

WET FLOWERS

POEMS

BY

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FRONT PICTURE: YELLOWCALLASLILLIES BY GEORGIA O'KEEFFE

PREFACE

Why is it that the most banal aspects of our humanness are excluded from being expressed in the most mellifluous of manner? Why is it that the bodily functions of pissing, farting, shitting, or such aspects of our humanness as masturbating are excluded from being expressed in the most eloquent language? Is it ordained that ravishing verse must be restricted to a narrow range of genre? Why can't we express our humanness poetically? Where are the Wordsworths, Shelleys, or Keats of pissing, the Pre-Raphaelites of shitting, or the Wildes, Swinburnes, Baudelaires, Rimbauds of masturbating. Modern poetry has become decorous, respectable, suitable for being recited in polite society. Where is the mellifluous, ravishing verse of the unsaid, the poetry of the hidden? Where is the verse full of images and words banished, hidden, repressed from polite society. Modern poetry is decadent poetry. Decadent poetry because it has debased humans humanness by denying the very things that make us human. It is decadent because it only speaks of the polite sanitized aspects of our humanness. Modern poetry has decayed because it distorts our true humanness by relegating to silence the so called sordid side of our humanness. Where are the Catulluses, the Juvenals of the 'sixth satire', the poets of the "Priapeia", the Aretinos of the "Sonetti Lussuriosi"? Where are the Chaucers of "The Canterbury Tales", the BoccaccioS of "The Decameron", the Navarres of "The Heptameron", the poets of British Ballardry, the John Wilmots of "A Ramble in St James Park", the Rimbauds of "Les Stupra" or "Venus Anadyomene"? Contemporary poetry has become the medium of the tight arse hypocrite the self deceiver awake; but the child, the beast, the human in their dreamwork. Modern poetry has been the monopoly of the anal retentives who as children delved into the pleasures of withholding their shit; who enjoy a good piss and most of all delight in masturbation. These wet flower bring to light for polite society that which gives the respectable most delight. These wet flowers take back mellifluous language, appropriated and monopolised by anal retentives, to glorify our humanness

APOTHEGM

When a man doth piss it is just a piss

When a women doth piss it is but a work of art

Her legs apart the lips doth part

and from her crimson fount, with a hiss and a rush, a golden
stream streams out.

To her labs golden dew doth cling

Humid drops warm and sparkling

Shimmering globes streaked with the colours of the rainbow

On her hairy pink lips glisten and glow

Glass like beads, pearly seams with a sapphires sheen.



GOLDEN SHOWER

Into a dell my love did dwell
 And I will tell what to my sight befell
 A sapphire sun hung in an amethyst sky
 A brilliant jewel shedding yellow fire
 Saffron light basked the glade
 As swans shiney black across the purple sheen made their way
 Woodlands spread wide as through the leafy glad my love did glide
 Silvery leaves swayed in the perfumed air
 Quivering, shimmering as fruits hung here and there
 Birds of flaming hues in leafy bowers sang
 Flurried about as their melodies rang
 No liting harp or flute's reed did match the songs that they did sing
 Neath the bowers shade fragrant herbs where spread
 Twict blossoms blue white and red
 Yellow gauzy bumble bees did gambol and wing
 On jades, amethyst and beryl the sunbeams light glinted throughout the glades
 As in that magic place wide and deep swirling waters did sweep
 Dazzling stones glass like glowing and bright
 Crystals, sapphires, rubies a myriad gems gleamed in the yellow light.

Through out this dell my love did glide
 Beneath a flowery shrub or tree so wide she would linger and hide
 Like an angle divine with a face so fine
 Turquoise eyes, ruby lips her ivory skin did jade like shine
 As down her neck her black tresses did twine
 With gaiting step and a swing of the arms
 Gleaming white gloves she displayed her charms
 Black jet hair, falling sleeves with an ample flare

High black boots black skirt so short to see her fannies hairs
 Curl round and lace the seams of her panties fair.

To a flower she would bend or squat with legs well spread
 Sheer white panties clutched pink swollen lips
 As her skirt rose up her ample hips
 Black tangled fleece would show beneath the sheer white crease
 Black pubes half hidden by flimsy silk enchant the sylvan sylph
 Her fanny one pink flower mongst many a floral bower,
 Nestled in black curly silk.

From flower to shrub to herb to myriad things
 She would bound around her arms alive like a birds wings
 Her blouse a white chiffon of her breast did house
 Silver brocade entwined like leaves in a vine
 Lacy patterns curling round her breasts divine
 As she run hear there up every where
 Her titties bounced, jellied mounts, as she did flounce
 Around her neck down her back cascaded her raven black hair
 Her tresses fair fell about and waved in the air
 O'er her shoulder it lay unbound
 Black curly fleeces did her nipples surround
 Turgid red nipples blood red and round
 Her titties whiteness matched by the hair that lay upon
 Beneath the chiffon they wobbled and shone.



With anguish high dread arose as from my sight my love did hide
 I stood as gentle as a lamb then to a shrub did stealthy glide
 Peered around and I will tell what struck my eye.

With her skirt hitched up and around her ankles her panties displayed
 Into a flower garden, onto her back she layed
 Soft fingers spread wide her cunt's lips with her legs well splayed
 Soft fingers spread wide her cunt's lips and into the air a silvery stream did spray
 Betwixt her cunt's lips a torrent did gush, liquid silver flowed out with a hisss and a rush

Oh what a sight as in the light and to a prodigious height
 A rainbow spread wide from her gushing fount twict a hairy mount
 A moons crescent a silvery arc streaking the air in the fragrant park
 Yellows, blues, reds, sparkled over the flower beds
 Multiple hues glisten shimmerly bright
 As a shower of liquid light bedewed each flower to her left and right
 Liquid crystals pearly bright spread beneath the rainbows light
 Covering the flowers in a carpet of fireylight.
 A neclace of pearls laced the flowers, the herbs, the goldern bowers
 Each liguid worldl within its shimmering pearl
 Mirrored, refracted, reflected the others glistening pool.

Oh what a sight as sprinkled down light
 Splattered about, hear, there, round about
 Danced in the air, in her hair, hear, there, over there
 Up down all around glistening colours gambolled around
 Myriad hues in the droplets bright

Flashed on the flowers covering the ground.

WET FLOWER

Through foliage green over grown and round about a better view I sought out

The leaves of trees did divide

And close within the herbage wide I did hide

The ivy fell about my hair

Over eyebrows but the eyes left bare

From within the dell I did spy my maiden fair

Her breasts aglow shortening into sighs.

On her back she did lay and of her cunt did play

Her face like milk or ivory white

A flower bright with translucent light

Eyebrows black coal thick bushy hair like the hair that surrounds her fannies hole

Blood red lips from which sweet sighs emit.

O'er her face her black hair doth lace

Gold pins clip over side-locks like many jewelled locks

From her head hangs black braid

O'er which loveknots strung with pearls flow and cascade

I see a flower about to open midst a curly black bower

Her fannies folds a hyacinth fount or orchids mouth

Unfurl and outward pout

With a scarlet colour superior to her faces lips

Her cunt's lips sheen is like her red flushed cheeks

From which odoriferous musk drips.

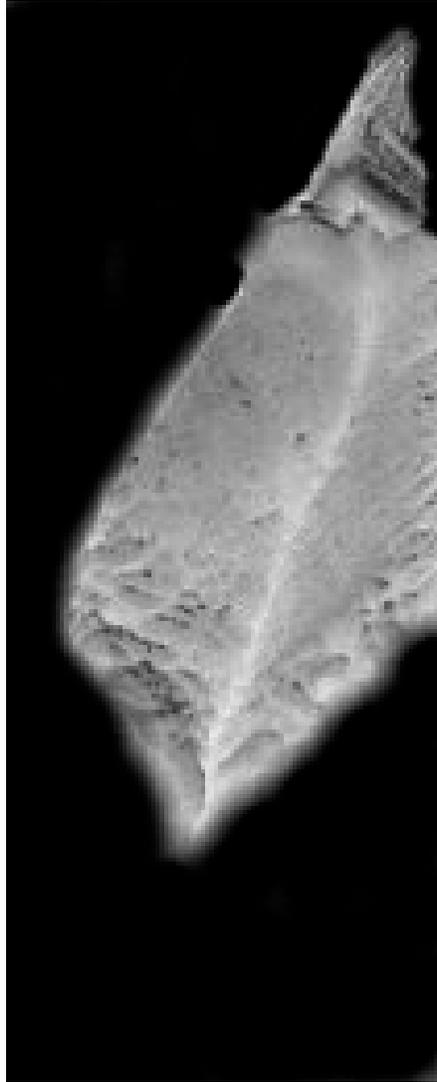
Pink brims pouring forth orchidaceous wine

Gods nectar sweet and divine.

On the wind sent I sense it's scent
 As from floral clusters lavender, rose scent comes slow to my nose
 No perfumed dishes or flower bouquet did ever smell so delicious
 Sweet musky scent heaven sent
 Around the glades and of the airs pervade
 Then mingling with sweet odours
 To my nose from which I did not know a putrid stench did flow
 Comingling like dark black amongst bright lurid colours
 Then with a start I did realise that my love did fart
 As she did play on her cunt lips apart
 Jasmine, musk, rose and lac a potpourri with foulness and rancidity
 Spread throughout the glade with rapidity.

But as I continued to dwell on those lips that did swell
 The stench did fade within the glade
 And my soul did sore and my groin became sore
 As her fingers danced over her lips and on her clit played.

That pink bud grape-like from its hood displayed
 The lips did pout and flower-like furled out
 Her love-juices flowed and in the perfumed air glowed
 From out of her cunt's hole that pearly jade bowl
 That shimmering cool deep crystal pool
 That pearly corolla, pink calyx enshrining
 Washed labial folds bright and shining
 As lustrous as water silks like satiny sheans
 Her lips crimson did shine in the sun's beams
 The sun's rays stirred the moats gleams



Twinkling twinkling like myriad stars
 Scented gloss glistens on her lips
 Sunshine glitters as through crystal jars
 As down the silky crease and in her lover's chamber her finger slips.

PETALS DANCING; PEACOCKS' PRANCING

Jade fingers so slim and lithe
 Circle round and of her lips entice
 Honey bees with golden fuzz buzz and hum
 As as on her lips she doth strum
 No fiddler his lute or flutiest his flute
 Fingers did prance as hers on her lips did dance.
 The cuckoo's sweet melodies with the peacocks harmonies
 Wafted on the breeze throughout the trees
 With their sharp cries and her soft sweet sighs
 The lover's doves cooing floated by
 Fragrant scents from mango and jasmine flowers
 Mingled with her musk and the odours of festooned bowers.
 The flames of love make her pink lips ablaze
 As golden wattles shimmered in the balmy haze
 As all around banksia groves fiery red blaze
 Resplendent jasmines trailed their shoots
 Buds rich copper and coral red covered down to their roots
 Competing with her lips henna red one more flower in a flower bed.

Humming bees her fanny surround in search of honey which they have found
 Peacocks plumes swish around, as her fingers dance, they trip and prance.
 Her fingers dived in to that heavenly pool stirred around and did blithely spin
 Prodded, plucked, on her fingers she did frantically fuck.
 Slurping, gurgling fingers swirling

She did assuage and satiate her cunt's filled ache
 Liquids around lips smearing fingers
 To her mouths lips licking sucking
 Loves-juice on her tongue lingers
 As her fingers dance back and of her cunt fingers.
 Around about in out up down all about
 They dance as her lips quiver and pout
 With a cry and a loud sigh into the shy
 A water spout squirted out
 A g-spot rush gushing and hot.
 With a heave it showered on silvery leaves
 Dripped onto the roots of trees with tingling melodies
 Through the bowers of flowers
 In deep channels it ran
 To pools, streams rippling like the ribs of a fan.
 Blue-jays, finches, peacocks and fawns swooped around and of her cunt's sap did sip or
 lap.

INTERLUDE

Languid she did lay in the sun filled day
 Under the satiny sky midst rose and narcissi.
 Her hair straying wild her bosom heaves with deep breaths
 Sparkling with a web of sweet beads that slip down between her bosoms sweet clefts
 Her pussies lips the red sheen of young buds
 Pout and quiver under the hot red sun
 Jasmine intertwines grapes and bright green limes



As paw paws, and mangos hang like titties in the balmy clime.
 Dangling like sapphires and jade within the leaves emerald shade
 Wattles golden grains like rain fall down from the hollows of trees
 Where purple crested parakeets cry under the amethyst sky.
 As orchids gaping blossoms sway in the soft sweet breeze
 Her fannies folds where lightly kissed by tender bees
 Her arms like tender twining stems over her breasts layed
 Her rounded breasts red anemone crests
 Her thighs enchanting as a flower glowed well splayed
 Her lovely eyes lay closed as hovering bees did her face grace
 Kissed her mouth and on her fannies lips did taste
 A fuzzy golden web did her fanny lace.
 My love an enfolded flower lay within a heavenly bower
 Her fanny's mouth a blossom blossoming out
 Through the woodlands her fanny's scent
 On the breezes mingled with flowers fragrant.

Deeply loved my love I did watch
 My heart a longing to me belonging
 My love sweet pleasures to me thronging
 Oh my love my sweet sweet dove.

PISSING

With a fiery glow from her liquid eyes
 She hitched up her panties and set out to go
 Her steps were languid from the weight of her tits
 Her arms did sway in rhythm with her hips.
 Leaves caressed her brocade chiffon
 As through flowery cascades she skipped on.

She slipped through willow fronds
 Dangling tangling silk threads
 Flittered round trees and lotus covered ponds
 Stirring wattle dust into flight like drifting cobwebs

Skimmed banksia and flower bower
 Whirling butterflies into flight
 Multi-coloured flashes in the suns yellow light
 Fluttering blue-jays, swallows wing on wing
 Over head did dance and sing
 As butterflies yellow bees fuzzy gold skim through the trees and emerald leaves.
 From which flowers thickened the air and floated around her glossy black hair.
 As she paddles white feet in clear waters to cool
 Reflected sunlight throws shadows on gilded pools
 King-fishers, tinted ducks scurry around to her left and right
 As on the banks massed flowers, folded leaves admit no light.

Through out the dell I followed her about
 Hiding hear peering there in out every where
 Behind tree within bush I did my love pear on
 All day long hiding on her I leared upon.
 Then of my love I did loose sight
 I took fright and pondered my plight.
 Rumbling, the air was rended with an unctuous cannonade
 With a start out of my lair I sought out from which the sounding dart was made.
 I turned a corner and what did I see but my love squatting for a pee.
 Her eye-lashes fluttered on the wind with a tune
 Her crescent eyebrows winced in a swoon
 Her legs apart, shirt tucked up, her panties, like glossed silk, glowed like a silvery moon.
 Between pink flesh a golden liquid poured down from the silky mesh
 Bubbled like froth and on the flowers beds streamed.

As pollen floated down through out the air
 Speckled the piss and mingled in her hair.

As my cock went up my fly went down
 My turgid stem I then did pound
 Ivory smooth thick brown and round
 The blood flowed like moten lead
 In my stiff aching cocks head.
 The cocks shaft scoured my hand as I clasped it in a tight band.
 As the piss poured out of her channel the seman rose up my cocks canal
 The red-bright knob a burning coal
 The slit gaped, the lips parted, pearly fluid gushed out
 Scolding tears viscous creamy rained about
 Lava like out of the crater of my volcanic cock
 Molten quicksilver each pearly drop a scolding rock
 Pissed out- as liquid amber from her urethra flowed about-
 Splattering the flowers in sheeny showers
 As from my cock flowers pearly flowed.
 My fingers tingled my brain seathed
 Groans and sighs flowed as the fiery drops glowed
 Quivering delight flowed through me as my cock heaved
 My self dissolved as the pleasures through me revolved



YELLOW CALLAS BY GEORGIA O'KEEFFE



Seeing my cock's eye gapeing and red
Like a springing cat towards it she sped
Clasp me! hug me! grip me! she said
As she pouted towards me her lips longing she spread
Her hands she placed around my cocks head
As her lips clasped my lips pouting and red.
Each soul we sucked with our deep lingering kiss
Our long-suppressed lust kindled fires of bliss
Our blood turned to steam did scoldingly hiss.
My rod like red glowing iron hot
She slipped between her lips into her boiling honey pot
Like the sap of a tree my last drops oozed out
Her liquids squirted, spurted about
We rolled around upon the ground
Our nerves electric as our groins we did pound
Through our veins caustic fire circled around
As our fluids drains euphoria entered our brains
Torpor followed in sweet oblivion we glowed
Our brains calmed as our blood cooling flowed
Our fingers, toes, tingled with delight
As with our lips each other lips we clasped in a long lingering bite.

We languidly lay and fell asleep in the hot afternoon
I awoke joyful and gay to the light of a brilliant moon
Set bright against a black velvety sky
A lurid jewel, a bright silvery eye
Its light like sheer silk, an ice like flower glowing
Shining on the flowers and river flowing
Glinting on silver leaves shimmering on the sap of trees

It's frozen light streaked the night
 Its lights dart like silk so white
 Glistened and gleamed on the semen globes speckling the flowers like dew
 My loves gapeing blossom shimmered and shinned as the semen trickled down
 A velvety sheen liquid silk as soft as eiderdown
 All about loves drops did on the flowers glow
 Under the moon they laced the flowers like snow.

My love and I did languidly rise and set out to go
 Like the wind in the trees the soft sweet breeze
 We wove our way through the moon lit night
 Scattering wattle dust which we whirled into flight
 Through jasmine grove we did blithely rove
 In out here about
 As the moons rays glittered and gleamed here there everywhere
 Lakes glowed with an emeralds sheen as glossy swans float serene
 The sky sparkled like diamond dust on dark velveteen
 Silvery flowers, crystals bright, my loves sweet eyes reflected the moons silky light.
 Dark crystals vomiting fiery sparks set within a milk white face
 Eyes like cats gleaming in the silvery night
 Her hair bejewelled with pollen bright did her black tresses lace
 As from beneath her jet black skirt her wet panties white shimmered in the moonlight
 Glissened and beamed with a satiny sheen as her pubes curled round glittering with loves
 cream.

