

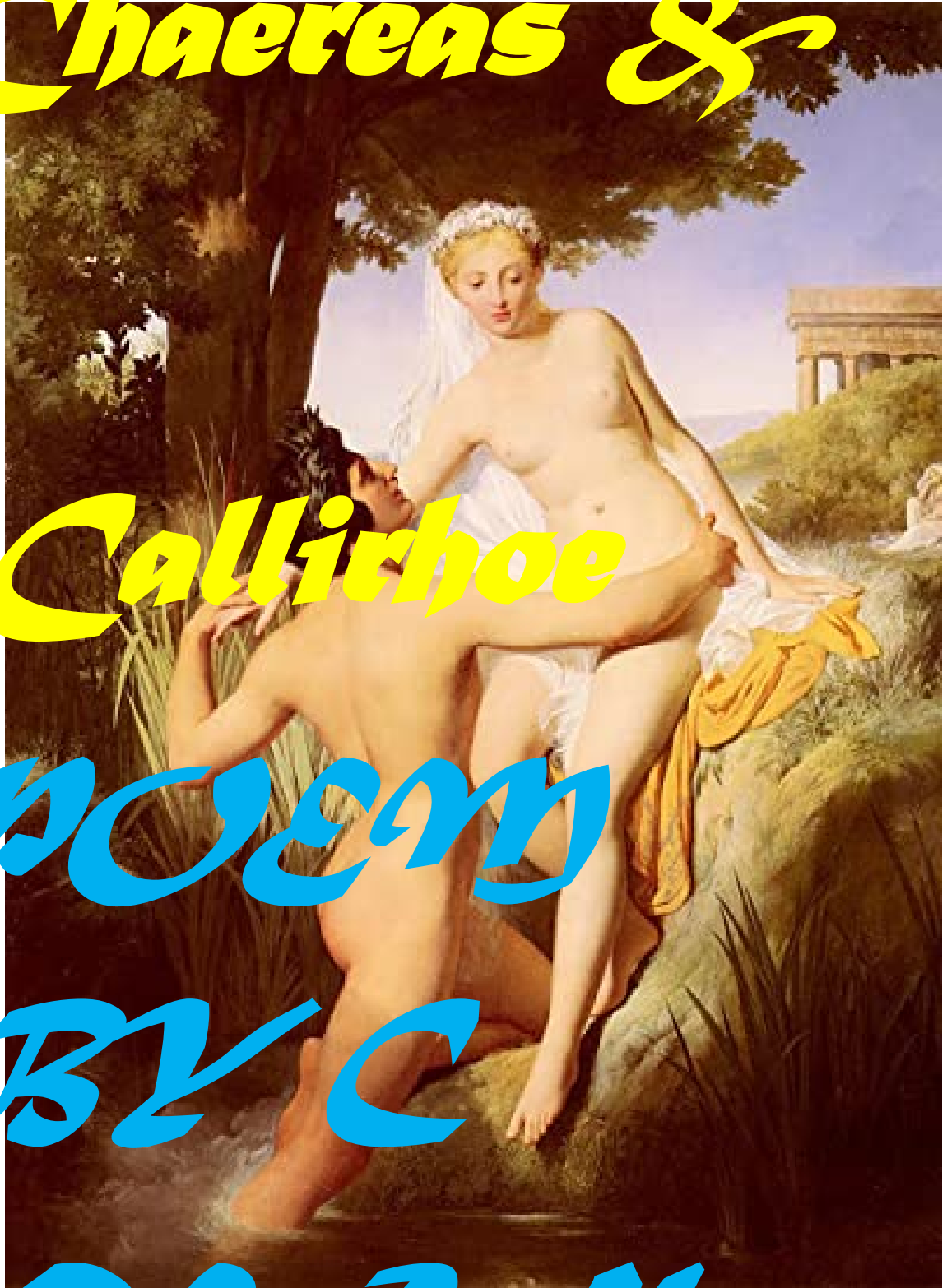
*Chaereas &*

*Callirhoe*

*POEM*

*BY*

*DEAN*



*Chaereas &*

*Callichoe*

*POEM BY C*

*DEAN*

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PUBLISHERS  
INTRODUCTION  
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**Ahh what be this**

**Chaereas &**

**Callichoe**

**be it what Ahh Ye it be  
about the blooming of desire  
of lust Ye of love if we be  
but honest of how whenst**

**love doth kiss our souls our  
flesh we be to our thoughts  
andst urges slaves**

**imprisoned in our love we be  
whenst to each we strongly  
attracted be *Ahh* this**

***Chaereas &***

***Calliope* be a tale**

**that explores the beginning of  
our first love our fist**

**journey along the path of  
Eros into our self-discovery  
our desires fires that canst  
in young souls bring shame  
andst to waste away with  
longing Ahh do thee  
remember dear reciter those  
first pangs that thy first  
love didst give to thee Ye  
Ye But this be more this  
be ecphrasis an exercise in  
rhetoric at description of a**

painting that be

*Chaereas &*

*Callichoe* naught

be but a painting this be a  
 scene fromst life our life be  
 a painting on the canvas of a  
 page taken fromst thy life as  
 sayeth *Plato* "You know,

Phaedrus, that is the strange thing  
 about writing, which makes it truly  
 correspond to painting

# **PREFACE** Love what be

**this a kiss thenst bliss Ahh what  
be love fate or just mere random  
chance that doth just life enhance**

**Doth Eros's bow send to heaven us  
or doth it but wreak us upon the  
lifes reef Doth love bringeth shame  
in its childish game or doth it us do  
waste away in thoughts vainly  
spent that cause us to lament upon  
a face that doth bring us no grace do  
all of us that love but end in a fall  
are the fruits of love but sour  
grapes shame andst waste Ahh let  
thee be kissed andst see how love  
doth taste**

Eros that child of love His games doth  
love to play upon two youths He didst  
His game outlay they a He a She met  
on their way to a feast of His mother  
Aphrodite andst with love they He didst  
slay andst with that triumph Eros was  
with joy was gay that boy sweet boy of  
complexion of flushed gold on silver met  
She as beauteous ast Aphrodite met  
the eyes of He andst that both that  
night in loves torment raging suffered  
they with She with shame whilst He didst  
away waste fromst thoughts of each  
andst with passions heat for each



**Oh Chaereas mine eyes to thine  
 didst dearest Tyche bring that to my  
 sight of thee didst Eros his dart  
 didst send that thy face didst shine  
 Andst Ohh Ohh upon thy face ♪  
 didst apprehend divinitys glow where  
 whilst somest do say thy beauty  
 Ohh Dearest Chaereas be more  
 more heavenly thanst Achilles Yet  
 do ♪ thee more esteem for more cant  
 compare upon that that face that my  
 eyes didst stare for thee do seem a  
 living God that this hart of ♪ thee  
 hast won that e'en Phoebus above  
 doth prove thy face be brighter thanst  
 the sun for only thee ♪ do love**

**Oh Chaereas Why is it thy lips  
 to kiss I do to want andst Ye  
 andst thy eyes be that font of desires  
 flame that that Ohh Chaereas doth  
 give I quiverings that doth do bring  
 I shame e'en thy name be to rise  
 sighs that Ohh that may cause I  
 blame for I to think to dream of that  
 swan that didst Leda kiss to  
 nourish Ohh Chaereas into bliss  
 with those thoughts of thee andst me  
 with reciprocal desire bursting flesh  
 into fire with sighs to rise our cries  
 that raise to heat the air ablaze I  
 sweet Chaereas andst with those  
 flames I suffer with these shames**

Callirhoe my love the Moirai hast thy  
face to place upon the eyes of I fromst  
above the sun doth brightly shine but  
Yet the dimmer its light be in the light  
of thy beauty that doth that doth Ohh  
Callirhoe eclipse divine Aphrodite thy  
eyes be but spring forth which fromst  
all the blooms doth fromst the earth do  
spring to gaze upon thy face andst to  
mourn that the odour of thy breath be  
more perfumed of all the scents that  
those flowers adorn andst Eos be  
shamed that thy beauty Ohh Callirhoe  
out shines the dawn whilst the colour of  
thy lips doth lift all dolor fromst the  
world that for those that upon thy face  
do look afflictions subside to those that  
upon thy beauty hast partook like I all  
joys all love thy beauty doth provide

Callirhoe my love alone in longing long  
laboured my sufferance with thoughts  
of thee of thee with me like those  
nymphs that do glee upon those Satyrs  
eyes with I andst thee 'neath blooms  
andst tree in glee where inst the lap of I  
thee lies with thy pretty eyes that burn  
my flesh whenst I do sigh with breath of  
fire with loins of heated desire Ohh  
Callirhoe my love with these thoughts of  
thee do I suffer andst to waste away  
with dreams with this flesh of I  
enflamed with veins where fires burn  
andst quake my limbs with crimson rush  
of blood that boils to out fromst my lips  
to flood in sighs that do on my tongue do  
taste of love Yet though my thoughts do  
nourish the mind of I Yet doth the flesh  
wither andst fade away with haste

**Oh Chaereas thy beauty be like the  
 sun to which this hart of I do run  
 that I canst thy face to see e'en to  
 unlike Icarus I reach higher to fly  
 Ye to fly to thy beauty thy face to  
 touch thy flesh e'en to die I willst  
 still but try Ohh Chaereas for like  
 perfume doth rise to the sky raise up  
 doth this hart of I to reach above to  
 see my love whenst we didst meet  
 the effluxion of thy beauty thru the  
 eyes of I didst flood to burn this  
 hart of love that fromst thy face I  
 do obtain such joy to sigh not in vain  
 for Chaereas thy beauty I do gain  
 with no annoy that my hart be slain**

**Oh Chaereas that I do think that thee  
do kiss upon my flesh andst whilst  
such thoughts do mortify me they do but  
still Ye still do gratify me ast though  
alone my flesh doth burn with fire  
though I do suffer I do suffer into  
bliss with that thought Chaereas that  
thee doth upon the folds of my flesh  
kiss them ast Pan didst upon his sweet  
Syrinx didst play Ye Chaereas play  
upon my lips maketh my limbs to throb  
andst those folds to furl pulsing with  
desires gorged to curl thy lips around  
my lips andst though such thoughts do  
me abash care not I whenst thy breath  
do burn andst thy eyes do flash**

Callirhoe my love whenst thee wast  
made out of the purest marble the  
sculptor fashioned thee my maid  
whenst with the purest hues the painter  
all beauty upon thy flesh laid that the  
rose full of envy is andst the dew  
sparkling thru the dawns light at thy  
eyes envious 'tis thy smile be but a  
living flame thy sighs fromst which my  
happiness I do gain Ohh Callirhoe with  
my oration I sing thy praise andst pour  
upon thy beauty my oblation andst with  
my song do seek I to thee to please  
andst to thy love for I to flourish for  
thee be the beauty that upon I do my  
love doth feed upon those eyes that do  
out shine the suns heated glow those  
eyes that be but stars for I that light the  
day that whenst doth go be that guide  
for I in the dreary night

Callirhoe my love that in this night thy  
sight be before the eyes of I bright andst  
on thy face do I my thoughts do race  
drunken with desire my limbs on fire I  
myself with desire drenched think of  
thee Ohh Callirhoe Ahh Ye see I that bull  
like Zeus with thee Callirhoe on the  
back of I like Europa with legs that be  
but bare andst thy shirt around thy  
calves ast thy hair runs loose upon my  
limbs flexed bulging flesh with Eros Ohh  
Eros leading thee andst me into bliss Ye  
bliss that his lips do our flesh kiss as  
thee Ohh Callirhoe clasp that horn that  
be rigid of that throbbing bull that be  
me fromst which all desires is born  
fromst thy face But though I in this  
night do waste I but do crave thee  
Callirhoe thy sight in thy arms thee I  
thee do save



**Oh Chaereas thy beauty hast unto my  
 life given life andst into joys my hart  
 hast taken flight how bright the light  
 that now doth the world disclose for  
 now all darkness goes andst upon thy  
 face commit I idolatry for Ohh for  
 Chaereas Ohhh**

**Intoxicated on thy face I be Yet more  
 drunken I want to see**

**feast I upon thy face Yet more  
 hungry I be**

**In Elysium upon thy face I be Yet  
 upon thy face more felicity I want  
 fromst thee**

**we Chaereas have met thru the Moirai  
 laws which be the cause our love to let**

**Oh Chaereas Chaereas lace thy  
limbs around my limbs like ivy  
around the roses bloom place thy face  
twixt my folds o'er that fountainhead  
that doth drip *Biblian* wine spread  
thy lips around that fount andst drink  
drink for *I* be *Rhodopis* andst upon  
my limbs do twine whilst *I* do  
whine andst cry sighs inst this  
*Bacchanalia* frenzy of delight upon  
my lips ripe grape that thy lips do  
crush andst thru the flesh of *I* do  
run such red flush sweet ecstasy  
thru me sip thee like *Dionysus*  
andst in my shame thee whilst giveth  
*I* praise andst my cries acclaim**

Callirhoe my love upon thy face look I andst  
 in that beauty melt dissolve blend into thee  
 Ohh Callirhoe Andst upon my flesh all joys  
 glow all delight around I thee throws that  
 Ohh that Ohh Callirhoe upon thee do I  
 worship that altar of my love for with this  
 hart of I doth disclose

That

Upon thy face I look andst happiness  
 springs But with each wink more joys be  
 born still fromst my look that clings

Upon thy face I burn with sighs But with  
 each sigh fans hotter burns my breath

Upon thy face my senses race But with  
 each look the joys my senses out pace

Oh Callirhoe thee be my shrine andst love  
 be mine andst thine we met in time cast up  
 by Tyche which be the cause our love to let

Callirhoe my love in this night waste I  
 away with thoughts of thee I lie in  
 dreams of thy flesh upon which rove I  
 upon thy grove that meadow of delight  
 bright to my sight Ohh Ohh Callirhoe  
 my love that rose adornment of heaven  
 that rose flushed red upon its flower  
 bed that bower of beauteous flower  
 petals flutter to my breath upon thy  
 flesh perfumes exhaling of desire  
 odours of Aphrodite luxurious Ahh  
 Callirhoe see I that calyx that be the  
 mouth of thee twin folds of flesh that I  
 do play like Pan upon his Syrinx  
 fragrant bouquet that drink I to ecstasy  
 that scent that doth up thy thighs to flow  
 whilst thee sighs for I Ohh Callirhoe  
 Ohh drink I fromst that cup of love  
 andst waste away I care not wrapt in thy  
 loves bud