



Badaudé

POEM BY C

DEAN

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fp: [Georges-Pierre Seurat](#) "[Sunday Afternoon on the Isle of Lan Grande](#)"
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introduction

Ahh dean what be thy

Badaudé

**it be we seem to think be about the
artist-poet of the post-modernity**

**Ahh no not like the pretentious
elitist *flâneur* of Baudelaire**

***flâneuse* of academic feminist tossers
or *passante* of Proust or the
bourgeois snob dilettante of**

Walter Benjamin those individuals
of diseased identity those deformities
of capitalism creation the very thing
a consumer society wants commodity
driven constructed selves to consume
that lack spirituality for being
obsessed with their selves their
individualities their identities
but *Ahhh* dean thy

Badaudé be the

common hacker that enjoys life for
what it be thy gawking be a love of
things for themselves not for their
status making selves thy idle

saunterings be in quest of a spiritual
absorption in the world Ahh dean

thy **Badaudé** be a

work of symbolisim of decadence of
aestheticism it be a work of magic
word paintings like Theophile
Guatier

Une Nuit de Cleopatre it be a
perfuming pan of visual delights it be
a golden chalices of word music it be
the work of a voluptuos tongue as
sayeth Lafcadio Hearn rolling out
scented melodies perfumed rythyms
like the undulating arses of women

that stroll the streets *Ahh dean thy*

Badaudé be a poem

that involves the emotional

engagement of the recite such that

the recite feels the emotions thru

description *Ahh dean thee expresses*

emotion thru the art of painting

words thee be a decadent romantic a

romantic aesthete dean thy

Badaudé be a product

of the *Alchemists art*

Preface Ahhh the cities

those cunts those *Amaryllis* those
Nymphaeaceae those *Paeonia*
suffruticosa those *Papaver orientale*
 those hydrangea Ahh their perfume
 vapory odours licking the flesh of
 thee those hothouse orchids humid
 fertility Ohh howest they enchant
 howest they dissolve thee into they
 those cunts luminous femininity
 those cities streets diaphanous slits
 enclosed in buildings folds of cunts
 lips oozing pink luminescence Ahh to
 be dissolved lost in that fecundity

**Takaashigani walking ♪ with
 flâneuses passing ♪ by singeth ♪ that
 anqa-nightingale of Ahmedî sigh ♪
 high melodies the words floweth fromst
 ♪ all singeth ♪ be prized Up sing
 Up sing ♪ with words that doth suit
 for the tongue of ♪ canst be mute out
 blast ♪ this song singeth ♪ well said
 up singeth this anqa-nightingale of
 Ahmedî thee that hast left mementoes
 thee hast n'er died in truth thee that hast
 left naught trace upon this earth it be
 said hast n'er lived in sooth gainsaying
 the Taoist up sing this anqa-nightingale
 of Ahmedî up singeth ♪ mementoes of
 this city rare gems of sights caught in
 the web of the song of ♪**

**Blossom-like the light o'er the city a
 cunt blooming falls fromst the sky of
 delight fromst a sun van Gough
 sunflower bright Ahh looketh the city
 springtime spring bloom perfumed light
 washes o'er all wings on its way
 kissing Caryatides coating in white
 froth hetaerae Lamia Lilith's
 Hamadryads mistresses of Psappha
 the city Panegyris scented cunt
 labyrinth of delights full of sights
 enters the veins of ♀ blood setting fire
 to madness inspire with passions beats
 of lust the flesh of ♀ beats ast crotali
 on the ankles clapping of Salome
 dancing dithyrambic Takaashigani
 walking ♀ in perfumed-misted streets**

Streets *Pink*-tinted gold ast slits of
girlies cunts valleys of streets enclosed
 by buildings like folds of voluptuously
shimmering cunts lips where girlies
cunts holes perfuming pans of flesh
 scent the airs bedewing the light bright
 to my sight in vapory pinkness
 undulating ripples kissing the outlines
 of all fall moistening the airs
 impregnated with odors of cunts hover
 o'er those *Greek* sphinxes *Alma*
Tedema paintings diaphanous flesh
 hues of colours blending roaming lanes
 with limbs of snowy marble tints of
 celestial beauteousness woven desires
 of hes and shes to set the blood of ♀
 afire in those valleys of flesh those

**Mountains of the Moon for singeth ♪
 Up Up singeth ♪ like the bulbul of
 Mesihi Hark Hark with joyousness
 for beeth the spring the springtime of
 flowers youth merry be those crowds
 that the city crowd in every street on
 every garden maze spreads spring cheer
 there the beauties roam bright blossoms
 the colours of Redons flowers for
 hours scatter they sprays of
 delightfulness in every parterre Drink
 Drink for ast sayeth Mesihi with
 Khayyam drink thee for sooth spring be
 short and death be long vanish soon
 spring so be gay and drink this moment
 of spring for ast sayeth Nejati
 springtime hast made the earth smile**

and sing for verily drink the goblets of
 girly cunts beauteousness for
 springtime be the time of mirth taketh
 thee care that thou doth waste not this
 hour in vain for if the tavern hostelry
 of Hafiz be not thy resting place be
 warned be warned ast singeth the rose
 "Bow down thy head" for in this garden
 all blooms will pass away and die so
 Up Up in all alleyways verdant
 blooms to flowers shedding perfume
 weaving thru and thru the light weaving
 forms of delights cunts of pleased
 sights burst forth in every lane
 sparkling dewy goblets relieving pain
 Ahh Ahh those cunts Roses red and
 Tulips Hyacinths all the blooms of the

**Sufis garden oozing dripping nectars
 along the paths sparkling to the eyes
 darting of √ dew-drops gems of
 frozen light resplendent bright to my
 sight those cunts orifice o'er meads
 incense-clouds do spread so *Up Up*
 this bulbul sings *Up Up* upon these
 sights do drink thee for sooth spring
 be short and death be long vanish soon
 spring so be gay and drink this moment
 of spring for *Takaashigani* walking √
 with flâneuses passing √ by see √ thru
 the light of spring cunts thru fabrics of
 mist woven cunts scents ventus textilis
 flesh of rosy cheeks of that beauty √ do
 sing the eyes of √ around those cunts
 do lace do kiss so sweet to look those**

**cunts in their face Ahh happier than
 Sufi merged with the love of he or she
 the heavens doth sing with the
 joyousness of ♪ that thru those fabrics
 sheer like water limpid wrap ♪ up in
 those sights that beauteousness of
 spring youth kiss ♪ kiss ♪ the soul of
 ♪ united with that dream of flesh in
 unison in an eternal lick an ardour in
 that humid air full of cunt scent those
 female forms clothed in penumbra pink
 in the gawking gaze of ♪ thru eyelashes
 behold they in prismatic colors sparkling
 rays of light shooting forth to the eyes
 of ♪ pink gleams floating o'er luculent
 flesh ast spring light falls painting
 flesh in bright pink tints those forms of**

Venus Anadyomene lustrous
loveliness tints of rose translucent
cunts flesh amorous beasts on heat that
the veins of ♀ palpitate with throbbing
voluptuousness ast those cunts glow
crimson burning flames of cunts lips
casting shadows o'er the sunflower sun
indigo shadows floating along lanes and
streets alleyways and gardens with a
flaring limpidity along forms those
cunts with delicate brilliancy those
Galateas of each of those Pygmalion of
Cyprus of us that dream of lust those
Galateas of rose tinted Pentellic
marble vases of flesh succulent
deliciousness clits gilded shimmering
Lillie pistils perfume fuming o'er

**florescent meads ast they stroll along
 streets lanes alleyways gardens on
 carpets of spring light kissed by
 sunbeams that gleam along luminous
 flesh o'er which sunlight dances like
 golden butterflies spattering into
 thousands of prisms of colours those
 cunts swimming in rivers of scent sent
 along those streets lanes alleyways
 gardens on carpets of spring light
 bursting those flesh chalices of pink
 into bloom those flowers of paradise
 those blossom heaven sent no *Lysippus*
 or *Myron* couldst carve more perfect
 forms more perfect cups of
 exquisiteness those cunts ast the
 craters of all those *Vesuvius* crowned**

**in rose wreaths of flesh my breath
breaths our desires fires inhales those
fumes fromst those urns of *Ishtar***

***Those* alabaster vases of flesh**

***Those* slender lips like the necks of ibis**

***Those* folds like the petals of lotus-
blooms**

***Those* vases of desires fleshy**

***All* the hues of pink**

***All* the tints of crimson**

All* the scents of *Nefertem

***Ahh* those cunts curled ast deep sea
shells those cunts hiding those pearls of
delight those cunts rippling the light
melting violet shades into hues of**

**chrysoberyls into the vapory forms of
 cunts seen thru tints of azodrachs Ahh
 for those cunts pine ♪ to drink that
 wine of Massicus or Fanernus or of
 Crete to sup upon those pink chalices
 and drink drink that liquidity of the
 Gods that manna pull down thy panties
 off with those calasiris off with that
 cloth of woven light let sup ♪ along
 those pink rims networks of luminous
 flesh trembling like sunbeams rippling
 on quicksilver that flesh pale
 opalescent quivering perfumed veins**

Let ♪ kiss

Let ♪ bite

Let ♪ nibble that diaphanous
 incarnation of beauteousness Ahh
 stroll ♪ Takaashigani walking ♪ with
 flâneuses passing ♪ by sauntering ♪
 gawking in that city that cunt of
 delights that brilliancy of light and
 perfumed flesh that sparkling
 luminosity caressing arses like tight
 peach fruit delicately outline cunts
 thru sheer cloth Ahh to idle in that
 city of flesh with parks like groomed
 cunt hair scented floral odours
 seeping down steets awash with
 girlies feet ast cunts slit flowing
 Ohh to dissolve in one languid
 enveloping lick to merge in one

**adorable kiss with the blood of ♪
 boiling in that tempest of lust to
 clutch that flesh those bouquets Ohh
 those dishes of a Sardanapalus orgy
 to ramble in this city So sayeth ♪ ♪
 Takaashigani walking ♪ with
 flâneuses passing ♪ by Drink Drink
 for ast sayeth Mesihi with Khayyam
 drink thee for sooth spring be short and
 death be long vanish soon spring so be
 gay and drink this moment of spring**

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