



Chanteuse

Poems by e

Dean

Chanteuse

Poems by c

Dean

List of **free** Erotic Poetry Books by Gamahucher Press by colin leslie dean Australia's leading erotic poet free for download

<http://www.scribd.com/doc/35520015/List-of-Erotic-Poetry-Books-by-Gamahucher-Press>

Gamahucher press west geelong Victoria Australia

2020

Ep "*Fatma la chanteuse*" by [Hippolyte Lazerges](#) (1817–1887)

Publishers introduction

Ah dean once again what doth thy

poem **Chanteuse** mean

**thy poem by thy flute with mellifluous
tunes sweet breath caressing Sappho
and the girls of she in purple veils thy
poem be sweet perfumes scenting the
oozing cunts of Bilitis Mnasidika and
Myrrhina with kisses thy poems lick
their flesh but again what be the
meaning of thy**

Chanteuse poem

what be sure is it be full of symbolism
 but Ohh what doth it mean perhaps
*Pierre Louys "Leda: ou louange des
 bienheureuses ténèbres"* contains the
 secret where it is said it is never
 necessary to explain the symbols since
 "the symbol has hidden truths therein
 and once explained" like in the forest
 alone the woods are full of the nymphs
 bt when we look behind us they
 disappear perhaps "its necessary not to
 rip the forms for they only contain the
 invisible " but dean Oh dean give us a
 hint Ahh perhaps perhaps see J thy

Chanteuse be an

allegory of the modern life where sex brings no satiety entertainment no happiness where consumerism no pleasure an allegory about an over stimulated society where every whim every desire is given but where there is no contentment no fulfilment only more longing more dolour more unhappiness due to chasing after the wrong things

But

again are there hints of *Renée Vivien* and *Jane de la Vaudère* deeper symbolisms of mysteries perhaps

preface

**Ohh ye poor souls thee full of excess
there be but no satiety for thee be fill thy
face fill thy flesh with everything that be in
excess surly that suits thee fill thy flesh on
perfumes and all the hues of lust all the
tastes all the music of the world films food
all in excess but within an hour dolours
and ennui no satiety thee finds money really
cant buy what will satisfy thee just a
frenzy of feeding but nothing fills the
hunger in thee**

But

what be the way to set thee free perhaps

Rumis reed

**Come my darling butterflies and rutlient
insects come grab thy love and to the dance
floor cum for thy **Chanteuse** will sing to
thee with thy lips and eyes burning flames
sing ♪ to thee with kinnor and syrinx and
sistra anklungs and junanagen and khol
cum ye bayaderes and hetaerae with thy
eyes blazing nacreous edged with kohl
with thy cunts hotter than volcano fumes
cum my little dragonflies fulgent with thy
face hued with yellow boreh and powder
white cum cum lift thy feet jingle thy knee
bracelets of cabochons turquoise and
sardonyx and tourmaline breathe thy
breaths of amontillado fumes come my
empusas sila rakshesha styges breathe out
thy lusts effluvia grab hands in a farandole
nipple tumescent to nipple press breasts and
together cunts listen to my song**

My song be in the flowers perfume

My song be in the birds singing

My song be in the virgins loves sigh

**Listening thee immersed in the song of ♪
fromst thy self gone immersed in the
remembrance of the love of thee be thee
listening to the song of ♪**

My song be the color of roses hues

My song be the sighing of Rumis reed

**My song be the murmur of the rivers that
proceed**

**The melismatic singing of ♪ impassioned
inflections be the words of ♪ coruscant
with amour ineluctable by thee evoke
sudors of lust fromst the cunt of thee**

**Thy cunt Tuberose petals fallen o'er poisonous
flowers and hybrid orchids Ohh the majesty of
that hole that lightfull eye that rim of pink the
sight of ♪ captures like a spiders web
s'éteindra dans tes yeux plus froids que les
tombeaux Oh those folds those lids of flesh
hidden shadows twixt that pulpy meat lies hid
fromst the gaze of ♪ Ohh howest lick ♪ that
heated pool with the shimmering of moon lit
night that void fervent with lustful fires
Ohh howest life lives in that abyss that
world of dreams to ♪ that bright soulful place
of my desires hidden within naiads and satyrs
prance and play Oh within thy folds hast
found ♪ not life but a weary death a weary
death fromst satiation that brings no bliss
fromst satiation on thy flesh that leaves an
afterglow of ennui an afterglow full of
emptiness**

Kiss me my lips

Kiss ♪ my lips

Kiss ♪ thy lips

**Thy cunts hole be a yamabuki flower
nestled twixt thy cunts lips butterfly wings**

**Thy cunts hole an autumn moon scented
with sarcanthus thy cunts eye burns ♪
with no relief j'ai trouvé
dans tes yeux la paix sinsistre et sage**

**Oh my flower beautiful see ♪ thy cunt
pale pink flesh bathed in moon-beams dew**

**Ohh feverish this flesh of ♪ becomes at
that sight of rounded curves starving be ♪
upon that luscious flesh hungry with
desires be ♪ on that succulent meat feast
♪ but Ohh no peace no satiation fromst
that frenzies heat**

**Thy cunt ornamented with perfumed
 blossoms scented with jasmine and soaked
 in frangipani that hole of thee a sapphire
 gem glinting coruscant in moonlight
 perfumes of poppy waft to the starless sky
 linger around the flesh of ♀ drug fucked on
 thy scent slowly do ♀ die with sighs of
 joyless moan that cunt of thee that cunt of
 ripe fruit that do ♀ feed upon that do ♀
 bite along marvel ♀ at its heated pink a
 lily of death but Oh but Oh come back ♀
 for more for more of that flesh tasty of
 pulpy plum quiver ♀ sucking that flesh
 tremble the limbs of ♀ ast ♀ eat with
 hungry bite et mon être a frémi sous tes
 baisers d'amant Ohh drug fucked be ♀ on
 thy cunt but no joy flows thru my veins no
 bliss lights up the flesh of ♀ no fulfilment
 no satiation no matter how long ♀ feed**

**Come ye rutilant bloom give ♪ thy fruity
flesh for the feast of ♪ come thru the
perfumed mist with thy flesh imploring
with my eyes gaze burning fire for the cunt
of thee that bite ♪ d'une ardeur si sauvage
et si douce à
la fois**

**give ♪ my dreams wrapped in the folds of
thy cunts soft flesh of the feminine that
intoxicated be ♪ upon thy sighs thy moans
thy heaving perfumed breath that hear ♪
the grunting of animals rutting Ohh that
♪ couldst be drunk on thy flesh that
marvellous wine that licks the tongue of ♪
that amaranthine bloom that to the lips of
♪ tremble with pink hues flushed offering
♪ thy flesh that burns with gem-like
flames for the flesh of ♪ Ohh Ohh cursed
be ♪ for no joy for ♪ no satiety of lust**

**Come for breathe ♪ o'er thee the violets
 that be my breath shower thee in golden
 light the sighs of ♪ be like showers of
 diamond dust of ♪ Oh for thy kiss
 lorsque ton friod baisier me darde sa
 morsure that kiss which sucks the soul
 fromst ♪ those pink-tinged lips that suck
 the sighs fromst ♪ Ohh that flesh of thee
 ♪ such voluptuousness that ignites the
 lust of ♪ with fevered breaths of hot
 fires shudder ♪ with those kisses with
 the taste of perfumed violets that flesh
 with the scent of vanilla spiked with peepal
 Ohh that flesh in twilight with the glow
 of opals upon which into drunkenness go
 ♪ drown ♪ in that cunt hole scented
 perfumes But Ohh Ohh no release fromst
 the lust of ♪ the intoxication doth not last**

Oh melt ♪ into thy cunts folds perfumed
 of flowers and tasting of over ripe fruit
 melt ♪ into those lips flesh like burning
 flames où s'exaspérera mon désir irrité

 melt ♪ into the ecstasy of the little death
 melt ♪ into the bliss of voluptuousness

 melt ♪ into bliss of thy cunt pool Ohh thy
 flesh hast the glow of amber light
 rainbows flicker o'er thy cunts hole spring
 be in thy cunts scent Ohh Ohh those lips
 be lilies reaching to my kiss reaching to my
 lips those folds be luminescent
 shimmering with thy desires that gleam and
 burst with fires in the eyes of ♪ Ohh the
 fumes of thy cunt be the wine to my lips the
 cunt hole of thee be the scent of white roses
 molten in that limpidity Ahh but this
 o'erabundant excess brings ♪ no lasting joy

**Ahh bewitched be ♪ in crepuscular light
 Thy cunt hair be darker than panther fur
 Thy eyes be brighter than the molten sun
 Thy flesh be whiter than face of Japanese
 ningyō come come to ♪ my plaything come
 to me my little morsel**

Let ♪ prey upon that flesh

Let ♪ eat those eyes with the eyes of ♪

Let ♪ tear up that hair with the lust of ♪

**Ahh my delicious flower give ♪ kisses
 donne-moi tes baisers armers comme des
 larmes fulfil the desires of ♪ place thy
 cunt upon the mouth of ♪ that ♪ canst
 rend flesh for kiss and kiss for flesh that
 ♪ canst spasm in exquisiteness upon the
 gasps of thee but Ahh sated ♪ be on thy
 flesh sated on thy cunts scent but ♪ am
 weary of roses perfumes ♪ am bored for
 naught of thee last beyond the hour**

**Ohh howest our kisses softer than
 moonlight didst ripple my veins didst
 bruise our flesh with lips clasped lips to
 lips howest with equal lust we burnt in
 fires et je respire avec une égale ferveur la
 femme que je crains er les Fauves que
 j'aime Ohh howest didst our lips taste of
 oranges and the sweet perfume of plums
 'neath stars in crepuscular light the tongue
 of J tangled in those cunts lips of thee
 those lips alight with tropical perfumes
 exhaled by noxious blooms that weave webs
 of delight like lustrous rainbow colored
 cobwebs thru that cunt hair of thee the
 colour of dark plums tinted with moonlight
 forming clusters of light like grapes ripe
 upon tangled vines But Ohh the weariness
 the joy fades excess brings no pleasurness
 delight evaporates ast dew 'neath the sun**

**Ah the purple darkness be scented with
 lilacs fromst the cunt of thee dont *L'Éros*
 mortel a délié les genoux thy cunts hole be
 gilded with moonlight a witches eye that
 beguiles and enchants the soul of *♪* scent
 lingers 'neath the foliage of thy cunt hair
 dressed in cunts dew that vibrates to my
 sighs murmuring incantations of delight
 that weave my lusts breath along thy lips
 flashing like candle flames illuminating
 that cunts flesh like liquid ivory twixt lily
 thighs exhaling a perfume of frangipani
 tinted with vanilla that kissed the flesh of
♪ invigorating like a sea side breeze
 fromst that cunt of nacre a pink flower a
 seashell of the sea *But* *Ohh* the ecstasy
 turns to torment the bliss doth not last joy
 becomes anguish weary ennui with satiety
 more hunger bes**

Oh howest hath I my flesh bliss in the
 tenebrous limpidity of thy cunts hole
 howest I have joy hidden in the indigo
 shadows of thy cunts folds howest I have
 bliss fromst thy kiss je savoure

L'angoisse idéale d'attendre

Look I upon that pool of desire boiling
 with fire reflecting the lust of I like a sun
 burning in the sky those lips ignite with the
 gaze of I clocked in the scent of bluebells

Ohh howset the senses of I gloat upon
 thee thee that multiplies my sensations onto
 infinity the gleams of dew the glitter of
 shadows wrap I up in a web of delights

Ahh to breathe in thy scent to repose in
 thy cunt blooming flower for eternity But

Ohh only an eternity of agony waiting for
 that kiss that never comes to take away the
 dolour of I n'er to be fulfilled or sated

**Oh she that viper in female flesh thy kiss
 stings thy caress clutches the flesh of ♀
 the desire of thee burns son désir defaillant
 sur quelque bouche blême
 dont il sait arracher la baiser sans retour
 thy kiss venomous bite poisons the soul of
 ♀ thy cunts beauty draws me into to those
 cru
 shing folds that enfolds ♀ in a death clutch
 Ohh thy cunts flesh be smooth ast the
 serpents tongue within that cunts hole lies
 pain Ohh howest thy kiss tears and
 wounds my flesh that tears slide down the
 cheeks of ♀ Ohh thy venom boils my
 veins thy hold offers paradise But Ohhh
 no joy no bliss no lasting ecstasy exists in
 the clasp only the agony of ever longing for
 that joy that thy cunt holds out but never
 brings forth only more longing**

**Oh my luculent insects my dragonflies
with metallic wings doth thee like the
songs of ♪ doth thee like the desires fires
that the melismatic singing of ♪ ignites in
thy flesh cum cum closer to hear cum closer
gather around with thy flaming flesh and
hear no relief be found in lusts quest no
contentment found in sensualities but only
drugs that make thee crave for more
without satiation come near listen whisper
♪ that only thee canst hear if thee want
relief fromst the prison of thy flesh listen
then to Rumis reed**

ISBN 9781876347309

***Nihilist ∩ say some say ∩ the named
Tao be not the Tao***