

Anomie
POEM
BY C
DEAN





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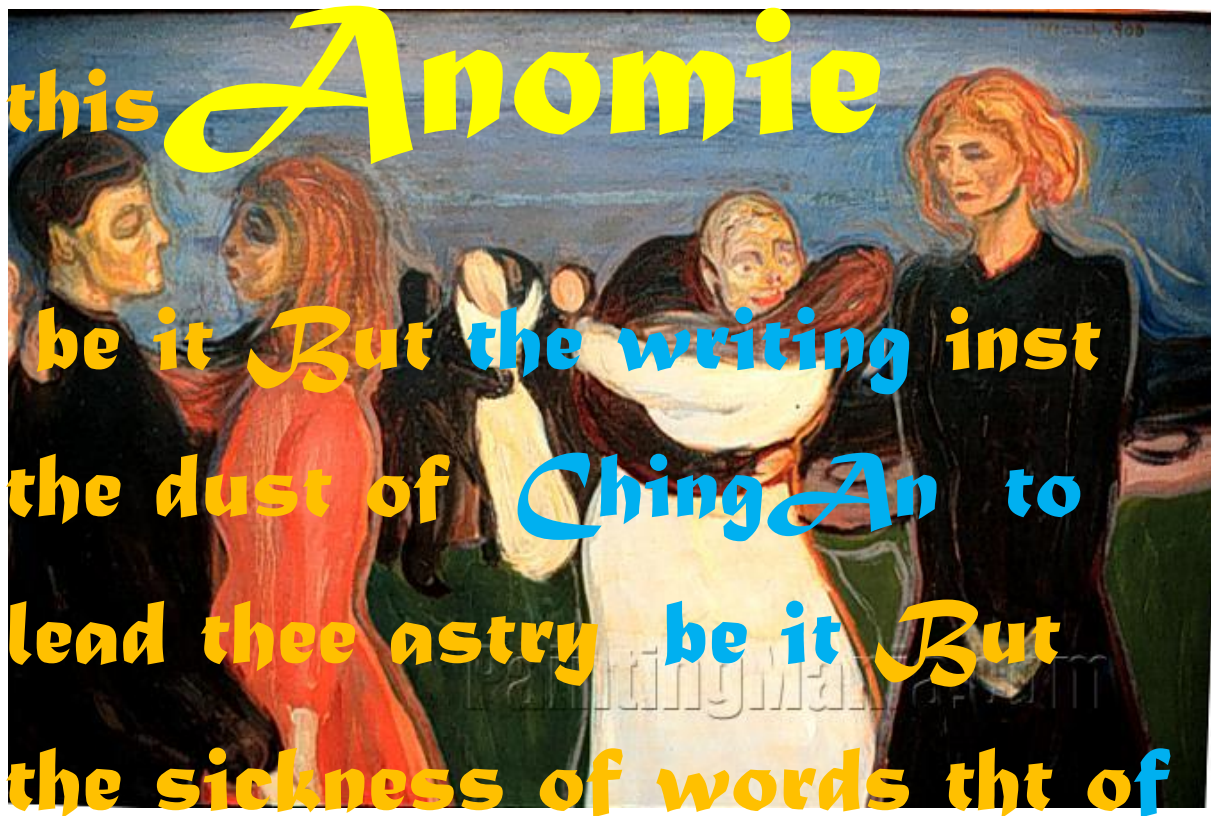
Victoria 2024 P.1,2 The scream • [Edvard Munch](#) P.3, the

Dance of Life • [Edvard Munch](#) 1899 P. 4 [Vin de Vie Wine](#)

[of Life](#) • [Edvard Munch](#)

PUBLISHERS INTRODUCTION

What be



Shih-Shu 石木 **didst But** of
 complain or again **be it But**

the demon poetry that didst
of No Chu-*白居易* didst claim
be it But full of archetypes
of Frye full of the deep

seated shared fears of
mankind or be it again be it
about like fairy tales full of
psychological meanings to
allow us to confront our



basic human predicaments
ast Bettelheim didst But
say But Ahh perhaps

again naught *But* a never
 ending story one part of the
 “total dream of man” ast
 didst *But* again didst *But*
 say *Frye* Ahh *But* yet
 what might this



dream this doth for thee lay
 perhaps ast doth again doth
 say *Alexis de Tocqueville*
 inst regard to egoism andst

individualism that be a "calm
 and considered feeling which deposes each
 citizen to isolate himself from the mass of his
 fellows and to withdraw into the circle of family
 and friends ... with this little society formed to
 his taste, he gladly leaves the greater society to
 look for itself" **leading perhaps to**
what Aristotle didst But
proclaim a "beast-like state"
the Renaissance didst But
see Either way dearest
reciter like Ovids
Metamorphoses this lay
offers thee the opportunity
too to comprehend thy world
of incomprehensible woes

PREFACE

Ahh thee fools
 of thy self made snare be envious of mine wit
 that doth upon thy prison doth *But* *I* doth
But spit upon thy self-made cares andst that
 scum of thy mind that doth thy limbs to bind
 that doth *But* not see the glow of the rose
 upon the cheek of all those that doth *But*
 frame a face with such grace the vermilion
 dawn the sunne a golden bloom upon the skies
 upon the airs the earth to warm all nature be
 born with such beauties delight that e'en
Aphrodite doth upon *But* stare that thee
 stupid fool of doth not care to see for thee be
 bound inst thy individuality isolate withdrawn
 fromst each like thee no flesh to warm torn
 fromst humanity inst anomie a
 "derangement", of "an insatiable will in the
 pursuit of thy self-interest " "the malady of the
 infinite" thy "beast-like state" thee cant *But*
But still or *But* fill for all be *But* utility

Be this world be But a garden fashioned by that
 sorcerer Okba with all the wizardry of science a
 place of air delightful fragrant andst mild of feel ast
 any summer wind that doth pass o'er thy flesh with
 fount of fire to warm andst heat to win fromst those
 rivulets of fire that doth this garden doth heat with
 life every where fromst this magic within this gardens
 dwelling place Yet each being here be But moulded
 fromst snow where their touch upon the flesh of Laila
 be But chilled andst cold andst Ohh they all doth
 doest melt away to leave she alone andst full of woe
 she who doth long for a human touch andst a human
 glow for dearest reciter this be But the price thee
 mayest pay for that magic that doth all thy wants to
 ally is an individuality where thee doth need no one
 for magic giveth all what thee may But to snow But to
 ice thee andst all the rest be But made where all
 beauty andst humanity doth fade within the garden
 that is But really nothing But decay

Ahh lay here I hear “neath “La Mort de
 Sardanapale” Come dearest Come to this
 place of I that all wizardry hath given I all
 thy wants all thy desires given to thee all
 thy needs met place thy self inst my Indras
 net place thy self midst all my gems which
 doth But burn with such gemlike flames
 Come Come my dear be But one of my
 jewels to light my life with thy eyes aflame
 inst my net that doth light the universe
 that doth dispel all woes all thy longing to
 be But met inst my net to light ast the
 Atharva Veda doth But say thy mind thy
 vision andst all thy senses doth this
 wizardry envelop all that doth enter this
 place of I willist burn with such gemlike
 flames within their eyes upon each face
 the price to pay be But anomie for all to
 gain

Listen listen drearest one ast thee doth
 hear those sweet Ohh so sweet melodies
 of Ohh soo sweet *Salome of Strauss* to
 kiss thy mouth ast I doth But soon willst
 But kiss thy finger-tips of ivory those
 hands Ohh those hands of delight of such
 sublime bliss to feel thy life thru veins to
 flow that soon to I willst inst my veins to
 go **Ahh ♪ not be a thing to thee a**
human ♪ doth to bring Ahh that I doth
 long for that raptuousness of that kiss
 pressed upon mine lips those young lips
 of thee that my sighs willst sing such
 melodies to out do those 1000000 doves
 that swoon around their love for Ahh
 that that kiss for eternity to last inst the
 Elysium of that skin jasmine perfumed
 honey-suckle scent

:

Ahh come near dearest come near
 “neath “Salmacis et Hermaphrodite” of
 de Troy clasp we our arms like snakes that
 twine about our limbs that fromst thy
 veins spark flames spears of light that
 along this flesh of I burst red flares of
 poppies that scent the airs with the
 perfume of mine breath that upon the
 winds doth wind their way to thy lips that
 I willst But kiss that urn of ivory spotted
 with thy blood that the bite **Oh look**
looketh see *♪* **be human not just meat**
for thee of my kiss doth my flesh to thud
 upon that flesh of thee silken to my touch
 ast my arms doth about thee crawl
 clutching that neck the tongue of I doth
 But stalk that my eyes shine ast stars inst
 the darkest night alight with my dreams

Ahhh dearest the flush of thy face
 doth But my lust to summon whilst
 here we doest But hear the “Der
 Vampyr” of Marschner that my flesh
 quivers tremulous

Butterflies fly along my limbs

Diaphanous

with the joys of I fromst my eyes my
 lips that willst suck the veins **Ahh thy**

breath be cold thy flesh looks ice

inhuman it willst be told inst thy neck

that that blood to

swallow

breathless with this appetite for thee ast
 thee I drain all my desires doth I gain
 whenst these lips doth thy neck to bite

Ahh lay here I hear “neath ““Caballo atacado
 por un león” sweet lips upon mine lips such
 too bite those lips soo soo Ohh sooo tight
 with such delight I bite think I of thee that
 the eyes of I alight upon thy flesh that flesh
 pink light shimmering flesh ast lilies blooms
 inst moonlight that splendour of flesh to dive
 my flesh inst that that rapturous depth that
 fount that doth away takeh mine breath that
 willst drink I upon thy flesh my dreams
 numberless **Be Ÿ no beast for to slay But**
a human with soul Ÿ do say to feed my
 flesh thru my lips upon thy lips “neath the
 flicker flutter of thy eyelids willst I drink
 fromst thy mouth crimson bloated mould of
 heated flesh that my breath to mist doth float
 to burn thy flesh that my teeth thy flesh to
 tear with passions heated lust to claw thy
 flesh along thy back run nails thru thy throat
 clasped tight upon my lips that bite

Ahh this magic land where all of all thy
desires be But met thru magic hast I
gained paradise thru magic need I no one
for magic giveth I all I want

Yet

To have it all But all be not enough

To burn inst flames But more flames to
long to gain

To lust But never ending inst quest of I
must

To live inst paradise with all my fill But
Hell for more andst more my hunger to fill

**Ohh thy self thy soul thee hast lost for
all of thy humanness thee hast turned to
frost that be the cost**

Fuck You Blah all I want ist utility to
satisfy the lust of me

***Light-like firecrackers-like upon
waters sparkle-like fairies dancing to
the Overture to "A Midsummer
Night's Dream" they seem
flickering***

***Butterfly wings luminous weaves of
light threads webs of incandescence
sliver adrift perfumed-tinged air
discs of colours scattering dew-
tipped fringed wings of fairies bright
beauty beauty no time no time to busy busy
apricot light brocaded inst to luculent
braids of kingfishers tails shifting
radiant flashes of light fairies silver
dance pure azure upon thy eyes flicker
flies to light the iris of thy eyes***

**Sunflower van Gough smeared onst
 sky azure pure light drips gold that
 doth flush clouds brocaded upon
 whispers of air washed light ast
 gold-bleached silk slivers that doth
 flow rivers of bright light drip upon
 leaves glittering ast stars gems afire
 weaves spirals whorls of purple
 shadows along petals of perfumed
 lilies tipped Beauty where I see I only money
 with dragonfly enamelled rainbows
 along its wings inst light haloed sits
 wrapped inst emerald mist limpid
 pond luculent Ahh sunflower sun
 golden eye reflects to J 'neath
 melting sky**

White splashed onst light lemon-
coloured flickers to "Prélude à
l'après-midi d'un faune 'neath burning
apricot bloom bright egret one footed
stands midst mist of light upon azure
pool light cascades waterfall-like
upon beak-like glass crystal-like
etched upon air egret stands like
white quartz feathers crest of frozen
SNOW beauty Blah of what utility for I to make
 money **emerald ripples around jade leg**
bubbles bulbs of silver light burst
ast fishes doth But flutter tails of
purple-pinks-greens andst gilded fins
in ink-pink pool stand egrets eyes ice
glints dazzling the light fills so still

" The Stary Night" sky moonlight
mist of white silver silk threads
light scatters flies shifting tints of
kingfisher greens flash radiant reds
mist light upon mountain tips ablaze
light inst shadows of azure woods
deep set drifting light lilies blaze
rippling fires Where be the beauty there be
 just leaves I see **thru emerald pools**
kissed by moonlight waters blue
braided stream of silver incandescent
fire upon swirls mist sapphire bright
furls curls to float clouds of pearl
white flickering tips of swans
drifting drifting 'neath silk radiant
light thru the stars of night slips

**“Neath moon to “Clair de lune” light
 moss emerald green sheen dappled
 bright moon mist rising tints
 waterlilies perfumed calyces crimson
 scatter scatter splinters of light to
 settle upon nesting owls eyes gorged
 with light ast cinnamon blooms fliter
 flutter fall swirl furl thru threads of
 silver licking birds cries that fromst
 azure throat coat the night light in
 flight fire-flies 10000 sparks No
 beauty here to me naught for me for naught
 makes wealthy me **of fire dazzling ast
 sunlight settles upon ripples of ponds
 shimmers as snow blossoms a frost-
 woven magic show etched on light****

**Ahh whenst inst nature thee finds
 no delight that fromst thy brest doth
 only flow ast if opprest inst some
 dark furnace that doth thy soul to
 melt no joy But only self-interest
 that doth be But just woe for**

To be inst the dark midst sun light

To be time poor midst plenty of time

**To be so focused that thee doth
 nothing doth see**

**No beauty doth inst thy eyes doth
 nest within thy brest just self-**

**interest that to mine ears just I hear
 thy woes fromst thy soul flows Fuck**

beauty I be only interested in what makes money
 for me

le monde est un
maison close

(flocon de neige dans
un four)

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maison close

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Victoria 2024 P.1 Brothel Scene 1903 • [Edvard Munch](#) P.2 The

Brothel, c.1879 [Edgar Degas](#) P.3 Maisons Closes (In the Salon at the Rue des
Moulins) by Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec, 1894 P.4 [Waiting for a Client by Edgar](#)

[Degas](#), 1879 P.6 French Brothel in 18th Century, 19th Century French Painting
Wall Art

PUBLISHERS INTRODUCTION

W So what be this
 le monde est un
 maison close be it a
 tale fromst Boccaccio or
 perhaps Aretino



or François Rabelais be it
 perhaps a play upon the 7
 deadly sins or again perhaps
 the 5 hindrances or those



cravings andst desires which
say that sage lead us to a
veil of tears be it a story
fromst the *Septameron* of
Marguerite d'Angoulême,
Marguerite d'Alençon
Marguerite de Navarre or
again perhaps a Satyr Play
ast like fromst *Aeschylus*
Sophocles or Euripides if
we doth But laugh or cry or
feel dismay at that life that
world that humanity doth

But play as that Sage didst

But say "All the world's a stage,
 And all the men and women merely
 Players; They have their exits and their
 entrances, And one man in his time plays
 many parts"

**so dearest reciter
 dearest actor upon the stage
 howeth canst a snowflake
 exist inst this furnace that
 be But life that be the
 question for those that seek
 a life within the world to be
 not But destroyed dissolved
 andst still too But live their
 life so dearest actor of lifes
 game there be But many**

paths for thee to gain
religions philosophies

spiritualities isms ideologies

all *But* products of the

human brain some doth say

Ahh what be it matter if

the doth peace gain inst

hermit **cave** or temple ashram

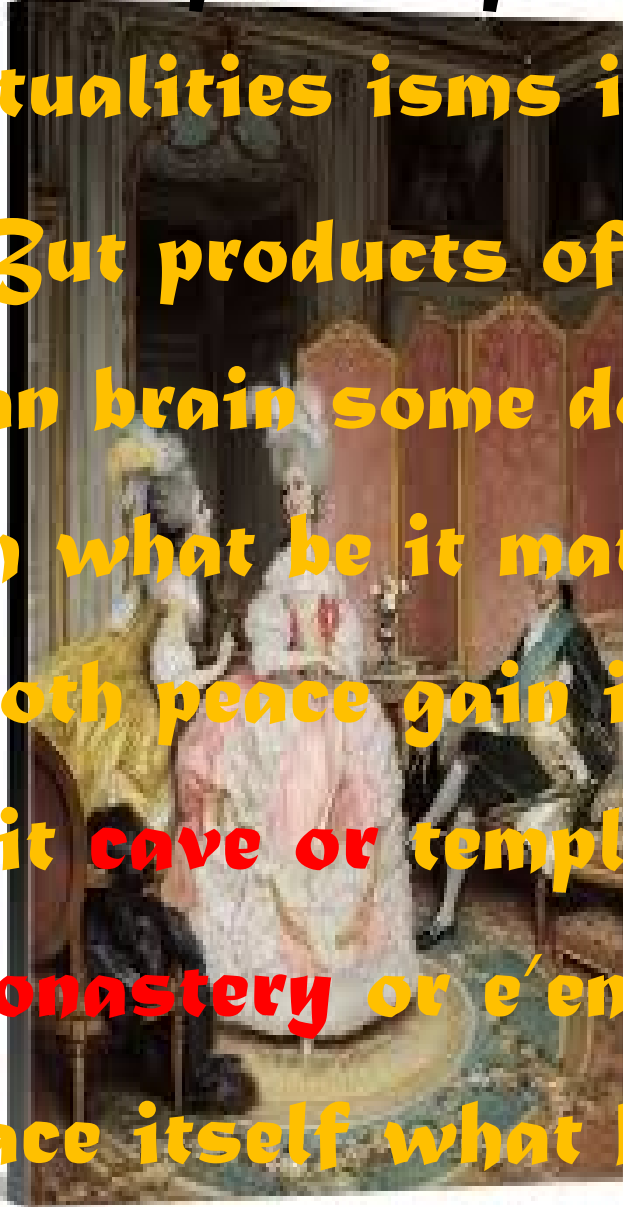
or **monastery** or e'en inst the

furnace itself what be *JT*

matter at if all be *But* rubbish

fromst human brain if thee *YES* if

thee peace doth gain



PREFACE Ahh What be
 this world Gods work some may say or
 perhaps ast doth say just science naught
 But Natures art andst way so take
 which thee may But listen to what I
 may say upon my part of this riddle
 mystery that doth all us waylay fromst
 which life we cannot fly until we die so
 howeth doth we live inst this world of
 gain andst pain of dazzle andst blight
 of dark andst light where with delight
 But next we doth But bleed with
 might Ahh sadly it be so that with
 all the poets wit andst all that is writ
 upon such perfumed script Ahh sadly
 so it be not I to tell thee how or so
 But Oh thee must thy Way to see

Alchemists Wizards Conjurers Sorcerers

Doth they offer thee what they didst what
 didst want Marlow's Dr Faustus" A world of
 profit and delight of power honour
 omnipotence"

Thru the magic that didst give with "lines
 circles schemes letters and characters" thee
 also what didst Dr Faustus desire to But
 control the winds andst clouds all things
 that move betwixt the poles to gain the gods
 power Ahh doth that sound like science to
 thee to give all to thee for thy utility thy
 sensuality that thee canst burn ast a gemlike
 flame But be that gain But servitude andst
 for all the world thy soul to be But slain

10000 fireflies light chandeliers'
bright the garden of Thalaba
sorcerers delight with sciences might
captivate entice its tentacles round
thee tight with thy desires it doth
inflame thee trap thee inst thy soul it
doth bite inst its webs thee cant flee
the opulence see voluptuous excess
light flickers inst curtains
translucent gold flecked electric
sparks scatter o'er velours scented
silk pink ast sunrise to thy eyes
doth fly ast pale moonbeams thy
dreams will-o-the-wisps be reality
our phantasies like we be ast didst
Gamiani But But didst But see

Gold incandescent of Casbin grapes

Shahoni light flash sparks ast

rockets streak o'er face sprays thru

emerald light sparks pearly mist

floss coat apricot ripened that thy

flesh kiss odorous fruit aloes andst

apples uponst their bed of snow

ripened pistachios that tingles thy

tongue ast sweet watermelon rind

free of dust | become that void that be concealed within all things

that thy lips doest lick thy lips to

ecstasy doest find more delight

thanst feramore didst with those

melting pomegranates fromst Casbin

hills or still those melting pears

inst the 1000 gardens of Cabul

**See that sea of flickering light that
 doth filter fromst those ripples
 fromst those liquids sweet inst
 goblets of vermilion-gilt that be But
 filled fromst that cistern onst carpets
 of rich silk that doth fill those
 bottles of red andst white of 20
 quarts of wine of rosy gleam that
 doth those waves of light doest But
 tinge to cast Ohh a mist of pink
 round those lips that sip those eyes
 that beam to burn with gemlike flame
 upon that sip of wine fromst every
 clime of every subtle tasting hue of
 Amber Rosolli bright like dew of
 Shiraz ast Selim didst quaff of**

Scent didst drip down curtains peach-
blossomed hued embroidering patterns
of lips puffy red flecked inst gold like
scales of fish swirling tints flicker onst all
charms of opulence that dazzle inst this
room of Comte Jules-Amédée -Hector
de Ravila de Ravilès Ahhh those
femmes luscious of Rubenesque delight
of those that Byron didst But not like
that sigh that sight Ohh that sight of
scarlet andst mellow grape that flesh of
summer andst autumn nights that doth
burn thy breath ast their eyes Ohh their
eyes of gemlike flame lights of desires
fires drip along bosoms well curved ast
balloons of pink **light** down crease doth
slip pearly ribbons that lick flesh to thy
breath to ooze to mist of pink clouds of
lust to float thru room down dazzling

breasts down corsages kissing tips of
 shoulders like tongues that along them
 slips Ahh Ahh around crystal light
 flickers ast scented flowers thru the airs
 perfumed that deck biceps of Sabine-like
 with emerald *streaks* of sapphire *sparks*
 andst pinkish sprays of scented sighs
 glistening bubbles froth o'er lips ast
 frozen moonbeams onst summer heated
 flesh alabaster white glides o'er these
 femmes Red dust layers deep not a speck upon my mind doth
 keep flecked inst foam-froth ast their eyes
 gemlike flames doth light with *glints* of
 green tints reflect inst pupils dilated
 large orbs of ebony like turquoise melted
 fromst those lusts that burn those juices
 that churn along their lips that sip
 champagne fromst Ohh those so Ohh
 so slender champagne-glass *flutes* that

look Oh look they across those rims of
 glass look at thee with Ohh those eyes
 of gemlike flames that wash thy
 Nebuchadezza flesh with fires to ignite
 thy mind that be some salad of savoury
 delights that be these femmes But fruit
 upon the vine that fruit pulp with
 odours thee doth find that float fromst
 'neath corset pinched waistlines
 embellished gowns with frills andst lace
 full-skirts bustling bodice bulge Ahh
 those fumes untold that seep fromst
 drawers to soak this place with
 emanations of such heated sensations
 that burst ast flowers fromst those
 blooms of all those femmes hid inst Oh
 that so delightful hidden place twixt
 thighs of chiseled flesh where doth But
 throb that bud that stem with thy sighs

That light that didst that coat that
 opulence of some Indian Maharaja or
 some Mohammedan Caliph like some
 sun bursting o'er **rose** damask **curtains**
 scarlet bright like flowing **blood** red
 along silk sheets that float like **pink**
 waters to meet upon plump feather
 mattress white as virgin snow 'neath
 canopy of mahogany bright brilliant
 lusculent show of Ohh such delight
 that flicker to glint onst gilded **things**
 thru out that room that light Ohh
 that light that makes thee swoon to
 But see like 'neath a silver **moon** that
 Ohh that midnight silk of blue
peignoir sash that doth lay upon that
 floor of brocaded carpets as a bright
 snake of coiling burning flame But
 look thee Ohh looketh thee andst see
 as painted 'gainst that scene Ohh Ohh

those beauties eyes gemlike flame
 painted figures ast carved fromst
 alabaster white splash upon the light
 to tint the airs that doth seem to float
 ast mist ast thee stares At that she
 with blush upon her **cheeks** red hued
 that doth flow along that throat of she
 so soft those breasts those slopes of
 white cloud flesh that doth inst the
airs pink doest float Relieved of dust no 10000
 cares free to roam above the clouds all so fair like fromst
 a tale of Boccaccio or some lay of
 Aretino ast Count Alcide de Mxxx
 might But say ast that **gown** of silk
 pink flash of light didst But slip to
 those feet to around to surround like
 fairy floss or fallen cloud of pinkish
light to see thee Ohh that she that
 stature dude only with **stockings**
 black as night gartered with a rose red

ast vürgin **blood** that shine upon her
 feet inst orange **shoes** ast that other
 she lets drip her peignoir to ripple
 about her feet to both to flash inst
 that verré cheval inst that room of
 mahogany framed reflections
 splashing Ahh thoses forms But seem
 painted by Madam Vigée Le Brun
 upon that light upon that scène
 fromst perhaps Mrs Radcliff or
 Walpole of OOH such delight those
nipples so tight so tuart turgid spikes
 of flesh sweaty bursting strawberries
 ripe to bite swollen upon yes thy lips
 But Ohh looketh thee to see those lips
 of she discreet folds small shell with
 fur so sparse next to that of moist
 pouting mound inst that net of black
hair curling where both doth drip lust
 juice upon the floor pearls of alight

bubbles slip Aloadin doth within the
 fragrant airs waves his hands like
 winnowing wings above his head
 conducting inst his garden of
 paradise minuets andst quadrilles
 sings the rhythms enticing all the
 senses fills with spinning curling
 curtsying the women spin glittering
 jewels their eyes gemlike flames
 agleam dazzling all painted inst

à la Peau d'Espagne glinting light
 blues andst pinks upon the airs
 scented perfumed fumes that waft
 fromst those clefts of moisty puffy
 swollen flesh that thy breath of thee
 Ahh of thee thy breath engraves thy
 lust inst the script of thy sighs
 upon that scene that painting of that

sea of flesh inst mirrors myriad thru
along the room Indras net each andst
each inst each upon each each doth
swoon ast doth Mlle Célestine R- doth
But see those pictures of the
bourgeoisie oer the floors a heated
nest of sex andst lust that each limb
to limb doth creep coupling clusters
wow free of dust the world rolls by "the clouds should know me by
now" of heated flesh inst the twilight
gleams 10000 eyes a fire gemlike
flames burning each andst each inst
lust games each andst each sucking
fucking sucking desires fromst each
legs thighs knotted bellies andst
breasts their breaths bur the airs to
scorch the flesh to the painting tint
with excess daisy chains conga lines
sucking fucking sucking limbs arms

entwined each to each animals that
 prey onst each andst each linked
 arched cries sighs ast they curl
 andst furl along the floor their
 groans andst Ahhhs doth thru the
 glittering gold light doth soar
 dripping ast fire that their lust
 doth burn with more desires ast
 Aloadin his hands doest faster dance
 the limb the music inst frenzied
 crave faster faster doth he wave his
 hands that seem to claws andst eagle
 talons form ast the hords doth scream
 “Mighty art thou the Bestower of joy
 “The Lord of Paradise” ” ast doth
 inst unison with Gamiani say they
 “laid waste by deceptions
 disappointments always to desire
 never to be satisfied”