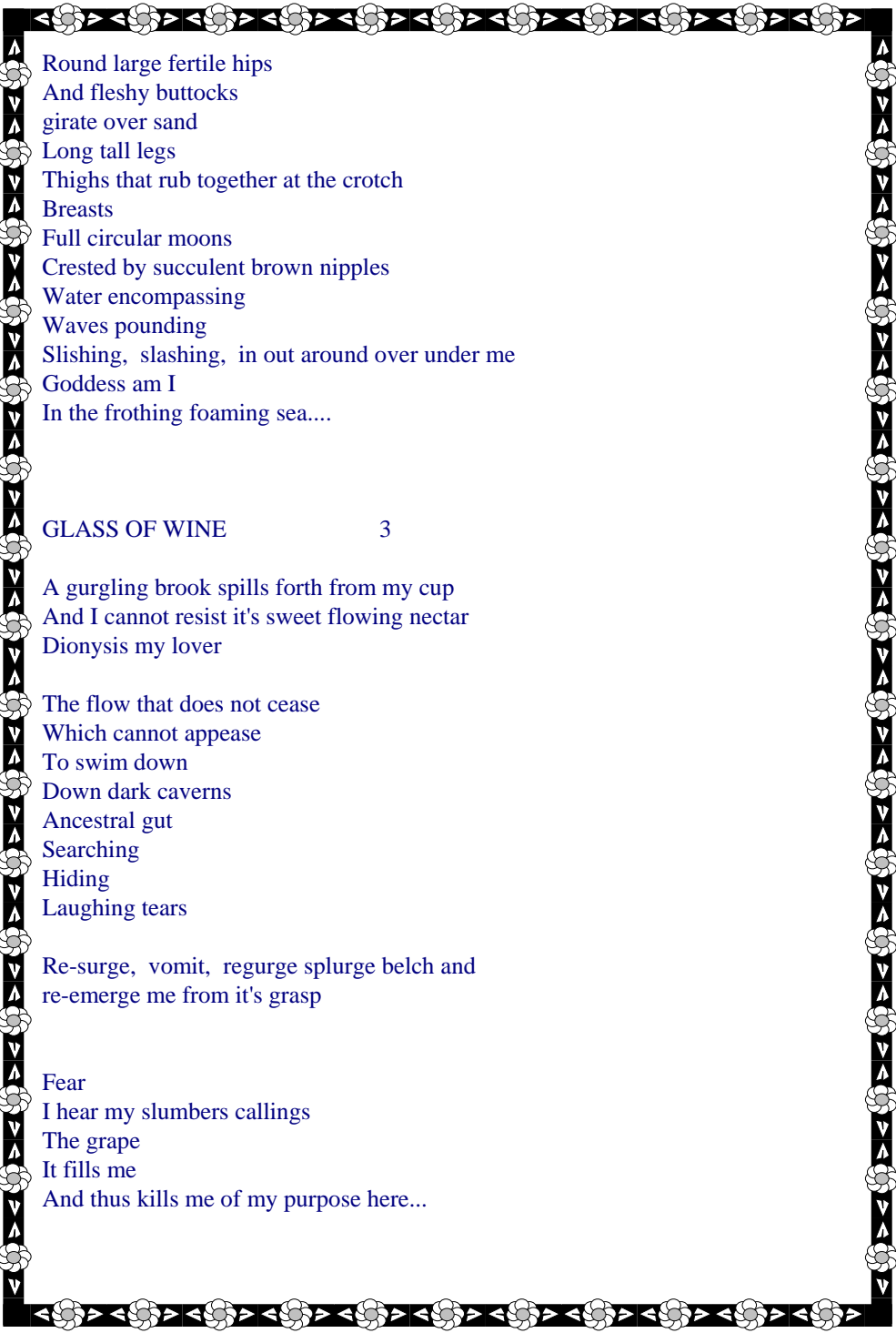
A SELECTION
OF
POEMS
BY
D. VAN ROOYEN

THE BASTARD 1
BY D. VAN ROOYEN

Oh how it tortured me
My love for you
It sickened, violated and poisoned through
For years I clung to it
A taunting mirage
Drying me up burnt and hard
It gave me not
The pleasure of love's juices
But made my femininity
All but useless
A woman was I not
But a vile licentious thing
With claws and a deadly sting
My amour was spuashed, crushed, dead
With not a drop of interest was it fed
Of me you could have ravished, tasted
and had
Released am I from your poison
You fucking cad.....

ON THE BEACH 2

Young lithe lean bodies chirping and swaying
And luscious, luscivious volumptuous me
A thousand stretched lines of rivers on my velvet jelly belly
Rolly polly belly baby



Round large fertile hips
And fleshy buttocks
girate over sand
Long tall legs
Thighs that rub together at the crotch
Breasts
Full circular moons
Crested by succulent brown nipples
Water encompassing
Waves pounding
Slushing, slashing, in out around over under me
Goddess am I
In the frothing foaming sea....

GLASS OF WINE

3

A gurgling brook spills forth from my cup
And I cannot resist it's sweet flowing nectar
Dionysis my lover

The flow that does not cease
Which cannot appease
To swim down
Down dark caverns
Ancestral gut
Searching
Hiding
Laughing tears

Re-surge, vomit, regurge splurge belch and
re-emerge me from it's grasp

Fear
I hear my slumbers callings
The grape
It fills me
And thus kills me of my purpose here...

THE CENSUS

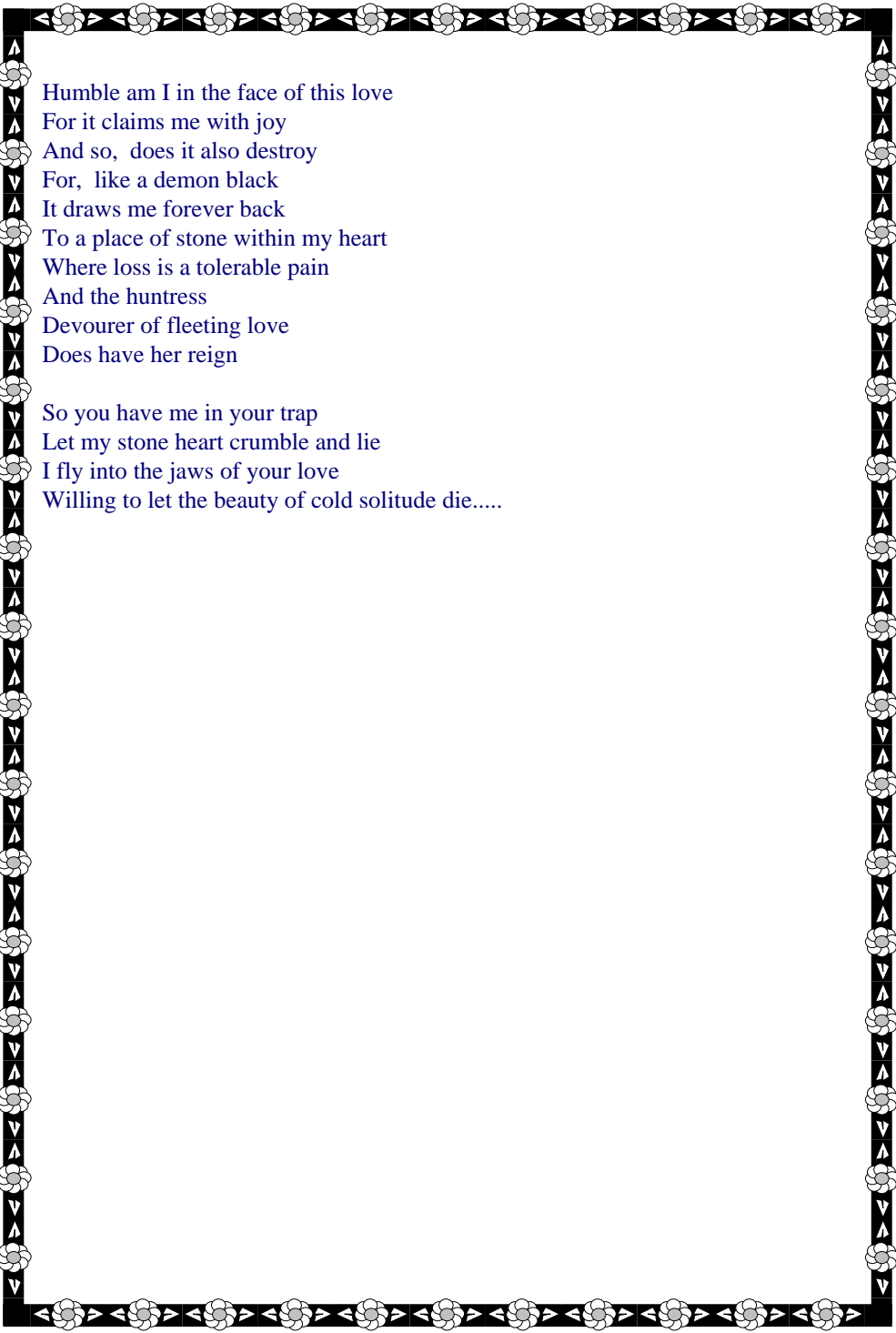
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Fat census lady comes around
Fat pregnant lady growls
I like my anomnity, fuck off
We'll send you a letter, demands that you cough
Send the fucking letter, go ahead, it matters little to me
I said
I'm sick of the government stuffing me round
Where I go
What I eat
What money do I earn
Do I fart
Do I piss
Am I viable to burn
Do my kids have their jabs in the arm
Have they been to the dentist
Are they dumb?
Do I go to the opera, the pub, the museum,
have I eaten at Macca's
Phew can't you see them
Government workers all shining and clean
Gleaming their fingers on their computers all sheened
Looking me up and looking me down
Yes she farts and pisses but does she frown
We'll bring her in for a investigative study
Interrogation, physical, psychological bloody
We'll take her kids and send them away
to the government school for kids led astray
by anarchistic parents unable to play the game of
life the government way.....

So

5

You have me
For now, ensnared
So totally enveloped, that rolling clouds across
a brooding black sky, once so calming and majestic
are now insipid compared to the all consuming love
that fills my soul
For you



Humble am I in the face of this love
For it claims me with joy
And so, does it also destroy
For, like a demon black
It draws me forever back
To a place of stone within my heart
Where loss is a tolerable pain
And the huntress
Devourer of fleeting love
Does have her reign

So you have me in your trap
Let my stone heart crumble and lie
I fly into the jaws of your love
Willing to let the beauty of cold solitude die.....

