

A dramatic landscape painting of a mountain valley. A river flows through the center, reflecting a bright light source, possibly the sun or moon, which creates a shimmering path of light down the valley. The mountains are rugged and dark, with some areas of reddish-brown earth. The overall mood is somber and majestic.

**Brightness
POEM
BY C
DEAN**

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press west geelong Victoria 2024

**P.1 John Martin's The Great Day of His Wrath
(1851–3). P.2 The Deluge [J. M. W. Turner](#) P.3 John
Martin: Apocalypse P.5 John Martin's The
Destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah (1852)**

PUBLISHERS

INTRODUCTION

W Ahh what be this

Brightness be it

the reverse of *Byrons*

"Darkness" well what be

that "Darkness" itself be

about well what doth he

doth say be the sun that

went out Ahh But here

hear be the subtly of perhaps
Byrons allegory for what
doth he mean by the sun out
be it the death of God be it
the death of morality whenst
we all now doth live inst a
universe of nihilistic
sensuality where it be But
now just dog eat dog inst the
dark barren dead earth
whenst we kill God we kill
morality andst the sun now

goes out all o'er the earth
 andst we live inst the

"Darkness" we shallst
 let thee make up thy minde
 But for we what be this

Brightness well
 let me say all brightness

hast to have a source fromst
 which it doth get its light thy
 house those palaces gilded of
 gold thy *LED* thy candle

**flame thy light bulb must
have a source for that bright
light ast the sun that lit that
paradise of Endymion that
lit those *Acaridan* idylls
fromst which those grapes of
such wine is distilled all
must have a source for the
light that gives us life so
what be this *Brightness*
that doth give *US* life recite
onst to see with thy sight**

PREFACE Ah Dearest

reciter recite this chronographia with
 which doest *ŷ* start with a simile
 fromst that bard

e'en ast the purple-coloured sun e'en ast
 the rose-cheek of Adonis

e'en ast that stain that doest stain all
 nymphs that be more lovely thanst a
 man

e'en the red the white of some womens
 deep hued face full of delectations for
 those of refined of taste

e'en the bright light of morn that doth
 follow the dark face of night

all *ŷ* say *ALL* must have a source
 for that light

Ahh inst this world of over stimulation
 Dearest reciter andst that be thee we me
 inst this world of nihilist sensuality where
 each doth reach for more stimulation each
 doth bathe inst the exquisiteness of
 sensuality we be all a Childe Harold a
 Elagabalus a Beckford andst an
 Sardanapalus that doth race to revel inst
 ungodly glee to burn ast a gemlike flame inst
 the phantasmorgia of voluptuous luxuries of
 consumption of stimulates with a superfluity
 of sensibilities intoxications onst sensations
 But Dearest reciter these gemlike flames
 must have a source that doth the flames to
 feed But hast thee thought at what cost be
 the price be

Y didst awaken andst didst see light
 bright brightening the eternal space
 rays of light pathless streaked o'er the
 earth bright hot

No darkness fromst morn to morn ast
 morn didst come andst go to come to
 the morn inst light bright the earth
 uponst which didst flicker andst inst
 the sky be not seen the sun for that
 brightness that didst fromst the earth
 flow didst out shine the face of
Phoebus andst his glow extinguished
 with along with the stars for all space
 was alight bright with the light that
 didst burst upon the universe fromst
 the earth andst no Selene couldst be
 seen for all all wast alight with light

bright fromst that earth that didst make
 Phoebus andst Selene to be But blind
 for didst see ♪ upon that earth cities
 that didst burn with life full of monkeys
 their passions within this eternal light
 that within this habitation all their
 harts didst But fromst their mouths
 inst joyous sound like hymns to the
 brightness didst resound ast around
 didst spread thru out the earth
 brightness that didst this earth to make
 a sun inst the universe that lit all space
 andst didst see ♪ uponst the sea ships
 that didst trace their mark uponst the
 waves But Ahh rudderless they didst
 o'er the ripples to the surgy murmurs of
 the lovely sea that didst sparkle ast

gems to flicker ast fireflies that didst
 But dance upon the face of monkeys
 within these rudderless ships that didst
 But their tracks to take to reefs
 whilst didst see √ thru glades andst
 fens andst pastorals where with
 zephyr-sighs that be like prints of
 Poussin andst Claude that where
 didst lay once Endymion the rushes
 feny the ivy banks andst palmy ferns
 that were cut by rakes of coaches full
 of laughing screaming monkeys ebullient
 each inst their turn onst their backs
 bellowing joyous thanks to the
 brightness that their lifes lit up where
 e'en the drivers themselves be
 intoxicated inst joy drunk onst

happiness layed about dreaming of more
 brightness *But* *Ahh* didst see *♪* that
 the paths they be onst didst to walls of
 brick to take driverless didst see *♪*
 pass by cities alight ast hearths that
 didst burn bright with monkeys that
 with gathered to consume with to
 each to each didst look inst each others
 beaming bright face with each andst
 each happy be they that didst dwell
 within the eye of their place that didst
 burn bright as volcanos that doest *But*
 light the night *♪* doest tell these
 monkeys with all their might didst
 uponst sup with carless joy this
 joyous light ast like manna-dew ast like
 trickling honey-combs that ast like a

cornucopia that doth n'er be dry doth
 each monkey its mouth to foam ast
 onward to another city speed they feed
 this monkey life ast didst But see that
 wanderer of Keats the war the deeds
 the disappointment the anxiety for more
 for more of this eternal brightness for
 more andst more of security happiness
 comfort that doth But to pets these
 monkeys doth become that doth upon
 their lips their sighs of joy sound to be
 But ast Christopher Smart didst
 sagely say the praise to brightness
 canst give to mute fish the notes of a
 nightingale with which they sing inst
 their flats & maynes inst all the
 cities more saw ♪ ♪ didst those

monkeys like Beckford feed they with
 excessive susceptibility to immediate
 impressions that didst the earth to burn
 inst brightness with that gemlike flame
 to revel with ungodly glee at that
 which Childe Harold didst not fromst
 flee But they those monkeys didst
 But drown inst perfume andst luxury
 more profound than Elagabalus more
 Ohh more voluptuous thanst
 Sardanapalus more sweet their lutes
 their lyres more lascivious their
 tinkling uponst womens flesh more of
 the softness of a love doves breath
 more reeking the odours of their
 perfumed dreams seeking more
 brightness fromst their gems andst the

eye glittering fromst whatever be that
 which of they doest mate where each
 andst all those monkeys life be *But* to
 fill with sensations e'en unto pain ast
 doth say *Byron* luxuriating inst that
 brightness that though too dazzling be
 too rich of imagery too intense of
 sensation *Yet* burn *Oh* too more
 brighter be for more the earth glows
 inst light the more the more the monkeys
 inst their consuming fight doth upon the
 earth its hunger for more doth bite andst
 more the brightness more doth ignite the
 agitations stimulations exquisite
 sensualises ast didst that sage *Robert*
Buchanan didst once didst say fromst
 which didst flow an o'er superfluity of

**thunderous stress andst straining
 storms of tumultuous sorrows unrest
 fromst such hunger for tints andst hues
 inst nuanced forms to feed that
 brightness that the monkeys seem to
 But to need to esteem that brightness
 that doth of all things reflect refract
 inst prisms rain bow gleams flickering
 off those monkeys inst their gardens of
 Adonis that of which Spenser didst
 paint andst Keats with voice
 mellifluous so quaint with minstrelsy
 full of light entwined inst chambers
 high embowered myrtle walled they lay
 onst damasked couches silken with rosy
 glow they slumber ast youth doth doest
 inst contentment ast an o'er gorged pet**

that doth feel all secure happy andst
 content with sheet of wealth of gold-
 tinted with the hue of peach andst
 summer faded marigold these monkeys
 doth lay inst sleep content with the
 brightness that doth feed they they lay
 onst white are with feet so light andst
 their **O**Ohh **O**hh so sweet damask
 mouths that slumberly pout ast some
 dew-tipped rose that whenst awake
 fromst sleep they didst believe ast they
 lay down didst **B**ut rest their chins
 upon the hands clenched andst **O**hh
Ohh didst **B**ut smile andst with the
 rest hurried to andst fro within the
 brightness andst fed **Y**ea andst fed on
 the brightness that caused to light the

earth twined they each into a multitude
 like vipers andst all they found was
 food onst the earth to feed uponst andst
 didst each glut itself with the
 brightness gorging where all the earth
 was one great bright light glorious
 brightness they like Adonis their
 eyes to rub fromst sleep within curls
 that be fair 'neath nectared clouds
 odorous o'er all they didst again *But*
 laugh andst sing so gay ast bright
 light fromst that brightness o'er their
 shoulders fell ast drizzling dew they
 didst *But* live inst palaces of mottled
 ore with floors of turquoise golden
 domed balustrades of diamonds
 polished black porticoes ast *Endymion*

didst *But* see *But But Ohhh But*
 what wast to be seen that *Endymion*
 didst not to see wast the void that
 stretched o'er chasms enormous where
 full of not foam *But* waste andst
 pollutes that didst *But* inst to the
 streams subterranean *But* flow andst
 taint the beds of granite andst to
 contaminate the mucky heads of a 1000
 fountains where thee couldst the water
 slash with a knife with no splash those
 fountains spout columns of filth dead
 andst cold ast ice with no life andst
 those berries andst vines andst blooms
 that doth about those monkeys head the
 herbage sweet peas the globes of clover
 those daisies vermeil-rimmed all *Ohh*

**all be sullied amidst toxic full of things
 unknown that doth lay the earth to waste
 these monkeys in their haste for
 brightness where Ohh that light be But
 the glow that cometh sucked fromst the life
 of things fromst things to give the
 brightness that doth blind those monkeys to
 the cost of their security happiness comfort
 like bloated gorged o'er fed kept pets that
 lie around onst their silken sweet scented
 beds whilst around Ohh whilst around
 inst the brightness that blindeth them to
 But not see the flowers be dead the seas
 barren full of filth the winds that they
 doest breathe wither'd all 'neath stagnate
 air But Oh they not care for they hast
 brightness to fill the universe everywhere**