SUBHASHITASRINGARASHASHTIHI (PEARLS STRUNG ON GOLD THREAD) OF GANJADEEN TRANSLATED BY SRI NIRBIJASAMADHIPARAMARTHA

POEMS BY C DEAN

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PREFACE

Thy words are a cloak Ganjadeen metaphors for the unseen to dress spiritual wisdom in the worlds glittering mien cunt cock lust allusions which to the spiritual thrust words to jump o'er to enter the unseen metaphors of the unseen to glean allegories of gnosis the poems mean

PRAISE BE TO KAMA THE GOD OF LOVE THE CAUSE OF LIFE THROUGH DESIRE CREATION STARTED WITH PASSIONS AFIRE SEATED ABOVE ON A PEACOCK WITH SUGAR CANE BOW ARROWS WITH BEES IN A ROW TIPPED WITH THESE POEMS HE SHOOTS

MAY THESE POEMS BE
A STRING OF PEARLS LACED
AROUND THY LINGAM TO CHURN
THE OCEAN IN THY YONI THE O OF
OM BRINGING AMRITA THE ELIXIR
THEREFROM

Thy cunt lips wet with cunts wine hot red with desire oh J love them then and on them dine

Exhausted my hips and thighs melt into thee after loves spree like the river into the sea

J sigh For completeness J cry Thy cock in J

The god in thee and the beast in me

On thy sight I salivating see

But oh in thy beauteous light

Vray I the prey be

Just cries in me for thee

As the child for the tit

As the slave to be free

As the soul from hells pit

Just cries for thee to fuck me

Tremors shake my cunt lips with lust

As the hurricane wind shakes the

leaves

Passions fires rage in us

On't stop don't stop

L'usts urges in surplus

On't stop don't stop

To stop to ashes it will burn us

The scent of thy cunt is a flame of desire That I may hover around it bee like and expire

That I may eat of thy cunt like a ripe mango fruit
Lick its flesh plump and hirsute
Drink its musky scent
Thy cunt is a flower that devours
In its folds I am spent

Oh to die on thy red tipped tits

Orunk from sucking those swollen tips

Let me die betwixt those Simalayan

peaks

To surmount those heights my soul

seeks

Press thy cock betwixt my thighs
That thou will summon me to
wakefulness

Let thy cock throb against my cunt Summoning me to lustfulness

Oh lay thy lips against my lips Till J dissolve through my cunt

Bury thy tongue into my cunt deep
That ambrosia from it doth seep
Oh about me all dissolves in mist
Oh my god in my hole thy tongue do
keep

Thy cunt god-like be
It makes the fallen rise
And the limpid hardy

Oh my love thy cock hungers for me

It presses unsparingly

It probes incessantly

It seeks unremittingly

open my lips so thou canst slip into

me

I crave thy cunt thy lips
I am drunk on its scent

Into thy arms take me
Into oblivion take me
Rap thy legs around me
To feel the shuddering of thy cock in
me

To feel the thundering of our pulses

As lips to lip mouth to mouth we kiss
in bliss

My body with thine thine with mine

To kiss to kiss to kiss

Again and again and again

To kiss that to kiss this

Again and again and again

Ruffling the fuzz of our bodies
We fucked floating on clouds

Thy cunt is a flower dearest love
Mongst beauties in the garden bower
And I the black bee seek but only thee

Within thy folds I give thee my soul I suck the honey from thy turgid stem And drunken drink with delirious bliss

From thy cunt I breathe the scent of a thousand roses

Therein I pray the hole o'er me closes

With kisses I will cover thee
Gorge with joy on the flesh of thee
With ecstasy I will caress thee
Gorge with lust on the cunt of thee
With bliss I will love thee

We suck our tongues with ecstatic dizziness

Bite our lips with torrid lustfulness

Entwined like snakes art we
Mouth to cunt and mouth to cock
Thy tits my cock enveloped in oneness

Lusts flames leap around we Like flames around their wicks we around we

Come to me and press thy cunt against my thigh Rub thy lips o'er my cock And with my caresses sigh Such that I hear the rapture of thy desire

Sow I love thee when lust is in thee Lusts passions thundering in we

Tender not be quench my insatiable lust with ferocious caresses of thee Inflame my ardor with cruel pangs of pain

Cover me with devouring kisses

Such that my cunt juices flow out

like rain

To crush thee with tender caress
To hear the frenzied cry of thy sighs
To feel thy tongue in the secret valley
of my soul
To love thee frantic like a monsoon
storm

Drive me into insensibility with thy kisses

Liss me from palpitating throat to tingling toes

Set me on fire with thy ardor

Crush me to thy breast like a dainty rose

Thy breasts are as soft as cream

My sighs as soft as a hidden scream

Within thy cunt hole J give to thee my soul

J drink the honey sweet from thy luminous bowl

Oh that J am driven mad intoxicated bliss

As thy cunt to my lips do kiss

Thou make me want thee Lusts flames flicker around me fiery

With passionate grasp
Eagerly draw me with ferocious clasp
Zite my lips aflamed red
Grab me grope me throw onto the bed
Oh happiest rapture thy bite on my throat
The sweet bliss of thy tongue on my
nipple

My cunt slit a full moat of loves juices Breathing out my soul in ecstatic scents

Thy cunt hole full of sunbeam rays

I sniff out all my days

Sniffing the night air
Thy cunt guides from the scent of thy
cunny hair

Our love making intense and strong Could be heard over the hurricanes throng

Our warm wet lips met Trembling no more we slept

Within the flower bower

Thy cunts scents sweeter than all the perfumes that shower

I melt in sensual kisses

Pivulets of thrilling pleasure surge through my veins

Papturing tortuous blisses

Oh the melting joys past expressing

Bite my toes the cheeks do blush Gyrating fingers the cunt doth gush

Thy maddening fingers with bliss J
cry

To paradise thy touch sends

Oh pressed close I sigh

Melting joyous into thy

As fire spreads through dry grass
Our lust for us spreads and does not
pass

Exhausted sank I with cunt aflame
Thrilling feelings passed o'er and o'er again
Twas pleasures intense joy I will explain
Each quivering pulse run through each vein

My lips tap out what J do feel To tell better than my stammering words

Thy heated lips please linger there
As thy hands strum my scented hair
Run thy tongue o'er my cunts hole rim
Oh please prolong and linger there

Piding the waves of passion

Bush thy cock into me

Thrust it up and stir the waters in me

As cunt pounds with its exquisite

penetration

Quench my mad desire

7ill in the little death J' expire

With slow motion gyrate thy hips

Deep in my cunt thy cock burns

Swirl it around and my liquid churns

Thy cock the heaven of my ravishing

bliss

Suck my pistil in thy mouth

As my flower blossoms forth and

spreads out

Ah thy cock is bruised with my hot kisses

But bruised is my cunt right through Which the more pleasure yields

Both a thousand pleasures is true

Nearing the hole of bliss

J falter and expire before the kiss

Oh for thee J my panties let down And open my thighs for thee

From thy lips J will sup in heavens fount

Prenched in the flood of thy liquid flame

My cunt lips quiver in my thundering cum

From the hole more liquids gush than Ganges flood

Dear one with passions we are consumed

With cravings we are exhausted

Our lusts grant no release

From desires there is no peace

They are in poverty a pauper be Whose desires bring insatiability

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