



Anemone

POEMS

BY C

DEAN

Anemone

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BY

COLIN

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introduction

***Ahh dean here thee are
again with thy***

Anemone

***What canst we say be it an
Epicurean hymn a canticle to
food drink and sensual
pleasure perhaps nay just a
Hedonist rant full of hot air***

**fromst undigested
delectations of wine and figs
Or be it perhaps some
esoteric tract with hidden
meanings be it perhaps some
Victorian epistle about
forsaken love or perhaps
about bad luck nay dean thee
are a wanderer in strange
cultures perhaps we say thy**

***Anemone* be**

some Chinese ideogram for
illness or again some
Japanese symbol for ill
tidings but dean perhaps thee
gives a hint with thee using
ancient Greek poets be thy
poems Aphrodites tears for
her dead lover be they be red
fromst his blood Ahh dean
thee be cryptic for sure but
canst it be more mystical
thee be with thy

Anemone **be it**

**be a juxtaposition of death
and life and their
reconciliation into some
synthesis a *coincidentia
oppositorum* a union of
opposites in this world of
duality**

Preface

**Sit thee down at my symposium the
symposium of life and pass the cup around
this cup that be the cunt of me lift up thy
throat and drink it down that wine spiced
with myrrh and perfumes of Syria let the
juice of the cunt run down thy cheeks lift
up this cunt and press thy lips to its rim
drink sweeter than Mytilene wine drink
thee like thirsty whores and party to the
cheers not glasses three but many more
restraint thee abhor for all is naught and
life be short so drink to lifes excessive
joys drink and enjoy till the last dreg be
drunk then lick lick the rim and suck it dry
for *Y* cry for life is a symposium thee
shouldest know and soon passeths by**

Anemone

Ah that look *Ÿ* at that cunt of me that
 cunt bursting fruit ripe curves of flesh lips
 bloated **anemone** red ast dyed with blood
 flood those folds lust with burning that
 hole that fountain of desires glints back to
 thy eye come thee come thee hungry with
 passions flames in thy eyes come my tiger
 and bit bite with thy fangs into this flesh
 of *Ÿ* and eat me up this **anemone** assuage
 thy thirst insatiable bite along those lips
 ast thee tiger bites thy victims throat for
 time is short and death is long so like
Theognis drink and cheer thy heart drink
 up and fill thee with my wine and fromst
 thy lair stare on *Ÿ* and lighten my despair

Anemone

Ahh this cunt of me the lips leap forth
 like flames of red they do burn with
 desires deep do burn and catch fire with
 the passions of me **anemone** with blood
 surging thru ♪ lift up thy lips and kiss
 the lips of me awaken ♪ fromst this
 sleep of Lethe andst make my passion
 rise Ahh that those burning kisses
 shallst wake ♪ andst for thy valour
 these lips of ♪ willst give thee bliss
 these lips of ♪ blood dyed **anemone**
 giveth thee drink with Anacreon my
 lips luscious blood and with
 Anacreontics fill thy cup full and we
 with Silenus will drink and play

Anemone

Ah neither roses crimson nor orchids pink
 of hue out perfume thee Ohh **anemone** red
 of blood nor doth all the blooms of earth
 and heaven savour ast much ast thee
anemone thy scent doth cling to the flesh of
 me doth coat the lips of ♀ curtains of
 lusting fire Ohh my languid flesh bursts
 into bloom aching with desires heated
 amorous odours float thru the cunts hair
 lair of ♀ Ahhh thy mouth breathes out
 fire thy lips crush with turgid press Come
 ye come ye of the world and with *Alcaeus*
 drink while still youth thee be drink fromst
 the flagon of the cunt of **anemone** drink that
 wine tinting lips like blood deepened red
 drink and sing the praises of that son of
Zeus and *Semele*

Anemone

Ahh this ennui idle hours doth spend ♪
 languid and forlorn but release to ♪ diddling
 this **anemone** bringeth eternities of sublimity to
 ♪ Ahh ye thee plaything devourer of
 sensualities devourer of the times tick thy lips
 dance to each finger tips flick dance to each
 breath that breathe ♪ o'er thee that hole of thee
 full of heated fumes bubbling bubbles gleam
 glinting those blood dyed lips of thee Ohh
anemone those scarlet folds that enhold and
 squeeze the tongues tip that fromst that touch
 scream ♪ out bliss scream out ♪ passions
 hiss Ahh **anemone** doth say with that poet of
 Lesbos Terpandros sup upon that hole of ♪
 that pours out its libations to the Muses and
 to Letos son and sing thy drinking songs sing
 thy songs of fire ast play ♪ upon my lips my
 seven stringed lyre

Anemone

**Ahh the seasons come and go with
 periodic flow *anemone* thee glow thee glow
 with lips blood dyed red searing heat like
 mid day summer sun the furnace of my
 cunt dries the earth thirsting for that honey-
 scented dew that oozes fromst that hole of
 thee Ahh *Anemone* the fruit bursts
 wanton ast that flesh of ♀ Ahh my sighs
 out sing the cicadas cries incessantly they
 fly fromst twixt those folds that do parch
 the blooms and do the leaves do burn Ohh
 come thee come thee to ♀ and with
Alkaios quaff down thy gullet with the
 wine of ♀ 'neath the**

Dog-star in the shade fromst those lips
 of ♀ where thy limb be limp not but
 turgid be

Anemone

Ahh this **anemone** of me that be thy
 dreams that be thy dreams 'neath a
 summers sun these lips of me that thee
 kiss that thee kiss with lips to lips in a
 oneness of felicity in a union of sighs a
 melting merges in lusts cries These lips of
 ♪ that of life do of joy bring midst the
 drudge of thy misery these lips that make
 thee forget thy weary days and nights
 make forget thy dreary self this **anemone**
 of me doth conquer time doth still time into
 one lingering eternity doth bringeth back to
 thee thy youth thy spring-time of lust So
 come ye beneath some high branched tree
 with Plato come lay upon these glittering
 lips like sun-thronged pebbles that will give
 life back to thy popped eyes and sigh for ♪

Anemone

Ah thee drinker leave upon those cunts
 lips of **anemone** leave the press of thy lips
 leave the imprint of thy lips that become
 like lips dyed red with blood those lips soft
 ast clouds soft ast babies flesh coat thy
 lips with the honey-wine froth of that hole
 of ♀ that divine hole of ♀ that be the fount
 fromst which doth drink the gods that fount
 which be the shrine of thee Ahh come and
 take all for thy thirst drink up drink up fill
 thy pink curved throat with the dew of the
 lust of ♀ and sup into thee **anemone** doth
 say ignore *Eubulus* three glasses nay take
 more fill thy self then take more but only
 heed *Dionysus* to his second say for love
 and pleasure nay for lust and excess
anemone doth say immoderation drink they

Anemone

Ahh that couldst ♪ **anemone** snare thee
 within the tight bite of those cunts lips of
 ♪ tasting thy blood that dyes those
 snapping folds those lips of ♪ that tremble
 at thy closeness that palpitates at thy
 nearness those mounds of flesh aching for
 thy breath aching for thee to breathe o'er ♪
 thy longing nay thy yearning hungry itch
 thy craving is what those lips of ♪ for be
 to yearn to incite with my delight thy
 longings for ♪ longing for the perfumed
 bliss of those lips curved to bite Ahh
 giveth ♪ all unlike *Philodemus* giveth ♪
 that wine tinted with cocaine perfumed with
 Syrian incense and that wine spiked with
 hashish and amphetamines thenst fuck ♪

Anemone

Ahh come now thee to **anemone** for the
 hour is nigh that thee shouldest sup upon
 this cunt fleshy of ♪ this cunt luring thee
 to me with sweet cunt scent like the bee
 thee cometh to me this censer of pulpiness
 sheds its perfumes that along thy lips curve
 sweet melodies sing out fromst thee sweet
 waltzes languorous hast thee faint and
 swoon 'neath those lips dyed blood of red
 roses hue thy lips dance along the folds
 of ♪ thy lips dance with skipping beats at
 this shrine of lustiness come thee come to
anemone and drink up my passion fromst
 the flesh of ♪ for not like *Anacreon*
 instead say ♪ the sun drinks fromst my
 cunt the seas drink fromst that hole of ♪
All the blooms and trees drink fromst ♪

Anemone

**Ahh look at the cunt of *anemone* and
 desire it be an inn of delights it be a
 basket for thy ravishment full of lascivious
 joys for thy appetite look at this *anemone*
 red and taketh thy seat and eat my ripe fig
 like of *Phaselis* bathed in the juice of
 grapes scented with tinctures from *Tarsos*
 pour out fromst my cunt like golden goblet
 jewelled of rubies and sapphires wine
 pinks and sweet like fromst *Kos* drink
 drink with insatiability my wine thee full
 of thirst *For ast kleitorída sings* life be a
 symposium with one cup that be the cunt of
Y so of my cup all ye drink pass it around
 fill thy throats quaff it down for there be
 one cup at lifes symposium and that be the
 cunt of mine**

Anemone

Ohhh **anemone** looketh how luscious thy
 cunt is whenst thee hast thy panties
 dropped to thy knees ♪ see how pretty be
 those lips dyed red like blood smeared o'er
 thy flesh Ohhh **anemone** looketh how thy
 lips tremble and flicker and begin to dance
 those lips like *Lydian* dancers to thy
 breaths sighs to thy breatheings beat see
 those lips flung wide ast the melodies of
 lust passions fly ♪ with lips wavering
 like flags Ohh howest thy clap like
 castanets to the sighing eyes of ♪ Oh
anemone ast **aidoion** doth sing come
 Maenads with asphodels in thy hair take
 life by the throat and rend it asunder dance
 thy bacchanalian dance and in ecstasy tear
 flesh fromst flesh

Anemone

Ahh the lusting youth come thee to
anemone for **anemone** be thy making with
 the sweet flavoured cunts lips of ♪ red
 blood dyed these lips be the portal to my
 soul be the threshold to thy ecstasy where
 thy flesh dissolves 'neath red snares that
 be the art of ♪ those well shaped curves
 that **anemone** beyond all other blooms be
 the making of thee randy youths for these
 lips fan the heat of thy sighs fan the heat
 of thy dew-flesh this spring of the cunts
 hole of ♪ be sweet drink for to wet the
 mouth of thee Come ye thee youths and
 drink with **mouní** that ambrosia that
 spurts forth fromst the fount of life
 that nectar fromst paradise that froths
 o'er thy lips like garlands of asphodels

**But Ohh to soon willst winter
come and withering leaves blown
'neath a cold moon so come come
whilst summer days be long and hot
and drink that wine 'neath roses
blooms for the **anemones** hue will
fade to soon willst droop and petals
fall so come so come don't waste thy
time and drink before it dies**

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