



Complaint to
the Poet

fromst she

POEM

BY C

DEAN

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fp: : *Comtesse d'Haussonville* " Jean-Auguste-Dominique Ingres - 1845

**PUBLISHER
INTRODUCTION
N**

Ahh what be this

Complaint it be

**the unmasking of the poets
stupidity of Dantes love of
Beatrice of Petrarchs love
of Laura of the bard who
didst sing** “Shall I compare thee to a
summer's day? *Thou art more lovely and more*

temperate" **What crap what
pure superficiality to base
ones love solely on beauty
ast if the loved one is just
her accidents with no
essence to she to imply the
poet that beauty is all that
she doth need andst to admit
their superficiality that all
they care about is the beauty
of she where all the rest be
but irrelevancy to teach the**

**shes to indulge in vanity
that character be but naught
no need to cultivate for all
the poet wants fromst thee
not thy mind not thy soul
but just thee to be there for
he but only to gaze upon like
some statue where to he the
only thing he wants fromst
thee is for thee to spend thy
day only making thyself
beautiful for he to be an**

**object not a person is what
the poets praise a thing for
their gaze a commodity to be
used only for its beauty like
a porcelain vase but whenst
the cracks appear to be
discarded *All* he want
fromst she is just to spend
her time being beautiful for
whenst he comes to see not
she but just the object the
commodity she be**

PREFACE

How doth he get the ear of she tell
 the she what she wants to hear for
 only the shallow are beguiled by
 flattery only the weak become prey to
 the hypocrisy So listen she only the
 weak fall prey to beauty only the
 shallow fall prey to superficiality
 shallow fall prey to superficiality
 beauty the tool to catch thy prey but
 thy prey use thy vanity to catch thee
 I say only the shallow superficial
 fall prey to beauty only the vain the
 shallow superficial become prey to
 the sweet tongued poets say

*When in the chronicle of wasted time
I see descriptions of the fairest wights,
And beauty making beautiful old rhyme,
In praise of ladies dead and lovely knights,
Then, in the blazon of sweet beauty's best,
Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,
I see their antique pen would have expressed
Even such a beauty as you master now.
So all their praises are but prophecies
Of this our time, all you prefiguring;
And for they looked but with divining eyes,
They had not skill enough your worth to sing:
For we, which now behold these present days,
Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to praise*

Enough dear bard methinks Samuel
 Daniel to his *Delia* doth sing better
 thanst thee to thy youth which doth
 seem thee didst fromst which the idea
 didst steel dearest bard still thy song
 for to the ears of me hear but trite
 flattery still thy tongue doth seem to
 entertain but in no new way for thy
 conceits that floweth like a silver
 stream be but stolen fromst anothers
 brain those flowers of rhetorics fine
 inventions that grow to bloom in thy
 verse those tropes of stolen hues that
 surge fromst thy lips andst proves thy
 wit be but borrowed not new be but the
 echos of anothers hand discernable in
 other works of thy brand Ast the
 Muse doth attest fromst that Daniels
 lips fromst which sweeter honey
 fromst tongue drips

*Let others sing of knights and paladins
In aged accents and untimely words,
Paint shadows in imaginary lines,
Which well the worth of their high wits records:
But I must sing of thee and those fair eyes
Authentic shall my verse in time to come;
When yet the unborn shall say, 'Lo, where she lies!
Whose beauty made him speak, that else was dumb!
These are the arks, the trophies I erect,
That fortify thy name against old age;
And these thy sacred virtues must protect
Against the dark and times consuming rage.
Though th'error of my youth they shall discover,
Suffice they show I lived and was thy lover*

**Yet both singeth they the same
 ditty to beauty the same music doth
 breathe out fromst the lips of they
 andst in cadences sweet doth singeth
 to make the fools heart to ring where
 vanities doth nest like lilies that in
 fields bloom manifest whilst the
 souls of they flutter like doves that
 feedeth they upon the sweet seeds
 these tropes to their beauty be that
 doth drop fromst the lips of they
 that singeth with the voice of
 Orpheus these verses that to their
 ears kiss with the sweet wit of
 their speech sweet of music that
 swells the fools pride do feed the
 fools with flatteries fire to think the
 wit for they desire with words**

fromst their heart writ these words
 be the mirror thy beauty to reflect
 the pictures of their art to thee to
 please thy beauty robed in light
 framed in allegories for thy delight

Ahh thee poet with thy eloquence
 thee thru thy alchemy distils the
 quintessence of their fame andst fan
 the flames that burn in their hearts
 their vanities thee conjure in thy art
 thy tropes be the pools of

Narcissus wherein the fools their
 beauty doth see fromst which doth
 flow the joys of they fromst which
 all their vanities grow hatching in
 their hearts kind affection for thee
 which thee knows thy conceits impart
 thy words the servants of thy

**dissembling art enchanting they that
desire to be desired with the singing
rhymes of thy bewitchery with the
spider-web threads that be thy
words entangling they that freed upon
the fruits that drop fromst thy mind
that upon thy verse find with all its
finery to they to show the prisoners
in prison but they not know that they
thee poet speaks in order to beguile
with conceits that entertain andst of
thee fill with hopes andst joy that
feed thy desires flamed by the fires
of thy Muses eyes flamed by the
breath that fromsts thy lips respire
the sweetest truths that thee desires
to fall like golden light to rain down
o'er all those that be but vain to catch**

**thee in their deceiving words Ast
sayeth the poet of Amoretti**

I joy to see how in your drawn work,
Your selfe unto the Bee ye doe compare;
And me unto the Spyder that doth lurke,
In close awayt to catch her unaware.
Right so your selfe were caught in cunning snare
Of a deare for, and thralled to his love:
In whose streight bands ye now captived are
So firmly, that ye never may remove.
But as your whole worke is woven all about,
With woodbynd flowers and fragrant Enlantine:
So sweet your prison you in time shall prove,
With many deare delights bedecked fyne,
And all thensforth eternall peace shall see
Betweene the Spyder and the gentle Bee

**Deceiving thee in embroidered words
telling of thy beauty that thy form
attires in the sweetest honeyed tints**

**That words canst afford that doth
paint what thee doth wish that thee
doth wish that be true to all to all
that upon thee view to pursue thee
thee with orations with the words
that persuade that thy beauty be thy
crown andst that beauty be all shes
greatness all their sole renown that
all that doth flow to all the shes be
fromst the glow of their beauty so
the poet in his say sayeth without
their beauty be nothing they the
conquests of they be naught without
beauties weapon to conquer they that
maketh a shes beauty her only
estimation she becomes the prey for
they that singeth sweet praise with
their wit the golden web with which**

they weave their net caught by their
 vanity upon those frothy words that
 don't seem to lie fromst that art that
 the tropes do fly where each letter
 upon the ego caress like divine gifts
 that the Gods upon their flesh doth
 kiss to descend upon they the image
 that they have of they to see
 themselves adoring be ast the poet
 singeth to those shes upon his lips
 his honeyed reed

But

Poet thy words deceive not in the
 beauty but the value that upon it doth
 place it be *FOR* Whenst the vase
 be cracked discarded it be the worn
 cloth or the faded bloom all be

discarded like all those shes that
 only had beauty andst nothing else to
 please for without enough character
 to light a room brighter thanst a
 candle flame to glow old age willst
 be but pain andst lonelinessess
 sorrow all those poets words that
 carved thy face in ivory white fromst
 sweet tropes andst thy lips fromst
 the roses petals glow if beauty be thy
 only grace take note The seasons
 come andst the seasons go fromst
 springs fine glow to winters biting
 snow fromst blooming bud to
 withered bloom all VE all thru the
 cycles go fromst youth to crone we
 all doth go SO thee poet instead of
 thee trying to deceive thee shouldest

with the ink that be thy thoughts out
 breathed with thy pen that thee seeks
 by beauty to her soul to move with
 thy verse dear poet thee shouldst
 converse upon those things that out
 last beauties curse andst paint a
 picture upon thy flute to those shes
 thee deceives into thinking all she
 doth need is beauty Singeth Singeth
 poet of Cecropia who Pamela she
 tried to deceive about the glories of
 beauty Singeth Singeth poet of
 Cecropia arguments self-defeating
 who doth admit whenst beauty goes
 andst in the glass the glass doth
 thee accuse of thy changed face
 andst thus to indulge in the April of
 thy life or else face repentance

whenst o'er thy face wrinkles lace **SO**
 cometh poet write to ease the plight of
 the burden of an aging heart with
 words that lift andst lift all those
 vexing sorrows all those woes lift
Oh the dis-ease of all those shes
 beguiled to think her accidents be the
 essence of she **T**ell those shes dearest
 poet with wit andst delightful conceits
 how rare a thing be she with character
 whenst the accidents leave she tell her
 dearest poet with polished verse in ink
 with a golden floss of a characters
 worth singeth of those qualities of she
 deeper more of worth thanst beauties
 ephemeral glow maketh her burst into
 tears of joy that she be wanted loved
 for she the soul of she not bland beauty
 andst loved for her for eternity not like
 the poet for his **Delia BE**

Look, Delia, how we 'steem the half-blown rose,
The image of thy blush and summer's honor,
Whilst in her tender green she doth inclose
That pure sweet beauty Time bestows upon her.
No sooner spreads her glory in the air
But straight her full-blown pride is in declining.
She then is scorned that late adorned the fair;
So clouds thy beauty after fairest shining.

No April can revive thy withered flowers,
Whose blooming grace adorns thy glory now;
Swift speeding Time, feathered with flying hours,
Dissolves the beauty of the fairest brow.
Oh let not then such riches waste in vain,
But love whilst that thou mayst be loved again.