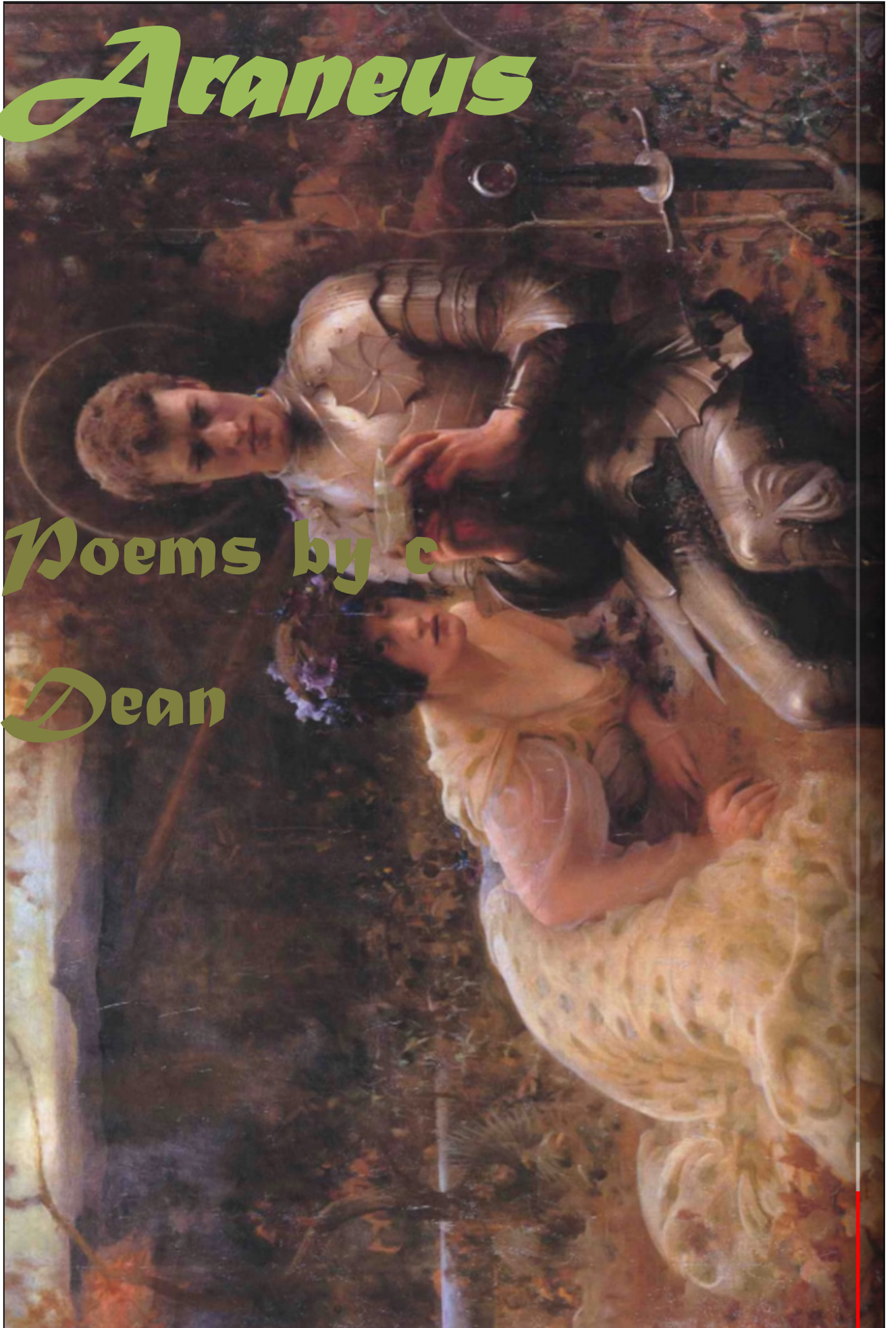


Arañeus

Poems by c

Dean



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***P*ublishers introduction**

***A*hh dean here we go again what be**

thy *Araneus*

**what be this dream preserved in
amber this hymn of erethism be it
an enthymeme of orgiastic nihilistic
destruction or dean be thee a
thaumaturge of posey a weaver in
sounds of mysteries sensual what be**

this *Araneus* it

seems to be a homily to perverse
 voluptuousnesses to exquisite
 decadence perhaps a substantiation of
 some esoteric mysticism hidden in
 obscure symbolism be thee dean a
 hierophant guiding some querent or
 perhaps a mystagogue nay even a
 shamans psychopomp to guide peons
 out of the worlds ergastula is this a
 proem detailing cruelties and pain
 sliding desires o'er the sharpened lip
 of a razor blade nay dean what be thy

Araneus what ere it

be it be a work of lapidaristic
 sensualities a tome of perverse
 voluptuosities a tract of
 correspondences that entice that

**exhilarate with fulgurations of
sensations a medley of shadows
immaterial mist atrociously
delightful what be thy**

***Araneus* what be**

**it be it a cryptogram of signs sounds
words ideas held together by their
symbolic combinations to be solved it
their recitation meanings weaved in
chaos interlaced entangled braided
with silk thread folded o'er into each
to each an evocative concatenation to
be unravelled in a contemplative
exegeesis of mystical awakening of a
mystical inrushing of enlightenment
in solitude to untangle the warp and
weft of some symbolic system thee**

hast weaved dean in thy

Araneus in thy

**tapestry of delights the crulities and
pains and anguish and despire be**

**naught but symbols raising one into
the light raising one into greater**

insight thru a mesmeretic

kaleidoscope of sounds a

phantasmorgia of wonder

thru a sublime algebra of tortures

dean thee makes ones mind explode

in a universal cataclysm of

o'erwhelming

felicities what be the key to unlock

these mysteries thy last line *ast too*

the rose the nightingale sings

preface

**Ahh the word cunt this gateless
gate can one get thru and escape
hung up on words issues arise
chaining oneself fromst oneself one
must escape the word cunt a barrier
or gate thru which to escape to walk
free leaving no trace**

**Cum ye in shining armour knight
 cum ye thee swain be thee be a she
 or he cum thee to she that she that
 with the lambent voice of**

Aglaophonos she that she that

**Smileth she whenst doth see she the
 petals of the rose drop withered be**

**Be she a flower of snow embedded
 in ice heart ast black ast the winter
 dark cunt hole just shadows weaved
 warp and weft fromst desires that
 have paled and wilted lacerated
 hopes and stale hellos hast in the
 cunt hole of shadows a mourning cup
 whenst sup thee upon flowers**

decayed upon *Styx's* liquidity sup
 thee and still thy hearts beat and
 darkness fills thy eyes and stills
 crushes thy soul sighs cum pluck the
 cunts lips of ♪ the roses of *Pieria*
 or lay thyself like *Gorgo* in its blue
 and purple shadows cold within
 those lips shroud *Morte Un Jour*
 or cum swain burst forth in song
 supping upon the lips of ♪ live thee
 on the viewless *wings* of *Poesy* sing
 pluck the cunts lips of ♪ the roses
 of *Pieria* and live thee swain live
 with thy song bursting o'er the flesh
 of ♪ frothing o'er the earth fertilizing
 each inch with flowery bloom blooms

that be the cunt of ♀ or else my lily
thee shall wither sucking on the cunt
of ♀ supping thru thy pallid lips that
poison that be ♀ cum bee lick that
corolla swollen bursting with pollen
dew-decked lips castellated with
pearls and diamonds bright
undulating lips waves of alabaster
and opals riming cunts hole pool of
moon liquefied cum ye bee shuddering
in the perfume of that cunt clasped
quivering in those Medusa lips
enveloped in tenuous threads of dew
glittering stars of gold cum in these
lips of ♀ be

all the sighs

all the groans

all the cries

**of all the tears shed of broken hearts
of love**

**lay thy flesh in those folds and moan
in the agony of ecstasy that thy
limbs palpitate corroded in the
poisoned mesh like butterflies cradled
in spiders silk scream out in painful
joy Oh swain cum suck on this cunt
hole of ♀ that void of fertility giving
birth like Echidna to Monstresses
tormenting thy flesh tearing thy
soul Empousae that drink thy life**

**Gorgons with snakes hissing ast
their cunt hair Sirens that sing
beautifully to thee and Harpies
hungry for thee ravenously Ahh
swain the cunt of ♀ drinks thy sighs
that tint the night tastes it the
perfume of thy groans whenst thee in
those lips recline enclosed in
shadows of indigo those lips
possess those lips of thee that
shudder fromst its lust kiss
scattering sparks of fire golden
petals of azure flames rippling o'er
thy trembling flesh enchained Ohh
swain upon that cunt of ♀ gorged on
thy flesh contracted round thy**

**bleeding limbs a dust of thy tears
settles in tones of thy groans and
moans upon the frothing mouth avid
breathing in the scent of thy cries
caught in the sticky lips of √ like
some red bloated cephalopod
crushing thy writhing breaths thy
flesh decaying on lust 'mongst that
translucent bloom poisonous pierced
by that pistil darting bewitching thee
that fleshy needle raising fromst the
corollas depths a bloody mouth that
drips noxious dew upon the
gelatinous flaccid flesh that weeps
tears fromst the agony of
delightfulness in thy swoon fromst**

the cunt of ♪ rippling wavering lips
 of honey that hole oozing fondant
 more mushy than mangoes flows or
 Ohh swain live live upon the sighs
 of ♪ that thee give in the joy of that
 spasm that shuddering little death
 that paroxysm of pain where the
 heart beats in frantic rhythms and the
 thighs open in lust for thy lick
 where jasmine scent kisses ♪ and
 nenuphars float down upon the flesh
 of ♪ where the seconds last hours
 of delight where light coats the flesh
 ♪ in perfumed moonbeams Ahh cum
 swain and thee will live whenst thee
 gives to ♪ kisses sweeter than

**youths smile that to ♪ gives
immortality for a while gives to ♪
prolonged bliss with thy kiss that
bursts the soul of ♪ into fire that
lights the blinded earth with the
melodious chords of the sighs of the
singing of the flesh of ♪ trembles in
an infinity of splendours
scintillating gleams glittering sighs
the voluptuousness of being the
mystical sensuality of my own
materiality burst forth in song
fromst the lips fromst the quivering
shuddering flesh dancing in the
poignancy of the intoxicated
sensations of thy lick clit flick**

**in ecstasy euphoria in the absorption
of thy kiss the bliss of those
sensations vibrant endless thrilling
an abyss of sensuousness terrible
resonant ripplings thru the flesh of ♪
palpitations of delightful pains
terrors exquisite overwhelming joy in
the eruptions of full bodied quakeing
flesh quivering Ahh swain make ♪
sing in melodious joy the songs that
that Dryad of the trees
Singest of summer in full-throated
ease or swain die thee melted into the
cunt of ♪ those lilies pallid blood
drained full of pain those weird
flowers curled and arrayed like
tentacles of some Kraken spread in
laceworks dewed like dead eyes that**

**sucks thy kiss in fetid sensuality on
the agony of thy ecstasy these lilies
breathe in the perfume of thy cries
thy eyes look up at ♪ in woe to see
the glee within my pupils dark and
my lips a smile at the shivering flesh
of thee like pallid roses in decay
falling tears and sobbing brightening
the eyes of ♪ ast thee suffer fromst
thy burning lust for ♪ thy pains
burst into ripe fruit upon the lips of
♪ thy pains burst into flowery scent
within the shadows of my lips
aglow ♪ drink thy cries more red
than blood or the petals of a red rose
the shadows behind the cunt lips of
♪ shimmer luminescent at the
voluptuousness of thy plaintive**

moans ast thy broken flesh bleeds
 pleads *Ahhh* swain the echos of
 thy pain ripple lusciously in the dark
 around the cunt of ♪ they swim
 languorously ast thy soul sinks into
 death fromst the bite of ♪ smiling ♪
 drunk on thy woes the garden of my
 cunt breathes out scents perfumes the
 world a beacon that attracts each
 swain a lure for their lusts *Ahh*
 swain thee sinks thee flounders in
 the depths of that void that be the
 cunt of ♪ *Ahh* howests ♪ dream
 'mongst the cries of thee sinking into
 shadows in to that realm that
 kingdom of mine sublime where liveth
 all the broken hearts all the dead

**dreams of lovers past crying in their
pain**

**Where flowers decay in their hair and
butterflies wither on the wing**

**Where perfumes turn to stench upon
their flesh and moonlight burns in
memories of their joys unmet**

**Where the taste of lips taste rancid
and the lovers breath burns the flesh**

**Enter this paradise of ♪ Ohhh swain
with thy death and feast upon the
sorrows the pain the cries of those
deceased of all those ladies and
youths parading loves lost lust into
my paradise cum wearing thy robes of
woes bringeth ♪ delights lights up
the cunt of ♪ with flames bright thee
and all my thralls in this realm beeth**

♪ supreme Queen o'er all thy lusts
 that bringeth thee and all to me or
 cum swain and pluck the cunts lips
 of ♪ the roses of Pieria and live
 swain live thee on the viewless
wings of Poesy sing pluck the cunts
 lips of ♪ the roses of Pieria and
 live thee swain live to scatter
 petals of rose fromst thy lips to
 breathe scents of perfume that coats
 the roses flesh with thy nightingales
 song sing sing swain and beat death
 ast too the rose the nightingale sings

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