


# Cressida and Troilus

POEM

BY C

DEAN





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# PUBLISHERS INTRODUCTION

W So what be this

Cressida and

Troilus well what

it be not is a tale that paints

the male all so done wrong

by that female Ohh which

men blame to hide themselves

of wrong it be not such

dribble ast doth paint Homer  
those rhymers of medieval  
courtly romance or Dictys  
Cretensis or Dares  
Phrygius or Benoît de  
Sainte-Maure or Giovanni  
Boccaccio in his *N*  
*Filostrato* andst Chaucer  
andst e'en Shakespeare as  
well ast the plays of  
Thomas Heywood andst  
Thomas Dekker andst

Henry Chettle though the  
play be but fragments so  
what be it this work not ast  
Frederick S. Boas doth  
call a "problem play" or what  
Anthony B. Dawson  
wouldst call full of puzzles  
a virtue inst the Bards play  
andst not that tripe of  
Joyce Carol Oates who  
points out with great  
philosophical acumen that

**what is “essential in human life and what is only existential are themes of the twentieth century” Blah the disappointment of women now and then are not existential themes but the true essence of womanhood that do face the fact that most men be duds and blame she instead of he so read**

**PREFACE** Women be such  
 loyal things for with their hart they do  
 bring all andst off themselves  
 everything to that he that they do love  
 for he they whilst sing his fame thru  
 out all history they his glories they  
 whilst frame inst gold andst emeralds  
 andst gems that be the flicker of he they  
 love for they do grow inst love with he  
 andst all o'er he their love they do throw  
 andst upon his flesh their love to **But**  
 andst endite **So** whenst she doth leave  
 he it be he the fault for all loyalty be the  
 essence of she andst she doth walk  
 when all love talk doth exhaust andst he  
 doth she let down and though he doth of  
 she to blame it be he that upon be shame

Troilus in love fell with the niece of  
Pandarus fell so beautifully was his love  
that e'en to war he couldst not go for all  
this love didst but cause him woe but  
whenst he andst she alone the story  
doth go they both didst pledge their love  
undying such the story doth go that  
history will say of all true lovers that they  
were as true as Troilus but thenst  
history be writ by men andst the poor  
niece seems to be a foil to he to account  
for his fate Yet do thee read fromst the  
side of she see what of Dearest Troilus  
befell whenst she hast the story to tell



**Whenst first mine eyes didst upon thee  
 grace to heaven didst my soul to fly  
 whilst this hart of mine didst race the  
 breath of *J* didst *B*ut coat the sky  
 with my perfumed sighs that *J* *O*hh  
 upon thee *D*o see that *J* with courtly  
 courtesy *D*o sing *Y*ea do sing thy  
 praises *D*o high with raptures do *J*  
 to *J* sing my lays that of my love do *J*  
 to thee reveal with lofty thought with  
 all the love that hast been taught my  
 hart to thee do *B*ut *J* do not conceal so  
 sing *J* of thy glories that be divine for  
 all about fromst top to toes all doth  
 glow all doth shine to which mine hart  
 doth yield for in chains *J* be upon thy  
 beauties field and in thy power remain**

Ahh hear I thee sings to I Ahh this be I  
 andst my body be that chariot of triumph  
 that thy senses pull along of which thee  
 doth sing upon the parts of I which thee  
 love in song But Ohh dear boy Do not kiss  
 thine eyes upon the eyes of I but kiss thy  
 lips to the lips of I that do twixt the thighs  
 of I do hide for "These are the gains of  
 those who love!" if thee be Man-Satyr  
 enough or be thee just a dove which all  
 women on heat doest chide so come thee  
 do sing to me this maid thee sees andst  
 show me of what thee be made whilst I do  
 the spider dance for thee to prance ast  
 thee doest weave about thee the threads  
 of thy senses ast the veils do drop I off I  
 of each asset of I thee desire to Ohh to  
 the true I to reveal to see howeth with  
 that thee doth deal whether ice or fire

So let I do begin this spider dance this  
dance of the veils that before thy  
senses thy senses do I entrance thy  
senses thy hart thy very soul upon my  
flesh I do impale so look at these eyes  
ast I do swirl andst do thy eyes do kiss  
looketh looketh at those eyes That  
mesmerise those spiders eyes That  
wrap thee up that do bite eyes That  
with their look do melt with come-  
hither eyes lids half closed that do  
breathe o'er thy eyes perfumed sighs  
that within thy eyes my lust imposed  
thru thy eyes thy soul I enclose so  
looketh look thee to my eyes gaze  
stare andst let thy desires breed for Oh  
within mine eyes to bliss I thee lead

Ahh my maid thy eyes I do see and  
 With such eloquence I do propound  
 that thy eyes be what I see the eyes of  
 Selene two stars that out shine the sun  
 naught more profound hast I found  
 inst those eyes of thee that my reason  
 be enthralled upon their sight that do  
 But my soul to do But to do guide  
 andst my tongue to drip honeyed-dew  
 for they do But my love betide those  
 eyes load-stars for my soul those eyes  
 that look at I do stir love that be so  
 pure upon thy sight mine thy eyes do  
 grace to allure ast eyes to eyes do chase  
 with their looks so chaste that no art  
 couldst draw or teach in all those poesy  
 books the verse that beats in mine hart

Hear come near come here to Listen to  
my voice ast drop I the veil that rings ast  
wasps on their scissor wings that around I  
my limbs I swing ast thee doth listen to my  
voice that sings that inst thy ears dost  
sting with such fire of my desire that doth  
thee to yield up thy soul to those sounds  
that devour ast thee doth place thy ears  
upon the lust of I to have thy longing  
healed andst Ahh thee to be the victim of  
my power fromst that spider brood that  
doth spawn inst thy ears that thy soul  
doth fill with lewd food that be the voice  
of I that wraps thee up inst its warm tones  
its honeyed moods that makes thee  
swoon which the sirens do sing upon thy  
ears that thy soul doest nourish andst  
within the web thee doest weave perish

Hear howeth I thy love howeth thy  
Dearest thy so chaste doth coo kiss my  
pussy lips let into that hole thy tongue to  
slip Ahh feel those sibilants sting in thy  
ears like wasps that wing on wing hear  
thy Dearest Wet be my panties soaked  
be my flesh cum cum see that spot bright  
fresh feel those syllables bite in thy mind  
grow into lewd thoughts that bloom ast  
fetid weeds hear such things ast thy  
mommy hast not thee taught lick my  
nipples pluck those tips suck suck ast  
around thy tongue slips let those  
alliterations to make thy mind to skip thy  
flesh to glow with crimson heated hue thy  
knob with my voice my words it to throb

**Oh that voice of thee doth doo kiss  
 the ears of ♪ thy sweet coos be  
 sweeter thanst the trills of the  
 Philomel that all the world with  
 thy sweet sound do fill with audible  
 showers that do fall upon all the  
 worlds flowers to But perfume with  
 thy tones that do fromst thy lips like  
 butterfly wings slips along my soul  
 andst like to the world doth bring  
 spring to my hart that doth flow  
 fromst my breath with thy cooing  
 sighs upon the tongue of ♪ to bedew  
 the earth with my love of thee that  
 doth the fields andst plains with this  
 love of ♪ do burst into flames**

Ahh thee who be the victim of that that  
thee doth see I who hast pierced thy hart  
with that which be more powerful thanst  
Dear Cupids dart I doo dance for thee  
andst sway my arse my breasts andst do  
drop the veil off my flesh that be that  
glove that doth fromst my hand doest slip  
to touch thy cheek with flames that do  
fromst my flesh do seep to burn thy flesh  
with the raging fires of my desires that all  
the worlds water be enough not to  
douche or put out do I glide that hand  
like that spiders claw andst along thy chin  
doest slide that giveth fire to thy desires  
unhatched that do creep within thy mind  
andst do spring a spiders leap upon thy  
flesh that doth touch thy flesh with fire  
that bites with sting that ignite thy desire



**O**hh my love howeth soft be thy  
**f**lesh like the feathers of a dove  
**c**upped inst the hand of a virgin that  
**o**ft doth pray to god my sweet love  
**t**hy touch doth be ast wings that lift  
**u**p my soul to mount aloft to heaven  
**u**pon thy touch my flesh to bliss doth  
**b**ecome that doth allow ♪ to feel the  
**k**iss of angels upon mine cheek that  
**d**oth to joy to bring mine hart to sing  
**f**or with thy touch sweet pleasurance  
**d**oth o'er ♪ like ast if the breath of  
**V**enus doest sweep to fill my soul  
**w**ith heavens bliss for blessed be ♪  
**f**romst this *Angels* touch for done  
**B**ut me for thee be ♪ the only one

I do thee around thee do dance flicking  
my hair that around thee doth curl  
with sweet perfume upon the air that  
whilst do I twirl Do too I my skirt lift up  
to unfurl andst Do drop that veil that  
upon thy nose Do drift that sweet scent  
that be ast if fromst a she-cat on heat  
sent or Yea that nymph that doth  
plead Pan for a kiss I do thee around  
thee do dance ast do I weave I odorous  
smells about thee that waft fromst that  
lair that bush of dew-speckled hair  
that doest coat thee inst scented mist  
that doth gush fromst that mouth of I  
that fumes about thee ast my skirt I  
swoosh to drop to drip like golden ore  
upon thee fromst me thee doth adore

**Ohh those scents doest wash o'er  
me andst behold doest feel √ inst a  
field of perfumed blooms But  
doest say √ those flowery forms  
doest But blush inst awe of thy  
perfumed fumes that waft about √  
andst to heaven fly that the gods  
e'en Ohh But envy √ for √ hast  
thy love andst thee doest worship √  
that doest the gods But becry for  
thy love my praises sing immersed  
inst thy vapours that within my soul  
doth swim a crimson flower bursting  
that doth rain upon the earth my  
perfumed sighs for with all thy  
scents doest thy love √ But gain**

Ahh dance I for thee around about inst  
out twisting turning burning for thee ast  
doest I dance thenst But squat I with legs  
splayed andst spread my thighs to my  
sighs andst on my lips gorged puffy ripe  
fruit that finger of I run up that valley of  
delight that pink ribbon of flesh andst inst  
the flavoured hole dip with finger tip so  
slow so come thee that doth love I to  
open thy mouth thy lips around that wet  
finger tip to taste to too lick to sip  
leisurely not inst hast andst on the gods  
ambrosia the elixir of life do place those  
lips andst let thy taste buds riot run ast  
thee around slowly licks that tip to suck  
that juice that be on But my clits  
substitute that inst thy flesh that fluid sets  
on fire desirings of howeth thee canst  
inflame e'en more for I thy desire

Ohh thy finger that doth **B**ut of fruit  
 doest taste of ripe figs plums that **B**ut  
 doest squash inst my mouth juicy  
 freshy gay that doth upon my buds doest  
 play that dazzles with fruitiness that  
 delightfulness that be thee that doest  
 succour all my wants upon that  
 tastiness that juice that be sweeter  
 thanst the lips of **V**enus that with my  
 joys my sighs endite upon that taste  
 that be sweeter thanst the sweetest  
 part of all the fruits harts for thy tastes  
 doth upon the tongues tip doest beam  
 into light ast jewels andst gems into my  
 buds doest burst for these tastes doest  
 in me makes **I** to love thee andif **I** lose  
 thee to moan if **I** lose thee to groan

Oh thee be But I stupid boy no man No  
he But just inst love with loves ideal No  
Diomedes thee be who thinks with No  
feel for ast sayeth I hot blooded women I  
be thee hast not the sense to get the  
sense of what I meant

Thee But listens But not hear what I  
meant

Thee be clever with thy words but numb  
with thy sense

Thee thinks thee sings of joy But naught  
But a lament

Thus leave I thee with thy tepid love to  
groan to moan ast thee didst prophesise  
for Oh fool of love the jokes onst thee I  
laugh my cries for "These are the gains of  
those who love!" so my goodbyes