

The image features a central painting of a woman whose hair and wings are composed of numerous peacock feathers, each with a distinct 'eye' pattern. She is depicted from the waist up, wearing a light blue, ruffled garment. The background of the painting is a textured, golden-brown color. This central image is set against a solid, vibrant red background. The text is overlaid on the painting and background in various colors and fonts.

*Aime moi pour ce
que je suis*

By

Syacinthe

Chantelouve

Translated By

Durtal

Poem By C DEAN

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2022

FP: **Seraph** BY [Viktor Vasnetsov](#) (1848-1926)

Publisher introduction

Ahh be this *Aime moi*
pour ce que je suis be
it be a grimoire be it be the
work of a thaumaturge an
alchemist perhaps a Hermes
Trismegistus be this work
be full of symbols for the
psychoanalyst symbols of
reintegration and
individuation of the psyche

Ahhh this *Aime moi*
pour ce que je suis

can it be full of eso- and
 exoteric expressions of
 spirituality for the psyche
 perhaps inner teaching of the
 Rosicrucianism or Hermetic
 Order of the Golden Dawn
 or Societas Rosicruciana in
 Anglia or Martinism or
 Thelema or Freemasons
 perhaps or perhaps this

Aime moi pour ce

que je suis be the word
 witchery words of
 incantation spells full of
 love magic full of *Philia* or
Eros magic be this **Aime**
moi pour ce que je
suis be a *Tristan* and
Isolde or perhaps *L'Elisir*
d'amore or again perhaps *El*
amor brujo

But *Ahh* indeed this work
 be a tract of languorous

**narcoticism words full of
opium dreams rhythms that
hypnotise the mind words
that fill the soul with
gorgeous sensibilities
words and melodies full of
languorous intoxication**

**Ahh indeed this *Aime*
moi pour ce que je
suis may do its magic on
thee its alchemy transform
thee**

Preface

**Bring thy ear hear the nightingale
sing its enraptured tune hear the
mellifluous kisses that these words
weave thru thy flesh let the senses
dance out their waltz to the tones of
these cymbals these words of magic
come my beloved enchanted by this
song enraptured on my words let the
asphodels and lilies withered in the
hair of ♪ burst into bloom fromst the
eyes of thine that look upon ♪ for
who ♪ be enraptured by my magic
come come to ♪ thee**

Write here ¶ 'neath a chasuble red as
 blood embroidered with horned billy-
 goat within a triangle write here ¶
 quill dipped in ciboria interlaced with
 gems of ruby sapphires on fire 'neath
 canopy in Cyprian gold quill dipped
 with cantharide juice red write here ¶
 to thee twixt paten and cruets and alb on
 paper scented with perfume of
 ashopdels ¶ tell tell ¶ watermark in
 green with a lion upside down sat in
 crescent of moon Ahh howeth breathe
 ¶ in the scent of savin spurge sorrel
 and colchicum in blue china chalices
 with peacock feathers lilies and
 anemones dripping petals withered o'er

alter cloths in vermilion o'er copes in
silk crimson o'er pages of

La Magie naturelle qui est les
secretes et miracals de nature mise en
quatre livres par *Jean-Baptiste Porta*
Neapolitain ast floats thru the room
incense of datura nightshade rue and
henbane fromst pyxs twixt athanor and
retorts and alembics full of purslane
spurge and tetterworts

That thee wouldst kiss my soul and not
my flesh

Oh my love sigh ♪ sigh ♪ for thee
doth not see ♪ sse ♪ not but only
see thee this cunt of ♪ behold ♪ not
Ahh the passion throbs in the throats

veins of ♪ ♪ do tell blood flowing
surges of love hotter than hell

The breath of ♪ doth the air scorch
hotter than simoom o'er Sahara sands
this breath burning the heart of ♪
churning blood boiling with the bliss of
love Ah for one kiss that be for ♪ for
♪ for ♪ not this cunt of ♪ whose flesh
be bathed by moonlight that hole
reflecting stars flickering flowers of
silver bathed in perfume and starlight
undulating waves within that gulf of
flesh the breath of ♪ sighs voluptuous
ecstasy ineffable with the deep tint of
pink upon the cunts flesh of ♪ flushed
ast the crimson lips of babies lips
quivering cunts lips butterfly wings

fluttering puffy flesh pulses of emotions
 thus thus doth the love of ♪ for thee sigh
 Oh my love sigh ♪ sigh ♪ for thee doth
 not see ♪ see ♪ not but only see thee
 this cunt of ♪ behold ♪ not for that
 kiss for that kiss fill my lips with scented
 blooms fill my flesh with raptures
 epileptic of bliss sweep my flesh with thy
 breath that this cunts flesh of ♪ delights
 in madness melts in delirium ast eyes do
 meet in a languorous embrace ast thy
 flesh trembles quakes evaporates ast
 Voltaire for Marquise du Châtelet

Ast Anthony for Cleopatra

Ast Pericles for Aspasia

Ast David for Bathsheba

**Yet Yet doth thee long for only the
 cunt of ♪ this cunt of ♪ with its
 sweet flesh those lips curled tinted in
 pink ast virgin cheeks those lips those
 lips casting indigo shadows o'er that
 hole oft sparkling shafts of lightning
 glinting rainbowed hued fromst that hole
 crimson prism casting rainbow tints
 along those cunts furred lips Ohhhh
 the twilight o'er covers this day of mine
 droops the head oft ♪ with sighs
 sadder than breeze thru midnight
 graveyard this heart of ♪ beats forlorn
 tinting this flesh of ♪ this flesh of ♪
 with tints more pallid than snow upon
 some lonely mount above more pallid
 than lilies in vases cracked beside a lost**

love *Lo Lo* a dark shadow falls o'er
 this heart of *J* with beat for beat it
 creeps andst fill this flesh of *J* like a
 wraith desolate *Andst Yet Yet* this
 soul of *J* yearns for the love of thee
Yet Yet Oh my love sigh *J* sigh *J*
 for thee doth not see *J* see *J* not but
 only see thee this cunt of *J* behold *J*
 not *Andst Yet Yet* this soul of *J*
 yearns for the love of thee that love of
 thee for me that kiss that loves me
 whole hot burning flesh to flesh that
 bursts into a million suns before the
 eyes of eye that drink in thy gaze that
 doth drink in me whole cry *J* cry *J*
 take me whole into thy soul which be
 the soul of *J* Ohhh but *Way Way*

all doth see ♪ fromst thee is this love
of this cunt of ♪ that cunt ripe
succulent flesh upon which doth thee
bite and smell all the fragrance of the
world that seep fromst that flesh in that
spongy flesh that

Be all the scents of flowery blooms

Be all the sweetnessess of gateaux
fruit

Be all the softnessess of female flesh

Ahh howeth thee lusts for this cunt of
♪ But But all sweetness fromst ♪
drain the dulcet sighs of ♪ flow to
moans flow to groans all the colours of
the meadows blooms fade this flower
cunt of ♪ withers the sighs of ♪

**weaves dolorous missals upon the
darkest night**

To my sight light fades to night

To my nose all scents putrefy

To my touch all things sting

To my ears doth ring all the

inharmonious things that fly on the wing

or thru the leaves sing faded fades all

the life fromst life the candle light fades

out rose petals chlorotic fall fromst

stems withered all the wines fromst

Samos or Cyprus all the Romans

Falernum turns soar the white to grey

turns the herbs Ahhh looketh the

gardens of Lemnos die wilted the

perfumed dessous of ♪ goes stale its

wet spot doth no more exhale those
 odours of delight that brought thee to me
 I cry I die for Oh my love sigh I
 sigh I for thee doth not see I see I
 not but only see thee this cunt of I
 behold I not Ohh beloved that thee
 couldst be the nightingale of Hafiz that
 to its rose I doth sing

Oh that thee couldst be the Majnun to
 I thy Laila that thee couldst be
 Ramin drunk on the lips of me the
 Vis of thee entwined lips to lip ast
 milk blent with wine devouring thee and
 me on kisses fromst which doth burst
 into bloom tulips scent fromst the flesh
 of we that perfumes the canopy of
 stars that we couldst quaff the wine of

our sighs and tap tap upon each lips a
 thousand kisses that thee wouldst see
 ♪ a cypress tree bedecked with gold
 and thee wouldst sing to ♪ *Ombra*
mai fu with the tongue of thee tinted
 with musk Ahh my beloved like ♪ *Vis*
 and *Ramin* that we couldst be blent like
 sugar and fat fused inseparably in
 eternities bliss or musk melded with
 ambergris or rose water mixed with
 honey Ohh be all these that we couldst
 be interfused combined into that unity of
Plotinus Ohh beloved lift up the veil
 fromst the cunt of ♪ that thee canst see
 ♪ see the beauty of the soul of ♪ lift
 that veil ast the soul of ♪ behind it
 hides Ahh howeth long willst thee

thirst upon this cunt of ♀ andst see
 not ♀ howeth long willst thee andst ♀
 be not lovers filled with blood the same
 of we Ahh beloved peep thee 'neath
 the dross of ♀ for none shallst see
 the beauty of the soul that doth not the
 veil lift lift the veil fromst the tavern of
 the flesh of ♀ and ast Yusuf and
 Zuliakha drink each the wine divine
 andst lay with ♀ lay with ♀ in bliss
 upon the Divan like Salaman and
 Absal with no room for two that we
 too beloved see not betwixt thee andst
 me But But Oh my love sigh ♀ sigh
 ♀ for thee doth not see ♀ see ♀ not
 but only see thee this cunt of ♀ behold
 ♀ not thus doth ♀ speak to thee with

**earnest breath drooping head veiled
 with pallid flesh the sighs do move the
 veils that fromst √ hang that long for
 the kiss of thee thy flesh divine my
 flesh my soul couldst be all thine for √
 couldst give thee all give thee all atoms
 of √ Ahh Ahh pity √ pity we that
 thee only sees the cunt of √ a lust that
 satiates not Ohh come take me all in
 love your soul give me all to dissolve
 this living hell this hell in which my life
 dies thy kiss be not enough for √ not
 enough but Ohhh √ dream of thee in
 this darkened world dream √ of thee
 whenst thee am √ that lifts this doom
 of √ with gleams that part the gloom
 andst brings we together closer than**

unity that this being of ♪ wouldst
 vanish into thy soul that all nights
 darkness wouldst vanish in the light of
 thee that the burning of the flesh ♪
 wouldst cease my life to be sweet in
 this miasmatic space whenst thee
 wouldst see ♪ not this cunts flesh of
 infinite delight that like mushy fruit
 we couldst be crushed twixt each and
 each in paradise eat with pulsing veins
 on fire Ahh this hell this hell ♪ doth
 tell to dream of thee is but life to
 dream of thee that doth ♪ see the lilies
 and asphodels that deck the languid hair
 of ♪ burst into bloom perfuming the
 breath of ♪ ast for thee sigh ♪

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