

Babelmandel

POEM

BY C

DEAN





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**PUBLISHERS  
INTRODUCTION**

**W** So what be this

**Babelmandel**

**well lets say it be what it  
is inst how it is said ast**

**doth Burton inst his**

**Anatomy of Melancholy it**

**be said with strong-lines**

**allegories hyperbole**

**affectations of big words**

**faustian phrases andst**



jingling terms that like  
*Acastes* arrows that catch  
 fire andst we say this

*Babe lmandel*

be close packed dense  
 elliptical syntax staccato  
 rhythms that the late

Elizabethans didst *But* like  
 andst hard of conceit andst  
 harsh of style that those  
 satirists didst like inst  
*Perius* a style like

**Culteranismo or *Précieuses*  
or Marinism or Euphuism**

**Ahh ye let us say that this**

**Babelmandel**

**be one extended conceit ast  
didst those metaphysical  
poets didst with their verse  
didst say ast doth say**

**Jasper Mayne of Donne**

Wee are thought wits when 'tis  
understood **where the wit be  
not ast metaphor or simile**

But inst the justness of the  
 incongruous comparisons  
 which flash andst dance onst  
 these pages thus what be  
 this

# Babelmandel

well it be inst how it be said  
 where the conceit be the  
 instrument of argument well  
 dearest reciter ast said Wee  
 are thought wits when 'tis understood

**PREFACE** Come listen thee  
to my tale I seek to tell that seeks to  
write with wit to use But words inst  
some magic spell Ahh dearest fool the  
task be not andst easy thing for thee for I  
not tell my tale inst metaphor or similes or  
e'en inst delightful metaphors for dearest  
fool write I to thee of what I doth have  
to tell But inst conceits my argument be  
framed where word andst name be not the  
same with eloquence hope I to to say my  
say But where its philosophy be But for  
thee to unpack that mystery andst whenst  
thee see perhaps inst shame thee be or  
whenst the veil doth lift thenst poor fool  
perhaps all thee doth find is disgust inst  
thy mind

So is a tale contained in its content  
 or expression or be the instruments of  
 the argument be the important thing  
 Ahh that be dearest reciter for thee  
 to find for this tale be But some  
 conceits well refined like the glass  
 gives the water its shape or the water  
 its taste Ahh But what be the  
 meanings of these well formed strong-  
 lines the more difficult the better the  
 conceit for when it be But  
 understood there be a flash of insight  
 just like satori or prajna and there it is



**Bowsprit turgid bright spear of light  
 froth tip shifting hues inst sunrise  
 light gold froth tip bowsprit velvet  
 sheen amethyst bright tip white froth  
 glow shadows indigo along length  
 glows light like mist hangs curtains  
 ast painted showers along turgid  
 bowsprit stamen large of some perfumed  
 flower like flame of ruby light gilded  
 along length that doth spear the dawn  
 with tip iridescent white light that  
 bursts along its length inst tinted  
 blooms blossoming buds that glisten  
 andst gleam andst sparkle andst sheen  
 kissed by dawns beams bowsprit tip  
 froth of light like gel turgid beam that  
 seems to swell pointed at **Babelmandel****

To unload our load inst *Bahr al-*  
*Qulzum* along that *Hippalus* road we  
 mariners doth go thru *the Erythraean*  
*Sea* to *Babelmandel* we see thru lights  
 red glow upon sea swell of light ruby  
 bright shimmering brocades of silver  
 knotted fringes of light ast flicker  
 copper-green flecks upon that sea  
 olive-green that doth flash with orange  
 yellow specks ast fishes tails that seem  
 to splash shadows indigo ast thru light  
 shimmering we doth go to those waters  
 that wash *Opone* with 10000 fancies  
 that swell our dreams that burst ast  
 flowers of musk andst gold andst  
 damask lips for that perfumed tel of  
*Babelmandel*

**As** mariners upon an emerald sea  
 enameled waves that flicker ast cupolas  
 glistening green arabesques of light  
 flowers of gold lie upon that  
**Erythraean** sea a mosaic of twinklings'  
 ast if gleams doth **But** spill fromst  
 crystal urns that undulate those waves  
 our bowsprit with light like white froth  
 gel pointed at **Babelmandel** that doth  
 dip andst rise upon those waves that  
 swell like ripples like blooms  
 blossoming inst meadows that flutter  
 upon that scented breeze that **Ohh** that  
 doth kiss our lips with soft caress  
 that breeze like womens scent that  
 breeze that palpitates with wantonness  
 upon our flesh **Ohh** that breeze that

doth flow fromst **Babelmande** that  
 breeze that doth give us bliss more  
 sensual thanst a lovers kiss This  
 breeze of womeness this Ohh this be  
 what we miss that doth blaze our flesh  
 these perfumes upon the breeze doth our  
 flesh But crave this kiss of bliss more  
 divine be we find all these shades of  
 lust of humankind upon the breeze  
 10000 scents of loveliness each a  
 different hue upon the airs be born each  
 mariners different dream doth each scent  
 bear that lights each mind with golden  
 glare lightning-gems of desires fires  
 whirlwinds of passions flowers whorls  
 of flames that swell that dip andst rise

with **O**ur bowsprit pointed at

**Babelmandel**

upon wave andst wave we mariners  
 doth sway ast to descend thenst ascend  
 we upon each wave with each scent our  
 lust doth **B**ut blend fromst that breath  
 that doth breathe o'er we such amorous  
 spells fromst **Babelmande** our thoughts  
 doth upon doth dwell ast upon the  
 waves that ripple to lap to slap upon  
 our way to dance to leap to clap upon  
 each wave perfumed burning passions  
 that strum our nerves ast some lyre the  
 songs of our sighs across that opal sea  
 that float like some lotus flower that  
 fromst our lips that swell flies with  
**O**ur bowsprit pointed to **Babelmandel**



**O**hh to those forms of our dreams  
that warm our flesh andst blood to  
steam that with those thrills doth  
storm our flesh that doth our dreams  
embrace with hot passions pulsing-  
swarm fromst the breath that doth  
breathe madding kisses upon our flesh  
to place whilst amidst we upon an  
enchanted sea our senses flee upon the  
tide that flows our desires to thee  
**Babelmandel** that twine around our  
bowsprit like vines that coils like  
sensuous threads wound our limbs  
around perfumes wanton the pink air  
fills of lustful things faintly hinting  
faintly tinging shadows indigo  
whispering our sighs that flow like

dew-drops thru the morning light  
 minstrels of our songs the glinting  
 pinking light that lights to swell Our  
 bowsprit pointed to **Babelmandel** 'neath  
 pink sun sunflower thru minute thru  
 hour our dreamland sighs our desires  
 fires unspoke of wanton wondrousness  
 our passioned songs that fromst our  
 minds doth flow to tint the airs with  
 fragrant lust within the dawnings light  
 that doth drip fromst that white gelled  
 bowsprit our dreams that be one **But**  
 different for each mariner everyone of  
 kissings of lust inst our forest of  
 dreams a different bloom for each andst  
 one ast to our ears drift the wavelets

swell **O**ur bowsprit pointed to

**Babelmandel**

Soft beats the swish o'er the  
 shimmering sea to our ears to sting that  
 spell that each andst each doth wish of  
 passions tremor that doth along our  
 limbs to creep andst onst our minds to  
 play with shudders deep within where  
 blossoms sway andst lilies starlit-like  
 bloom within our dreams onst the crest  
 of wavlets of emerald green that beat  
**O**hh that beat our way to **Babelmandel**  
 where lurks where lays that honey-  
 bloom gaping for that bee its sweetness  
 to kiss to lick with the swish of our  
 dreams with the swell of our sighs  
**O**ur bowsprit pointed to **Babelmandel**

**Ohh to our ears doest fly the Sirens  
 cry soft moan low groan each mariner  
 doth But onst his breath intone Ohh  
 those sighs those crys that melt our  
 limbs that float o'er the tips of wavlets  
 of emeralds liquid light that flutter  
 andst flick Ohh Ohh those voices so  
 low soft-calling us their echoes thru  
 our dreams doth flow onst the breath of  
 the breeze perfumed with the lick of the  
 sea onst the wind borne sighs they drift  
 to we of lusts that burn andst churn  
 desires that kindles fires that scorch  
 andst scold within our brains that hold  
 our dreams Ohh our dreams of those  
 sirens sighs that bloom inst our brains  
 such passion flowers that burn andst**

churn for all our hours engulfed inst  
 dreams where our lusts thru our lips  
 doest steam with those sweet wooing of  
 of those sirens sweet that swell Our  
 bowsprit pointed to **Babelmandel** ast  
 sparkle our eyes of liquid flames of  
 lightening –gems splintering light o'er  
 the heaving main the passion of we  
 doth rise ast we doth fly to  
**Babelmandel** the waves beat high the  
 waves fly by round us the storm doth  
 upon the tempest winds doth cry we  
 mariners doth **But** shake ast our  
 bowsprit doth soar high upon the crest  
 of the waves that fly by our sighs doth  
 blend with crash of waves with rush of  
 with that doth swell Our bowsprit



pointed to **Babelmandel** with the fires  
 of our eyes wild *furies* that skip  
 andst dance upon the billowing waves  
 tips ast 'neath the deep nereids laugh at  
 our fare andst mermaids upon coral rock  
 plait their long flowing hair midst yells  
 andst despair the rising storm upon our  
 passions upon us mariners fell the  
 sweet wooing of those sirens at  
**Babelmandel** ast liquid clouds that  
 float to we upon the tempest of this  
**Erythraean Sea** upon lusts barque our  
 eyes doest *But* spark midst waves  
 whirling whorls within the deep abyss  
 of surging waves andst passions flames  
 afloat the vortex spiralling maelstroms  
 of desires within the storm of our

lusting **B**ut look looketh at what we  
 seeee broken planks churn with men  
 whose eyes 'neath waves sparkle like  
 gems afire within their spasms  
 labouring midst cry andst screams the  
 waves froth andst foam full of seamen  
 floating gaging onst that white froth of  
 foam light mixed blent with fear we see  
 sinking with choking breath which form  
 bubbles of foam andst froth like flowers  
**O**hh like flower that bloom to float  
 drowning upon the waves that churn  
 andst toss andst whirl upon those  
 passions fromst that wreck of seamen  
 upon that tumult drowning hears our  
 ears with **O**ur bowsprit pointed to

**The Gate of Tears**