



Amour
POEM
BY C
DEAN

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fp: Vincent Van Gogh: Japanese Vase with Roses and Anemones (1890; Auvers-sur-oise, France)

PUBLISHERS INTRODUCTION

Ahh Dean what be thy

Amour

**what be it verbal frippery acoustic
hyperbole of the ideal an intoxicated
lyricism a mother of pearl hymn to
Expressive beauty be this**

Amour

**be everything not what modernist
free verse be which be only for the
mind a vulgarity of the vulgar morals**

a verse of photography nay a verse
of the daguerreotype the modern
school of free verse which be a
decadence into the photographic
banal of realism the ugly the navel
gazing confessional soliloquy of the
more arcane cryptic showing off the
writers intelligence *Blahh Dean thy*

Amour be a temple to

the ideal a genius of style that
captures in a new voice the
sensations of *Monets* colours the
fire of *Delacroixs* palette not the
style of a free verse which be just

the prose of Hemingway *But But*
Ahhh beauty of sound beauty of
 depictions the spectacle of tints tones
 hues *Dean thy*

Amour be a

Samarkand carpet a *Persian*
 miniature paintings by *Kamāl al-*
Dīn Bihzād thy

Amour be a tone

masterpiece after *Debussys*
Prélude à l'après-midi d'un faune a
 rhapsodic song of colors painted in
 sounds splashed o'er the page

**pastels colors sounds scream out to
thy ears and images of tones flash
thru thy mind golden light lilting
tunes shifting harmonies of soft
tones a Synesthesia of the senses
words washed in oils and
watercolors impressions searing the
minds eye heated bush strokes of
words and images dazzling
sparkling fervent rhythms a frippery
of effects that *Dean* be thy**

Amour

PREFACE

**Fromst the past cants the echo of a
song the present reach to stir the
soul in the raptures of love where
souls do meet in present time one
fromst the past andst one fromst
now two souls separated in time but
joined in love each to each each to
each reach to union blent ast one two
souls sharing one heart that beats
out rhythms of love across the bridge
of time they meet thru song**

Ohh reciter to quote that Nabbiana

Sâjî Abdû El-Vezdî Why meet we on
the bridge of Time

to 'change one greeting and to part

perhaps to blend our souls to each long

gone be ♪ in the mist of time Yet we

meet here with this poem an echo fromst

the past fromst ♪ long time ago gone

YetYet we meet here on the bridge of

time and thenst we part But thee hast

with thee a part of ♪ in the soul of thee

this song of ♪ to quote that Nabbiana

Sâjî Abdû El-Vezdî We meet to part

yet asks my sprite

Part we to meet?

**Ohh reciter thee doth sing the sighs
of ♪ andst hear andst hear the amour
of ♪ for thee this song of ♪ doth
of ♪ caress thy flesh with the tints
of spring light like filtering thru
pink-vapour springs fromst thy flesh
with this song of ♪ for thee on thy
breath which thee doth sing to ♪ of
amour for ♪ in thy eyes hear ♪ the
nightingale see ♪ in thy eyes glow
the sweet scent of roses hued in thy
ears hear the perfumed flesh of ♪
fromst the sighs of thee see ♪
quiver in raptures bloom on thy sighs
see ♪ the eyes of ♪ limpid pools
blooming with rubyied anemones**

Perhaps Perhaps ast sung Hope

Perhaps still further back than this

In times ere men were men

You granted me a moments bliss

In some dark desert den

When with your amber eyes alight

With iridescent flame

And fierce desire for loves delight

Towards my lair you came

**Ohhh reciter doth we meet again on
the bridge of time or doth this be by
chance our first meeting where be
this song of ♪ be our first long
lingering kiss**

A kiss of fire

A kiss of desire

***A kiss that will flash andst thenst
expire***

***Ohh doth see √ doth feel √ that
light that light that doth dance and
quiver in thy eyes that light of amour
that floats in thy eyes ast clouds of
pink ast colours that explode in
spring fromst blooms fecund Ahh
See √ See √ those colours of
amour that burst into fireworks
across thy cheeks that riot of light
those tints on fire blushes the tones
of van Gogh roses evaporating into***

changing subtilise of hues crimson
 mist seems to coat thy cheeks See ♪
 See ♪ those hues o'er those cheeks
 like shifting clouds of pink that sink
 sink into thy flesh andst seep into
 thy breath ast this song to thee thee
 sings to ♪ hear ♪ thy sighs that
 sing o'er ponds swimming with lotus
 pink glinting thru the breath of thee
 See See Hear Here bulbuls
 sweeping thru sunlight with each
 lover by its wing to wing golden
 flashes Ahh Ahh giveth ♪ thy
 lips giveth ♪ thy kiss upon the flesh
 of ♪ giveth giveth those lips that
 heat the flesh of ♪ that be the fruit

of immortality that be the gateway
 into eternity with thee give ♪ giveth
 ♪ these minutes of reciting that ♪
 canst sing to thee of the amour for
 thee that my words canst spill onto
 thy cheeks like kisses hot that our
 passions canst flow ast lava fromst
 the boiling breaths of we for this
 moment in time frozen let our hearts
 melt into each in inviolate amour
 Ahh Ahh give ♪ giveth ♪ thy
 sighs let us dance 'neath the
 twinkling sunlight thru our eyes let
 our sighs light up the world tint the
 sky in enwalled kisses that flow
 fromst we let us drink fromst our

**lips that paradise that busts forth in
blooms that seep a thousand
perfumes those blooms that quiver
fromst the sighing of we let us blend
our flesh in the bottomless depths of
bliss our breaths dissolve form into
butterflies diaphanous streaks of
searing light flutter o'er our flesh
vibrations of rapture the breathless
bliss of this moments kiss into
tremulous loveliness that our flesh
doth caress in the firelight bright
our sighs drop into blooms of jade
and chrysophrase that twine round
our limbs shimmering flames rise up
to the eyes of we *Ahhh Ahh* give**

giveth √ thy sighs the beauteous
 splendour of thy song pour out
 fromst thy lips fromst that goblet
 ravishment kiss kiss √ kiss √ with
 thy song andst turn this flesh of √
 to honey to perfumed flesh tastier
 than ripe pomegranates Ahh Ahh
 this song fromst thee sweeter
 harmonies sweeter music thanst the
 bulbul for the rose sweeter thanst
 dervish wine golden light tints
 clouds in sapphire sky flaming
 scarlet tones 'neath a van Gogh
 sunflower sun colours burning ast
 fromst an oriental painting of that
 painter of fire Delacroix Ohh

**Ohh the sighs of ♪ float thru gold
 sunlight ast vaporous mists form
 fromst the breath of ♪ to drip to
 drip congealed into jewels fiery light
 that kisses the lips of ♪ ast sigh ♪
 ast sing ♪ thy song to ♪ the sighs
 of ♪ dancing skipping along
 spiderwebs of light light that be
 burnt by this song of ♪ to burning
 colours opalescent mists boiling
 fromst this song of ♪ glittering
 splinters of fire be on the breath of
 ♪ fromst this amour vaporising
 mesmerising light that like pearls
 evaporating coat the sky with the
 sighs of ♪ ♪ enveloped in paradisal**

amour floating on the singing of a
 thousand bulbuls singing singing in
 this moment of time this sublime
 eternity twixt past and future the
 heart of ♪ a butterfly golden
 fluttering beats thru the veins thru
 the flesh Ahh Ahh sing sing thy
 song that ♪ may swoon in delight to
 burst into flames upon thy words in
 this beauteous moment this bridge of
 time time doth stop in this rapture
 thru the songs pleasure of thee kiss
 me kiss me take ♪ in thy arms and
 squeeze ♪ into thee Ahh Ohhh
 what joy what joyousness upon this
 tumultuous rapture what tears flow

**of bliss this beauteous moment
clutched by thy kiss drawn by thy
succulent lips that kiss √ with thy
song that draws this flesh of √ to
the flesh of thee with thy words
with**

Thy amour

feel √ thy presence

feel √ thy form

feel √ thy breath

Thy lips

Thy kiss

Thy caresses

**Oh come cometh beloved cometh to
 me andst in the gardens full of
 blooms shall dance we lips to lips
 rising breaths Ohh beloved that we
 shall dance on sunbeams clutched
 each to each in one long languorous
 kiss with our flesh bursting into
 fireworks come cometh beloved that
 besides brooks and springs we will
 sing out our bliss our sighs shall
 coat roses andst blooms bursting
 perfumed with our delightfulness
 Andst our breaths shallst perfume
 each to each
 Andst our eyes each to each be
 sunflower suns**

**Andst our kisses each to each be
 bursting blooms Come beloved and lie
 with ♪ in meadows face to face limb to
 limb whilst birds wing to wing andst
 butterflies fly o'er our shimmering
 flesh ast each to each clasp we lip to lip
 languidly andst thus doth end this song
 of ♪ andst ast sings Hope** And thus we
 part with no believing In any chance of future
 years

We have no idle self –deceiving No half –
 consoling hopes and fears

We know the Gods grant no retrieving

A wasted chance Fate knows no tears

Away To be forgotten

A ripple on the River

That flashes in the sunset

That flashed – and died away