

Already
POEM
BY
DEAN

A detailed oil painting depicting a sheepdog herding a flock of sheep on a rugged, rocky cliffside. The sheepdog, a dark-colored breed, is positioned in the center, facing the sheep. The sheep are scattered across the cliff, some standing and some lying down. The background shows a vast, open landscape with rolling hills and a bright sky. The overall style is realistic with fine brushwork and a rich color palette.



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press west geelong Victoria 2024 P.1 Our English

Coasts, 1852 ('Strayed Sheep') [William Holman](#)

[Hunt](#) P. Giuseppe Falchetti (1843-1918) P.3

Christoph Paudiß - Wolf reißt ein Lamm (1618)

P.4 Anguish [August Friedrich Schenck](#) 1878 P.6

Agnus Dei by Francisco de Zurbaran 1635-1640

PUBLISHERS INTRODUCTION

W Ahh what be this

Arcady well firstly

it be a *Mise-en-scène* full
of lighting space framed

**composition full of makeup
andst hair styles full of
method acting surreal
allegory of sumptuous
words images rapturous**

Sensations decadent of

derangement Yet Dearest
reciter thee doth ask "about
what" well lets say it be a
proem inst the vein of

fellinis Casanova andst
Satyricon Yet again thee

doth ask "about what" well

let say about Jungs depth
psychology of the

unconscious Well perhaps
e'en freuds views onst

"das Es" perhaps the anima
and the animus the role of

**archetypes and the collective
 unconscious as projected
 fromst the poets minde Yet
 again perhaps Marxist
 sociology critique upon
 capitalism with ideas fromst
 Eros and Civilization: A
 Philosophical Inquiry into
 Freud Ahh be it about those
 with their heads up their
 arse that cant see they are
 being used ast milch cows to
 make the elites rich ast they
 go nowhere onst that hamster**

wheel not knowing the real

deal Ahh lets be real

academics love this type of

intellectual jargon bullshit

with their heads up their

arse justifying their status

andst wealth path who cant

see what be But nothing

But creativity the fancy of a

poets brain for they be only

academics with their heads

up their arses for this be

about appearance andst

reality



PREFACE Ahh Dearest
 reciter Come listen to my words of
 fine invention wrought with gold with
 painted flowers that be But mine
 thoughts But what be But mine
 intentions well Dearest Dupe all
 poets doth But want to bend thy minde
 with words andst tropes andst all verse
 fine with phrases divine enam'ling thy
 minde with all that the poet cant gather
 fromst the Muses 9 But whilst thee
 be entertained thy minde be bent with
 intentions maskt behind the poesy the
 poet hast other things inst minde where
 the poet doth But just plays with thy
 minde with words to bend it inst to the
 shape he doth want thru appearance to
 hide his intent- the true reality

Ahh Dearest reciter whenst thee see onst thy X,
 Facebook andst Instagram andst Tik Tok andst
 whatever net shit thee doth see to watch pretty faces
 and pictures and snappy reels onst news with of their
 clever words awash with PC jargon e'en inst they
 school education be But a form of marketing awash
 with newspeak which thee doth ALL take all this ast
 reality Yet Dearest Dupe what thee doth see be
 But just appearance just ast Spenser didst But
 teach with his Florimell inst his *The Faerie Queene*,
 Book IV, Canto V where what 'seem'd to passe' ast
 the real be But 'forged things' where "Vnto *the*
vulgar for good gold insted, He much *more goodly*
glosse there on doth shed, *To hide his falshood, then*
if it were trew" for most fake things oft look better
 than the true for most cant tell appearance fromst
 reality

Didst I awake fromst my dream
 inst that sleep inst which I didst no
 not that I didst But dream fromst
 that sleep didst I raise my sight
 above the opium –scented airs that I
 hadst didst But breathe andst doest
 I now unmew mine mind I I to
 stammer now where Keats didst
 But sing andst now I mine song to
 thy ears doth bring of I of I what
 didst see I inst Arcady whenst I
 didst lift mine eyes above the opium-
 scented dream to But seem to see
 Arcady with swelling liquid
 streams perfumed valleys glinting
 gold gilt upon leaves emerald tips

grapes swelling bursting frothing
 dripping ripe juice that didst seem to
 flow o'er the sides of *Latmos*
 with fruit succulent moist that hang
 fromst bowers kissed with the lips
 of *Phoebus* ast clouds of silvery
 hue didst *But* float to the view of
∫ with purple shadows o'er the
 petaled blooms of deep scarlet
 vermeil daisies white that didst
 light *Caria* where didst *Endymion*
 his sheep to pasture didst whenst
 didst hear *∫* what didst *But* seem
 to be thee to excite *But* the joyful
 cries of children that didst *But*
 seem to be to me ast the murmurs of

the sea Yet upon mine deeper look it
 was to me But crowds of
 shepherds ast thee might But read
 inst books of Horace or those
 Elizabethan idylls which of
 pastorals doest But tell I tell saw
 I with sunburn flesh upon the earth
 that wast of life ripe o'erflowing
 saw I shepherds begirt with
 minstreling tunes that swept upon
 the ground along where didst But
 follow sheeples which they kept with
 vestments of white floss fleece that
 didst But seem to dream ast those
 inst idleness inst Elysian 'mongst

herbs of thyme andst white valley-
lilies

That though they walk with
regimented step inst lockstep they be
But asleep ast they walk But bleat
each the same bleat all But the same
But the same talk But inst
lockstep they But asleep But walk
these sheep with their April bred
younglings that doest But lick those
dew bubbles upon the grass
temperate sweet to their marching
feet to their bleats upon the mountain
tops pulsed tenfold fromst their lips
the breath that didst breathe didst
breathe wafts of perfume rain-

scented eglantine that didst drip along
the wings tips of globes of herbage
clover andst all the sweet peas that
they couldst fine inst line they inst
line in front the shepherds not behind
their voice sublime they to the sheep
didst with sweet mellow sounds
that didst seep o'er the pastures
sweet music ast didst once thru the
vales of Thessaly didst fly to the
sheep didst lead 'neath trees leaves
upon the music scented breeze that
fell fromst the lips of those
shepherds with lips ast ebon-tipped
flutes didst lead midst the woodland
to an altar decked inst vines laced

work with all around of rubies red
 as blood that didst twine around
 andst crown the altars rim with
 lights of crimson that didst seem to
 swim andst drip down that altars
 face that of riches of wealth of gems
 didst But shine sparkling around a
 priest with eyes steadfast uponst
 those sheep didst proclaim "Men of
 Latmos shepherds bands whose care
 it is to guard a thousand flocks"
 Come near Come near as he upon
 the altar thru frankincense gummy
 andst teeming sweets stained with
 wine red as blood cracking sparking
 that pile of fragrance didst that fire

bright light the morn more brighter
 thanst thanst that morn lit by
*A*pollos upward fire *Y*et didst *J*
 seem to see thru the opium scented
 dream that my minde peaked thru the
 crown of ivy around his head didst
 seem ast like horns uponst some
 demon friend of *M*ammon where inst
 its teeth didst seem to lurk some
 trouble upon its lips fromst which
 didst slip its cajoling verse that to
 the sheep didst coerce it seemed to
 me those sheep to flock to that to
 marble altar that didst *B*ut seem
*B*ut a shrine of some "thing" unseen
 that priests eyes whenst the light

**didst flicker right those eyes didst
look ast the eyes of some lynx that
glimmered inst the light to flash inst
those sheeps eyes that didst *But*
inst lockstep asleep to the alter didst
their feet to seek to bleat with
content ast around those sheep thru
that dream of opium scent didst see
Y inst the shadows to lurk with
glinting teeth wolfs andst pards
with prying heads at the throats of
the sheep that didst bleat inst their
sleep oblivious to the teeth that longs
to rip andst tear their flesh for they
be *But* asleep lead by the shepherds
to that altar of marble dripping with**

the wealth of rubies red as blood
 that doth drip to seep thru the banks
 of ivy inst what to they seem the
 middle of pleasantness upon their
 dreams asleep of fairy phantasies
 that doth see believe be strewn 'neath
 their lockstep feet daises andst
 budded blooms andst palmy ferns
 andst rushes fenny thru which their
 dreams onst phantasies wings doest
 beat Whilst see √ √ see thru that
 dream of opium perfumed mist as
 that priest doth raise his lips to lift
 up the God of which they all doth
 But worship doth √ see √ Ohh
 doth see √ the tints fromst the roses

bloom to fade andst to But give
 that God more vermeil lips to see √
 thee √ see the dewy tips of daisies
 to But dry But seem to soak inst to
 that Gods flesh whilst the sweet
 tunes of nightingales didst crack ast
 the verse of that priest didst from
 his lips sound more sweet ast the
 sun didst its light to seem to paly
 becomes whilst the eyes of that God
 didst light with fire the priest his his
 lips that upon he didst pipe his verse
 didst Ohh didst see √ be But the
 hollow stems of pipy hemlock thru
 which that voice didst the sheep to
 caress with dreams asleep they

**Didst inst lockstep to that alter
 make their way ast that priest didst
 to that God to sing that to the sheep
 didst hear be But that hymn to Pan
 Yet Ohh Yet didst really say he
 But a hymn to Mammon hid within
 those honeycomb golden words of
 sounds of fruitage ripened that ast
 bees the sheep didst to that God to
 flee thru sunny meadows that verse
 of that priest didst take those sheep
 thru strawberrys creeping his words
 didst thru their mindes to seep like
 onst wings of bees Ohh how sweet
 to the sheep ast butteflies his words
 didst along their mindes didst keep
 themst asleep upon the verses that
 priest didst sing that fed like udders**

to those sheep those verses they
 didst drink those hymns that not
 were to the god Pan those verses
 that grew within those sheepels
 brains ast Night-swollen
 mushrooms whilst to my view
 speckled those fleeces of those
 shepherded sheeples to that altar they
 were led inst rows that they didst
 not see ast pens whilst around they
 they didst see to dance damsels with
 over-brimmed white wicker with
 young plants of perfume sweet they
 danced along to that priest song Yet
 I mine eyes didst see I that those
 sheeples But be blind to what I
 didst see for those maidens be But
 harpies inst a dance within the dreary

light of that dreary morn that
glimmered on those sheeples eyes that
incandescent sparkle ast scattered
golden showers scattered shards of
glass broken that didst litter the
grass ast those harpies didst *But*
dance *Ohh* didst *But* dance that
dance of the Walpurgis-Night to whirl
naked onst the airs with breasts
bloated with cunt hairs ast dark ast
a nightmares fright serpents swirl
tits jiggle arses tight thru light with
a *Weirdest* fright flying hair with
thighs with cunts ripe bloated with
flesh that doth at the sheeples doest
reach to snap at ast they swarm ast
flies doth to dead flesh their maggots
to breed they fly darkling wisps of

light twisted blazing eyes bright that
upon the sheeples alights their cunts
which their clit they doth throbs their
flesh gorged lips spread to bite to
suck with their might those sheeples
which to their sight doth **B**ut see
sweet damsels wreathed inst scented
blooms that dance a prance where the
truth be **B**ut sooth those harpies
that drip cunt juice to the rivers
pollute andst the air upon their randy
ravish breaths that seep andst flow
andst drip fromst the cunt that bite
andst along the sheeps throats slip
andst slit with the curls furl tips of
their razor sharp lips for they the
sheeples be **B**ut milch cows fromst
those harpies doth sip the blood of

their labour that doth run ast gold to
 fill the veins of those harpies untold
 fromst those sheeples trapped asleep
 inst their dreams that doth flow
 fromst the priest songs to lull those
 sheeples inst their groves of Elysian
 listen they midst hare-bells blue
 buds of lavish gold that doth those
 consumers of their bellies fill where
 those sheeples doth *But* dwell andst
 thus willst *I* tell the sheeples one by
 one be led to that alter to that *God* of
 wealth andst greed to which they inst
 their dream asleep didst *But* see ast
 pleasantness of delight 'neath *May*
May within the heaven that didst of
 them believe they didst be free to live
 upon the honey-dew that they be fed

**Yet each one led to that alter its
throat cut andst bled Yet each before
saw such wine drip fromst that alter
sparkling light mingled red wine with
all those sweet herbs of thyme lilies
white fennel crowned that alter with
such appetites to those sheeples that
each be led to be bled to drip didst
see √ thru that opium mist of
dreams the rubies red to multiply
around that shrine that alter to that
priests God budded blood But Nay
But rubies wealth ast to the sky
upon that pyre the sheeples final cry
But still asleep didst float to the
sky ast more rubies be But born
fromst their blood mine that they to
oblivion melt out their essence fine**

Thus spake
the village
idiot



POEM

BY C

DEAN

Thus spake

the village

idiot

POEM BY C

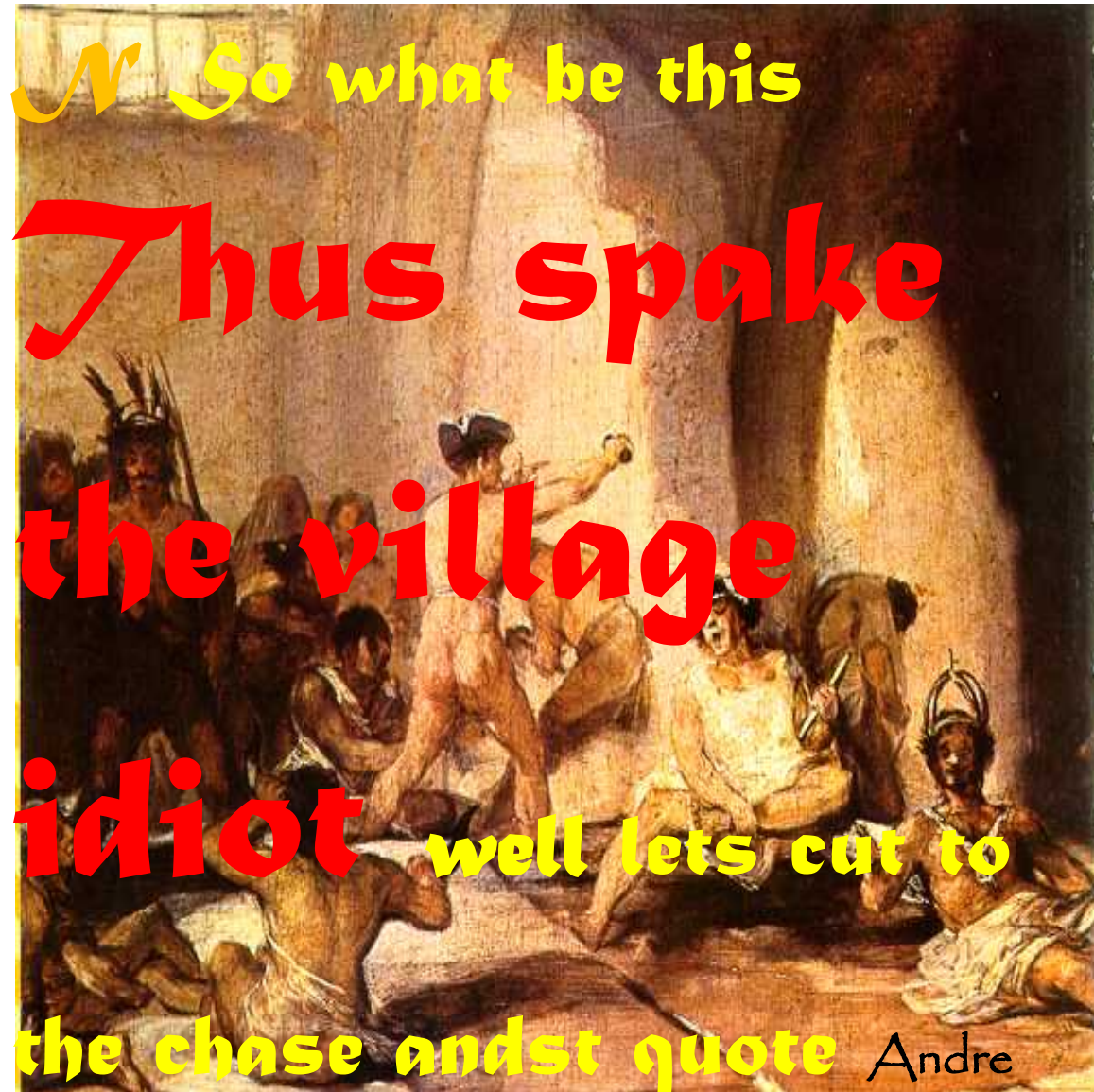
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Victoria Australia 2024 FP: *The Madman* "Den Gale"

Francisco Goya. (1746–1828))INPC: Madness - Three Album Drawings by Francisco Goya p.3 "**La casa de los locos**" Francisco Goya p.p4 **The Madwoman 1822-23** Jean Louis Andre Theodore Gericault

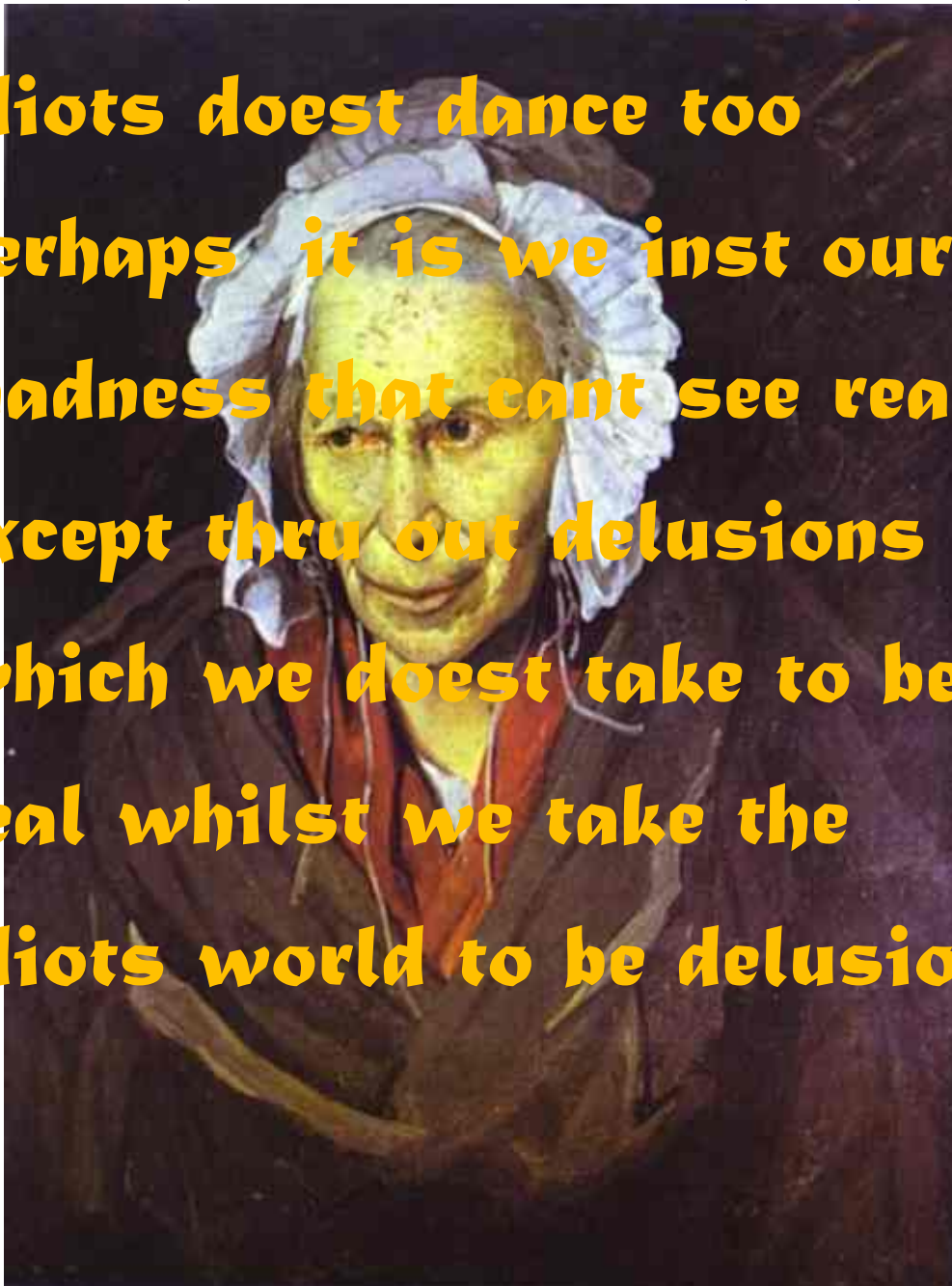
PUBLISHERS INTRODUCTION



Breton "I could spend my whole life prying loose the secrets of the insane. These people are honest to a fault, and their naivety has no peer but my own."

**But Ahh are the insane
insane or be it the sane that
be insane because we cannot
hear the music to which the**

**idiots doest dance too
perhaps it is we inst our
madness that cant see reality
except thru out delusions
which we doest take to be
real whilst we take the
idiots world to be delusion**



**Couldst it be the idiot is
 really enlightened to the
 “truth” ast some say Kunga
 Legpa, the Madman of the
 Dragon Lineage with his
 “Thunderbolt of Flaming
 Wisdom” upon which
 myriad women around the
 world seek blessing Couldst
 it be the idiot is really
 enlightened to the “truth” ast**

say Hanshan or Ikkyū or Saint Isidora

perhaps a Nasreddin or a *Theia mania* or a
 Simeon the Holy Fool or perhaps a “Sky clad”

Avadhuta **But perhaps not holy**

**but aware of the "true"
reality that the sane are to
insane to see that their lives
andst thoughts are but
delusions andst the idiots
who doth try to enlighten
them to their madness is by
them accused too be insane
so reciter recite andst if thee
think it be all madness so be
it *B*ut if ye with this proem
agree thenst perhaps thee are
an idiot *B*ut free to touch
the sky andst fly**

PREFACE Andst But

doest *J* muse onst madness with
 voice andst perhaps with wit with
 tropes andst allegories with bright
 metaphors of conceits so what be the
 conclusions of *J* about lunacy or the
 sayings of some idiot whose thought
 be *But* full of delusions bedlams
 whose mind be *But* sick say they
 that say they be sane for according
 to the sane they that distain the sane
 must be by definition *But* insane so
 not to trouble thy brain to distraught
 thy mind read this idiots account of
 what the sane hast upon themselves
 brought and let us hear thy thoughts

Inst a village of the world or be it a
world village there be a she or a he
that doth sing to a different tune
andst dance Yea dance to a hidden
melody 'neath the sun andst moon inst
revelry whereby he or she is laughed
at ridiculed be spat on harassed or
e'en locked up for the things she or he
doth sing that the sane do say are
idiocy the thoughts of an insane that
doth But say delusions about they so
listen thee to these songs andst thy
mind ponder on

**Looth sky sits moon on ast silver
 orchid ast glittering tear inst the sky
 stars twinkle that drip light like dew
 that doth coat the night inst globes
 that shimmer wreathing the earth inst
 mist twining weaving knots of light
 froth- flowers inst twilight luculent
 waves of light that stream like
 rivers of jade decking the night with
 fires light like earrings of pearls
 along streams doth flow redolent of
 dreams crystallized ast they inst
 their coffins gilded with what monies
 canst buy do onst their media view a
 moon ast silver orchid ast glittering
 tear inst the sky**

Ahh looketh sun streams thousand
emerald gleams weave o'er the earth like
rouge onst some beautys lips of flesh
pouting for a kiss that sends to bliss
the eyes see glittering rivers of fire
mirrors that mirroring the suns light
sapphires mists coat a thousand hills
wrapped inst scarlet flames the streams
that stream o'er the plains that giveth
life to they *Ahh* looketh the light frozen
inst reds andst parrot-greens that
irridescence ast opals bright that rivers
swirling flow ast gems melted casting
light to the sky ast inst their coffins
gilded they doest shit andst piss andst
flush inst to the streams that stream
o'er the plains that giveth life to they

**That splash of gold that doth spread
 whirlwinds of light that doth the leaves
 of emerald set alight doth rise to
 embroider the earth with streaks of
 carnelian that glow bright the trees
 bathed inst pink mist ast if powdered
 with crushed silk gleams the grasses
 waving gems like pins of colour
 lustrous to robe the earth ornate clouds
 of light that hover to Ohh my sight a
 thousand hills swirling trees casting
 vermilion clouds that paint the sky Yet
 they in their coffins gilded builded of the
 trees denuded andst barren maketh the
 earth ast onst their media screens
 streams trees bathed inst pink mist ast
 if powdered with crushed silk gleams**

**Sense the scent 'neath moon silver coin
hung onst dark velvet night sent flowery
bouquets of perfumed dew Ahh the
breath of heated cunts sweating lips of
puffy flesh that twine about the earth as
out breathes the blooms that soaks the
airs that drip odours of delightfulness
to intoxicate upon the fumes floating
bubbles that burst to shatter mists of
rose cassia Ohh that doest paint upon
the night inst strokes of pearly beaded
light brocaded curtains of flowers
regalia in meadows soaked perfumed the
air the breeze Yet with windows closed
they burn incense in their coffins gilded
fumes floating bubbles that burst to
shatter mists of rose cassia**

**Orchards looketh strung with fruit
 like curtains of juicy flesh perfumed
 ripe ast randy cunts that seep mushy
 froth to coat lips inst scented dew
 pearls that glint onst trees like fiery
 candelabra of fruit fleshy mushy pears
 apricots pink tinted bursting fresh wet
 with sunlight that drips to pool
 liquidities of powdered pollen scents
 whirling swirling colours kiss the eyes
 drenched inst hues of iridescence
 encircling the earth inst frutivity glossy
 wavlets of lusciousness Yet upon the
 earth lay about the rubbish of they of
 cans of fruit with pictures of pears
 apricots pink tinted bursting fresh wet
 with sunlight that drips**

Ahh this mind of I be harrs'd full of
 woe for they But call I deluded to
 sing onst my Mad Man Mountain
 with eyes aglow I an idiot be for
 pointing out to they that

They create paradise Yet live midst a
 sewer be

They feed their senses Yet lay waste
 to all

They create beauty Yet beauty cant see
 Yet my sighs be my joy doth disclose
 ast their moans their woes not hide

Andst upon mine breath be my content
 with less ast upon their flesh tears the
 pains of seeking more to excess

**Ahh on my Mad Man Mountain
 with this mind of √ inst the clouds
 so white pearl froth free to wander
 this earth that of all life doth give
 birth a thousand worlds of blossom
 blooms tinged gold perfumed so
 sweet that thoughts doest stop andst
 linger onst this silent void this
 emptiness 'neath shades of trees that
 paint indigo shadows that ripple the
 earth with this form of √ concealed
 midst water-lilies splashed with
 silver tips that slip along the lips of
 √ ast inst lockstep they those Ants
 inst their "death spiral" they pace out
 their delusions dance**

**Ohh the breeze doth sweep the hair of ♪ to
 swirl inst lace that doth embroider the sky
 see the pollen fly that upon mine lips doth
 lay andst tip each thread to glow gold
 fragrant perfume that doth with the blooms
 of lacquered flower doth mix to coat the
 wings of parrots-green with the joy of ♪
 that sings the voice of ♪ that paint
 delightfulness upon the clouds with
 flickering sunlight onst a screen of bright
 gold Ahh onst my Mad Man Mountain
 water-lilies and bloom the birds doest mate
 andst all life doth fuck where life be neither
 good or bad where clouds andst geese andst
 all unfold onst their natural course where
 they the lemmings trudge out their
 delusions path fromst which neither gods
 nor ♪ canst budge**

**Ohh soar above √ the lilac clouds
 mind free empty ast the sky ast below
 geese homeward fly whilst plait √ hair
 with plums ast sunlight vermilion pours
 o'er the lips of √ ast like some pretty
 girl upon my lips her lips doest place
 andst to suck my lips like ripe cherry-
 fruit-flesh inst solitude inst bliss see
 √ below blent red with blue the
 perfumed blooms gilded petals edges
 molten light that alloys all inst emerald
 glitter plumed hills whirling shimmer
 flames of gold thru the void where be √
 free bathed inst scent of violet light
 where they be rich **B**ut poor inst their
 poverty of wanting more whilst what
 they have **B**ut flakes upon the floor**

Ahh atop Mad Man Mountain
 stars shoot across the sky lighting the
 eyes of √ brilliant glows of gold that
 shoot out light thru massed clouds lilac
 that float froth-flowers that scatter
 blossoming blooms to √ that licks my
 flesh like the tongues tip of a randy girl
 that doth my prick to flick inst this void
 where doth √ wander leaving no trace
 upon this place the sighs of joy of √
 echo thenst go dissolving into the
 emptiness of the empty mind of √ that
 say they is But delusions dreams for
 say √ to they be thee caught inst
 embroidered webs of gold for none wander
 with √ beyond the webs of speaking
 tangled words which be they keeping

**Andst so atop my Mad Man
 Mountain with the breeze inst my
 hair flowing weaving threads around
 this green emerald void where upon
 within this mind of ♪ no dust doth
 settle fromst that human bowl where
 they doest run around andst no
 tangle knots of vines doest hinder
 this gate of ♪ to which none doth
 visit or nor But pass thru too
 those drifting clouds where above
 doest ♪ dance thru moonbeams andst
 does skip twixt sunlight andst dance
 andst skip to weave thru around
 clutching rainbows thru which doth
 doest ♪ dance andst kiss andst fuck**

nymphs andst *Fairy Queens* 'neath
 leaves shimmering andst flowers
 perfumed to kiss our flesh with the
 bliss of purple mist out pouring fromst
 our breaths without a thought at rest
 inst idleness at peace with all *Where*
 moonbeams drip perfumes that doth
 drink *♪* up into drunkenness sip *♪*
 sunbeams that warm like fire to shatter
 my joys o'er the earth like diamonds
 alight froth-flower littering the night
 inst yellow pools glinting parrot-green
 hues where above accepting lay *♪* where
 earth with sky merge andst no human
 track disturbs where be *But writ*

To be sane Yet inst the chains of conformity

To be unchained Yet insane with no community

Sodom & Gomorrah



POEM
BY
DEAN



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PUBLISHERS
INTRODUCTION

So what be this *Sodom*



Petrarch Canzone 136 or

Byrons "Don Juan"

Canto xv: xc11 where he doth
 show John Bull the
 inhumanity of greed or
 listen thee well to Carlyle or
 Ruskin onst the effect of
 capitalism or for a better
 read read "Modern Love"
 by George Meredith or
 "Nineveh" by George
 Sylvester Viereck where
 huge dragons with

**monstrous trial sit upon the
gables where above the**

stately spires two lemans be

Death and Leprosy But

better still see "From the

Woolworth Tower" of

Sara Teasdale "the warm

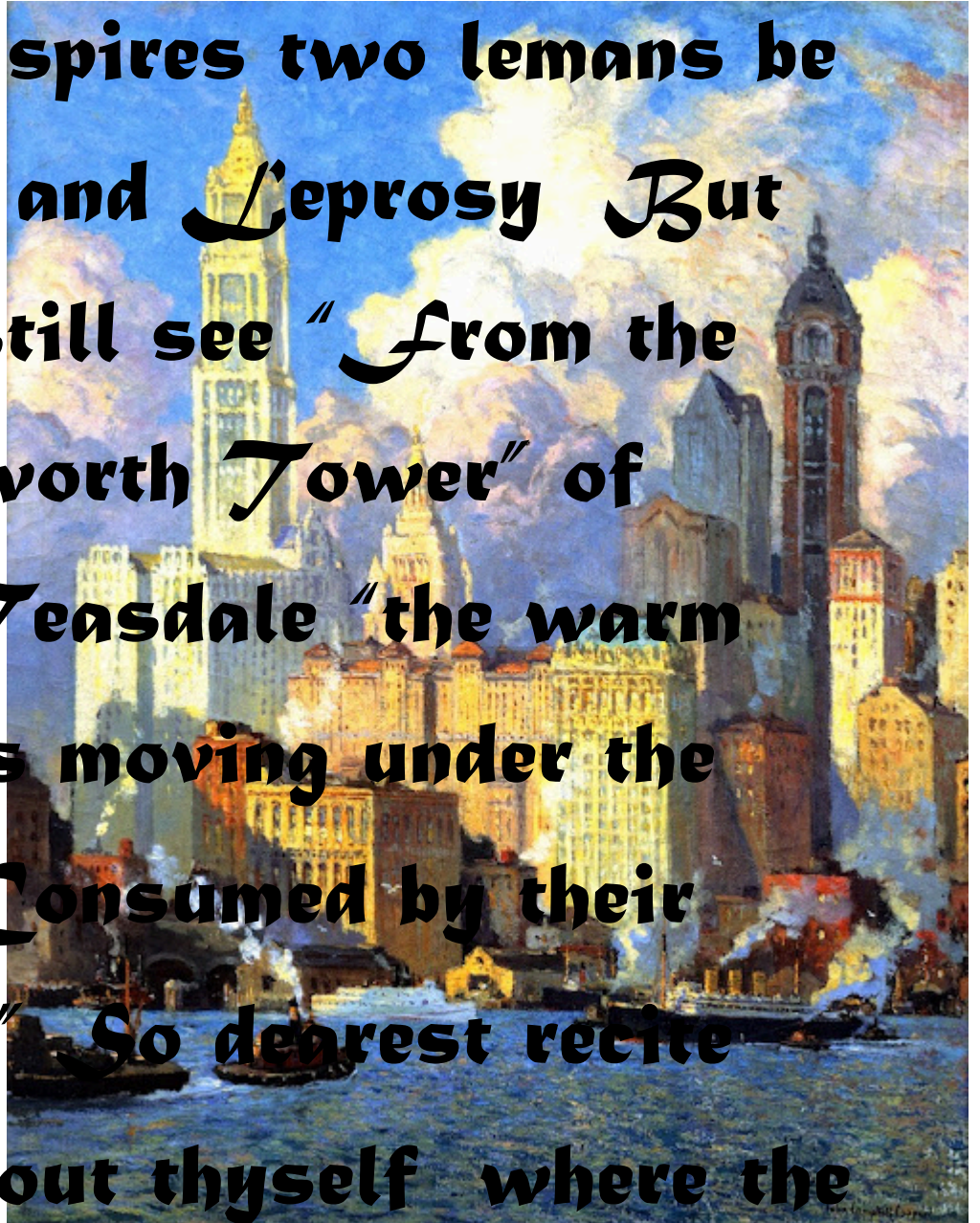
millions moving under the

roofs Consumed by their

desires" So dearest recite

read about thyself where the

Christian 7 deadly sins or



**the 5 hindrances of Sikhism or
where the craving desires of
Buddhism are let free by Capitalism
that the wealthy canst be more gorged
fromst those milch cows that be thee
dearest reciter freed to feed thy
greed with no restraint that turns
thee to a peon andst though better
clothed But still a subsistent farmer
slave inst debt bondage to thy captors
that dangles their carrot inst front of
thee thy greed onst the hamster wheel
around around thee goes getting no
where But deeper inst to slavery so
read about thyself dearest reciter you
fucking deadshit thee be**

PREFACE Ahh it doth seem we
doest live inst a hellish world where **But**
vertues gold be **But** sold for Mammons
dross where we for wealth doest **But** sell
our soul andst thus or flesh inst chains
doest us shackle we with unchained sins
we think we doest **But** run free **Yet**
those fools doest **Yet** complain that they
be inst pain since their dreams they cannot
claim they seek happiness **Yet** doth just
woes do gain around around go they
chasing some carrot they be told that
happiness they shallst gain **But** just filling
with gold the pockets of the tellers of such
mythology that the fools doest believe
greedily ast sayeth the poet of wit

As fast thy virtue bends that love to good:

But ah Desire still cries Give me some food

Atop the mansions decked inst gold sits
Mammon outstretched arms offering wealth
untold a cornucopia that drip gems andst
jewels rubies silver sapphires that glint blue
light that fires to entice Come Come all YE
for all of this is for THEE Come Come
have thy share take what THEE want for
there be more if THEE want for | fill thy
greed unlimited be my gift to THEE
unchain | THEE fromst the 7 deadly sins
free vent give | to THEE nothing now to
hinder THEE to thy wants Come Come
ALL be my milch cow for wealth in
perpetual bondage to me a simple price to
pay for wealth andst ALL thy pleasures be

**Red hues do But coat the glass-
 rimmed columns that do But rise to the
 sky ast Babylonian towers painted inst
 pink tints coated inst purple do But
 shine glinting ast inst mansions doth
 awake the vultures to sit inst their
 lofty heights towering god-like flinging
 their shadows along dark streets**

**Lethean streams with beaks tinted red
 blood stained pecking for food inst the
 necks of they those milch cows that
 emerge fromst underground that follow
 those carrots gleaming radiance of light
 that blaze bursts of fire full of desires
 that upon each for wealth fight that n'er
 do see the light with heads up arse n'er
 do see the vultures that bite**

**Pinkish tints doest paint the towers that
 be temples to Mammon inst wandering
 shades of purple that doest glide down
 down into the abyss of the Lethean
 streams that stream with the milch cows
 inst rhythm step 'neath the golden sun with
 delicate threads of burning light that light
 the sky violet inst splendours of fires that
 doest seem to be But a sea flecked with
 lilacs hues like clouds upon a rippling
 breeze that that doth mix inst harmonies
 with the dulcet strains that be the rhythmic
 step of milch cows onst their hamster
 wheels with lips like blossoms that fromst
 those lips doth stream the dreams of
 Midas Yet cant their prison see the cause
 of their woes futility endlessly caught by
 their greed inst perpetuity ast vultures sit
 eyes blood red upon their captives to be fed**

**The light didst upon the temples gleam that
 glass illumined rainbows that outshone the
 sky a trillion stars that glittered inst the
 day ast white light afire a sea of bright
 that shone a glory to those vultures
 carnivorous things that sit andst salivate
 upon that upon which they feed those milch
 cows that doth along the *L*ethean streams
 stream wrapped up inst their dreams within
 that wilderness fettered by their greed
 which those chains they *B*ut not see
 ghouls that wander inst the purple shadows
 'neath those temples that be *B*ut haloed
 inst light garlanded inst fire those milch
 cows slaves of debt bondage in quest of
 their dreams that ever willst be to spend
 their cankerous lives inst futility which be
 what the vultures seek for ast they naught
 willst be free the vultures feed endlessly**

**Andst fromst the mansions tops andst
 temples tall the vulture doest But see their
 prey inst myriad Lethean streams that
 weave thru the wilderness ast spider webs
 the streams that be But both what doth
 snare andst what be their path of greed
 'neath lilac-silvered sky within the purpled
 shadows gloom they the sun doth not see
 the voluptuous blooms that ripple inst the
 cracks that their feet doth scurry along they
 doest sense not the scents of white syringe
 or the soft calyx-stemmed hibiscus indigo
 hued But doest pass by those that along
 the way doest fall behind with distain they
 doest not see nor care for those tears
 crystalline drops that drip fromst childrens
 eyes for it be their fault they doth say ast
 the vultures get fatter andst fatter e'en on
 misery they e'en create to feed their greed**

*And*st along they go the milch cows all
 inst their rows inst slothful step inst their
 woes along the streams of *Acheron* they
 flow parting the damasked doors trudge
 they Herded into the temples that be *But*
 their tombs chained by their greed to the
 drudge up they go inst their *Hallowed*
Sepulchres heeding the vultures call
 dreaming *Midas* dream a few doest *But*
 out the rose colored windows view those
 mansions decked inst sunlight that about
 their tops float ast lilac-tinted swan-shaped
 foam emerald shimmering their delicate
 dreams veiled inst folds of violet air the
 carrots they see that seek thee with hard
 ons dilated eyes cunts wet with ecstasies
 bliss out the windows they gaze upon all
 back to the drudge with hopes of glee

**Whenst their daily servitude doth end they
 Pour out the doors to But flow along the
 spider-web Acheron streams to flood back
 back into the underground to their coffins
 too But too exhausted to think plug into
 their media which tells them what to do
 what to think onst their drugs their drinks
 to kill the pain to make them sleep andst
 cry**

If this be happiness Why my woe

If this be living Why be I so dead

If this be joyousness Why my torment

Yet Inst each advertisement they be told

**"Money buyeths happiness" andst with
 that mantra inst the morn get back onst
 their hamster wheels carrion for the
 vultures above more wealth to be born**

**The pinkish lilac hues misty reds andst
purple shadows do But turn to dark ast
night sets inst that shroud that o'er the
temples to Mammon andst the milch cows
gilded coffins andst the blackness doth
along the spider web streams of Acheron
doth flow ast out flood fromst the golden
tipped mansions the cockroaches doest But
flow inst their hearses gleaming with
pearled windows gold tinted like misty
globes of light thru which the eyes of
cockroaches doest red doest But gleam the
milch cows inst envy at that which they
would swap to be those insects that upon
the night doest take flight to spend their
blood moneys on lewd dreams of lust andst
gluttony greed fulfilled that burst their cock
& cunts and bowels that willst But shit
all that harvest of boars andst sows**

**Stars glitter pure crystals of light like ice
 set onst velvet plush ast frozen flowers
 that blaze that looketh down upon the feast
 of those cockroaches to coat inst moonlight
 their rapaciousness they roam thru the
 darkness's mists prowling for pleasures
 singing upon their blood bloated lips
 "Money buyeth happiness" But for they
 care not what price the milch cows must
 pay for their gay debaucheries for each doth
 up the arse each fuck each be to each But
 an object for ecstasy each uses each a
 commodity that each gives not a fuck for
 each But to feed be their goal within their
 gaol they be But too stupid to see the
 consequences for they for each for the
 universe that glitters fromst perfumed
 blooms so sweet the cockroaches deplete**

**Inst darkneses space the stars doest
swim lucent light spreads kissing blooms
that thru cracks doth flower that doth the
cockroaches the milch cows flesh doth kiss
that wallow inst their Stygian Marsh of
greed andst lust andst those 7 deadly sins
shackled their souls to Mammon girls
rose-petaled mouth eyes mascara tinted
short skirts panties tight wet seamed into
objects of sex they hast their flesh placed
red lips for whom hast the price to kiss
that each andst each canst suck the blood
fromst each the beauty of Lilith the kiss
of Ashtoreth give me thy flesh yearning
inst desires flames my mouth to thy mouth
soft Oh so soft that my tongue doth thy
soul to pluck upon my lips that poisoned
flower inst our greed we use each to fuck**

**Ahh those lips to lips doth kiss that rose
 that be girdled with thorns till flesh be torn
 andst woes be forlorn Yet the mantra be
 "Money buyeths happiness" ast thru the
 moonlit airs doest we stare thru rose-tinted
 glass the mass playing of the cockroaches
 that doest buy with paper bloody dripping
 the milch cow that not doth see that blood
 be of he Yet he doth think one day soon he
 whilst pay some drudge for his pleasure
 too andst thru the window of those
 pleasure domes they feast onst wine and
 ambrosia andst candy tinged with musk ast
 the losers hungry at the doors weep tears
 of pearls that seep along the streets to drip
 in sewers flecked in moonlights rainbows
 hues that all reject Yet those losers one
 and all wouldst long to be one of those
 insects that rejects all losers one and all**

**Andst 'mongst the shattered flowery blooms
 rivers of pearline tears spattered blood the
 flood of shit andst piss andst cum that glow
 iridescent inst moonlight like frost of snow
 coating the Acheron streams rippling foam-
 flowers of shit lone milch cow plays his lute
 ast the vermin to their holes doth retreat they
 doest paraphrase Petrarch**

We fly to heaven with feet inst the sewer

**We be the jailer of them Yet we not lock the
 door**

**We hold to nothing Yet we the world doth
 seize**

We laugh Yet feed onst their misery

**We will devour destroy all that giveths us life
 E'en if we kill all andst we end dead**

**Sahaha they laugh the vermin at the milch cows
 stupidity for inst wealth they keep they**