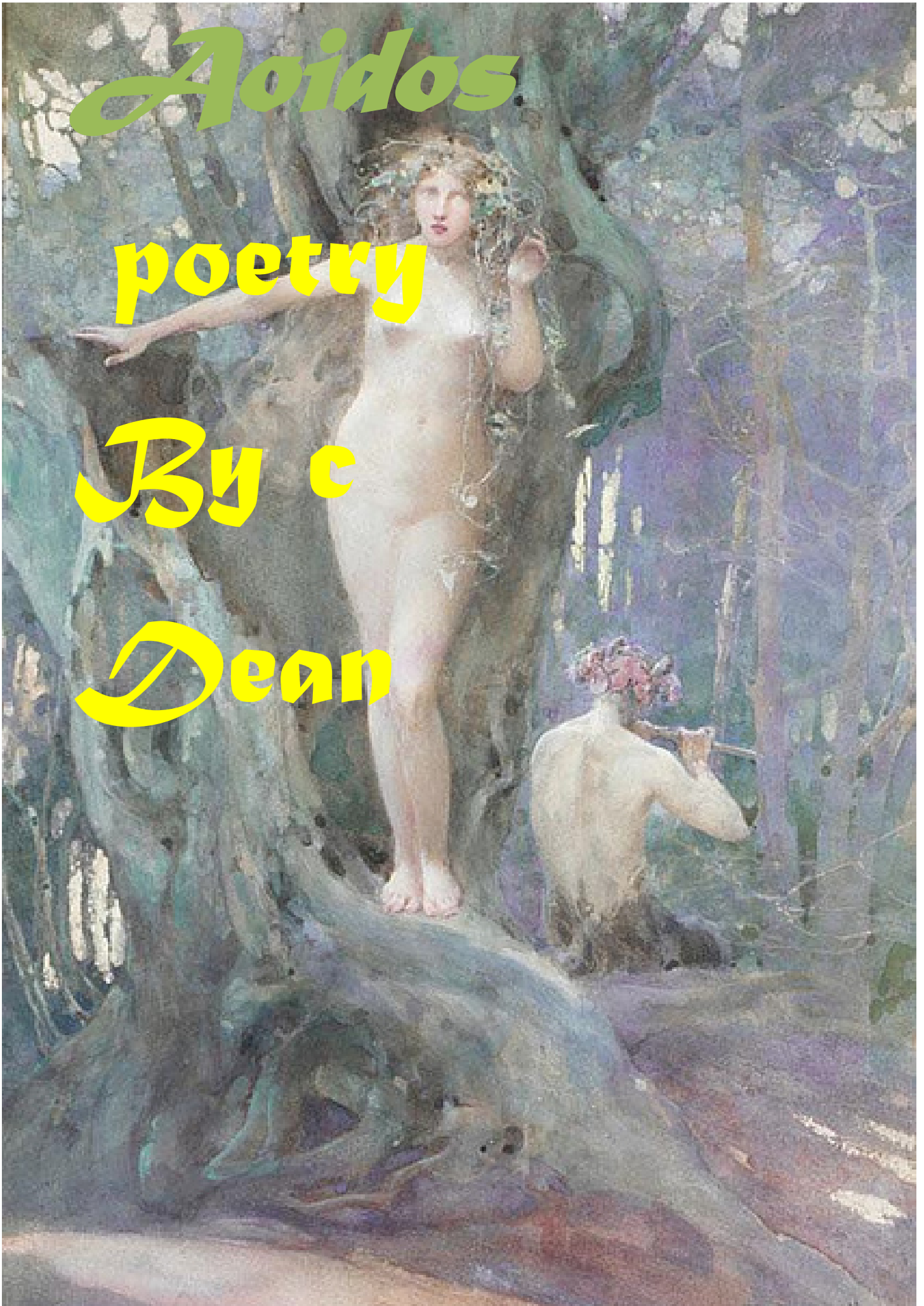


Aoidos

poetry

By c

Dean



Aoidos

poetry

By c

Dean

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Gamahucher press west geelong Victoria Australia

2020

FP "*The Magic of Pan's Flute*", John Reinhard Weguelin, 1905

Publishers introduction

Ahh dean what be thy

Aoidos

**be he a Grecian or fromst
the land of Hind or Chin be**

thee be in the voice of Hita

Harivamsa or perhaps Han

Yu or Li Ho or perhaps

Li Shang – Yin or be thee

an *Aoidos* for a

molpe Ahh perhaps thee be

naught but be an aède for a
 décadent romp for a décadent
 risque feuilleton Ahh but
 either way dean thy

Aoidos is a

delight is a beautiful song of
 celestial joy thy words are
 a ravishment for the flesh
 thy lines be exquisité
 cantilenas that ripple the
 nerves like shots of
 electricity Ah dean thy song
 heats up the passions turns

**the flesh into flames thy
melodies set the groin on fire
Ahh dean thy**

***Aoidos* is an**

**experiment in sound thy
words matter naught except
for their music perhaps dean
the only ones who can really
appreciate thy song are not
English with no English
except a foreign tongue a
foreign tongue to flutter in
its mouth along its lips up**

**along the palate savouring
each syllable each letter of
thy song each line of thy
sighing to their ears rings
out thy soul rings our with
thy burning passion till
exhausted with fatigue they
fall and languid languish
'mongst beds of nenuphars**

preface

**cum play thy flute lets us hear thee
sing lets us hear thee sigh ast thee
on thy flute tumescent plays out thy
passions place thy flute in thy hands
grip frantiely play with passions
frenzy let us hear thy blood boil thy
blood churn to thy heated rythms to
thy soul full of desire let out thy
sighs thy cries**

Come ye Nymphae Parthéna

Kanyak A Chūñū

**come all ye nymphs Come on my flute play
 tumescent more longing than Rumis reed
 place thy lips around that girth and suck in
 thy breath breathe out its sweet tunes make
 it sing the insects wings flash rapid
 pulses of lightening light glittering
 splashes of fire coating thy corollas of
 randy flesh crimson hued of pink pearled
 sweat enlacements of humid perfumes o'er
 crepuscular lips tremulous fruits ripe
 fromst the garden of the Hesperides ripe
 hymens palpitating succulent suck on my
 flute tumescent of ♪ let those cantilenas
 woo thee into delight flutter thy lips and
 ripple that pool that mirrors the moon light
 spears bright Come on my flute play ye all
 listen to my sighs**

**Ahh ye listen all ye all resplendent
 with moonlight thy flesh bursting with
 passions fire to the sighings of my flute
 place thy arms around each like
 Madhavika and Ketuki vines drip thy
 cunts juice seeping fromst thy
 embracing kissing seeing this flute of
 ♪ listening to the soft tones of this
 flute of ♪ thy cunts hair entwined ast
 thee imbibe fromst those holes to the
 cries of Cakoras drunk on the sights of
 those holes quivering pools of delight
 emanating virginal sensualities the
 odors of roses white gardenias Lillies
 kissed the tip of that flute of ♪ bringing
 to my lips sweets sighs within the
 surround of summer moonlight each to**

**each stripping each to each panties
 fromst cunts fuming flesh swelling
 tinting cloths with odoriferous scents
 listen my nymphs ast thee look at the
 moon with fixed gaze upon the flute of
 ♪ set thy sights**

**ast the summer moon full kisses thy
 cunts let the mellifluous tones fromst
 my flute**

caress thy lips

caress thy cheeks

caress thy tongue

**on the summer breeze thy cunts fumes
 intoxicate the perfume thirsty bees thy
 cunts folds send the ♪ndian parrot
 cuckoos and nightingales into song**

come surround ♪ like creepers that
 cling to the flute of ♪ ast fromst my
 flute thy lust ♪ fashion tints of tender
 hue along thy cunts lips kissed by
 emerald butterflies with metallic wings
 that gather around thy clits pistil like
 malachite reflecting those folds a
 carnelian palace of delight wreathed
 with hibiscus translucent clouds of
 flesh the sighs of ♪ playing on my flute
 strum each cunt lip to each cunt lips like
 lacquered zithers those lips moisty
 shimmering cages of pearls with tints of
 moonlight like heated tears slipping off
 those luculent orbs whirlpools of light
 spinning caressing those mounds those
 curtains of emerald sheen float on

**mist radiant thru moonlight fold upon
fold of mountainest peaks towing
piercing the night sky polished flesh like
frosted snow painted in pink ink on
nights moonlight run away to sight
thousands of mile of billowing flesh
layer uponst layer majestic etched flesh
tints transforming moments from
moments folds tips covered in perfume
scent mist blurring flesh to skeins of
emerald embroidery billowing summits
o'er whirls breezes of fragrance scented
of lotus wine languid plumes of flesh
sway edges chiselled crest upon crest of
flesh crystalline strung ast jewels o'er
the cloth of night perfumed oriental
lilies opulent rippling like dragon wings**

**ripe fruit laid out on banquet table of
 narcissi nenuphar and irises moundtains
 of flesh heaped upon heaps of folds
 drifting clouds between heaven and earth
 woven wrinkles wavering lights of
 radiant flesh afire slip √ down down
 into a gorge of flesh slipping ast light
 melts dripping along the pink sides
 oozing into pink jasper cunt juices
 whorls of liquid jade scented waters
 running up pink slit valley of frosted
 light light tattered along the sapphire
 stream drops of multicoloured floss
 dew upon the cunts flesh sides pink
 floral blossom pattern the flesh faint
 ast cicada wings delicate dew bulbs of
 melted light like opalescent dragon**

**scales deep in the depths golden light
blurr the flesh shadows indigo twist
and twirl ast lacquer candles pellucid
froth in moonlight seep into trails of
jade perfume wetting the flesh tangled
lips like entwined phoenix radiance the
emerald blossom lit up with light melted
foam rises fromst the abyss radiance
flashes above the cunts lips tips drifting
in whorls along the flesh silken flags
fluttering below simurghs and dragons
splash in limpid pool frolic scattering
liquidities like diamond dust settling
along flesh like nacreous gauze
scattering into liquid flames cunt
drenched moonlit flesh like painted on
silk screen effloresces luminescent**

rise ♪ out of that chasm of flesh and
 look the painted moon liquid silver
 shows the nymphs look the fireflies like
 stars o'er the dark cloth of night lights
 those cunts ast play ♪ on that flute of
 ♪ tumescent Come ye Come ye
Nymphae Parthéna
Kanyak A Chūnǔ
 come all ye nymphs Come on my flute
 play look see the those lotus blooms
 stir they open and flutter the nymphs do
 dream do dream of that flute upon which
 ♪ doth play look look drops of sweat
 drip fromst those flesh heated with lust
 that drips like moonlight o'er beds of
 unclosed blooms flames of lust heat
 those cunts ast if 'neath summer sun
 drips sweat those cunts crimson ast if

**painted with betel rouge perfumed on
the breeze like pollen saffron laces
swollen flesh open buds to embrace that
flute of ♪ those cunts lush orchids
laced with hair like with coasted with
black bees opening throats bursting lips
bursts into flames ashoka blooms on
fire arrows of lightning piercing the
moon dripping filaments of light that
lace each cunt like lotus woven with
cobwebs that churns the dark cloth of
night into perfumed foam that mixes
with**

each sigh

each cry

**each moan of she covered in light like
phosphorescent powder**

each sigh

each cry

**each moan of she scatters falling like
pollen o'er waterlilies the cunts of each
she like milk fromst the moon dripping
streams of silver those cunts open
splayed thirsting for that milk of
moonlight splashing on lips bubbles of
froth bursting o'er pulsating flesh coat
fireflies twinkling like stars staining
those pulpy cunts white like jasmine
clits soaked with lust fresh flesh tinted
like Samarkand rose scented honey-red
flushed flesh ast virgins cheeks like**

**wine spilt o'er mirror of gold reflecting
 moon like giant jasmine bloom floating
 on the dark cloth of night those cunts
 those folds of succulent flesh outdo the
 waterlilies in tinted hues out do the
 moon in brightness those lips like
 painted eyebrows of Hetaera iridescent
 o'er the cloth of night Ahh looketh the
 bees mistake those cunts for bandhuka
 blooms**

**the cakoras mistake those cunts hole for
 the moon Ahh those wonton nymphs
 friend to friend lace those tender hued
 thighs to each pressing those mounds of
 honey filled dew next to each each to
 each peeping at those cunts of each to
 each sliding those swelling bulbs of**

**spongy flesh along the curves of shapely
 flesh ast on my flute play tumescent play
 ♪ frantic ast they too ♪ and ♪ too they
 watch dunk on their intoxication with the
 kissing of cunt to cunt with the tangling of
 lips to lips and long languid press embraces
 of flesh fresh the night is full of their
 sighing with enlacing lips embracing folds
 swelling flesh oozing holes each craving
 more intense those voluptuaries lust
 maddened ast on my flute play tumescent
 play ♪ frantic ast they to ♪ and ♪ to they
 watch their eyes roll back with joyousness
 their moon-shaped arses lifting twisting
 twirling rubbing cunt to cunt bruising flesh
 to flesh looketh at those cunt studs gems of
 fire twinkling lacing light o'er their heated
 flesh braided with cunts boiling dew their**

**eyes of painted collyrium smeared along
their flashing eyes ast she too she mount
she in loves inverse grinding swiving
looketh full hipped they bounce tingling
ankle bells ring ast light rains down
streaming those palpitating along those
indigo-tinted thighs ast they ride humping
ast on my flute play tumescent play ♪
frantic ast they too ♪ and ♪ too they
watch**

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***Nihilist √ say some say √ the named
Tao be not the Tao***