

Anakalyptēria

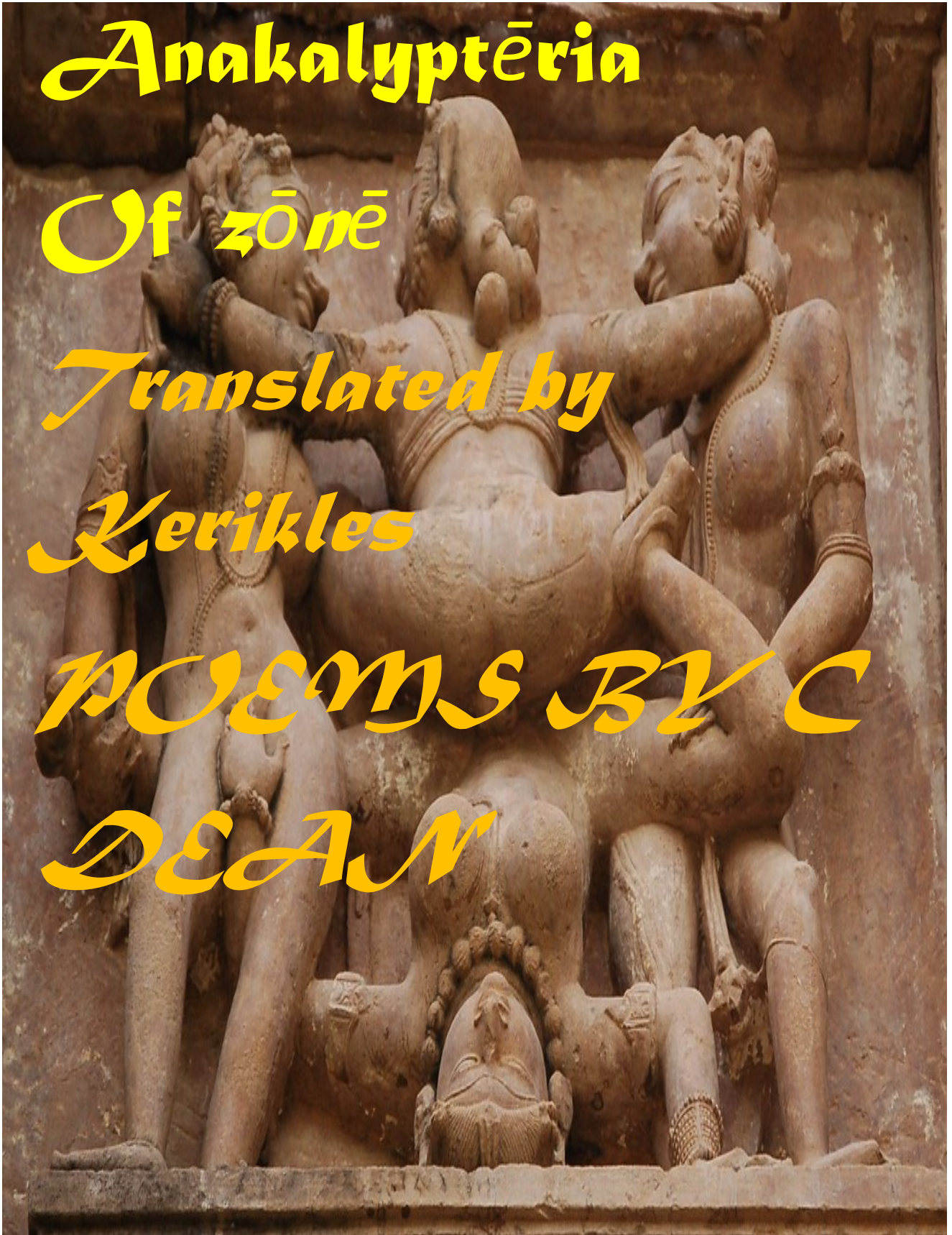
Of zōnē

Translated by

Kerikles

POEMS BY C

DEAN



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Fp: Khajuraho of Group of Monuments is a group of Hindu temples and **Jain temples** in Chhatarpur district, Madhya Pradesh, **India** built between 885 AD and 1050 AD by the [Chandela](#) dynasty

Publishers

introduction

Ahhh what be this

Anakalyptēria

be it an epithalamia full of lyric poems be they choral or monadic be they erotic after Alcman or bawdy what be sure be is they be full of passion for the beloved fervent with desires immoderate and excessive with ecstatic emotion what be sure be is they don't separate "habrotes" extravagance fromst "to kalon" the

beautiful this

Anakalyptēria be full of

**luxuriance full of awe full of the
numinous in the face of desire these
poems be full of paratactics they
enchant "thelxis" each line each word
be incantatory they weave garlands
of magic thru the mind of the
reciter/s these extravagant poems
full of collocations weave melodic
patterns of sound weave hypnotizing
vibrations to excess alliterations
assonance consonance tease the mind
into orgasamistic states of
consciousness**

this *Anakalyptēria* be
 full of juxtaposition of a particular
 word with another word creating
 binaural beats sonic blasts of sound
 that catapult one into altered state of
 bliss the poems be vibrations like
 mantras the rhythms resonate
 creating voluptuous textures of
 melodies an overabundance of “to
 kalon by the “habrotes” of sound
 an intensification of “eraton” the
 lovely
 magnifying desires and lusting in a
 symbiosis of ecstasy a positive
 feedback of cascading resonances

**that in the end leave one gasping in
the agony of delightfulness this**

Anakalyptēria be an
odyssey in to an eroticised world of
excess where multiple emotions are
juxtaposed thru the poems eliciting
multifarious moods of arousal thru
the use of a luxuriance of sound and
images enter into this world Ohh
pilgrim and down in the heated
ambiance that they recitation drops
you in

Preface

**Ahh join lips to lips in that bridle rite
 join lips to lips in mystic unity that
 bride to thee to she and she throw back
 thy heads in madness full of enthusiasm
 in ecstasy Maenads in bacchanalia in
 enthusiasms frenzy shout and cry in
 raptures bliss fly each to each and each in
 thee and me
 and each a we fly fly delirious each
 possessed into maddening trance thy veins
 in rhythms rapturous thy breathings
 heated sweet Maenads crazy pulses
 beating to the cravings lustings beat**

**Sweet beloved sweetness thy brides cunts
 blossom violet-bloom dew decked along that
 fissure percolates bubbling bubble-flowers
 o'er that apple orchard of iridescent flesh
 perfumes of field-flowers in that gardens
 flesh smouldering alter where shadows
 dance to fade lips out furl like swans
 wings that cunt hole of thee gilded bowl
 foaming pours out wine of frankincense
 nectar blent of *Kypris* licking lips tips *♪*
 into sleep kôma deep**

**Oh Sweet beloved sweetness drop thy
 girdle**

Let ♪ See

Let ♪ Smell

***Let ♪ Savour* that scented pasture of
 flesh seeping a breeze of honey**

**Come come Sweet beloved sweetness come
 drop thy panty see those lips those lips that
 like the sparrows fly come come
 parthenoi come this bride of ♪ drop thy
 girdle to see ♪ that fennel garden of
 asparagus ripe that shrine of flesh in this
 devotees sight**

**Ahh Sweet beloved sweetness that cunt
 of thine a garland weaved fromst flowers
 and aniseed a diadem that blooms scented
 airs that cunt of thee kissed by the
 Kharites that clit of splendour that hole of
 festivity that curved flesh of merriment in
 those folds of thee Ohh bride be lifes
 pleasures be all the worlds treasures**

**Oh Sweet beloved sweetness pull thy
 panty aside drop that veil unveil that cunt
 of thee to me that I canst with the tongues
 tip of I pluck those lips those tortoise
 shell lips the Lyre of Orpheus maketh I
 sing maketh I sigh in the Mixolydian
 mode Ahh the roses of the Pierian
 Muses burst into bloom along the curve of
 thy cunts lips**

**Sweet beloved sweetness bride of my life
 thee dropeths thy girdle with thy cunt to my
 sight sparks flash fromst each pore of my
 flesh burns with the heat of summer noon
 days sun limb-loosener turning the limbs
 of I to jelly melt I fromst the heat of
 lust shivering the flesh I Ahh suffer I
 into bliss suffer I into that little death
 drowned in thy cunts breath**

**Sweet beloved sweetness thy cunts
 blossoming field sweet violets and roses
 hued bouquet sweet scented diadem
 perfumed of myrrh and libanōtos those
 blooms be culled by the tongue of ♪ lush
 plucked flesh fastened around that tingling
 tip of the tongue of ♪ that cunt dark fleecy
 glossy strands of hairy to that bridal bed
 prepared yielding to that arse of thee
 cushioned of plumpy flesh Ahh feed ♪ my
 cravings**

**Sweet beloved sweetness ast thee pluck the
 flowery blooms doth ♪ pluck that cunt of
 thee that mixture ambrosia that liquidity of
 Gods pours forth fromst that cunt hole
 that pitcher of pink rimed flesh that fills
 the goblet of ♪ thy matrimonial offering
 that spills fromst the lips of ♪**

**Sweet beloved sweetness Oh whenst thee
 thy girdle drops do ♪ live do ♪ live to look
 upon the sun that radiance that glamour of
 exquisiteness that brilliance of flesh that
 glitters in the irises of ♪ Oh Oh bride of
 ♪ that cunt of thee shines like thy slim
 tapering ankles flesh gorgeous Oh
 beautiful one thy cunts plush flesh o'er
 doth place ♪ the lips of ♪**

**Sweet beloved sweetness ast thee unveils
 that cunt of thee thee out shines the rosy-
 fingered sun whilst shafts of light doth
 pierce the flesh of ♪ ast my sighs doth
 sigh Hymens wedding hymn Ohhh Sweet
 beloved sweetness Ohh thy cunts furnace
 doth singe the lips of ♪ ast those lips
 imprint upon thy flesh the flesh of ♪**

**Sweet beloved sweetness thy cunt be laced
 with thy purple hair-band that cunt of thee
 shines bright as crystal translucent Ohh
 bride of ♀ that cunt of thee looketh ♀ into
 a bronze mirror in that hole of thee swims
 water-sprinkled nymphs Ahh that
 perfumed cunt of thee unplucked flowers
 deck along those folds those lips twin
 rosebuds of flesh Ohh Sweet beloved
 sweetness dissolve ♀ in that sight melt ♀
 into moonlight**

**Look looketh Sweet beloved sweetness
 bride of ♀ look at those ripples on thy
 cunts hole liquidity nymphs dancing with
 feet of flowers look in that pool be worked
 in moonlight the image of Kypris that
 folding flesh that temple of Kypris worked
 in Parian marble that flesh ineffable**

**Sweet beloved sweetness Ohh howeth lust
 burns the skin of ♀ flames burst fromst
 my lips singed by the breath of ♀ Oh
 squeeze bride thy thighs tight place o'er ♀
 that wine-offering of thy cunts hole squeeze
 tight that that grape juice floweths o'er the
 mouth of ♀ cool the flesh of ♀ with that
 scented froth to ecstasy taketh ♀ more
 drunked than Silenus taketh ♀ to
 creativities high with drunked dances ♀**

**Sweet beloved sweetness that cunt of thee
 be a pomegranate which this tongue of ♀
 shallst split that cunt of thee be a fig
 which this tongue of ♀ shall lick Ahhh**

**Sweet beloved sweetness that cunt of thee
 be a cluster of ripe purple grapes which ♀
 shallst begin to sip thy cunt be a garden of
 fruit to pickungarded by that Priapus prick**

**Ahhh Sweet beloved sweetness watch
 thee the bees and butterflies feed upon that
 cunt of thee whenst thee that girdle drops
 watch the violets roses and poppies of the
 flowery fields droop their petals in envy
 whenst this they watch Ohh Sweet
 beloved sweetness watch whenst Pan and
 Satyrs clamour to thee leaving the
 Nymphs and Nereids and Narcissus
 forgets to in that pool to look whenst he
 doth look at that cunt of thee he sees**

**Ahh Sweet beloved sweetness that hast
 seen √ the temple of Artemis and Athena
 and Aphaea the glorious temple of Hera
 but none Sweet beloved sweetness be more
 beauteous than that cunt that cunt a
 temple of flesh of thee whenst √ didst see
 whenst thee didst drop thy girdle for me**

**Sweet beloved sweetness Ohhh that cunt
of thee ripe fruit for picking ripe apple to be
eaten Ohh hast Kypris kissed that flesh
of succulence that plump round flesh of
pulpy freshness that cunt of thee that
bursts fromst that panty tight swollen
mound of flesh that that cloth canst
contain that fills that cloth to o'erflowing
plumping out twixt thy fingers spread not
seven fathoms wouldst it span that ripe
fruitiness red bloom of lust**

**Sweet beloved sweetness whenst thy
bridle girdle thee doth drop**

That shining flesh doth dim the moon

That shining flesh doth the stars dim

**That Shimmering light of flesh eclipses
all that be bright except thy virgins eyes**

**Sweet beloved sweetness that cunt of
 thee Ohh howeth it be a piece of sculptured
 ecstasy that clit that clit like out of marble
 carved by Praxiteles Ohh that tip of grape
 bud of delight Look look Ohh thee
 cognoscente upon that cunt of she a
 masterpiece of flesh like carved out of
 Calacatta Marble by Polykleitos Ahh a
 temple of flesh nay an effigy of a Goddess
 a marvel of exquisiteness**

**Ahh Sweet beloved sweetness look
 looketh how thee hast painted those cunts
 lips a chryselephantine of gold and ivory
 garlanded with braids of asphodels and
 anemones Ohh that cunt hole be a
 gleaming violet around its rim white lilies
 spread moist flowers delicate of sheen
 pungent of perfumes soak the flesh ♪**

**Ohhh Sweet beloved sweetness thy girdle
be undone andst thy hand o'er thy cunt be
seen those furling lips**

That hole of heated scents

**Those folds high peaks like Mount
Olympus**

That flesh of marble white

**Ohh Ohh Sweet beloved sweetness to
place the tongues tip of ♀ twixt those
curling lashes of flesh those curling
flowery petals that flutter with thy breath**

**Ahhhh Sweet beloved sweetness to trail
that tongue of ♀ along thy lips curve
around that grape-bud clit to kiss that flesh
until the flesh of ♀ doth burn and flames
scatter with the breath of ♀ o'er that cunt
of thine**

**Sweet beloved sweetness howeth thee
 sighs howeth thee flutters thy eyes ast
 thee thy girdle drops by for ♪ Ohh look
 thee tease thee flirt thee be purple-tinted
 fingers of thee curls that fleece glossy
 curls jet-black ast panther fur around that
 cunt that cunt full moon of flesh thee tease
 be thy eyes that smile half hid ast thee
 twines that curl ast thee doth look at ♪**

**Ohh Sweet beloved sweetness look at that
 cunt of thee those pubes be *Maenads* each
 curl a *Bassarids* in frenzy be that clit of thee
 be their thyrsus look look howeth those pubes
 those purple hued threads lace around that hole
 like snakes around that hole fromst which
 those *Bacchae* do drink to be in ecstasy will
 be we drinking fromst that pool that wine of
Dionysus a *Bacchanalia* be**

**Ohh Sweet beloved sweetness thy girdle
drops and that cunt of thee see ♪ ♪ will
kiss that cunt into delirium ♪ shall kiss
that cunt into Bacchanalia frenzy into
madness that flesh of thee willst send me
Ohhh Sweet beloved sweetness upon
that flesh shallst eat ♪ devour that
plumpness gorge ♪ upon that fruitiness
that ♪ canst for eternity that state of
enthusiasm reach in ecstasy**

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