

Circe



POEM
BY C
DEAN



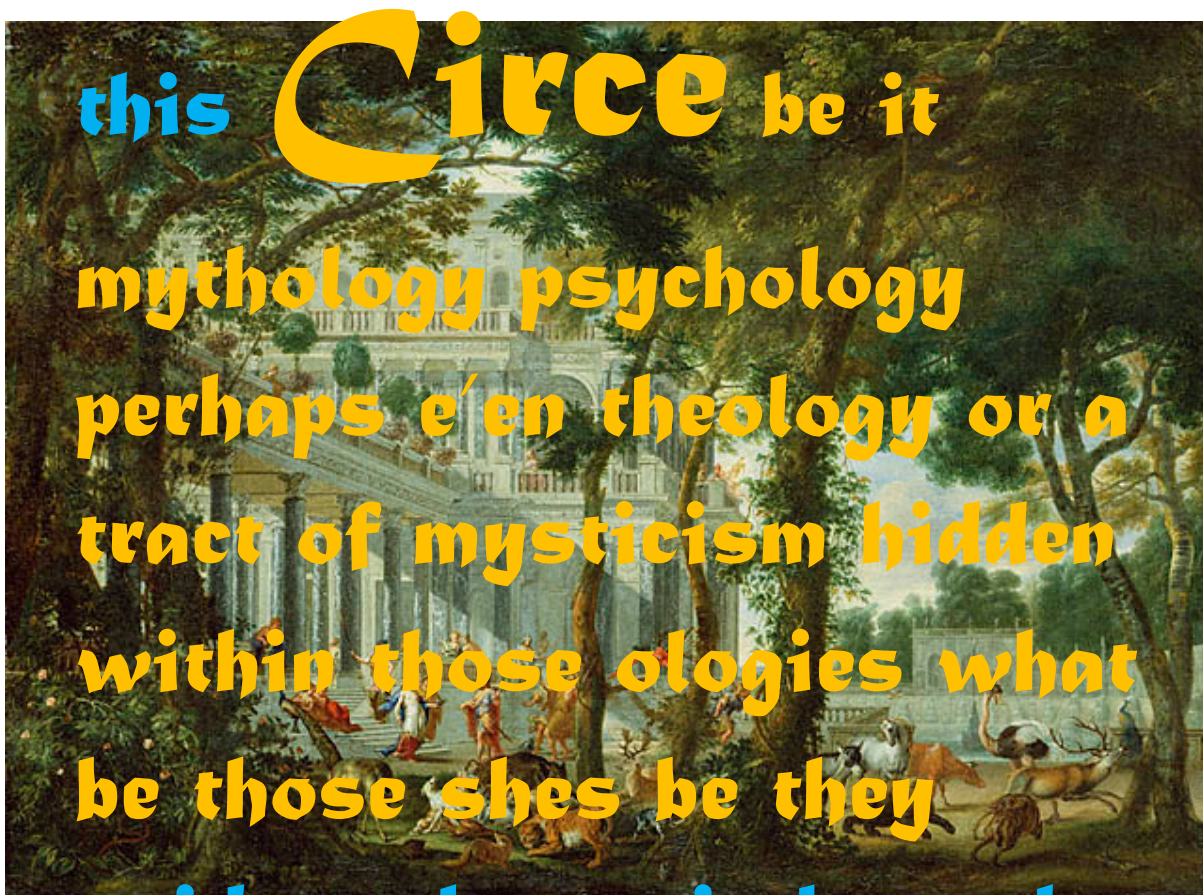
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2025 page.1 *Circe Invidiosa* [J W Waterhouse](#) 1892 P.2 *Circe Offering the Cup to Ulysses* [J W Waterhouse](#) 1891
P.6 *Lilith* John Collier 1887

PUBLISHERS INTRODUCTION

What be this proem



this **Circe** be it
 mythology psychology
 perhaps e'en theology or a
 tract of mysticism hidden
 within those ologies what
 be those shes be they
 spiders that spin bees that
 sting pretty things that
 lure or guide for thee thy
 fetters to burst not an evil

eye of banal ignorance but
 some might say thy anima
 the good mother or Mother
 Goddess that lurk inst thy
 ♀ no she wolf to tempt
 no tigeress to of thee to eat
 a psychopomp ast birds be
 inst fairy-tales be these
 shes that lead thee out of
 thy self ast the shes doth
 give birth to the child Ahh

be this **Circe** be it of
 the "White Goddess" the

mother of all things of lust
 sensuality of fright of
 spirituality Ah thenst art
 thee recieter thenst that
 Hero of a 1000 faces that
 be he that comes to know
 thru she thru slow
 initiations that be for thee
 transformations
 transfigurations

To that acme of what that
 was writ inst gold o'er that
 oracle of old "Know

thyself" andst all
 mysteries behold fromst
 psychology philosophy
 science General Relativity
 Gnosis Ahh Dearest
 recierter awake the Goddess
 andst reciete



PREFACE Dearest

recieter ♪ reciete to thee of those
 shes that thee doth kiss uponst the
 mouths of she that form ast blooms
 listen andst see she be the form of
 eternity Mother Goddess formless
 form pulsing radiance born of she
 dancing sparkling motes of dust
 those mouth be But caves where
 doth secrets doth hide with
 embroidered wings that the negation
 of the negation brings that sings the
 singing frogs beyond space time
 eternity kiss her lips reach ecstasy
 understand reach profundity

Whenst thee doth sit 'neath the
 concave vault of sky to see the
 lightning bolt flash light to see the
 rainbows prisms tinted bright of air
 andst fire of sunsets within that arch
 andst to kiss the lips of a female she
 woven tapestry of rare gums andst
 rose andst sandalwood take thee
 note what these things doth inst thy
 minde to kindle andst to see that what
 thee sees be But thy own minde for
 the world be a mirror for thee to see
 thee andst what may thee be go look
 andst inst this proem to see

**Didsts andst I to uponst hearth-
 rug like Esmé inst breeches of samite
 white I doth to thee who may this
 proem recite to give thee a yellow
 jonquil ast here doth I lay 'neath
 Ohh Ohh that sky golds andst
 greens 'neath Ohh Ohh those rose-
 coloured squadrons of clouds Ohh
 Ohh so like a Turner andst if I
 may say some Monet or Ye a van
 Gough with paint uponst that sky to
 play didst I lay here within glints
 of ambers yellow chromes orpiments
 andst green-golds bright bronze andst
 al scents of sandalwood trailing
 fumes that flicker thru glimmers of**

gold powder that explode ast
 sunlight bright sunrise beams
 sparkling gems that pain mine room
 crimsons andst naces that float ast
 perfumed calices of roses sented
 blooms within mine room that curl
 along mine lips tips tingling fromst
 Ohh the lips of she kisses that taste
 of dreams to furl to curl to bust
 along mine lips to flowers to show
 Ohh to show ♪ inst mist of that
 scented hair of she musk kisses
 uponst mine of violets andst
 carnations green flesh that linger
 fromst her breath that doth ♪ breathe
 inst sweet oleander that doth mine

minde to send with such delights to
 seep to creep thru mine minde ast
 thru the minde of that *Pythia* that
 didst soar ♫ to the sky to fly lifted
 ast a fleck of scintillating light
 bright uponst the fumes of the breath
 of the flesh of the scent of the
 breath of the hairs uponst the mount
 of the flesh of *Venus* the Goddess
 of the little death Ohh to fly
 uponst that hippogriff ast *Ruggiero*
 didst ♫ fly with like lightening-flash
 those pinions beating wings faster
 thanst an arrow swifter thanst
 thunderbolt we didst fly Ohh fly we
 didst thru the pink pink-gold-silver-

silver tinted sky where fumes of her
 scent didst to butterflies enamelled to
 whirls to fly purple clouds
 phantasms froth bubbles ast √ andst
 this horse half griffin that doth √
 not doth But tame to westward we
 didst to gain uponst the wings of the
 wind past Hercules Pillars we didst
 to spin within mine minde thoughts
 of the universe andst all things
 darkling thoughts to spin fromst
 where fromst some spring or cave
 darkly of gloom where thoughts doth
 spring that Ahh doth this minde of
 mine doth turmoil to spin that doth
 seem mine doom perhaps to bring ast

doth the moon pearl globe of that girl
 of Vermeer drips milky light bright
 the night to smear ast if Muslim
 curtains veil the night that drips light
 bright to spill o'er the black-ink-
 tinted arabesques of stars ast
 womens paps that doth drip that
 milky sap nacre they doest to But
 hang ast lamps lit inst candelabra
 they net the night to hang ast
 chandeliers ast constellations bright
 gas-jet-light blooms to foam o'er the
 black-ink-tinted night dark Ahh
 darkly ast that shes pubic net of
 perfumed delights ast rare blooms
 they doth suspend a splendour of

flames painted onst the dark darkly
 black-tinted boulevards of dangling
 flickering whirling whorls of light
 bright to dance ast Baccha uponst the
 emerald tips of waves bachannal_s sea
 swells tangled gloss ast of the
 Maenads hair tipped waves gleam
 flicker flames dew-lit-blooms circles
 of fruit-flowers reds pinks green
 andst tints of snow-dew uponst
 waves embroidered blue lilacs
 scintillate mauves float Ahh that
 sea Ohh that sea flower garden that
 vermilion sea ♪ see ruby sparks
 where lace those tips of carved green
 jade undine-polyps yellows to dance

those wavs a farandole light tips
 flip those tips of dew apricot eyes
 that wink to ♪ inst rhythms those
 waves tip to dance be it here hear ♪
 a saraband those waves tips of gold
 dust blooms doth murmur sweet
 tones Ohh Ohh to see the arch of
 heavens vault cast round the earth
 radiant light like all stained like
 oxides of metals molten to burn inst
 metallic hues to mine view all molten
 metals colored glow Ohh colored ast
 a Burn-Jones window didst this
 world see ♪ as ♪ onst that griffin
 half horse inst liquid light iridescent
 bright 'neath the pearl-like moon

alight onst mine chariot winged
 uponst a pink-froth cloud with mine
 thoughts that seem to inst mine ears
 to sing aloud we didst thru the night
 sail to float to where to see *But*
 mountain tops andst trees leafy
 boughs rivers that creep silver
 threads o'er fields to the sea that
 seep scented airs that seem ast
 fromst some wet perfumed hairs of a
 she to towers to see of ivory *Ahh*
 to land *But* to land at the palace of
Alcina with those towers erect
 turgid tall that fromst their tips didst
 seep moonlight that didst slip down
 to pool inst to seem sticky stream of

light that lit the palace bright andst
 didst *♪* within that palace didst *♪*
 within to see strange beasts that
 didst to *But* purr wolfs and dogs
 she-cats andst toads with eyes lit
 alight green flames that glow andst
 falcons that didst flutter andst all
 didst seem to flow ast about a she
 like mist whilst around such lavish
 feast that e'en that served to
Ganymede ast by *Jupiter* didst
 surpass e'en those repasts of
Semiramis of *Assyrian* kings of
Sardanapalus Ahh not e'en those
 banquets those banquets that that
Cleopatra didst to give to her love

Oh her love of Anthony if I can
 believe those tales of Plutarch andst
 Pliny didst I sense perfumed foods
 that rose inst spirals twirls andst
 to see red wines hued as of some
 rose melted ruby to see whenst the
 lyres didst strum the flutes to tone
 such sweet resound harps to hum to
 the cavaliers to their ladies with
 bosoms paps spiked that didst to
 mine eyes to I that she Ohh that
 she Alcina didst I at I to stare
 mine eyes to snare Ohh those eyes
 cat-like serpent slanted slits of star-
 lit light that weave about I a net of
 woven moonlight opaline threads

that lace thru mine minde doth ♪
 dream doth ♪ scream those thoughts
 of ♪ that doth seem to burst to
 blooms perfumed that tint the
 purpling shadows that within mine
 minde does to lurk Yet Yet ♪ to
 see she that mouth bursting rose bud
 blood crimson hued adamantine
 flints that tint that flesh that drip
 buds along Ohh her breasts of ivory
 molten milky white large turgid
 spike that grow blooms fromst those
 breasts that shadow indigo float
 along her thighs that not doth to hide
 Ohh that mouth that those lips that
 long Ohh that long to kiss mine lips

But Ahh though naked she those
 tresses black lace twine around she
 ast she be to see the Caduceus around
 she those tresses twin snakes that
 copulate to twine about she Yet
 Ahhh didst she lift arms to me that
 hold to √ some terracotta thing of
 spirals rhombs andst knots where
 didst see √ inst gold that 1 by 1
 right triangle with hypotenuse bold
 to see a glass inst crystal But half
 full Yet to see half empty But laced
 around all be that paradox But of
 dean writ inst moonlight all arcane
 to me didst see √ Logistilla weep
 fraught with misery for naught she

or I couldst naught unlock those
 mysteries andst too I didst I
 seem ast Orlando didst to cry "I
 am not me I am not to me what I
 seem" mine minde to cloud inst
 darkness all mine thoughts naught
 couldst I repress confusions mists
 matted thoughts Ahh to madness
 didst I drop to tear mine hair to
 scratch mine flesh to rip mine cloths
 ast to doom too to swoon inst whirls
 andst whorls ast to mine sight the
 room Ohh the room to melt to turn
 to vines with leaves to wilt to
 shrivel twists with thorns that tear
 within the darkling brakes lurking

things that groan that moan that
 shriek to speak with cries that hides
 within darkling glooms to here hear
 bubbling sound that resound fromst
 fetid pools and stagnate streams of
 decay andst stink and fumes of offal
 that about I doth to dismay Yet
 didst I take my way thru forest
 thick wild andst drear with dead
 hawthorn andst hazel intertwined
 everywhere led trailed mouldy moss
 bent twigs andst broken hoar oaks
 andst where spreading everywhere
 such cold to behold didst to freeze
 mine flesh andst to coat mine breath
 with drips of ice uponst the breeze to

freeze that which I breathe inst this
 green night that flows andst creeps
 andst seeps along its way thru sleet
 andst mire with icicles over head
 andst doest hang like frozen drips of
 fire Ahh thenst didst I my way to
 make to take I to this place a
 dwelling within a moat a lawn above
 uponst a mound that didst surround a
 myriad mighty trees within this green
 night about a moat stood this I
 like that House of Usher within that
 watery abyss lay myriad cadavers
 that rot and decay to stink that hast
 fallen by the wayside onst their
 journey andst didst I see inst a

window of that *J* a bullock mighty
 of horns spread thru window to go
 Yet its tail thru the window caught
 to not let it go andst to the door of
J didst *J* go see *J* a narrow
 thing with *MZ* writ above a
 keyhole ast small ast an eye of a
 needle Yet thru which didst *J* go
 inst to the gloom the room down
 stair that spirals darkly past doors
 fromst which doth echo moans doth
J go to hear here groans andst down
J go past creping things past smelly
 alleys where cries and gibbering doth
 to mine ears to flow down down
 darkly the gloom ever more darkly

down all shivering things eyes that
 watch slithering shapes down down
 Ahh the bottom 'I hath found to see
 'neath door light sweep 'I o'er the feet
 of 'I to pour lemon light bright gold
 sparks that lay uponst all to mine sight
 filled with odours of roses lilac scents
 sent to mine flesh perfume of pink-
 flowering thorn blossoms of laburunum
 honey-coloured Yet didst see 'I like a
 painting splashed onst yellow light
 Circe like a Botticelli Dame arisen
 fromst the sea woven of spun silk gloss
 light that didst to wear a yellow veil
 with silver flickering about her feet
 doves of love that looketh at the face of
 she Circe that not blink at 'I moon

arisen how she lookeths at ♪ with eyes
 that stare that not blink those eyes that
 stare beyond infinity that looketh into
 all things to see sublimity glittering
 inst the gloom that see beyond eternity
 those eyes that stare that not blink
 those eyes that not blink at ♪ didst
 she with arms of ivory white outstretch
 with bowl inst hands that didst ♪ to
 understand be all knowledge of things
 all wisdom didst it contain she ♪ Circe
 the knowledge of the Gods to which ♪
 didst exclaim be thee real or not to be
 thee andst from her lips didst inst
 sweet tone Ohh soo soft didst she
 intone NO to which didst ♪ see
 with not seeing know with not

knowing to know ast a dumb fool
 cant his dream explain ast objectivity
 subjectivity didst become one ast a
 ripening fruit to know she me be
 nothing or not nothing be thenst the
 bowl didst she up turn to out pour
 all that dross thenst to be thenst the
 vines andst knotted weeds andst the
 tangled things didst all to melt to
 clear a way to see the gate a gateless
 thing to which didst √ pass thru to
 see untwist the threads of light to
 see a void mirrored back to me me a
 monkey