



Asphodèle
POEM
BY C
DEAN

Asphodèle

Poem by e

Dean

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introduction

Ahh dean what be thy

Asphodèle

**be it be about the transience
of beauty or be it about
ecstatic passion be it be
composed of self contained
lyric fragments or be it be
one long narrative epic what
be sure be that it is
composed of antithesis ast**

one of its rhetorical devices
 using contrastive themes
 along with rhyme alliteration
 assonance and consonance
 with moods like rasa of
 Sanskrit of the erotic and
 the terrifying where life is
 tinted with times decay Ahh
 dean what be thy

Asphodèle

be it be the wisdom of old
 Khayyam and Abul-
 Qâsem Ferdowsi or

Bhartrihari and Ozymandias

**be it sure be it be songs of
the paradox of life drunk we
be on the elixir of youth
enjoy we our spring yet
embedded in the lilies flesh
be decay be lifes transience
we drink of life ast we die
whenst we are born we begin
to die this be not a lie ast
sings these songs Ahh dean**

what be thy

Asphodèle

**be it be for sure full of
hidden correspondence
betwixt life and death the
links fusing life with decay
Ahhh dean perhaps thee be
a kavi that sees or be thee a
pervert or perhaps the
highest poets laurel a
pornographer**

Preface

**Ahh ye beauties of the
 world take heed of the
 words of Ozymandias take
 heed of Bhartiharis
 admonitions pay heed to the
 wisdom of old Khayyam
 and Abul-Qâsem
 Ferdowsi time runs out too
 soon and youth fades youths
 light goes out so make merry
 whilst thee may**

Asphodèle

blooming my cunt flowering *Lilies*
 and *Roses* white bright blossoms
 twixt my thighs lie petals burst with
 rapturous life at the touch of ♪ that
 meadow of *Asphodèle*

Ahh that face flushed pink like the
 new dawn sun that flesh giving life
 to ♪ turning ♪ into quivering bliss
 with each touch of ♪ guiding the
 soul of ♪ to paradise ♪ die yet

Asphodèle that mound of pulpy
 scented flesh in its youth hast the
 tint of death to times continual roll
 all must yield in that youths pulpy
 flesh be the beginning of decay time
 passes away *Asphodèle* away

Asphodèle

that cunt of ♪ full brightly lit with
 dew decked diadem of stars that
 flesh silky curtain hung with
 moonlight that cunt hole moons face
 bewitching the youth-time lutes play
 softly and lovers sing melodies of
 ravishment to each to each fanning
 each to each with scents of sandal-
 breaths and the cunts lips flesh full
 out furled like a peacocks plumes
 lit with lusts strings of pearls but
 Oh *Asphodèle* within all that paint
 and colours of spring the withering
 begins the silky flesh fades and time
 will shroud thy lips with dust fine

Asphodèle

that cunt odour of ♪ heady scent in
 panty white that wafts thru skirt
 curling round thighs that lick the
 flesh of cunts lips that kiss the
 cunts holes rim sweeter than Lilies
 and Roses white that lures their
 sight like bees to flowers sent to ♪
 that scent of ♪ that caress the soft
 flesh of the cunts slit but Oh but
 Oh *Asphodèle* the flowers scent
 doth quickly fade and the slutty bee
 doth swoon to perfumes of younger
 blooms will take thy place will be
 the bee on drunken be

Asphodèle

this cunt of ♪ love ♪ to watch that
 flesh burst into hues radiant with
 exquisiteness that colour of that
 flesh to glow with folds and lips
 puffy that mouth of flesh ready for
 that kiss that kiss to sup the
 jewelled goblet of that cunt of ♪
 that cunt of ♪ with that kiss to
 break up into myriad hues of
 swelling flowery flesh that flower
 of delight but Oh *Asphodèle* all
 that to be born is to begin to die
 andst soon o'er that flower of ♪
 lilies snow white will grow and lie

Asphodèle

**Oh this cunt of ♪ be it be a meadow
of flowers where each lips petaled-like
hast been kissed by lips ast many drops
in monsoons rains where each kiss be
replaced by petals sweet bruised fromst
lips pressed where each kiss replaced be
by the sighs of ♪ Ahh *Asphodèle* that
this cunt of ♪ wouldst have ast fecund
rain all the kisses of those that hast come
andst those which will come again but Oh
Asphodèle maketh hast for the caravan of
old Khayyam hast started for the Dawn
of Nothing**

**Annihilations waste so of life do taste
before to late**

Asphodèle

Oh this cunt of ♪ of all the flowers
 that be this be the bloom that loveth ♪
 the best Ahh the deep hues of those
 Lily lips the white tints of the Rose
 along the folds of that squishy cunt hid
 within those panties of ♪ hid within
 those panties of ♪ full growing wet
 spot heady perfumed with oozing cunt
 scent Oh *Asphodèle* that heated
 furnace of flesh love ♪ the best hot
 house bloom of fervent desires but Oh
 but Ohh *Asphodèle*

the days pass fleeting flashes of time
 and the day ist near whenst within the
 tomb ♪ shall lie and this flower of ♪
 shallst be shrouded in the fetid scent of
 decay

Asphodèle

**Ahh cease not those kissess o'er the
 cunt of ♀ cease not them to be ast this
 bloom of ♀ doth feed upon those lips
 doth feed upon those breaths e'en in
 sleep this cunt of ♀ weary not of those
 kissess foreth my lips doth feed upon
 those kissess Ahh bringeth on the
 dawn the night bringeth on those heady
 times when those lips doth kiss the
 flesh of ♀ whenst my lips curved ast
 the tigers mouth to devour but doth not
 my desires to be slain but Ahh**

Asphodèle

**Taketh heed for time be the devourer of
 all things and of life drain and thy time
 will cometh soon to be slain**

Asphodèle

**Ahh this cunt of ♀ hast clung ♀
 with heated breath of fire with breath of
 fire thru eternities of fiery desire Ahh
 howeth doth ♀ lust with thee with thy
 drips of honey clinging to the fingers tip
 of ♀ Ohh languid perfumed spongy
 bloom howeth ♀ hast plucked thee like
 some golden lyre of Orpheus howeth ♀
 hast sipped thee like some Sufi wine
 musk tinted howeth ♀ hast drunk in
 thy ordors fuming fromst that hidden
 aclove of flesh Oh howeth hast ♀
 sung thy joys with lusting words But
 But Ahh**

Asphodèle

**The time ist soon whenst death
 captures thee and thy voice willst be
 unheard**

Asphodèle

**Oh howeth this cunt of ♪ blossom
bursting twixt thighs white of ♪ be
ripe fruit ripe fruit mushy pulpy
lusciousness blooming mango or
sloshy fig pink and succulent Oh**

Asphodèle

**howeth that juice of that cunt of ♪
tingles the papillae of the tongues tip
that seed pulp fruit of passion come
ye all and squash thy lips in that
spongyness and breakfast thee thy
fill but Oh *Asphodèle*
in times short run all fruit do drop
and be the feast of worms slithering
in that mushy decay**

Asphodèle

**Ahh may this cunt of ♀ be decked
in moonbeams garlanded with the
tints of the new born dawn may it
breathe o'er all the perfumes of**

**Lilies white Roses fumes may this
flesh burn thy flesh may its heated
breath dry up the mighty seas may its
cunts hole liquidity drown the earth
in it scented froth may the snapping
lips of this cunt of ♀ eat up all life
upon this ephemeral speck in the
universe but *Asphodèle* Oh for ast
Bhartrihari sayeth bow thee down
to time for with it we come and with
it we go**

Asphodèle

Ohh that cunt of *Ÿ* be my shrine of
 delight my alter of supplication that
 cunt of *Ÿ* be my temple of worship
 that worship of that flesh that flesh
 surging with lasciviousness that
Kaaba to which all shes and hes
 turn that *Kaaba* to which all doth
 bow and prostrate be *Ahh*

Asphodèle doth say with dulcetly

Ah Look all ye at my cunt and all
 ye lusting delight but *Ahh*

Asphodèle

heed *Ÿ* the words of *Ozymandias*
 and despair

Asphodèle

Ahh the perfumes of all the blooms of all
 the flowers o'er land and sea neither nor
 enchant 't doth the scent of the cunt of
 't that clutches to the flesh of me Ahh the
 languid lips like Lilies white roses tints
 perfumed like the scent of paradise and the
 cunts holes water quiddity of felicities
 bewitches 't Ahh howeth ache 't with
 fervent desires for the gaze the look fromst
 he or she for the mouth of flames for the
 lightning kiss of a she or he for that
 crimson flower bursting with heat that
 crimson flesh afire but but Oh **Asphodèle**
 remind 't of Abul-Qâsem Ferdowsi
 quoteth he Tahir Khusravani " 't mind me
 of my youth and sigh Alas for youth for
 youth gone by"

*Ahh the cicada cries not knowing it
willst soon die*

*With no outward sign the fruit
fades*

Drops to rot upon the earth

*Ahh but in moonlight a new born
bud bursts forth in birth*

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