



Gul-u-

Bulbul

POEM

BY C

DEAN

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FP: "The Rose Of All Roses" Wilhelm

Menzler, , 1889

**PUBLISHERS  
INTRODUCTION  
N**

**Ahh what be this Gul-**

**u-Bulbul be it**

**some of the worst poetry**

**ever written or be it**

**Euphuism Culteranismo or**

**Marinismo or even**

**Préciosité be it like the**

**purple circumlocutory  
writing of Amanda  
McKittrick Ros be it "a  
deliberate excess of literary  
devices" andst like Ros an  
exuberance delicious  
intoxication with language  
full of artifice which the  
decadents andst aesthetes of  
the 19<sup>th</sup> century idolised  
andst also which the  
dullards of this century say**

**is the worst poetry ever  
written obviously these  
dullards know nothing about  
the English renaissance for  
these dullards have the  
attention span of a flea  
anything written longer than  
a 3 word sentence andst they  
lose concentration since  
being taught in this age of  
decline in Masters of  
writing courses that**

**sentences must be short  
andst un ornamented in order  
to sell as their dullard  
readers have low attention  
spans so if thee hast a love  
of delicious intoxication  
language read *Gul-u-Bulbul*  
andst enjoy andst if a  
dullard stop here andst just  
pick up thy mobile andst  
start texting**

**PREFACE** Ahh sayeth the  
 sage those who seek fulfilment outside  
 themselves be doomed to miseries  
 torment they into commodities turn  
 themselves into slaves for others  
 consumption into thraldom go they who  
 seek fulfilment outside themselves each  
 to each consuming each a consumer  
 andst the consumed be each fromst  
 others seeking fulfilment outside  
 themselves ast thee consume so art thee  
 consumed ast thee treat others ast  
 objects so art thee treated Ahh sayeth  
 the sage seek inward for fulfilments  
 peace find in thee andst ouside thyself  
 not

**Ahh sitteth here ♪ betwixt the  
 garden bright andst this room that be  
 but a blight of gloomy light where be  
 my lyre dulled with withered strings  
 andst weathered bow no songs to  
 singeth of beauties glow or loves  
 blushing show this woe of ♪ doth  
 cease not andst waste ♪ in this  
 gloom that hath no end this woe that  
 hath become andst my song that hast  
 to be a song that is past andst like  
 my lyres tunes is done for ast doth  
 sayeth that **Childe****

But soon he knew himself the most unfit  
 Of men to herd with Man; with whom he held  
 Little in common; untaught to submit  
 His thoughts to others, though his soul was quell'd  
 In youth by his own thoughts; still uncompell'd,  
 He would not yield dominion of his mind  
 To spirits against whom his own rebell'd;  
 Proud though in desolation; which could find  
 A life within itself, to breathe without mankind



**To breathe without mankind those  
 songs that belong with a different  
 Reason different thoughts that doth  
 sing of *Didos* lament andst  
*Medias* andst *Ariadne* forsaken  
 woes to singeth fromst this throat  
 ♪ sweet tunes sweet melodies of  
 delight that fromst the heart  
 expresseth andst sighs that caresseth  
 with sweet songs brightening gems  
 odorous flowers that shower  
 perfumes that of all the meadows  
 blooms shall excell all the warbling  
 birds that doth sing in paradise  
 these songs shall cast o'er *Reason*  
 andst the thoughts to quell more  
 sweet that fromst the sighs that  
 fromst a lovers lip fell *But But* be**

**this bastard love ast doth tell  
 Musidorus be but betwixt lust andst  
 idleness Nay Nay say J but betwixt  
 lust andst sorrows in bed love hath its  
 feet on lust andst its head on the pillow  
 of sorrow this love of the worldly  
 maketh thee become worldly andst  
 fromst the spiritual taketh thee Ahh  
 what be all this that sayeth J but  
 Reason that takeths the place of  
 emotion betwixt man andst women or  
 betwixt each to each ast doth say  
 Musidorus it beth but naught but ast  
 sayeth the Childe**

Yet must I think wildly: -- I *have* thought  
 Too long and darkly, till my brain became,  
 In its own eddy boiling and o'erwrought,  
 A whirling gulf of phantasy and flame:  
 And thus, untaught in youth my heart to tame,  
 My springs of life were poison'd. 'Tis too late!  
 Yet am I changed; though still enough the same  
 In strength to bear what time can not abate,  
 And feed on bitter fruits without accusing Fate.

**To feed on those fruits of love that  
 but the flesh burn andst the heart  
 wither andst the eyes to shed tears  
 that boil But thenst didst hear √  
 fromst that garden fromst that garden  
 of delight midst blooms fragrant that  
 sprinkled odours o'er the flowery  
 floor where birds didst sing melodies  
 andst sweet rhymes like of Hafiz  
 andst tunes deep notes ast echoes of  
 Rumi andst didst methink didst hear  
 √ the tale of Majnoun sung in  
 sweet rhythms of Nizami that  
 bejewelled the garden with  
 emblazoned dyes andst tints glittering  
 thru the light enamelled andst to too  
 didst hear √ to those birds minstrels  
 sing the Bulbul to the Gul**

**Thy bud be like the morning sunrise  
enamelled with the ripe hue of the  
fruit that the lips of lust doth devour  
like the hearts of youth Ahh in thee  
be brought the beauties glories andst  
lusts invite to bed enjoying thee with  
words well said with flesh on fire  
that flesh that doth inspire desire  
andst turns all flesh to lust that  
burns with constancy the passions  
flame Ahh looketh ♪ on thy bud ♪  
with eyes that flutter ast butterflies  
around nectars fruit thy bud doth  
warm the blood of ♪ andst doth  
keep all kindled this lust of ♪  
around ♪ the hues of heated blood  
ast flowers red 'neath a burning sun  
doth dwell ♪ ♪ doth tell to thee**

**Thee sovereign o'er me**  
**O'er the flesh of J thee that doth**  
**hold in thrall J that doth tear this**  
**soul of J asunder thee doth tear this**  
**heart of J andst maketh J sing J**  
**sing with words wonton fromst**  
**lips that doth ache Ye ache with**  
**lusts heated sighs for that bud of**  
**thine that little bud of delightful**  
**succulence that Oh that doth**  
**scorch the eyes of J with thy sight**  
**J doth suffer give J that bud of**  
**thine andst bringeth J peace that**  
**these lips of J that suffer canst**  
**thus cease andst the cries of J**  
**will silent be for Ohh for they**  
**willst be sucking on thee whilst**  
**about J licking the flesh ast dance**

desires fire hotter thanst Vulcans  
 furnace they around √ dance to the  
 music of my cries that be lusts  
 cause andst only lust √ but confess  
 lust be both pain andst bliss pain in  
 lusts unfulfilment andst bliss in  
 lusts easement Ahh felicity andst  
 misery thus thee be the cause of my  
 pain andst the cure with that bud of  
 thine Ahh that couldst √ pillow the  
 lips of mine upon the bud of thine  
 andst steal my bliss fromst thee  
 unseen andst with these lips pluck  
 each petals of thy bud that my sighs  
 vanish into bliss serene But But  
 what feel √ this dart gold tipped  
 that doth pierce this heart of mine  
 Look Looketh blind Cupid

**Doth with wings thru the garden fly  
 ast lust doth dissolve in ♪ andst  
 parts fromst this flesh of ♪ whilst  
 love doth enter in love for thee with  
 new eyes seeing andst thee doth  
 appear to me in new lights glow up  
 picketh my bow andst in joyous tunes  
 with notes honey sweet andst lips  
 bedewed sing ♪ songs of love that  
 doth thy bud caress with musics  
 melodies andst rhymes for Reason  
 doth depart andst my heart now doth  
 sing banished lust doth be andst love  
 now doth reign in this heart of ♪  
 andst to the lips of ♪ doth joy  
 impart seeth seeth how the gardens  
 light turns celestial bright the  
 flowery blooms woven into a**

tapestry of enamelled hues glorious  
 light of purple yellows andst  
 sapphire blues with tints ast jewels  
 gems that glint 'neath that glow  
 fromst thy bud that to which Ohh  
 to which I love that about now doth  
 singeth I in rhythms more loving  
 thanst didst Dante to Beatrice or  
 Petrarch to Laura place I upon  
 that bud of thee garlands of flowers  
 woven out of the love songs of I  
 woven blooms out of this beating  
 heart of I

Wreaths of blossoms woven out of  
 hot blushes of I that be watered by  
 these loving tears that floweth  
 fromst these eyes Ohh these lucky  
 lucky eyes that gaze upon thee the



love of ♪ thee thee giveth ♪ the  
 hearts blood of ♪ that washes o'er  
 thee fromst my loves sighs thee thee  
 haast taken all the thorns fromst my  
 heart andst sugar given to my soul  
*Ahh Ahh* thee that be the light the  
 guiding light of ♪ that bursts forth  
 a garden perfumed in the mind of ♪  
 with thought of only thee singeth ♪  
 like that *Popes Eloisa to Abelard*

Come! with thy looks, thy words, relieve my  
 woe;

Those still at least are left thee to bestow.  
 Still on that breast enamour'd let me lie,  
 Still drink delicious poison from thy eye,  
 Pant on thy lip, and to thy heart be press'd;  
 Give all thou canst—and let me dream the rest

*But But* no word no look fromst thee  
 no kiss to enflame the heart of ♪ or the

quivering longing lips of ♪ to still into  
 bliss Ahh Ohh thee rejects ♪  
 indifferent to the love sighs of ♪ Oh  
 Ohh bow ♪ the head of ♪ in grief  
 andst sorrow midst this meadow where  
 blooms now wither andst weep Ye Ye  
 weep that doth now be the tears of ♪ of  
 grief andst sorrows woes  
 Saw ♪ thee andst didst lust  
 Thenst  
 Saw ♪ thee andst didst love  
 Thenst  
 Saw ♪ thee and was rejected be  
 Now weave ♪ thru Reason deep  
 thoughts of melancholy with the  
 remnants of this heart of ♪ andst paint  
 ♪ with words that be full of blood that  
 doth seep fromst this gaping wound  
 fromst this love rejected all felicities  
 part fromst this world all songs cease

**andst flowery perfumes stale and rancid  
 become all pleasant things turn to  
 mould andst the blooms mildewed be  
 the flesh of ♪ pale becomes with all life  
 withdrawn the stars andst sun do dim  
 andst the bird songs the ears do hurt  
 with their screeching love of that love  
 rejected that didst warm this heart of ♪  
 where before once reigneth base lust  
 now be filleth be with dank shadows  
 andst my sighs do sting this heart of ♪  
 now diseased with sorrows woes find  
 now ♪ no peace no rest fromst my  
 forsaken love andst all all now doth  
 become rust no eyes to see any beauty  
 no tongue to sing sweet melodies for  
 here lie ♪ to perish in sorrow grip in  
 sorrow pain where once the heart of ♪  
 didst burn with love passions for the  
 thy rejection thy indifference now that**

**bud of thee doth only this heart of me  
 freeze freeze in coldnessess bite while  
 languor andst lassitude doth o'er take ♪  
 ast these sighs these woes doth  
 consume ♪ andst eat up my life my life  
 Ohh Gul that thee couldst hath given  
 me love but now ♪ in sorrows prison  
 in thrall to woe sick in health with only  
 Reasons thoughts to consume ♪ in a  
 whirling maelstrom of sorrows pains  
 But But  
 Andst thenst the Gul didst sing one  
 verse one thought in the words of  
 Samual Danuel To The Lady Lucie  
 Countess Of Bedford**

And that unless we finde us all within  
 We never can without us be our owne;  
 Nor call it right our life, that we live in:  
 But a possession held for others use