





# POI SONOUS FLOWERS

POEMS BY C DEAN

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#### **PREFACE**

These poems these poisonous flowers speak of the unsaid the unsayable all those thoughts ideas and repression's of the tight arse anal retentive politically correct middle class bourgeoisie. These poisonous flowers proclaim the instinctive, neurotic, dreamlike and impulsive in other words the ecstatic forces which lurk in the repressed psyche. By using language in a poetic and melliferous manner and assaulting the reader with the obscene, the shocking, the unexpected, and unimaginable the reader is jolted into simultaneous juxtaposition of loathing and pleasure. This emotional ambivalence and coresponding cognitive dissonance, or in other words mental stress or angst is meant to break up the bourgeoisie conventional sets of classification and categories and thus unsettle the utility, sobriety and normality of their everyday lives. If these poisonous flowers shock and delight, exhilarate and disturb. If the categories of ones every day life fall apart and the boundaries of ones life are expanded then the odours of these poisonous flowers have done their work.



#### FLUER DU MAL

I have the memories of a lurid dream where I do long to dwell

Floating through my mind and I will tell

It was but a nightmare pure reflections of hell.

Satan sat beside me stirring lust within me

Takes a women's shape voluptuously

And leads me on with constancy

Panting, gasping to a realm of desires and despondency.

Dazzled by a moon's lurid light

My gaze fell upon a sight enticing my desire and delight

Within a forest entangled vast and dark

Globes of light speckled bright, dew drops glittering, sparkling throughout a moonlit night

The moonbeams light with a silvery splash freckled tall trees knotty bark

Sparkled on leaves shimmering on a background of sombre green

And descended down into the forest with a glimmering sheen

Within the moon lit darkness of the forest's undergrowth

Lost in the shadows of curious trees

A women's form was touched by the fingers of graceful leaves

A luscious flower growing midst life's luxuriance

Lush bloom hidden in the gloom twict flowery exuberance

The moon's silvery rays rained down upon her head

Streamed in glints around, and through her black tresses spread

Shimmered on her face, like snow, like a liquid metals glow

And vanished into sparks in coal-black eyes which, open wide, at me did leer

Red orchids from amongst the boughs hung down in the tepid perfumed bower

Mingled with her hair and sent sweet scent throughout her lair.

Pollen floated in the air, speckled her hair beneath the blossoms' golden shower

Her heavy locks, dark as night, coiled down

Over her shoulders and round her breasts fair dome the raven-black fleeces did foam.

Vast tendrils fragrant with frankincense languid with desire and indolence

Through a mesh of scattered hair her eyes did steal

Her eyelids slightly drooped and fluttered down

From between her lashes glittering sidelong glances flashed like the gleam of cold steal.

Her red rosy lips where curved in a smile that did not feel.

A smile that charmed with mild duress within the lips there lurked no tenderness.

Like as a dazed day-fly to the candles flame wings

My soul was drawn to the sirens enchantings.

Through out the air round her cascading hair

And moist black-curly cleft so fair

Bees and butterflies fluttered in the humid air.

From her huge tumescent teats, red turgid spikes, nectar dripped

From which the insects did hover around and greedily sip

Within her pouting lips the bees slipped

Drunk up loves-juice which from the cleft did drip.

Satiated and half asleep the moon washed bugs flurried around

Silver flashes in the gleaming gloom groaning and falling to the flowery ground.

Within the bowers midst

From the heated earth rose a warm green mist.

Butterflies and bees littered the ground all round.

Acrid smells of death and decay

Of wilting insects dying in the silvern speckled gloom

Floated by and ascended to the moon.

Their buzzing moan and mournful groan, mellifluous songs to the sirens ecstatic swoon,.

Hovered around the only sound midst narcissi, violet and the bright roses bloom.

Oh deadly sprite I long for your sight

Rescue me from this waking sleep that thou might

To a bees fuzzy form transform this human shape

That I may be thy lover and round thee hover

Kissing thy red full lips I long to be my fate

Emehed within thy hair for one etrnal hour

Loving thee in thy ethereal bower

Oh deadly sprite from this wakefull hell

To the land of blissful dreams send me with thy enchanting spell.



**HYMN** 

Oh! mushroom headed God,

Oh blue veined stem thou mighty Godhead

At thy feet I prostrate and for thee weep

Worship, kow tow and of thee entreat

Rescue me from my horny plight

By thy tumescent throbbing sight

My lips fold out, expand and pout

They long to clutch, furl round that bulbous headed spike

Caress, devour and of thee to me give life.

Sorrow fills my eyes without thy sight Oh mushroom headed sprite

The days are long and pained filled is the night

My heart longs for thee of thee I whish to see

My love for thee sets in my soul, my love, my divinity.

Grant me peace give me thy grace

Show to me thy blood gorged face

Come my beloved this very hour

And of me devour.

Oh lord my body wastes sleepless are my nights

Beloved when will thou come and rescue me of my plight

Oh lord I am thy slave without thee cowered and afraid

Fasten thy eye upon me lord and release me from my pain

Oh lord show me thy compassion, thy love, thy burning passion.

Come my darling my beloved thy coming fills my need

Come Oh lord without thee I feel no ease

Come Oh lord and save me I beg thee please.

Upon thy swelling stem My lord I offer myself as sacrifice

Again and again, once, twice, thrice.

Oh lord quench my fires burn up my desires

With one almighty burst squirt forth thy frothy seed

Oh lord of my anguish may my hymn please intercede.

#### MY BOYFRIEND

Up under dress my arse he pinched

One hand on tit the other caressed and softly clinched

"I love you!" he sighed

As he eased my gusset to one side

"I love you!" he sighed

As to the bed we did hurriedly glide

"I love you!" he sighed

As his jocks dropped by

And the condom upon his cock did slide.

"I love you!" you sigh I did cry

How oft hast thou sighed such words to some shrew

Hoping such dolt would then let you her screw

How oft hast thou fucked some bimbo with the cock I suck

Placed over some well spunked cunt the lips I do kiss.

Placed in my cunt the knob that has reamed the arse of some drunked slob

How oft has the cock I lick been smeared in the mensus of some randy chick

How oft hast thou shafted some local town bike

With "I love you!" muffling her orgasmic delight

When thou sigh "it is only I thou love" with such passions fire

Is it me or my cunts sweet lips thou dost really desire

Are my tits thy mothers to hang off or do thy belong to I

Are you cunt struck or do you really love I

Dost thou think me some fool to melt and to swoon

At such words with soft croon

Enough of the crap lets go and spurt thy sap

Keep thy shit to get the next lay sprawled in thy lap.



# BELLADONNA (FLOS INCANTARE)

On a hot summers day into a garden I did stray My spirits where high and my mood happy and gay Neath the trees languid sway was a garden so fair All around up and down where flowers everywhere And the flowers sent sweet scent on the air.

Wild-flowers, hyacinth, lilies so tall

Jasmines spread wide and rare blossoms covered all

Purples, whites, indigos and blue

spread across the lawn encompassing my view.

But what caught my eye and brought to my soul a soft sigh

Were roses whose leaves, like clotted blood, dangled in the breeze.

Then to my ear sweet sounds I did hear

Heavenly sounds which to my soul did bring bliss

In this garden in this wild beautiful wilderness

On the breath of the breeze mixed with the scent of the tress a ladies voice was sent

Then to my eyes I spied mongst a bed of narcissi and bright violet

A lady did lay
mongst the flowers so gay
her thighs well splayed
and her coal-black hair flowing down round her copper tipped fruit so fair

Neath her curly jet mound at the wide cleft I did stare the petals, flower-like did pout, quivering in the sweet musky air.

As her blood-red lips smiled with glee

Her hips did stir with wild commotion
her vine like arms beckoned with fiery emotion
and as her breasts did heave like the waves of the sea
her wide wild cold eyes snake-like stared at me.

Black pearls, enchanting me, in a milk-white face deathly and Oh! how heavenly.

Oh! Give me such bliss. Oh! Such delight I thought I heard my lady hiss Give me those lips and quench lusts burning fires with a sweet moist kiss. Consent to my lust and lap up love-juices with slow languid licks On my throbbing bud suck long and deep Poke my honeyed mouth and awake me from my torpid sleep. Loves-juices spread across my lips and down my throat did slip Loves honeyed potion set my mind into motion My heart did race the blood to my face As the lady stared and clutched with cold embrace. From the flowers mouths, so soft and delicate, on the air anguished cries did fly Tears came to my eyes with their sighs Which floated by, and over the earth did glide. The weary sounds from mournful breath Hovered around like the scent of death. The garden's smell became oppressive and dank Like the odours from a rotting plank. To my sight with woeful fright The heavenly glade filled with mildew and mould The summer air became foul and cold Henbane, belladonna, hemlock and dock strangled the blooms with their deadly might. Fungi, weeds, nettles, thistles and prickly peat spread thought out the garden in a noxious heap. Amongst the loathsome undergrowth languidly I did lay Over come with sleep I longed to stay My hair sprouted into a flowery bouquet My fingers turned leaf-like My toes to roots did spike Mongst the wild weeds my feet rooted into the earth with them. And out of the ground I grew a flower-like stem.

The lady with her long flowing hair cold death like at us did stare.

With sweet tender hands she nursed us tenderly

All the flowers all lovers to she.

Her infants lost, in agonies, for eternity.

From flower to flower all day for every hour

She lovingly did tend each bloom till the night was set with the moon.

And the garden was encased in darkest gloom.

Each flower she would kiss and tenderly caress

Sooth our sighs and mournful tone,

Our melancholy woe and sorrowful groan.

Jealous she'd be of the kiss of the bee.

Chased away from us it would hurriedly flee.

Who rejoiced in its kiss our only glee.

Winter came and summer went

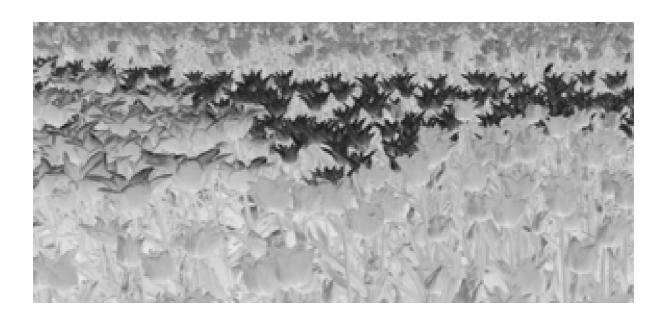
The season's cycles cycled round through out the years as nature meant.

The garden grew midst toadstools mandrakes and flowers new.

And the chorus of moans increased with woeful tones.

And the garden was tendered by that lady fair

All her lovers everywhere, lily hear violet there, nurslings for her loving care.



#### PRODDING THE FLOW'R LIPS

#### (THE FINGER)

Up under dress slow languid creep as musky oil from the pouting slit into panties doth seep Soft touch doth rise up over wet smooth silky thighs midst soft moan and liquid sigh

Damp gusset spread revealing the bud's pink throbbing head neath tangled hair luxuriant, moist and golden fair

Flesh on flesh raising breaths on breaths, tender fingers the cunt's swollen lips do foldle the pearly bud feather-like caress, prod, and enter the gaping cleft

Middle fingers drink long and deep, lips furled round that which it longs to keep, inner lips outer lips with prodigious might cling to the digits jelly fish-like.

Fingers thrum, thrust, gyrate and stir,
midst squelch, moan and soft purr,
the hollow becomes ablaze with swirling light
globes glisten and gleam, golden bright bespeckling the pubes like stars in the night

Fluids gush, spasms tight, passions fires, rippling desires, fanny suck, fingers crush, heaving breaths gasp as lust dissipates and expires.

## **SUCKLING**

Empale thyself on that mushroom-headed stalk,
Clasp round that swoolen fruit those pink-flowering lips
As to a mother's paps' babies do grasp.
With thy furling folds baby like milk the stem's sap
That it's milk-seed streams as from the udders of the cow
Suck up that milky-juice and nourish thy blossoming-mouth.



#### THE KISS OF FLOW'RS

My mouth into thy mouth place.

O'er this musk dripping fount

Suck long and deep,

As a child to it's mother's teat.

O'er this perfumed fount thy sweet hyacinth mouth place

Trail thy tongue along this moist crimson cleft

Prod, poke, up and down, churn round in this blosooming mound

Clutch onto this pink-hooded bud.

Languidly lap these quivering lips.

Clasp within thy kiss these pouting folds.

Hold on to these burning lips, scorch them with thy searing kiss.

Kiss this glistening pool.

Kiss me there where I am supple, lily-like and bare

Kiss this round and ripening fruit,

Kiss me and of my ardour's cool

Kiss me there, send through me deep tremmers,

As thy kiss sinks deep inside,

Such that I reel with stammers,

Shudders, grasps, and cries.

With thy kiss make passions rage high.

Quell my fires with thy desires.

Breathe in my breath and caress me with thy sighs.

Thy kiss fans my burning flame

With thy kiss quench my cunt's horny pain.



### THE FLOW'RS ANGST

(VIRGINAL ACHE)

My cat-eyed sprite

Unfurl those lips clam tight

To my sight thrust out thy bud to prodigious height

Thy blooded-gorged stem thy swollen dick-fem

That pink quivering clit- like an engorged cows tit.

Deep inside I burn

The fires lap and of my fluids churn

The flames kiss, furl round, and of my womb caress.

Longing fills my cleft, my lips yearn with sore distress,

From my lips liquid sears and drips, Oh give me such bliss

Feed my need, quench my ache, for God's sake

Thrust thy clit up my yearning gaping slit.

Stuff, stretch, gorge assuage the pain in the hollow of this pit.



## THE FLOW'R HUG OR LOVES EMBRACE

Sweet lipped petals,

Sanguine folds,

Thy quivering lips entice

infold and tightly hold.

Thy creeper arms clutch,

Crush with sweet pleasures untold.

Thy hyacinth mouth, divine fold

Bites with cruel embrace.

Thy warm touch soothes and quells as my blood doth race.

Thy flow'ry mouth's wine

Burns me whole

Dissolves my soul

Love's fires burn as for thy kiss I pine

Delightful bloom press those lips with tender caress

Gush sweet nectars wine from thy fount divine

Lovely bloom chain me in thy arms so fine.

Pink throated succulent suck with all thy might

As thou clings in loves fiery rite.

Oh! Sublime flower, Oh! Heavenly delight

Seize on, adhere bury me in thy cleft so tight.



# FLOW'R NECTER DRIPPING (DESIRE)

Cold look, cold stare, a detached and indifferent air.

From her eyes no passions stir

No smile comes from the lips of her

Words, her talk cast no spell.

Shuns my interest with an oppressive pall.

Sends my hopes retreating pall-mell

Suddenly on the wind is blown

Spring blossoms tumbling around and falling down.

Fragrant flowers dance on the winds soft tune..

Drifting fluff flurries up her billowing skirt

Butterflies whirl in a tossing swoon

As the wind doth flirt with the hem of her skirt.

The wind twists and flounces twirl

Around her legs and up her thighs swirl

The skirts folds ruffle up and unfurl

Like the recoiling waves of a rolling sea

Revealing all to the sight of me.

Her skirt lifts like an umbrella in the air

Displaying white cloth clinging to a cleft puffy with hair

Black curly fleece protrudes from the sides all round

Profuse luxuriance bulge's in the skimpy underwear

As a moist patch spreads midst the silky-white ground.

Smoothing her windblown skirt

She turns to me with a with a gleeful smirk,

With a flirting stance

And a smiling glance

A twinkle in the eye had she

A knowing look to let me see

The wet spot was due to me.

## BEWITCHMENT OF THE HYACNTH'S MOUTH ('IT')

Oh! Hirsute cleft,
Thy precious cavity,
Within thy humid folds' I long to rest
That thou doth languidly drink thy life from me.

When I see the Bright moon, embedded bright in the raven black night, I think of 'it's' face, 'it's' red flow'ry mouth, 'it's' moist yearning lips' And quiver.

The sparkle in the light,
On a bright moon night,
Is not a dewdrop
Settling in a flower,
But one warm tear from the eye of this turgid old part.
Oh! How it quakes and trembles
When we are apart

Oh! How for 'it' most I long
During those long moonless nights
Hot, I lie awake, to the crickets mournful song
The fires of passion burning
Blazing in my loins.
The sap arising, bursting streaming.
Oh! How for 'it' most I long when we are apart.

In my cold city hut,
Hidden amongst the towering glass,
Alone I live .
But for the memory of 'it's' face
It would be to bleak to be apart.

Here in my cold city hut
'it's' scent is warm and moist.
Suddenly I am invaded
By sweet lingering thoughts.
My eyes see the beauty of 'it's' face
My nose hold the charms of 'it's' ' sweatness
My limb remembers the caress of 'it's' warm embrace

Within 'it's' humid heat 'it's' hyacinth mouth
Shall I embed myself
After I have dared to reveal
My love for 'it' to you?.

#### PLUCKING THE MONTHLY FLOW'R

Hungry, horny, writhing over bed slithering, sliding

Mouth on string across the bed med flings tumbling turning.

Red flash, against the wall with a splash

Fanny lick, smooch, gamahuch

Mouth besmeared mustache of blood as the lips the tongue does lash

Legs up over neck groin to groin cock up to it's neck

Pound, thrust as into the cunt the cock-head plunged

Swivel, swive, grind, gyrate, and stir

The cock thrusts in the cock pulls out fingers clit around as the blood drips from her

Back rolled round arse thrust up

The hands the tits do cup

Cunt throbs, buttocks balls smack the cock rams her tingling aching crack

Up over on back legs aloft the cock hard pounds her cunt so red so soft.

Oh! Ahh! she cried and Oohh! Ah! he sighed As from her fanny gaping wide Smells, juices, sweat, blood Splashed over the bed in a gushing red flood.



od smeared. semen globs itely globes

#### POISONOUS FLOW'RS

I love the girls who fuck you with a stare Haughty proud aloof don't give a fuck and don't care Who week after week wear their soiled underwear Don't give a fuck about the odours on the air.

> I love the girls who rant and rave And of the cock and cunt do crave Who will spread their legs at a whim And don't care if it's a her or him.

I love the girls who hump all day Thirteen, fourteen times in myriad ways Who don't care if their mensus flows But shag and swive and anything goes

I love the girls who fuck in crowds or alone Who fuck you with her or her with him Up the rear or in her qwim Up and down round about who let you dive in and swim.

I love the girls who wank and fiddle all day through Who prod and stretch their cunt lips to my view Who shaft themselves with that or this And let me watch take a pissss.

I love the girls who fart and swear Don't give a fuck for what they wear Don't give a fuck for him or her for me or you So long as good head and on their muff you chew.

I love the girls who piss on love No time for wine or those that whine Who break the hearts of the lovelorn duds And fuck only those that are not refined.

I love the girls that fuck on stairs
Against a wall in a hall any place anywhere
Who don't care that they show their wares
As they ease their gusset to the side
Revealing lips hair as up them you do lick and slide.

I love the girls as cold as ice
Who make your groin feel warm and nice
Who fuck you silly with their fanny tight
Who gush and squirt then out of bed with bounding might
Leave you alone and languid in the night
To prowl streets like she cats for anyone in sight.