

*THE PERFUMED GARDEN  
OF SCENTED DELIGHTS  
(NEPENTHES CUNTE)*

*FROM A RECORDING OF THE  
FATAL TRAVELS OF  
THE BOTANICAL EXPLORER  
HIERONYMUS PHYTOTELMATA*

*TRANSCRIBED  
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JONANNES NEPENTHACEAE*

*POEM  
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*PREFACE*

*The cunt a pitcher plant in  
form*

*Labial lips peristome fit the  
norm*

*Vagina the pitcher plants  
welcoming dorm*

*Carnivorous plant the  
unsuspecting trap*

*Cunt and plant each in search  
of meat*

*To devour in the humid heat*

*To dissolve in perfumed  
liquidities*

*Cunt and plant who can tell  
which is which*

*A Carnivorous plant each*

## PREAMBLE

*All I will say of myself that is relevant to this exposition is that I am an expert in pitcher plants with particular interest in the [Nepenthaceae](#) family of pitcher plants It was a humid afternoon much like one finds in the tropics –perhaps a portent of what was to follow- when I received a package at the botany department of my university Upon opening I found a mobile phone with a letter which only said” you may find this interesting listen to the recording on the phone” Upon listening to it it turned out that it was a journal kept by a one Hieronymus Phytotelmata while on a solitary botanical expedition to the jungles of Sri Lanka in search of other genus of the [Nepenthaceae](#) family of pitcher plants- at the present there is only one genus belonging to this family namely the [Nepenthes](#). It seems Hieronymus Phytotelmata was on the trail of a new genus, Upon googling the author of the recording Hieronymus Phytotelmata nothing could be found Asking my colleagues nothing could be found Hieronymus Phytotelmata had written no*

articles for any journals we knew of so all we could guess was that Hieronymus Phytotelmata was a mere amateur A nobody in the area of botany This made the recording even the more interesting as Hieronymus Phytotelmata references with their botanical names many and varied species and genus of Sri Lankan flora His knowledge of the intricacies of plants is phenomenal His erudition on the [Nepenthes distillatoria](#) is impressive And above all he seems to have discovered not a new genus of [Nepenthaceae](#) but in fact a new species *Nepenthes Cunte* In passing it should be mentioned as I believe it accounts for Hieronymus Phytotelmata eventual deranged mind that through out his narrative Hieronymus Phytotelmata IS FIXIATED on the poetry of a certain erotic poet Colin Leslie Dean Again googleing this Dean it is found that he is apparently Australias leading erotic poet he appears to be all over then net. Upon reading this Deans poetry I can only say that it is repulsive pornographic but on rare occasions there is a hint of genius on the whole it is just pure smut any wonder poor Hieronymus

*Phytotelmata in his isolation went out of his mind*

*So to the recording it is a journal kept by Hieronymus Phytotelmata of his six months in the jungles of Sri Lanka At the start the journal is quite lucid but it ends in a confused and mysterious manner. I will summarise the main points of the journal to give consistency and coherence to the narrative as in themselves they are mere jotting of thoughts impressions and descriptions And as a finale I will transcribe verbatim exactly the words of Hieronymus Phytotelmata as these words of his mysterious end are very disconcerting It seems Hieronymus Phytotelmata took with him the complete poetical works of this so called erotic poet Colin Leslie Dean From what I could gather it was these poems and not the tropic sun and isolation which gradually tipped Hieronymus Phytotelmata over the edge cooked his mind so to speak as what follows can only be the ravings of a crazed sex starved mind brought on by reading what amounts to pornography by a deranged poet*

Through out his jottings Hieronymus  
Phytotelmata keeps repeating a refrain from one  
of Deans poem-incidentally this poem cannot be  
located in Deans complete works I attach the  
poem to give the reader an idea of Deans mind  
and the deranged state to which he sent  
Hieronymus Phytotelmata

*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 gwim  
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.*

*Now as the attached narrative will show in the  
 final hours/moments- this uncertainty in time is  
 brought about by inability to distinguish time in  
 the narrative- of Hieronymus Phytotelmata he  
 frequently lapses into poetry in the style of this  
 reprobate Dean*

*Hieronymus Phytotelmata roamed about the Sri  
 Lankan jungles for months isolated and alone  
 with only Dean for company without success till  
 one morning after reading Dean he smelt the  
 scent of a girls cunt mingled with the scents  
 from varied Sri Lankan flowers This scent he  
 smelt everywhere and caused him to become  
 horny and rampant with sexual desire He  
 discerned that the scent came the more intense  
 from one direction so Hieronymus Phytotelmata  
 set out in the search for its source. The trail took*



him deeper and deeper into the Sri Lankan jungle Down mountains through valleys across rivers and streams Deeper and deep into the jungle he went. He would come across whole villages empty their belongings still there but empty of life the jungle slowly eating away at the villages devouring them with trees and undergrowth Then rounding a spur the scent became more intense and he fell upon a village where the villagers were in the process of leaving, But strangely there were no men in the village only women and prepubescent girls and boys Following the scent Hieronymus Phytotelmata cut deeper into the jungle when to his surprise upon entering a grotto he was struck dumbfounded for there in front of him was a gigantic [Nepenthes](#) of the [Nepenthaceae](#) family laying around Hieronymus Phytotelmata saw spears clubs axes and other male paraphernalia in such heaps that looked like excreta from the plant To his astute mind Hieronymus Phytotelmata realised that it was a new species to which he called it *Nepenthes Cunte* on account that's its [peristome](#) were of a peculiar cunt-like lips form –as Hieronymus

*Phytotelmata* described them “cunt lips like the bloated lips of a camel “ Above the [peristome](#) was a gigantic [operculum](#) like a great hooded clit In awe he looked into the throat of the plant mesmerised by the scent drawn onward pulled by the scent Hieronymus *Phytotelmata* cried in glee “oh my perfumed garden of scented delights” At this point I will let the sex starved Hieronymus *Phytotelmata* speak for himself as his testimony is startling in its imagery and pathos as he entered the pitchers cup

## THE NARRATIVE

*Into the vulva [Peristome](#) the scents scenty home my perfumed garden of scented delights Down the unenclosed vagina into the scented zone I roam as I enter the clitoris hood closes shut my girl I have found into the scented zone I look around down the vaginal tube emerald light filters down and around casting green shadows shape shifting shadows flutter flurry within there is no sound littering around [Nepenthes distillatoria](#) reaching upwards I have found Miranda herba jade-like tubes Bandura*

*zingalensium open throated fronted forwards  
everywhere the "miraculous distilling plant" did  
pair the Bandura zeylanica hung in the humid  
scented air shape shifting forms to nothing  
anything conforms this that real or unreal plant  
or girly form*

*Lily languid did lay lips did splay  
Rose with her red lips like a sultry fay  
Violet betwixt lay between they  
Daisy sweet faced did seductively sway  
Jasmine hugged them all and with them did  
play*

*Scents without names went and came  
Flowers without substance in the space  
Insubstantial as sunbeams  
Transformed transposed not seen to move but  
moved in place*

*A confusion of plants flowers*

*In the jade-like light a whole universe of leafy  
bowers*

*The heart beats each beat an eternity each*

*Pleasure everlasting in each beat*

*An immortality of time in each scent sent*

*Rukkathhana orange glows*

*Or a*

*Thebu a pinky view*

*Or a*

*Vathusudda her four fingers to the shadows*

*shows*

*Or*

*Girls cunts like the Araliya and Asoka a pinky*

*hue*

*All or none plant or girl*

*Flowers without substance in the space*

*Insubstantial as sunbeams*

*Transposed transformed not seen to move but  
moved in place*

*Not a sound to be found*

*As the shape shifting phantasms soundlessly  
moved around*

*As the cunty scents came and went*

*Exhilarating heaven scent*

*An immortality of time in each scent sent*

*The heart beats pleasures everlasting in each beat*

*The light refracts as if in a prism*

*Scattering rainbows*

*Sickly colours bilious yellows reds erythrism*

*Each insubstantial form iridescent glows*

*The colours shift and change a kaleidoscope each  
appose juxtapose*

*Cunts or flowers no one knows*

*The scents tease tempt enchanting the nose*

*Caressing like velvet into ecstasy the scent throes  
Sunbeams coagulate glittering on flowery forms*

*Lacing them like dew to my view*

*Pellucid sun drops sparkling frozen light*

*Coruscate flashing bright*

*Here there to the left to the right*

*Ever shifting ever changing light*

*Nothing as it seems*

*Nothing is right*

*Flowers-like cunts cunts-like flowers*

*All phantasms like from an opiates dreams*

*Orange mushrooms litter the ground*

*Like turgid cocks all around the flowers they  
surround*

*Damp scent everywhere*

*The air congealed in its perfume*

*Flowers damp in the moist humid air*

*Drip damp scent in this heated womb  
Flowers cunts all dewed with scent  
Congealed perfumes liquefied scents  
Rains from the air o'er diadromous leaves o'er me  
through my hair  
Forming in pools running in streams  
Liquefied scents coagulated light refracting bight  
glittering it gleams  
Oh those heavenly forms  
Cunt-like flowers flower-like cunts  
Give me thy lips that I may suck  
Give me thy lips that I make languidly lick  
Run my tongue o'er and thy lips flick  
Clasp me in thy petal arms and crush me into  
thee  
Come my beauties and fuck me now  
Fuck me now for an eternities of hours*

*Ah thy mildewed lips give dank kiss  
Thy kiss burns my lips What is this  
Oh perfumed scent rains o'er me  
The scented room heated womb  
The perfume soporific scents  
Lulls my mind lulls me to sleep  
Sleep why doth thou o'er come o'er come me  
The cunt-flowery forms towards me creep  
Sleep why doth thou o'er come o'er come me  
My flesh awashed in scent  
My pores soak it up my flesh into paroxysms is  
sent  
To sleep to sleep I long to go  
My flesh dissolves can this be OH  
Sleep why doth thou o'er come o'er come me  
I am being digested  
Of the scent my flesh infested*



*Into the cunt-flower forms ingested*

*Oh the perfumed cunty scent*

*My mind into pleasure sent*

*Oh*

*Oh the liquefied pools stream around me*

*Swallowing me up they engulf me*

*Sleep why doth thou o'er come o'er come me*

*The pleasure the pleasure*

*An immortality of time in each scent sent*

*The heart beats pleasures everlasting in each beat*

*To each beat more pleasure sent*

*An eternity in each beat pleasure in each scent*

*Perfumed liquids liquefy me*

*Absorbed in the cunt-flowery forms eieeee*

*Oh the pleasures sent*

*Through my ectoplasm the scents eat*

*Pleasures convulsions of my ectoplasmic flesh*

*Into flowery forms my liquids flow*

*Dissolving flesh I into thou doth go*

*Sleep why doth thou o'er come o'er come me*

*An eternity in each beat pleasure in each scent*

*Cunt-flowery forms enclose and my protoplasm*

*absorb*

*In congealed scents afloat in a euphoric sea*

*Sleep why doth thou o'er come o'er come me*

*My eyes do close sleep o'er comes me my mind to*

*sleep goes*

*Hold back the sleep that more pleasures I may*

*know*

*The perfumed malignant light*

*Closes in and life vanishes into a dreamless night*

*Cunt-flowery phantasms dance and play to my*

*diminishing sight*

*The scents of my pleasure bring on rushing sleep*

*Sleep draws near to silence and in eternity keep*

*Deliriums desires desires delights*

*Passions ardours in I unite*

*Amid the gleaming show of light and scent*

*My mind glides into sleep*

*As the congealed scents rap my body in a*

*perfumed shroud*

*The dripping scent lustrous rain of light*

*Glides my mind into sleep*

*Cascades of shinning forms*

*The gleaming pageant of insubstantial things*

*To my mind sleep brings*

*Pungent strong sweet perfumes of me consumes*

*Exquisite luminous coagulated light*

*I drift into night*

*Oh so tied my mind longs to close*

*Oh*

*Oh*

*I long to sleep to sleep but no I lon.... Oh Dean..*

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