

Poetry
of the Australian
Aestheticism
Vol.1

by c dean

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Gamahucher press west geelong Victoria Australia
2015

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Preface

Every one of those impressions is the impression of the individual in his isolation, each mind keeping as a solitary prisoner its own dream of a world

It is with this movement, with the passage and dissolution of impressions, images, sensations, that analysis leaves off—that continual vanishing away, that strange, perpetual weaving and unweaving of ourselves... some mood of passion or insight or intellectual excitement is irresistibly real and attractive for us,—for that moment only ...

How shall we pass most swiftly from point to point, and be present always at the focus where the greatest number of vital forces unite in their purest energy?

To burn always with this hard, gemlike flame, to maintain this ecstasy, is success in life (**Walter Pater, “Conclusion” to *The Renaissance* (1873))**)

Cassolette

By

*Comte Maximilien de W****

Translated from the French

By

Lucienne Emery

Poem by c dean

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Preface

The scented perfumed fumes of she that odorous totality the signature of she that wafts on the air to thee warping thee up up in a a cloak of delightful felicity oh to bathe in the scented perfumed fumes of she to imbibe of those fumes into intoxications deliriums to dissolve to melt in that odorous totality of she to burst into rapture into a multitude of joyousness fromst the scented perfumed fumes of she oh no heaven or paradise canst give such delight

Oh Lucienne ast I amidst
 blue smoke as layeth I 'mongst
 cushion red tinctured like flowing
 blood in that hot liquid fount of
 life write I to thee of the love of
 I for thee Oh Lucienne ast like
 the wing of a moth o'er a grave
 stone thy fan starts to tremble on
 thy breast remember these words
 from me to thee no causerie but
 the pulsations of the heart of I
 within the cloud of light blue
 smoke the thoughts of I doeth
 race and mull o'er to dispute with
 Democrituss and his two sons
 Epicurus and Titus Lucretius
 Carus particularly his "De rerum
 nature" ah that tied old

**materialism that circularity of
 negation where materialism as a
 truth leads to its own negation as
 based upon it our religious
 thoughts truths are organically
 conditioned by an arrangement of
 matter thus lacking truth yet then
 even scientific materialism itself
 cant have any truth as according
 to it each and all thinking even
 materialism is organically
 conditioned by an arrangement of
 matter within the cloud of light
 blue smoke the thoughts of √
 doeth race and mull o'er to
 dispute with Schopenhauer and
 Nietzsche his son those old**

**bores in love with logic for ast
sayeth the poet**

“Trapped all us be in the spider
web weaved by we in a dream we be
tangled in the our web that will not
let us see the ... the spider web of
the weaving of | broken the warp
of language weft of logic that
along the sticky silken threads like
millions of gleaming jewels thoughts
did lay...”

**Oh this load of crap for thee the
coprophilia philosophy be more
delight for me In urolagnia be
to read Baudelaires “Le
Dandy” for me be but ah that poet
reprobate kohl’in al-deen his**

**thoughts run thru the thoughts of
me his views twists and curls the
mind of J into whorls and
vortexes of maelstroms of
torments ah that proof of he
disrupts the mind of J and
throws the self of J into the
bottomless abyss it ruptures the
mind of J it bursts the neurons
and filaments of the nerves of J
that proof destroys all my
certainties to meaninglessness all
the products of the thoughts of J
and dropeth J cut adrift into the
sea of chaos where
meaninglessness itself ends also
in meaninglessness**

1.0 be a finite number

0.999... be a non finite number

Let be $x = 0.999...$

Multiply both sides by 10

$$10x = 9.999....$$

Subtract x from both sides

$$10x - x = 9.999... - 0.999...$$

Thus

$$9x = 9$$

Thus $x = 1$ and $x = 0.999...$

Therefore

$$1 = 0.999...$$

Or a finite number = a nonfinite number

This being a contradiction

**Therefore mathematics ends in
meaninglessness ie self contradiction**

**Ah Lucienne with the
 aurefaction of the air the blue
 smoke doth pause in its flight all
 movements stops then starts to
 flow then pause again the space
 around √ doth fracture the
 bottom half of the view of √
 moves back in background ast the
 top view moves forward in
 foreground a tessellation of space
 like some lambent serigraph
 without the crack light the color
 of honey dripped in gibbous globes
 with the scent of roses the air
 filled with thy cassolette
 felt wet like velvet and filled
 with sacerdotal tones of
 polyphonic counterpoint ast**

**flowers with callipygian petals
 steatopygous fell to litter the
 cushion tinted red with
 incandescent light and hymned**

“à deliquesce «

by

Duc de Freneuse

**Oh Lucienne visions passeth
 thru the mind of ♪ as thy
 cassolette to nebulous ecstasy
 sends ♪ to engulf ♪ in white
 light ast consciousness fades and
 space time melts away**

**The moon floats in lotus scented
 pools reflecting the face of thee to
 engulf the universe in thy beauty
 crepusculent light sweeps like
 scented breeze o'er liquidities**

**purple surface bright rippling
 nenuphar and lotus blooms
 floating fructifying upon crystal
 waters that exhale perfumed fumes
 that mix with moonlight light into
 multicolored colors of vibrant
 hues that irradiate the airs in
 nacreous light like lacquer upon
 Japanese bowls in the silvery
 light that lays o'er the liquid
 crystal liquidity thy face floats
 amidst the deliciousness of thy
 thy cassolette Oh Lucienne
 visions passeth thru the mind of
 ♪ as thy cassolette to nebulous
 ecstasy sends ♪ to engulf ♪ in
 white light ast consciousness
 fades and space time melts away**

**silhouetted 'gainst moon reflected
in aqueous pool moonlight wraps
rossignol in cloak of silver
shimmering as out fromst its
velvet throat tunes of harmonies
exquisite floweth to ripple petals
of roses deep crimson hued
exhaling scented perfumed fumes
wafting o'er garden soaked in
gleaming light that weave
tapestries of scent and light of
the face of thee that bringeth to the
mind of me memories of thee of
happy days bygone and nights of
nebulous pleasure thee didst give
to me of perfumes heavy of our
rapture ast the mellifluous tunes
didst ripple the moonlit petals**

glowing ruby bright coated in
 silver light to form thy face out of
 the cassolette scents of thee Oh
 Lucienne visions passeth thru the
 mind of J as thy cassolette to
 nebulous ecstasy sends J to
 engulf J in white light ast
 consciousness fades and space
 time melts away

moonlight refracts thru stained
 glass window into multicoated
 hues lurid like the blush of young
 virgin love coating the air in tints
 of nacreous light below above
 forming whorls that burst into
 perfumed blooms that form thy
 face o'er the shimmering air and

**mix their rapturous scents with
thy cassolette scents that soak thy
room in textures of exquisiteness
to send the senses of ♪ into
paroxysm of delightfulness that
bursts the soul of ♪ into an
o'erabundant plentitude of
numinous delirium ast bathe ♪ in
silver shimmering moonlit light
Oh Lucienne visions passeth
thru the mind of ♪ as thy
cassolette to nebulous ecstasy
sends ♪ to engulf ♪ in white
light ast consciousness fades and
space time melts away**

moon light bathing purple sea like
 liquid crystal scatters upon
 rippling waves sparkling like
 fireflies 'neath gibbous moon
 adored with stars diamond-like
 glinting ast upon dark velvet
 phosphorescent spume swept up
 mingles with sand grains
 reflecting moonlight to form the
 face of thee ast threads of
 seaweed lace around patterning the
 tresses of thee while air soaked in
 thy cassolette evokes
 remembrances of thee that wash
 o'er the soul of ♪ to which to
 paradise doth fly Oh *Lucienne*
 visions passeth thru the mind of

♪ as thy cassolette to nebulous
 ecstasy sends ♪ to engulf ♪ in
 white light ast consciousness
 fades and space time melts away

moonlight washes o'er gardens of
 fructifying fecundity flickering off
 the wings of iridescent butterflies
 who with gibbous eyes
 phosphorescing green flutter
 twixt prodigious outgrowths of
 fertility fluttering wings upon
 floribunda with polyantha
 profusion sweeping pollen golden
 bright into the silvery moon
 soaked light forming thy face ast
 thy cassolette scents intoxicating
 perfume fumes heavy odor wash

o'er me laying 'neath lifes
 profusion breathing out the
 scented breath that exhales up
 fromst the soul of me to solidify
 into globes of phosphorescent
 yellow perfume Oh Lucienne
 visions passeth thru the mind of
 ♪ as thy cassolette to nebulous
 ecstasy sends ♪ to engulf ♪ in
 white light ast consciousness
 fades and space time melts away

white swan bathed in silver
 moonlight glowed phosphorescent
 ast o'er pond coated in iridescent
 light like clouds of snow it
 floated serene leaving frothing
 wake of silver flowers-like that

traced out the face of thee rippling
 waves that sparkled bright
 reflecting its nacreous eyes green
 thru the aqueous liquidity with
 languid suspirations it didst glide
 with melodious harmonies
 sighing with its scented breath
 wavering orchids and nenuphar
 that exhaled their scented perfume
 fumes upon the beams of
 moonlight cascading down around
 slivers of fragrant light that fused
 with thy cassolette scents forming
 a cloak weaved with light and
 scent that lay o'er all an
 ambience of felicity Oh *Lucienne*
 visions passeth thru the mind of
 ♪ as thy cassolette to nebulous

**ecstasy sends ♪ to engulf ♪ in
white light ast consciousness
fades and space time melts away**

**moonlight susurrated thru
iridescent air rustling a symphony
of tones that to the mind of me
brought to me thee thy eyes of
languid pools of nacreous green
that shimmered reflecting the
gibbous moon eyes glowing with
soft radiance eyes of the scent of
roses eyes that within float petals
of nenuphar that formed thy face
incandescent with light eyes
floriferous that didst drip petals
of scented perfume fumes that**

**sent thy cassolette scents to the
soul of ♪**

**Oh Lucienne visions passeth
thru the mind of ♪ as thy
cassolette to nebulous ecstasy
sends ♪ to engulf ♪ in white
light ast consciousness fades and
space time melts away**

**moonlight filtered whispering
mellifluous thru the flowing
tresses of me that lush do grow
curling round that vigorous
beaming face agitating into
rhythms the vibrantly bloomed
angiosperms like colored bells
that sent tintinnabulation upon
the air and like filigrees of lace**

formed thy face upon the face of
 me whose scented perfume fumes
 potpourri formed with thy
 cassolette scents that flowed
 exhaled fromst the pores of ♪
 Oh Lucienne visions passeth
 thru the mind of ♪ as thy
 cassolette to nebulous ecstasy
 sends ♪ to engulf ♪ in white
 light ast consciousness fades and
 space time melts away

moonlight doth stream like silver
 flames 'neath aqueous liquidity
 like plastic crystal caressing
 whorls of light vortexes that
 blossom into iridescent flowers
 full of lifes fecundity to fill the

**glaucous depths with hyacinths
 and pearl that in the rippling
 crystal placidity form the face of
 thee that be surrounded like liquid
 hair purple and multihued tinted
 lotus and nenuphar that curl
 round and twine ast golden
 cordate fishes weave thru the
 silver shafts of light exhaling
 bubbles of scented perfume fumes
 that mix with the odors of
 flowering blooms out breathing
 thy cassolette scents Oh**

**Lucienne visions passeth thru the
 mind of J as thy cassolette to
 nebulous ecstasy sends J to engulf
 J in white light ast consciousness
 fades and space time melts away**

**moonlight o'er iridescent emerald
aqueous liquidity doth float like
silver shimmering veil to back
reflect the face of the moon silver
phosphorescent gibbous disc that
lay reflected in nacreous waters
like the beaming face of new born
love fromst above the purple night
breathed out scented perfume
fumes to scatter night flowers
golden pollen and to ripple
wavelet o'er the hovering disc that
traced out the face of thee with
the pollen of bloom blossoms that
shone like luminescent dust
fragrant with thy cassolette
scents**

**Oh Lucienne visions passeth
 thru the mind of J as thy
 cassolette to nebulous ecstasy
 sends J to engulf J in white
 light ast consciousness fades and
 space time melts away**

**Oh Lucienne midst this
 bluish smoke the mind of J
 dissolves into nebulous ecstasy
 into white light lurid bright
 melts J like into boundless
 being individuality fades
 dissolves space time melt awa**

For more see
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Passiflora

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Preface

That mystery that allure from a her

**That her that with poisonous breath that makes
the pulse of thee run with rapturous melodies
unto thy death**

**That her with eyes of the snake that set thee on
fire**

**That her with hair of spider webs that ensnares
the soul of thee with heated desire**

**That her whos pulpy lips of death thee longs to
kiss and have suck out the soul of thee**

**That her whos touch of fire ignite thee and
burns thee like a pyre**

**That her thee wants to stroke thy throat with
her viper tongue and run along thy pulsing veins
to curl round thy throat and squeeze thee into
ecstasy**

**That her that bringer of thy death to which thee
sings with desiring breath "come my languorous
thing that I canst put the head of I upon thy
breasts and hear thy frozen heart beat out its
deadly beats "**

**On strawberries soaked in ether
 supping sit here ♪ here writing
 in those perfumed fumes while on
 silken screens yellow hued writ in
 blood red iridescent the blood of
 ♪ about ♪ didst lie
 "La Belle Dame Sans Merci"
 that pitiless "faery's child".**

"She took me to her elfin grot
 And there she wept and sighed full
 score

And there I shut her wild wild eyes
 With kisses four

"And there she lulled me to sleep
 And there I dreamed-Ah woe betide'
 The latest dream I ever dremt

On the cold hill side

Geraldine with the serpents eye

“Her stately neck, and arms were
bare;

Her blue-veined feet unsandaled
were;

And wildly glittered here and there “

“The gems entangled in her hair.” ”

Yet Geraldine nor speaks nor stirs;

Ah! what a stricken look was hers!

Deep from within she seems half-way

To lift some weight with sick assay,

And eyes the maid and seeks delay;

Then suddenly, as one defied,

Collects herself in scorn and pride,

And lay down by the Maiden's side!—

And in her arms the maïd she took,
 Ah wel-a-day!
 And with low voice and doleful look
 These words did say:
 'In the touch of this bosom there
 worketh a spell,
 Which is lord of thy utterance,
 Christabel!
 Thou knowest to-night, and wilt know
 to-morrow,
 This mark of my shame, this seal of my
 sorrow"

**Acrasia she who to beasts didst
men to turn**

"Upon a bed of Roses she was layd
...

And was arayd, or rather disarayd,
All in a vele of silke and silver thin".
"And all that while, right over him she
hong,
With her false eyes fast fixed in his
sight,
As seeking medicine, whence she was
stong,
Or greedily depasturing delight And
oft inclining downe with kisses light,
For feare of waking him, his lips
bedewd,
And through his humid eyes did
sucke his spright,
Quite molten into lust and pleasure
"lewd;

Wherewith she sighed soft, as if his
case she rewd.”

**Salome who with desires
unambiguous kisses amorously she
the decapitated head of he**

“She is like a mad women a mad
women who is seeking everywhere for
lovers She is naked ...She shows
herself naked in the sky ...”

“I will kiss thy mouth Jokanaan...”

Oh how I loved thee I loved thee yet
Jokanaan I love thee only ... I am
athirst for thy beauty I am hungry for
thy body and neither wine nor fruits
can appease my desire”

**On strawberries soaked in ether
 supping sit here √ here writing
 in those perfumed fumes
 ast upon ebony filigree gilded
 inlaid lay open at the page
 "Nana" bewitching courtesan
 and Lulu of the "Earth Spirit"
 and "Pandora's Box" who
 devouringly sexually intoxicates
 and "Carmilla" of bad dreams and
 bite marks
 and Lady Audley of madness and
 doom
 and Brigid O'Shaughnessy more
 ravenous than The Maltese
 Falcon On strawberries soaked
 in ether supping sit here √ here
 writing in those perfumed fumes
 with luminous paintings erotic of**

ozi *Lindsay* and *Whiteley* that
 make *J* burn with "gemlike flame"
 that licks the air that surrounds
J On strawberries soaked in
 ether supping sit here *J* here
 writing in those perfumed fumes
 tinted with the yellow hues of the
 dreams of *J* of that flower of
 passion

Passiflora

Who

With vagina deep curved
 swallowing heliamphora
chimantensis

With Dew along cunts lips
 sparkling *Drosera capensis*

**With Cunts lips red-pinkish
snapping *Dionaea muscipula***

**Oh that thee wouldst suck ♀ up
into that deep curved throat that ♀
couldst glued be to those
gleaming beads of dew that line
thy lips and have that snapping
mouth bite the flesh of ♀ to
devour ♀ and absorb the pulsating
nerves of ♀ into thee that thee
wouldst drain ♀ of my living
fluids and into thee be absorbed
into ecstasies deliriums**

Passiflora

**More liquidity be in thy cunts
puffy folds than in sweet scented
savourous pulpy squelchy fruit
more intoxicating be the cunt of
thee than in opiums sweet scented
fumes**

**oh the cunts of thee exhales
scented perfumed fumes that tint
thy cassolette that fills my
passionate soul with ecstasies of
paradise and Technicolor the
dreams of ♪ that ♪ couldst press
the mouth of ♪ o'er thy fleshy
cunts flesh and to lips to lips do
in one exquisite lingering
languorous kiss to explode in a
gem-like flame of heated desire
that blots out the noon day sun**

with it burning glare that ♪
 couldst in thy hairy lair lay ♪
 down to sleep and sleep the sleep
 of perpetual rapturous dreams

Passiflora

♪ In hothouse amidst nacreous
 humids airs that melting
 dissolving imagery of thee
 dressed in white silk tulle thee
 the pallor of chlorosis pale
 'gainst the flowers flourishing
 vitality and thy red puffy lips like
 rubies on fire nibbling *Parma*
 violets crystallized thy hair coal
 black locks clogged in net like
 gossamer web spider spun with

**topaz arachnid in centre shinning
like the blazing yellow sun
nimbus of languor around thee
surrounds that on the surrounds
precipitating in pallid hues and
bleached half tones thy cunt be
one large virgin lily that secretes
perfumed fumes that solidify into
whirlpools of dripping light like
opal tinted globes bright amidst
flowery blooms that exhaled their
perfumes atop stems as if
sculptured of jade and emeralds
laid like bouquets of colored hues
that flickered ast guttering flames
fromst the breezes thy lips exhaled
thru the cunt of thee into each of
thy pores of thee thee didst absorb**

**those scented perfumed fumes into
 thy flesh thee sucked the flowers
 vitality that to withering wilting
 insipid things they didst form ast
 thee didst blossom with new
 found life in those reddish pink
 flushed cheeks of thee the
 flowers the pallor of chlorosis
 pale 'gainst thy reddish pink
 flushed cheeks flourishing
 vitality**

Passiflora

**Thy lips cyclamen white as if the
 moon melted upon banks of snow
 thy lips apart trembling with
 desires pangs fromst that
 tempestuous fire that in thy cunt
 doth up flames as if didst**

**supernova the sun those lips
apart that lure that humble bee
into the velvet depths of thy
burning chasm**

**those lips apart that chalice that
knights of gore had longed for that
flowery bowl of heated fluids of
delight bright glowing luculent of
hidden deep mysteries out of sight
those lips apart that the fluttering
bee in search to quench its thirst
alights upon the folds of velvet
down pollen dewed and in its
sniffing face bespeckled with thy
lips liquidities carries within
those fleshy lips to feel those
velvet perfumed petaled lips to
hug and crush upon the bees soft**

**form to feel the lips close up and
 feel the crushing hug to out breath
 and fromst within those tighting
 lips of thee we do hear the poor
 bee to scream**

Passiflora

**Within garden close 'neath the
 noon day sun a gibbous disc of
 molten gold the canopy of a
 sapphire sky laying o'er thee with
 Safez by thy side**

“The bird of the gardens sang unto
 the rose

New blown in the clear dawn “bow
 down thy head

As fair thou within this garden close

Many have bloomed and died “she
 laughed and said

“that I am born to fade grieves not my
heart

But never was it a true lovers part
To vex with bitter words his loves
repose”

**Thy eyes glittering twin bluish
stars gleaming in the yellow light
the pallor of thy skin paler than
Cyclamen petals of velvet flame
thy cunt aflame bursting with fire
a red blooded bloom that to the
bees didst allure that longing to
kiss that flowery form didst
flutter with desire fromst near
and far drawn on by the perfumed
fumes exhaling fromst that velvet
throat that didst flutter thy cunts
reddish lips like flowery petals**

**kissed by the heated breeze to thy
lips the bees didst fly but on the
touch of their lips to lips to kiss
into flames didst burst they to
die to shrivel and to burn with
agonizing moan to lay in burnt out
carcasses at thy dainty feet as
thee didst flower petals pluck to
crush then in thy dainty hand to
drop as confetti like on a brides
wedding day that drifting down
like butterflies on the wing like
globes of colored dust to form
o'er those burnt out husks a
shroud of colored arabesque
whilst with thy head thrown back
like some hound fromst hell**

**baying to a pallid moon thee didst
mirthly laugh**

Passiflora

**oh that face of thee with the
tints of decay pallid pale ast some
bleached out flower thy eyes like
the stagnate waters of some
decomposing pool companion fair
for *Faunas* that "lover of
doomed ladies" the perfumed
fumes of thee a nimbus that
surrounds like some pestilential
mist the cunt of thee some o'er
ripe fruit with the hues of autumn
leaves that out breaths sulphide
of hydrogen but ah whenst thee
dost feed like some leprous thing**

upon desires sucking the life
 fromst things thenst thee to a rosy
 bloom do form peachy skin eyes a
 light with vivacity thy scent the
 scented perfumed fumes all the
 gardens of the world thee be the
 lurid colors of spring time thee be
 the tasty new born fruit while
 decaying at thy feet be the lover
 that thee didst seek

Passiflora

Thee wash the blood of thy
 paramours devoured off thy puffy
 lips with the mornings sparkling
 dew thy ears ring with the agonies
 of crys of thy paramours devoured
 thy lips thrill with tremblings of
 exquisite joy ast they remember

**the lingering last kiss of thy
paramours devoured into bliss
thy lovers be but dead and the
cries of they waft like the pyres
baleful fumes across the barren
land to the clashing of thy cunts
bloody lips like cymbals of
polished brass ast thy eyes like
gleaming gems bright lay like
silver moons reflected in the
heated pools of foaming blood
asts thee lick thy scarlet tongue
like the vipers in the blood coated
of its prey oh say ♪ thy heated
breath breathes noxious fumes
that wilt and mildew with
miasmatic hues the flowers in thy
way thy heated breath breathes**

out pestilential fogs in rhythms
 with the pulsations of thy hearts
 poisonous melodies oh what
 odious sprite didst bringeth thee
 in my way what demon fromst hell
 didst let the eyes of ♪ gaze upon
 the eyes of thine what demon of
 hell disturbed the poppy dream of
 ♪ and bringeth thee to ♪ oh
 whatever whoever it be thank ♪
 thee with glee oh how ♪ long for
 those snake tresses of thee to
 entwine me up in those coils of
 lingering death that to madness
 and doom await ♪ oh that thee
 wouldst press thy pulpy cunt o'er
 the flesh of ♪ and bewitch and
 drive ♪ to folly oh that ♪ couldst

for eternity look upon the
 Medusa face of thee look upon
 face of death and plunge the lips
 of I o'er the devouring lips of
 thee that thee wouldst with thy
 serpent eye wouldst suck out of I
 the humid eyes of I my soul and
 to thy elfin grot take I lay I
 upon thy bower of bliss and to
 bad dreams and bite marks on my
 flesh to send the veins of I into
 pulsations of rapturous
 tremblings that thee would set I
 on fire with desire that burn I
 bright like the heated coal that I
 couldst burn bright with gemlike
 flame and into deliriums float
 upon the maelstroms of

sensations play oh happy be ♪ to
 be Meïamoun in "Une nuit de
 Cléopâtre" the poison which to
 drink oh how lucky be Kriton
 with the secrets of those kisses
 for one Egyptian night then but to
 feel in the morning dawn the axe
 across my neck oh for all these
 joys oh serpent eye cast they
 glance upon ♪ and give to ♪
 exquisite joys if but for one
 moment till death but that ♪
 couldst gemlike burn for that
 moment ast the moth drawn to the
 burning flame for love giveth its
 life for that heated moment of
 delight oh thee serpent thee awake
 in me the beast within that beast

thee make the senses of ♪
 pulsate that girth round ♪ in one
 nimbus of sensations might oh
 loathsome thing oh loathsome
 carnivore of human flesh give ♪
 thy lips to kiss and taketh ♪ to
 paradise in one bursting flame of
 ecstatic delight in one fleeting
 momentary paroxysm of
 rapturous ravishment give ♪ thy
 lips and ignite the flesh of ♪ into
 that gemlike flame that ♪
 supernovas then to melt in
 exquisite passion then goeth out a
 burnt out husk to be to be absorbed
 in thy black hole that sucks in all the
 universe but oh that ♪ will giveth all
 for that moment of fleeting delight
 for that rapturous night with thee

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Nymphae

Poem by c dean

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Gamahucher press west geelong Victoria Australia
2015

Preface

**To in madness be be with those
 nymphae like fairy wings of
 gossamer those soft velvet curving
 forms that hang like pink veils of
 shimmeringly light fluttering
 butterfly-like upon the scented
 breezes that upwells to caress like
 virgin kisses the lips of ♪ those
 nymphae to nibble to suck to taste
 that honey curving form to into
 madness with heated desires fire
 that in their clutching grasp that
 couldst ♪ expire into madnessess
 bliss**

***Ast write √ with this
quill of √ sparks fly
dotting the night black sky
with glittering gems star-
like the writing of √ hast
the passion of a forest
fire or the flames of a
virgins love the writings
of √ hast the
tintinnabulations of
fritillaries agitated by the
beating diaphanous black
checkered orange-brown***

**wings of fritillaries the
 writing of ♪ sings like a
 thousand nightingales that
 sing to the swooning rose
 the writing of ♪ dot the
 page like hibiscus
 flowers glowing red in the
 panther black hair of some
 ones love the writing of ♪
 wafts sky ward ast the
 cassolette of some
femme fatale the
 writing of ♪ circumvolves
 round thee clutching tight**

**ast thy love in fright ah
that thee meet these
words of ۞ with no
persiflage but with
ejaculations of glee with
rapturous abandon throw
back the head of thee and
gulp down these words of
۞ as Sufi his purple
frothing wine doth on
drunken be let these words
of ۞ wash o'er thee with
nacreous rhythms
undulating along the flesh**

**of thy limbs like some
languorous lingering
kissing let these words of
of ♪ of verist beauty
cloak thee in the softest
music like pink mist round
pervenche Nymphaea in
limpid pools green that thy
cheeks flush with vermeil
tint ast accrescent thy
passion pullulate
floriferous across thy
flesh catapulting thee into
deliriums of sensations**

**into paroxysms of
imaginings that these
words of ♪ wouldst be
the cynosure of thee these
words of ♪ drop like
incandescent dust aurified
forming lambent patterns
o'er thy flesh like upon
some sergraph woven out
of light polyphonic
sensations syncopated
dabs of words scented in
counterpoint along the
limbs of thee**

**ensorcellating me the cunt
hole of thee frothing ast
green foam of the sea
those nymphae like
butterfly wings on clouds
of shadows purple
streaked with yellow
fluttering on humid
currents of air round that
curly mass of panther
black hair oh to my eyes
those fluttering nymphae
rouged with sequins of
multi colors along those**

**pink lined edge flashed
shimmeringly hues of
yellow-green chrysolite
apple-green tints of
chrysoprase fulvous
cymophane bursts of pink
whorls of yellow of beryl
indigo-blue spirals oh
those nymphae
angiosperm bedewed with
humid liquidity that
couldst √ sup upon the
nectar ast some oenophile
look upon those moon-like**

**cusps gems afire blazing
in pink mist crepuscular
that drip purple tears of
dew like Endymion moon
loving ♪ bathing in those
arrows of silver light that
dapple green tinted pools
with speckles of glinting
stars eyeing that moon
luminescent twixt those
nymphae moon cusp-like
feeling that humid tinted
silver light like water
rippling caressing the**

heated flesh of √ incising
into the flesh of √ like an
intaglio the gibbous curved
forms of thy nymphae dew
speckled glaucous tinted
ast the powdery froth upon
new born grapes impasto-
like wax flowers
floriferous coruscating
along the pink lined edge
of thy nymphae oh thy
nymphae that embouchure
within that valley floweth
flowing stream of light

**golden dazzling running the
waters of my goleonda
that with the mouth of √
√ kissing-like o'er those
pink iridescent curves
embouchure to make
mellifluous music fromst
the sighs of thee which
burst into hyacinths
spangling shafts of light
bright under cerulean
heights thick painted with
the fluttering shadows of
the curves of thy nymphae**

**forms glowing opulent ripe
bursting fructifying fruit
pungent with the perfumed
scents of *Nymphaea* and
humid fumes of estrus
welling up fromst that
nacre pool in which swim
in beauteous perfection
Ephydriades Pegaeae of
the springs *Potomeides*
Crinaeae and *Naiades*
and *Eleionomae* of the
wetlands under undulant
waters spears of light**

**weaving thru seas of
iridescent bubbles like
blazing flames flickering
to glimpse a breast thigh
curve of arse cheek or
glimpse of cunny bright
ripe bodies of youth in
halos of effulgent light
upwelling the odoriferous
scents of spring times
fecundity their flesh tinted
with dappled hues
reflecting off the quivering
curved forms of thy**

**pinkish nymphae streaked
 with mica flecks thy
 nymphae the gem studded
 jaws of the rainbow
 serpent where poison drips
 fromst off that fem-dick
 fang thy nymphae the
Aegean Nymphs the
Scylla and Charybdis oh
 that couldst ♪ to the lips
 of ♪ press these nymphae
 feel them bite and to taste
 the blood of ♪ drip and
 drop to bloom into flowers**

**bloody red that ♪ couldst
lift those nymphae to the
lips of ♪ and suck in
their breath that burns the
lips of ♪ with their sweet
poisonous airs that
couldst ♪ lift those
nymphae like the Sufis
cups to the lips of ♪ and
pour out the blood of ♪
into thee that thee wouldst
drain the veins of ♪ and
shall draw the soul of ♪
into thine that ♪ couldst**

up that fulvous river Styx
to that fount that abyss
the axis mundi of the
world and down into those
whorls of waters drown
supping up Lethes
swirling fluids and to
oblivions of the little death
death hast found
coupled with thee incased
in those nymphae soft as
panthers velvet paws that
bite tight ast tigers jaws
that the blood be in the

veins of ♪ dried up and
my sighs waft o'er the
land turning to yellow all
growing things withering
mildew blotching all things
that grow 'neath thy
nymphae that in a
paroxysm of a languorous
lingering kiss to thee be
me wedded in a bridal knot
of death with thy pink
opaline nymphae robes that
fromst which golden
showers flow o'er ♪ and

**bathe ♪ in thy velvet
scented liquidity that ♪
couldst be melted by that
golden light and into
eternity with those
nymphae cloaked shroud
round ♪ and drain into the
eyes of ♪ the dew
speckled along the curves
gibbous face glittering ast
the Pleiades a necklace set
in the moon lit night that
clings to the neck of ♪
like the hangmans noose to**

drop in into that valley of
death surging with
maelstroms whorls
swirling torrents that
along that golden river
Styx flush ♪ along thy
velvet nymphae gem
studded curves ast the
temples of the ♪ndies
glittering o'er liquidities
that sing music sweeter
than the semitones of
Phrygian flutes that clash
neath thy nymphae like the

**cymbals of maenads to
ripple o'er the face of
those surging torrent
roses blooms red as blood
that bob and toss and
gyrate like Javanese
dancers upon the nacreous
froth down that valley of
death—like dreams turbid
with the purple dust fine
as starlight that wafts
fromst thy nymphaes
velvet curved line scented
faintly with dainty**

**Nymphaea those nymphae
 that didst flutter ast
 dancing bacchanals on
 the valley upwelling breeze
 to send to the ears of ♪
 sweet murmurings sweet
 songs that glittering on the
 airs didst sing with
 musical melodies sweet
 songs to ♪ whilst
 wrapped up in thy
 nymphaes velvet shroud
 looked ♪ down down ♪
 looked down fromst the**

**embouchure down into the
valleys depths with
inward breaths looked √
upon the nymphs pink
flushed sides looked √
upon the panther black
tangles of that purple
spangled hair into that lair
looked √ fromst dizzy
heights in crepuscular
light that wavering hair
curling round as waves
upon a storm tossed sea
flecked with silver frozen**

moon light those down √
 down √ gazed fromst
 those nymphae like frozen
 pink waves like
 Himalayan crags and into
 those abysmal depths
 looked √ with quivering
 shudders with fevered
 sickening swoon with that
 tangled hair along the
 nymphaes curved edge √
 with frantic anguished
 despair giddy with fear
 down √ down √ didst

**gaze and into a blissful
swoon didst √ melt with
desire melt with rapturous
delicious intoxicating fires
of unquenchable lustings
and in thy nymphae didst
√ melt aswoon with
desires longings wrapped
up like in a serpents coil
in those nymphae in a
serpents coils didst √ lay**

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Orchidaceae

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Preface

**Lost in the present lost in the
 moments ecstatic infinities
 sensations sublimity the single
 moment of pleasures singularity
 experiences intensity flickering
 momentary impressions infinitely
 divisible into ecstasies
 inexpressible Lost in the present
 lost in the moments ecstatic
 infinities**

That will write ♪ for thee one
 recollection of me in mellifluous
 tones for the ear of thee in the ear
 of thee as sayeth the poet for
 those race of new beings in
 fanciful rhymes sweet rhythms
 and solemn cadences full of
 resonate music and studded with
 jeweled words with the verbal
 fleshliness of *Laus Veneris*
 sing tone ♪ like *Marsyas* upon
Athenas acursed abandoned
 flute no *Thrasymachus* nor
hippias ♪ lie not ♪ ast say ♪ ♪
 like in a nocturne by *Frederick*
Childe hassam or *Whistlers*
 "Nocturne in *Black and Gold*"
 along streets covered o'er with

pink fog thru which the moon a
 lemon bright shot flames of light
 streaking shadows like cut with a
 burning knife ast light poles seem
 like dandelions glowing white
 like spheres encased in purplish
 night all clothed in poetry ast
 girlies fluttered like multicolored
 butterflies iridescent into the
 disco 'neath a neon light flashing
 bright "*The hothouse*" as above
 into the night like lights fromst
 lighthouses upon a pink foggy
 shore fromst window like eyes
 green streamed rectangles of
 nacreous light like frozen absinthe
 floated ♪ into a room didst enter
 ♪ like by Edgar Allen Poe

**described thru velvet curtain blood
red that draped down ast if clotted
blood had frozen in the heated
light sewn o'er in pink silk these
lines of truth**

*Liveth thee for the moment in sensations
pulsing rapture burn always with a
gemlike flame to maintain this ecstasy
momentary*

**in white ivory bowls inlaid with
scenes of maenads in bacchanals
fromst were flowing o'er in great
masses of nacreous colors Gloire
de Dijon roses that out sent
scent to mingle round the horn of a
priapic Pan aplaying on his flute
atop a sardonyx mushroom stem
streaked with veins of iridescent**

reds and yellows hues pilus head
 white like incandescent snow did
 froth to my view entered didst √
 into a room in the three strip
 Technicolors of hustons
 "Moulin Rouge" in green
 baroque décor in velvet green with
 mother of pearl sheen wear didst
 √ like the poet wore breeches of
 white samit pink velvet cloak shirt
 of yellow silk laced on cuffs and
 neck with shear tulle to attacked
 in button hole one green carnation
 gleaming ast an emerald jewel or
 the mirrored surface of an emerald
 sea and passed √ around on
 paper pink of Japan the card of

**I writ in deeper pinks hue with
as the poet sayeth**

*"We and the labouring world are
passing by
Amid mens souls that day by day give
place
More fleeting than the seas foam-fickle
face
Under the passing stars foam of the sky
Lives on this lonely face"*

**To o'er turn upon the other side
writ in blue the color of the skies
bright dome as sayeth the poet**

*They are not long the days of wine and
roses*

Out of a misty dream

Our path emerges for awhile then closes

Within a dream

**Which toeth the surprise of √ √
didst spy these very words writ
upon pink napkins upon baroque
pink *mármol* table tops andst
above the bars glittering glasses
gleaming face each glass a facet
like in √ndras net each to each
reflecting each to each the dancing
throng each to each alike in each
to each like eyes each be each
mirroring each to each in infinities
unfathomable reach each to each
each scene as if √oulouse-**

**Lautrec had painted each each
 scene a girly each a masturbpiece
 floated in green light like orchids
 'neath a green sea in the green
 liquidity each to each did sheen
 ast each to each didsts their arses
 flick in the thick liquidity lost
 amongst each other each green
 tinted to the disco beat in
 rapturous rhythms didst each
 arse to each in circled lines beat
 out the beat like flicking tails of
 silvered fish in the thick green
 liquidity iridescent sheened in the
 disco light like orchids 'neath
 waters thick liquidity didst they
 float 'mongst shadows purple
 hues in the shade of each girly**

***Floating 'neath the green liquidity
in the green light colors flashed
like lighting streaming thru the
green tinted liquidity yellows and
lemons in the thick humidity eyes
like birds didst gleam in the
glasses reflections in the green
liquidity ast each to each didst
their arses flick in the thick
humidity dancing arses each to
each beating out the beat thru the
humidity thickened liquidity
beating out pulses thru the musics
beat rowdy voices quite
whisperings upon the musics
pulsatings furious with desires
full of life unquenchable no
tomorrows but ecstasies***

**momentary 'neath the green
humidity liquidity dancing arses
each to each beating out the beat
thru the humidity thickened
liquidity iridescent streaks of
golds and yellows shifting moving
swirling in whorls of light bright
within the green liquidity sliding
veering bubbles of light in the
green limpidity bobbing around
orchids of bubbles of colored light
floating dancing arses nudging
dancing arses each to each beating
out the beat thru the humidity
thickened liquidity purple shadows
streaking the green humidity
liquidity arses flinging sideward
bubbles nudging bubbles girlies**

**like colored orchids translucent
rippling green humid liquidity
rippling o'er each arse to arse each
to each beating out the beat thru
the humidity thickened liquidity
fold upon fold of arses fluidity
tremors rippling o'er them rippling
threading the green lights humidity
liquidity orchid colors prints upon
the green limpidity twinkling
curving convolutions like fish
swimming outspreading iridescent
streaks of golds and yellows
rippling tremors upon the humidity
liquidity arse to arse each to each
beating out the beat orchids
submerged whispering words
unquenchable life in the tremulous**

**light washed o'er by the
rhythmically out beating music
pulsing blood desires urgings
heated surging lost in the presents
ecstasies momentary infinity birds
eyes beads of green light orchids
many colored spots of light like
undersea corals golds yellows
irradiations with the green
humidity limpid liquidity arse to
arse each to each beating out the
beat facets of colored light beat
beat beating modulations of hues
o'er shadows purple rippling
waves of purple and blues colors
smears in twirls and swirls
bubbles upwelling hues mingling
in light shadows across glasses**

**polished face arse to arse each to
each beating out the beat facets of
color playing betwixt shadows
purple sheen orchids on a canvas
of polished green rhythms
undulating o'er slanting purple
shadows iridescent orchids
unfurled petals of color slipping
sliding swirling arse to arse each
to each beating out the beat
blotches of color smeared o'er a
green humidity liquidity orchids
submerged like fish gem-like in the
green shimmering lacing the kelp-
forest shadows purple with
glittering colors fire-like fluttering
dappling blotches o'er girlies arse
to arse each to each beating out**

**the beat unquenchable desires fires
submerged in green limpid
humidity liquidity curvaceous
roundness flickering thru kelp
forest shadows purple arse each
to each each opulent curvaceous
beating out the beat like jiggling
with the pungence of ripe fruit
dripping perfumed juice arse to
arse each to each beating out the
beat stirring up wisps of
wormwood scents of fennel and
anises the holy trinity wafting
thru the green humidity liquidity
mingling fusing in tints of
rapturous everlasting with the
dancing swirling arse to arse
whirling girlies orchidaceous**

**scents vapors of opoponax and
frangipani curling round fromst
humidity fannies oozing liquidities
in panties soaked with randy
femininity dancers heated swirl
twirl arse to arse each to each
beating out the beat dripping
luxuriant fumes scented vapors
curling thru the green humidity
liquidity rooms eyes to eyes red
lips to red lip in heated flaming
kiss ast arse to arse each to each
beating out the beat pulpy puffy
cunties juicy oozing orchidaceous
scents fromst orchids delicate and
rare fromst the lips petaled deep
blooming fruit fromst pink lips
virginal luminous of hue orchid**

**flowers of lurid scents and heady
 colors new hothouse orchids in
 curvaceous curling line arse to
 arse each to each beating out the
 beat mingling cunty perfumes that
 around thigh and throat curling
 round lacing necks in perfumed
 necklaces of congealing hues
 wafting roof ward ast incense in
 some pagan temple close ast
 girlies swift footing dancing
 sweet murmurings like the breeze
 thru scented leaves in the green
 humidity liquidity "The
 hothouse" burning with hot cunty
 heat like the heat of the topics
 with all life in heat dripping scent**

at the leaping sliding twirling feet
 arse to arse each to each beating
 out the beat hothead of desires
 pulsations ardent colors palette
 smeared o'er the green tinted
 humidity liquidity perfumes
 plenitude in an orchestration of
 kaleidoscopic hues circling round
 thigh throat lingering in cunty hair
 orchidaceous scents kissing lips
 in heated languid swoon
 passionate and deep "The
 hothouse" perfumed palace of the
 present lost in the moments
 ecstatic infinities full of
 whisperings kissing and eyes
 desiring eyes ast arse to arse each

**to each beating out the beat ast
groping eyes interlace pouting lips
turgid clits soak panties with the
perfumed ooze scented vapors
orchidaceous fumes fromst the
puffy pulpy fleshy cunties of
girlies arse to arse each to each
beating out the beat weird desires
amidst sweet rapturous rhythms
mesmeric perfumes circling
wafting thru kelp bead shadows
purple ast arse to arse each to
each beating out arse to arse each
to each beating out rippling waves
send thru the glasses cracks
shattering ast arse to arse each
to each beating out**

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