



Cuisse de nymphe

Émue

By Froleuse

Poem by C

DEAN



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**introduction**

**Ahh this Cuisse de  
nymphé**

**Émue**

**be writ with pink paint  
Ahh like Goethe Roman  
Elegies this work may  
reinvent European erotic  
poetry Like the Urfaust**

may change the history of  
 English literature as  
 Goethe reinvented the  
 German language this  
 Cuisse de nymphe  
 Émue

may reinvent the English  
 poetic language and change  
 its course for poetry by  
 challenging conventional notions of  
decorum by using and abusing such  
tropes and figures as metaphor,

hyperbole, paradox, anaphora,  
hyperbaton, hypotaxis and parataxis,  
paronomasia, and oxymoron. the authors  
 poem produces copia and variety and  
 cultivates *concordia discors* and  
antithesis —the author uses these  
 strategies to produce allegory and  
conceit

Ahh how delightful this **Cuisse**  
**de nymphe**

**Émue** is to the keen reciter there be  
 hints of *Le Gallienne* and *La*  
*Vaudere* do we see a material  
 mysticism of *Omar Khayyam* or be it

**a mysticism of the Sufis hidden in the  
web of sonic sensuality or do we see  
no more than blatant pornography posing  
as the sublime are we being taken for  
fools and laughed at by the author at  
our encounter of the sublime of  
recondite words and ideas are these no  
more than traps to get us of the scent of  
where the poem is taking us is this**

**Cuisse de nymphe**

**Émue**

**only for the few with discerning minds  
or is it for the mass who just crave  
foul speech who knows perhaps you  
reciter may tell us if you please**

# **Preface** we see but do not see

we be not free the ox rides us but we  
 not he these words be footprints to  
 search out he the nightingale sings we  
 sense he by the horns we grab Ahh we  
 have he with sigh andst groan we whip  
 he till tamed we mount he astride the ox  
 we be serene blissful full of repose we  
 ride he the river flow tranquilly the  
 flowers bloom red we mingle in the  
 world in control of he whilest without  
 dust inside my gate with he my garden  
 invisible to the worlds we Ahh with  
 my Sakis wine turn ♪ home passing all  
 the world is alight with insight riding  
 the ox me

Cum cum ye stupid they gaze say ♪  
 upon the cunt of ♪ gaze say ♪ in  
 languid ravishment swoon fill up thy  
 sight upon the cantharide flesh of ♪  
 burst thy brains in surging lusts gorge  
 the senses of thee upon me kiss the  
 lips of ♪ with thy kisses perverse see  
 ♪ see ♪ with thy eyes ♪ rising like  
 fromst the sea in purple mists a Venus  
 Arising of Botticelli cunt shell-like  
 nacreous flesh red tinted laced circling  
 tints of the sunsets sky light shatters  
 into prisms coloured rays gold streaked  
 flecks etched-like upon throbbing flesh  
 of ♪ reach out thy hands ye stupid they  
 reach clutch scream and cry for ♪ reach  
 reach sigh with thy desires fires cum ye



stupid they to Circes cave this bower  
of bliss this glade of Asphodels

Cum cum ye shout all ye they shout  
shoutttt out look ye at this curve of  
flesh sickle moon that willst cut thy  
veins wrapping thy flesh in veils of  
crimson gauge to drip in webs delicate  
threads of tangles red burning heat like  
on fire rubies full of thy desire Ahh  
feel that ooze of fluidity bleeding  
wounds spilt juices for the Sakis cup  
of wine rose-red hold out they glasses  
ye stupid all that ♀ canst squat ♀ o'er  
those pearly rims and squirt out that  
perfumed flood of ♀ that gush of warm  
broth fromst this cunt of ♀ to fill to

o'er flood those rims with this soma of  
 ♪ listen ye to the words of Old  
 Omar Khayyam andst see

*"The wine-cup is a little silver well  
 Where Truth if Truth be there doth  
 dwell*

*Death too is there-and Death who  
 would not seek?-*

*And Love that in itself is Heaven and  
 Hell*

Gloat thy eyes upon this cunt of ♪  
 white like polished milk cunt hole like  
 frozen blue bedecked with asphodels  
 lilies pale as snow that cunt of ♪ that  
 cunt of ♪ pulpy cup of flesh housing  
 all thy dreams that ooze bubbling froth  
 nectar to thy lips like honey to the bees  
 Ahh ye stupid they hear the sighs of ♪

murmuring tones    ast bubbling water  
 fromst a pool    cum ye cum ye  
 nightingale to this cunt of ♀ that pulpy  
 flesh    that hanging rose of fiery red  
 that beacon of light for thy sight full of  
 all thy desires    cum ye cum ye  
 enraptured on my blossom of delight  
 sing sing out thy moans    with each  
 pulse of thy lusting veins    kiss this  
 flesh of ♀ with thy eyes burning kiss

Kiss ♀ with thy lips flesh to flesh  
 twining ast asphodels and anemones  
 flock to this cunt of ♀ this cunt of ♀  
 seeping ooze like perfumed lotus buds

Kiss this flesh of ♀ andst taste that  
 flowery pollen sweeter than Sakis wine

listen ye to the words of Old Omar  
 Khayyam andst see

*"Within the haunted wine-cup more  
 than wine*

*It is that makes mortal man divine*

*We seek a drink more deadly and more  
 strange*

*Than ever grew on any earthly vine*

Cum cum ye stupid they andst look at  
 Just lay here Just The Venus of  
 Urbino of Titian see that hand of Just  
 palpitating in rhythms with thy sighs  
 butterflies swarming fly they eyes on  
 that pulpy poppy drink up that scented  
 draught andst dream sweet dreams in  
 rapture on that crimson froth flecked

with moonlight spears of crystalline  
 light Ahh ye stupid they roll shout  
 and lay twixt lilies and those asphodels  
 that splay like Centaurs and Fauns  
 merry sing and dance with thy cocks  
 play ast doth Pan upon his syrinx ♫  
 burst forth with song sing ♫ to ye  
 stupid they with melodies and rhythms  
 sweet see see those cunts lips of ♫  
 curved flesh ast Kamas bow shooting  
 arrows of lust to pierce thy hearts  
 thudding with desires fires see see ye  
 stupid they that cunt hole of ♫ vast  
 pool filled with liquidities ast those  
 Himalayas lakes crystalline shimmering  
 with moonlight that hole bright eyes of  
 those Asparasa teasing Rishis fromst



their Samadhi trance      see that cunts  
 hair dark as night scintillating with cunt  
 dew ast frozen pearls Ahh Ahh ye  
 stupid they see see those jasmine petals  
 of that cunt of ♀ spread forth blooming  
 gaping lotus bud cum cum kiss that  
 persea most loved by Ra that flesh of  
 ivory diamantine Ahh cum cum pluck  
 this psalterion of flesh with thy eyes  
 Cum ye cum ye stupid they sniff this  
 cunts perfume with the breath of  
 tuberose blent with mimosas let thy  
 eyes eyes dance with frissions  
 voluptuous dance dance fluttering those  
 lips of ast butterflies threading light  
 o'er thy flesh see this cunt of ♀ of  
 splendorous flesh throne of paradise

cum ye stupid they imprison thy eyes  
 upon √ ast quivering butterflies  
 enmeshed in spiders web drown they  
 eyes in this fathomless pool of  
 alabaster and moonlight undulating  
 perfume thy eyes upon √ into that abyss  
 gaze to see √ but take heed of the say  
 of Old Omar Khayyam

*To win this wisdom he has given up  
 All worldly goods his very his  
 drinking-cup*

*hath to the tavern-master humbly sold-*

*Do thou the same and join the wise  
 who sup Lift up the veil fromst thy  
 eyes such that √ canst inhale the breath  
 of thy sighs that these cunts lips of √*

canst flutter ast a giant *Acherontia*  
 etched o'er the crimson of sunsets  
 glows luminous streaked with tones of  
 nacreous copper dust of pollen golden  
 delicate threads of light o'er this cunt of  
 ♀ this gorged corolla sucking on thy  
 sighs see ♀ see ♀ *La Grand*  
*Odalisque* of *Ingres* beckoning thee  
 with soft eyes curling gaze upon ye to  
 tease ye with that cum hither look  
 Ahhh see ♀ ye stupid they lift up the  
 veil fromst thy eyes see see ♀  
 translucent flesh curving tentacles of  
 luculent light cunt-pistil needle sharp  
 that fromst drips the blood of all ye  
 blind they lift the veil and see see ye  
 stupid they that mouth of flesh corolla

that cunt hole eyes of Babylonian  
 witchery that flesh that rots that flesh  
 that be Medusas that looks at ye  
 gorged on thy desires the very flesh  
 dissolved to gelatinous ooze but Ahh  
 Ahh cum ye stupid they for this flesh  
 tastes of the fondant froth of soma  
 drew near drew near hear the sighs of  
 ♀ in thy ears echo sweet blandishment  
 slithering opulently o'er thy burning  
 flesh voluptuously look at that cunt of  
 ♀ cunt rim of bistra look at the eyes of  
 ♀ ast of glass that deck the mummies  
 in sarcophagi in hypogeal scented with  
 Kyphi the flesh of ♀ blent with fumes  
 of withered blooms the scent of musk  
 and andst rotten fruit Haaha Haa ye

stupid they ye canst see ♪ ye canst see  
 ♪ for all the lust of ye ye see this  
 flesh of ♪ essences of myrrh  
 frankincense dripping scents of neroli  
 and vanilla peppery fleshed hues in  
 tints of butterfly tones ye moan ye cry  
 sighs ask for ye this cunt of ♪ drops  
 petals of metallic flames fromst this  
 amschir of flesh fromst this tavern of  
 drunkenness listen listen to the say of  
 Old Omar Khayyam andst see

*Once in the tavern you have reached the  
end*

*No more to fear from enemy-or friend*

*No more to hope no more to do or say*

*Nothing to pray for –nothing to pretend*



**Ahh ye stupid they listen to the  
ensorcelling sighs of ♫ ♫ be**

**The she that giveth life to ye  
♫ be**

**The she the dispenser of pleasures  
untold sensualities to ye  
♫ be**

**The she that giveth ineffable ecstasies  
to ye**

**Cum cum ye rap thy eyes round this  
cunt of ♫ blow forth thy breath of  
desires that send pearly cunt dew o'er  
the earth bursting into blue asphodels  
and anemones red like burning bells of  
fire thru the worlds wide span cum  
cum shout claw for the flesh of ♫ wild**

surges of desires fingernail bite each to  
 eachs flesh clawing for ♪ for ♪ be for  
 ♪ be that she that she with frozen  
 lascivious heart that beats ice that  
 flower that doth the bee crush that wasp  
 that doth into thy flesh imprisons its  
 sting but alas ye stupid they ye not  
 many understand what ♪ say for ast  
 sayeth Old Omar Khayyam

*This tavern-wisdom was not made for  
all*

*The congregation of the great is small*

*Drink not with every wine-flown Haim  
Tai*

*Nor lift thy cup to every noisy call*

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