



Asphodel To Be POEM BY C DEAN

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fp:” Happy Lovers “[Jean-Honoré Fragonard](#)
between circa 1760 and circa 1765

PUBLISHERS INTRODUCTION

N Now what be

this **Asphodel**

To Se it doth seem

to be a work that be full of
the wit of **Sir Philip**

Sidney the passion of a

Henry Constable andst the

calm andst if it canst be said

subdued of Samuel Daniel
but then these poets are in
the tradition of the
Elizabethan sonnet cycle
whereby they sing of
unrequited love But this
Asphodel To Be
doth seem to be to break
fromst this tradition andst
sing perhaps for the first
time in such a cycle of
requited love But that

hinges on the enigmatic reply
 fromst *Asphodel* of "ahhhh-
 hhaaaaaa" so what be this
 cryptic word is it a yawn
 indicating boredom or be it
 perhaps an expression of
 delight *Ahh Dean* the
 mystery doth excite andst the
 poem upon it doth hinge *But*
 then doth the poet again go
 against tradition andst take
 us into the spiritualized of

perhaps a *Dante* or
Petrarch singing to their
Beatrice or *Laura* andst
what be those sonnets with
the ingenuity of such likes
as *S'amor non e'* or *Pace*
non trovo Ah reciter we
leave the enigmas for thee
either to deceive or
enlightened be- hint what be
the symbolism of *Asphodel*
perhaps that's the key

PREFACE

**Ahh whenst love doth wound thy
heart fromst that poisoned dart
andst thee needs to tell what on thy
breath has fall to tell in words that
be but thy hearts blood whenst thee
pleasure doth fine in giving
knowledge to others minds or thee
finds joy in that others do read of thy
hearts which be of a kindred kind or
perhaps thee be just vain to just to
want others on thy wit to be
entertain so thee writes of thyself
disguised ast fromst a Muse to
fool others for to just to look at thee**

**Oh Delightful one thee hast slain my
 heart andst my heart thee hast won so
 with this tongue of mine paint ♪ with
 words sublime my love of thee Oh my
 love thee love ♪ thee andst do but
 praise that love for loving thee blessed
 be ♪ for ♪ doth in this love of thee
 doth ♪ live what more joy couldst ♪
 crave for blessed this love of thee doth
 prove ♪ for always loving thee
 blessedness hast found ♪ andst to
 heaven ♪ doth fly winged on this love
 boundless runs these songs full of
 zeal for each letter doth but my love
 reveal each syllable words doth not my
 love conceal**

**Oh thee to whom love I andst to
whom these songs these anthems are
addressed to kiss those lips that be
not far to press those cheeks with
the breath of I fromst this heart that
of me to thee doth speaks these
words of I that be lit with my
desire that burns this soul this flesh
that be on fire fly fly these words
that blaze with this love of I to
about thy form to lie with this love
sent my love doth I present of which
I do not lie for thee doth draw up
into thee this love of I andst joy
doth I gain that thee my love doth
not distain**

**Oh this love of J for thee be not
 fromst Cupids bow but fromst thee thy
 self that emanates that thee doth impart
 thee hast this heart of J pierced with
 that dart that the flesh hast torn apart
 be Yet this wound be not but pain but
 thru which J my felicity J doth exclaim
 in mere words which paint the air in
 conceits but which the poet only
 approximates thus his songs be but
 deceits not meant to deceive in colours
 that be painted in imperfect hues but in
 all eyes that cants see they see that J
 do not lie for though my art maybe poor
 it doth express in emotions that be
 what be my heart doth out pour**

**Oh Dear love that within my heart
be waken be andst fromst my**

**Reason this love hath taken me that
sense now be that guide to which
leads to thee to thee of this love ♪
offer no complaint andst in singing
willst be hindered by no restraint
nor my love be confined by mere
words that falsify this love
flowsest fromst this heart of ♪**

**Ahh such love of thee such joy be
in the tenour of my songs that that
eternally singing that be what my
heart longs for my joy be plain to
thee for of this ♪ do not feign**

**Oh how oft do my joyous thoughts
do flood forth fromst this heart of ♪
that do doth freely flow of which
hope ♪ do thee doth rejoyce for
venture ♪ too of my love to thee too
tell that in thy heart doth enter my
love for on the wings of poesy that
my love doth transport to enter that
fort that be thy heart andst of thee
my love to impart for thee whom
loveth ♪ my love giveths all joy
andst doth take away all pain that
too in thy heart to reign my love
andst all my life be but thine thereby
all my love all my life to thee ♪
resign**

**Oh Dearest love that thee in
 earthly form do ſee heaven behold to
 be but mortal ſee Yet in thee to live
 for eternity ſee in thee to be satiated
 be Yet too still but crave for thee
 to express to thee in words my love
 for thee Yet of my love words can
 not express to thee to be filled with
 joy in the presence of thee Yet to be
 filled more with more of thee Oh
 this love indeed doth bringeth joy the
 more than this love didst a year
 before ſingeth ſee andst sigh of
 love though before ſaw ſee this love
 the greatest but e'en now this love be
 greater still thanst heretofore**

**Oh Ohh be J but be a ship of love
 that be on course set for thee that be
 my harbour that set J to anchor
 guided by my joys that safe fromst
 reefs that others upon wrecks do lie
 my sails be but flown by thy sighs
 whilst no rudder of Reason doth
 steer my course but driven by my
 fancy andst the stars that be in thy
 eyes andst e'en if the winds andst
 hail conspire 'gainst my course to
 send J into despair to be buried on
 some rock e'en then my love shallst
 steer me free andst all the dangers
 miss to carry me in bliss to the lips
 of thee**

**Oh this love for thee I not distain
E'en if it doth bringeth I pain for to
all the world I do proclaim with
ardent voice this love for thee be to
thy hearts aim andst though this love
of I doth be mine minds unrest still
it doth my heart give rest whenst my
love I do express that upon thy
breast that these words shallst rest
for love doth seize my heart andst I
but live for this e'en though unease
giveths my heart at the words that
my love doth fail to express but be
the wonder nevertheless they do tell
andst show e'en the dumb can see
my love so well**

**Oh my love it be told that Pygmalion
 didst form his love out of stone to
 frame his love didst he carve that he
 couldst behold that his love in shape
 wouldst be known so dearest love the
 words of J do but the same andst
 name my love in words that be not
 arcane andst shape thee in my art that
 be poor thru the passions that well
 fromst my heart andst for the world to
 admire the object of my desire that J
 frame for the world to adore fromst
 these sweet sighs that breathe J with
 no rest upon thy breast Oh happy J
 joyed at my art the product of a loving
 heart created thy form doth prove out of
 my breath which naught canst improve**

**Oh that I do long to make my joyes
 more public these joys of I that flow
 fromst my brazen tongue that I do cry
 do sigh that seem like yells if only to
 tell the world of my joys that well up
 upon the flames of my breast that doth
 sing Ye do sing of thy praise upon my
 voyce that may seem to wail Ahh but
 hopefully the music of my heart doth
 prevail for why shouldst e'en wailing
 not but be to the public fortune whenst
 that music be but of sweet tune
 expressed in voyce of ravishing delight
 fromst that reed of my heart wherefore
 fromst every word doth my love breed
 which doth I sing with passions might
 where e'en wailing the public rejoyce**

**Oh Dear love that delight that my
 songs do have that the heavens andst
 public do hear with their ear andst
 with envy do bear what I alone doth
 deign to share that voyce they hast
 hereto forth hast n'er before heard
 sung but dear love not for the angels
 nor publics tuned ear nor e'en
 Nature nor all betwixt heaven andst
 earth let all these moan that dearest
 love these songs be for thee alone
 Reason be bankrupt to see for my
 love doth its limits exceed andst for
 thee doth shine my melodies andst all
 my words be but notes that sigh
 fromst my breast for only thee**

Oh my love this love I sing Reason
 doth disdain for it it cant explain the
 heart that doth flame but pours cold
 water upon that flame andst dismisses
 love andst desire with shame But But
 I do name do call ast that Saint didst
 cry of my love be But "intolerable
 joys" that bleeds fromst my heart
 fromst that "sweetly-killing dart" that
 be but love or do say I but metaphors
 for doth dare say I for idolatry thenst
 let it be andst onward doth sing I for
 e'en if imprisoned in love my love for
 thee sets I free andst singeth I with
 Astrophel But Ah love still cries
 give me more food for without my love
 I doth die

**Oh my love long winded I hast been
 too verbose too turgid in these songs
 for thee But I hast ventured to tell
 thee of my vanquished heart that thee
 hast stormed to conquer me andst thee
 hast entered into the very soul of I
 andst become the whole part of me that
 my voyce e'en it doth but be the voyce of
 thee for thee andst me be but only thee
 andst of that choice I doth happily
 resign my place to thee andst blame
 not thee that name I love for paradise
 be the price I pay to be with thee But
 paradise be But a name of thee So
 sayeth I what sayeth thee to these
 hymn of homage I pay to thee Dear
 Asphodel "ahhhh-hhaaaaaa"**